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J. L. Weller, the engineer who planned the work and is now directing it.

A Fifty Million Dollar Job

The Story of the Building of the New Welland Canal

By HENRY GRANTLAND

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The new Welland Canal is one of the biggest engineering feats that has ever been attempted in Canada. It will take fifty million dollars to complete it; but the benefits resulting will be incalculable. The new canal will open the western half of the Great Lake chain to traffic in a more complete degree than ever before. The interest that Canadians take in the work will be intensified by the fact that the engineers are carrying out certain phases on absolutely new lines. These points are dealt with in the accompanying article authoritatively, but without any confusion of technical detail

WITH almost as little concern as a millionaire might display in ordering the enlargement of his garage or the construction of a driveway through his grounds, Miss Canada has been instructing her engineers to build a new canal across the Niagara peninsula. National housekeeping arrangements were becoming somewhat straitened at this point; facilities for moving supplies from one part of the domestic establishment to another showing signs of inadequacy. What more natural than to call up some workmen and have the matter attended to at once, precisely as an everyday housewife would sommon the assistance of carpenter or plumber in case of need?

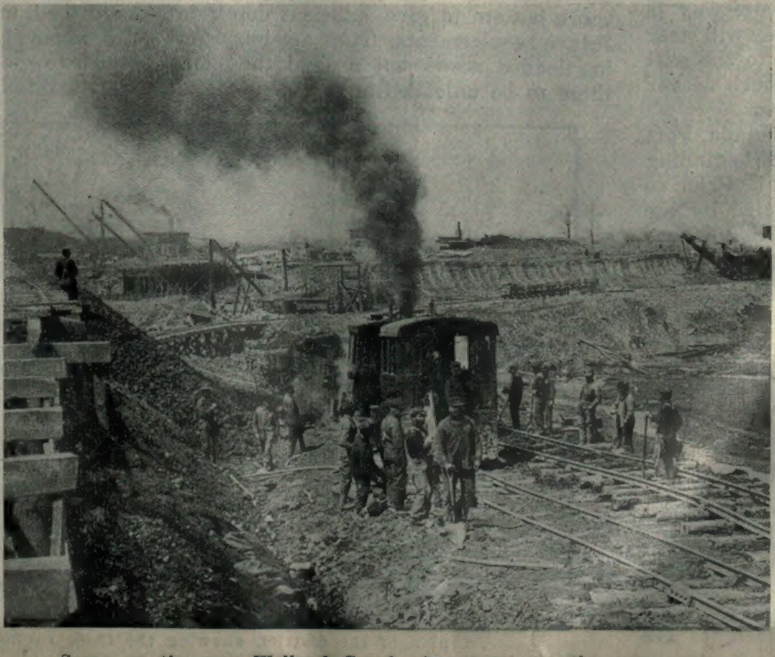
The absolute unconcern with which the nation has embarked on this enterprise at Niagara — this little bit of domestic economy, calculated to facilitate its everyday work—is one of the most remarkable features of the undertaking. Is it that the world has become so accustomed to the marvelous feats of twentieth century engineering that the building of a fifty-milion-dollar ditch across a neck of land has become a mere commonplace, or is the seeming indifference rather to be attributed to a lack of knowledge? Surely it must be the latter, for never was a big national project started with less blowing of horns and beating of drums than this new Welland Canal.

Engineers, contractors, mechanics, navvies and workmen of many callings—a composite army of them—have invested the land and in the space of a few short months have wrought indelible changes in the topography of a beautiful countryside. They have swept down like locusts upon the green earth and are leaving a trail of desolation behind them. To-day, their engines and cars, their steam shovels and graders, their horses and carts, and all the multiplex equipment of their construction outfits, are digging and delving, rending and tearing, and gradually working their way deeper and deeper into the earth.

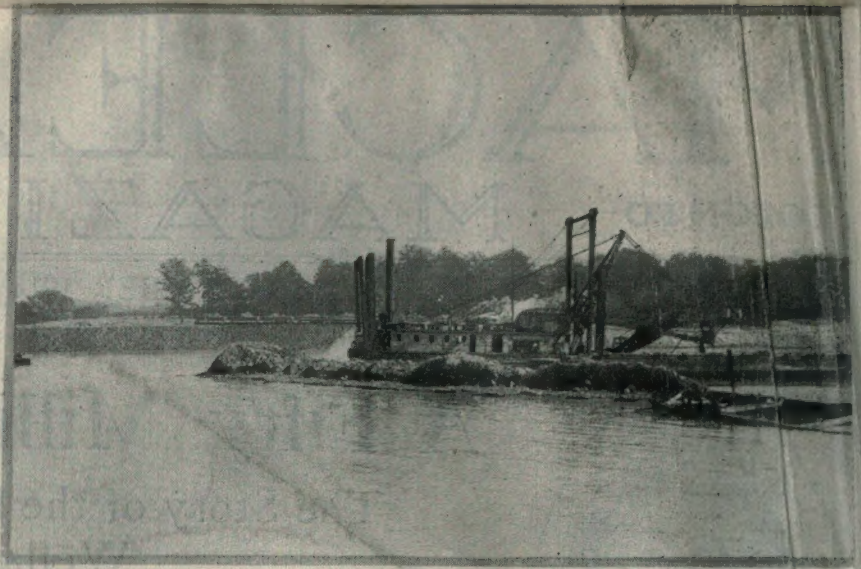
A birdseye view of the operation, from the escarpment at Thorold way down to the waters of Lake Ontario at Port Weller, presents a scene of picturesque activity. Right through the vineyards, the orchards and the fertile farms of this garden of Ontario, a wide swathe of virgin soil is being uncovered. Houses and barns have been raised; trees rooted up and cast aside; roads obliterated, their white ribbons lost in the great chasms dug in their path; and gently winding creeks and rivulets torn ruthlessly from their ancient channels.

The air is thick with the smoke of scores of locomotives and numerous huge and powerful steam shovels. All up and down the railway that skirts the works, and in and out of the great rifts in the earth, trains of dump cars are forever coming and going, dragging away the clay and shale that is being steadily gouged from the excavations.

It might seem almost as



Scene on the new Welland Canal—A cut-out on the new route.



The southern terminus of the new canal at Port Weller, showing the work that is being done in the construction of piers.

if all this ravenous devouring of the earth and obliterating of landmarks was planless or at best but an indefinite striving after a vague result. But there is another side to the picture. In a spick and span office building situated on a quiet side-street in the neighborhood of St. Catharines, away from the dust and smoke and turmoil of the construction work, a veteran engineer, surrounded by a staff of assistants, clerks and draftsmen, is busily engaged in planning every move. There the whole project is down in black and white to its minutest detail. There everything is provided for, and not a shovel of earth is raised or a wheel turned but its purpose is recorded, as forming an infinitesimal part of a gigantic whole.

Nearer the works and supervising still more closely each step in the slow-moving evolution of the canal, stand the offices of the district engineers, each in charge of a section and supported by a numerous staff of assistants. These are the young men, recent graduates most of them of Canadian schools of engineering, who are doing their part modestly and well in carrying to a successful conclusion the plans that have been so laboriously worked out at the office of the chief engineer.

The task before the builders of the new canal is no easy one. They have not simply been called upon, as many may believe, to rebuild the existing canal and, by widening and deepening its locks and channel, enlarge its facilities to meet future needs. Of only part of the present canal is this true. The remainder will be abandoned and in its place an entirely new canal will be provided. Roughly speaking, from Lake Ontario to Thorold and for another short interval beyond, the new Welland ship canal, follows a different route from that by which the present canal reaches the same point.

The completely new character of the waterway may be emphasized by reference to its Lake Ontario outlet. At present ships heading for the canal, en route to Lake Erie, make for the harbor of Port Dalhousie. When the new waterway is completed and in operation, they will steer for Port Weller, three miles to the east of Port Dalhousie and that much nearer the mouth of the Niagara River.

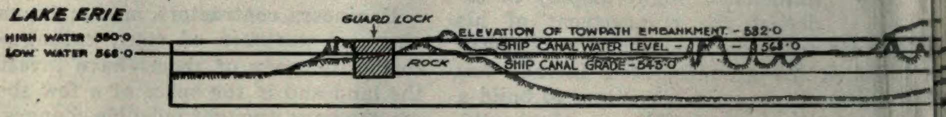
As a point on the map of Canada, Port Weller came into being with the beginning of the work on the new canal. Prior to that time, its site was occupied by the mouth of Ten Mile Creek, an insignificant little stream, which, flowing through a narrow valley, found its way at last into Lake Ontario. The valley of the Ten Mile Creek seemed to afford the engineers a suitable natural course along which to carry their channel and it was finally selected as the most advantageous route for the new canal.

AN ARTIFICIAL HARBOR FORMING.

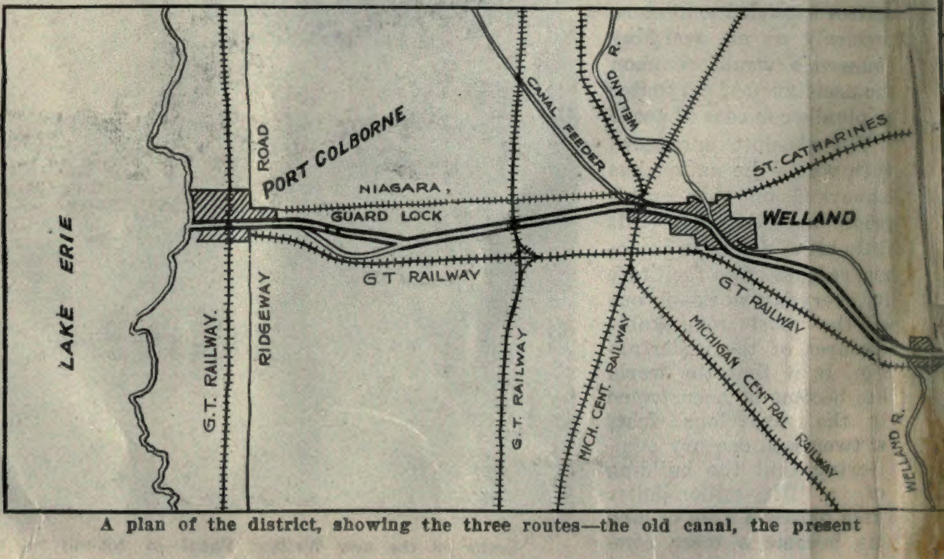
A striking change has been wrought within a twelve-month at the lonely outlet of the creek. Where before, the wild grass grew, birds made their homes and the quiet of a peaceful countryside brooded, now men and their grimy machines are working a metamorphosis. Two long sinuous arms are being thrown far out into the water of the lake, one on either side of the former mouth of the creek. Built of the tons of material that are being gouged from the inland hills, they are being steadily widened and extended by the constant discharging of trainloads of earth and clay. Eventually these arms, which will form the piers protecting the harbor, will stretch out a mile and a half into the lake, making a vast artificial harbor in which a large fleet of ships can tie up in safety.

Meanwhile dredges are dipping great buckets of mud from the inner end of the harbor and gradually removing the old shore bottom to give sufficient depth for future requirements. Tugs are busy towing loaded scows out around the piers, there to be unloaded and returned. Pile drivers are sinking great wooden posts to anchor the material and form the core of the piers. And all the time big locomotives are arriving with loaded cars in their train and puffing back with empties. Of a truth the building of the harbor of Port Weller in itself is an undertaking of great magnitude and importance, and even alone might be regarded as a work of unusual interest.

A ridge of land, on which a pool of water lying gives pathetic reminder of the former existence of Ten Mile Creek, separates the embryo harbor from the beginning of the canal work proper. This ridge, forming a natural barrier against the waters of the lake, will remain undisturbed until the canal is completed. Its removal will then put the finishing touch to the work by allowing the water to flow into the lower reach.



Plan of elevation, showing the higher level gained by the locks.



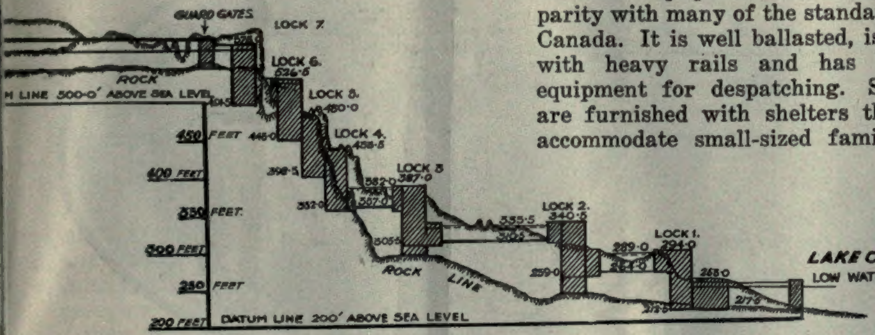
A plan of the district, showing the three routes—the old canal, the present

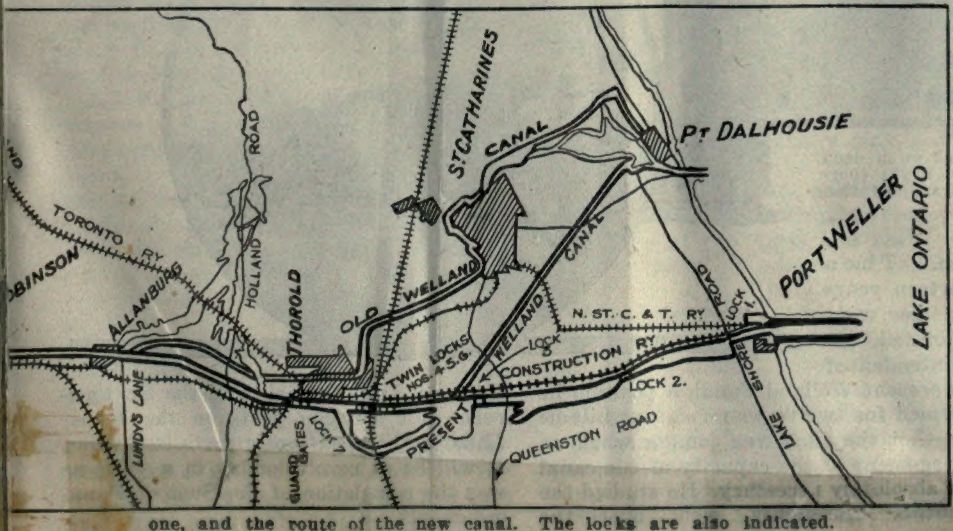
When completed the piers will extend far out into the lake, guarding a large harbor.

Just beyond the ridge one comes upon a scene that gives some idea of the magnitude of the project. Here the work of excavation has been carried to a great depth, especially on the right hand side, where the retaining-wall is in process of construction. The latter is being built of great triangular steel skeletons standing on a solid concrete foundation. The steel is reinforced with iron rods and encased in cement, after which sand and gravel are piled into the cavities, the whole forming a wall as strong as solid concrete but of more economical construction. These reinforced walls will be carried from the piers of the harbor as far as the entrance to the first lock, which is to be located fairly near the shore.

A TEMPORARY BUT COMPLETE RAILWAY.

One cannot be long in the neighborhood of the works before noting the extraordinary provision that is being made for the expeditious conduct of the vast undertaking. Take for instance transportation. A completely-equipped double-track railway now extends along the right-hand side of the canal property from Port Weller almost to Thorold. In construction and equipment this road is on a parity with many of the standard lines in Canada. It is well ballasted, is provided with heavy rails and has telephonic equipment for despatching. Switchmen are furnished with shelters that would accommodate small-sized families quite comfortably, while at intersections with other railways, the diamonds are protected by the regulation semaphores and watchmen's cabins.


GUARD GATES
LOCK 7
LOCK 6.
526·5
ROCK
LINE 500·0' ABOVE SEA LEVEL
LOCK 5.
480·0
450 FEET
446·0
LOCK 4.
456·5
400 FEET
398·5
LOCK 3
382·0
387·0
357·0
352·0
350 FEET.
LOCK 2.
340·5
335·5
305·5
300 FEET
LOCK 1.
289·0
294·0
259·0
268·0
ROCK LINE
250 FEET
273·5
277·5
LAKE ONTARIO
LOW WATER 242·5
200 FEET
DATUM LINE 200' ABOVE SEA LEVEL


ROAD
ST CATHARINES
CANAL
PT DALHOUSIE
TORONTO RY
OBINSON
ALLANBURG
HOLLAND
THOROLD
OLD
WELLAND
CANAL
PORT WELLER
LAKE ONTARIO
ROAD
LOCK 1.
N. ST. C. & T. RY
TWIN LOCKS NOS. 4.5.6.
WELLAND
LOCK 3
CONSTRUCTION RY
LOCK 2.
SHORE
LAKE
LUNDY'S LANE
GUARD GATES
LOCK 7
PRESENT
QUEENSTON ROAD

one, and the route of the new canal. The locks are also indicated.

The railway has various uses. It is employed for the most part in carrying the material excavated by the steam shovels to the piers at Port Weller. At various points stub lines branch off and run down into the excavations and along these the trains are operated. The road also has some employment in conveying materials and supplies to the points where they are required. This use will be considerably enlarged when the big stone crusher erected near the rock cuts at Thorold begins work. The crushed stone will be conveyed by rail to Port Weller where it will be used in the extensive concrete work that will have to be undertaken there. Finally a not unimportant use to which the railway is put is in enabling the engineers and contractors to move along rapidly from one point to another. By utilizing gasoline track cars this purpose can be readily and expeditiously achieved.

A NEW METHOD OF EXCAVATION.

There are many interesting phases of the work even at the present stage of construction. Thus at one point where a great earthen wall is being built, which will eventually form the side of a reservoir pond, a contractor's outfit from down the Mississippi is engaged. This consists of a number of elevating graders drawn by steam tractors and several score of carts and mules. The graders move along slowly and as they go the earth alongside is sliced off and carried up and over the machine and is dumped into one of the carts that is driven beside it. When the cart is filled, it moves off, is hauled up to the top of the wall and its contents unloaded. The procession continues all day, the capacity of a machine being about forty cartloads per hour. Of course, as compared with a steam shovel, it is comparatively slow work but this method of constructing an embankment is found to be very efficient.

It has been mentioned that the building of the canal is altering the topography of the country. Of nothing is this truer than of the existing railways. Near Thorold the track of the Port Colborne line of the Grand Trunk lay right across the route of the canal. To get it out of the way in order that it might not interfere with the work, the engineers of the canal had to arrange a long deviation for it. This necessitated a heavy rock cut through a corner of a hill and must have cost over one hundred thousand dollars.

A COLOSSAL EXPEDIENT.

Down lower, where the route of the canal intersects the main line of the Grand Trunk, a temporary deviation was found to be necessary, since the railway runs just about where the entrance to Lock No. 4 will be located. Here the road is being diverted a short distance to the left. Oddly enough a fine big steel three-span bridge is being erected for the deviation, though at present there would seem to be no need for a bridge at all.

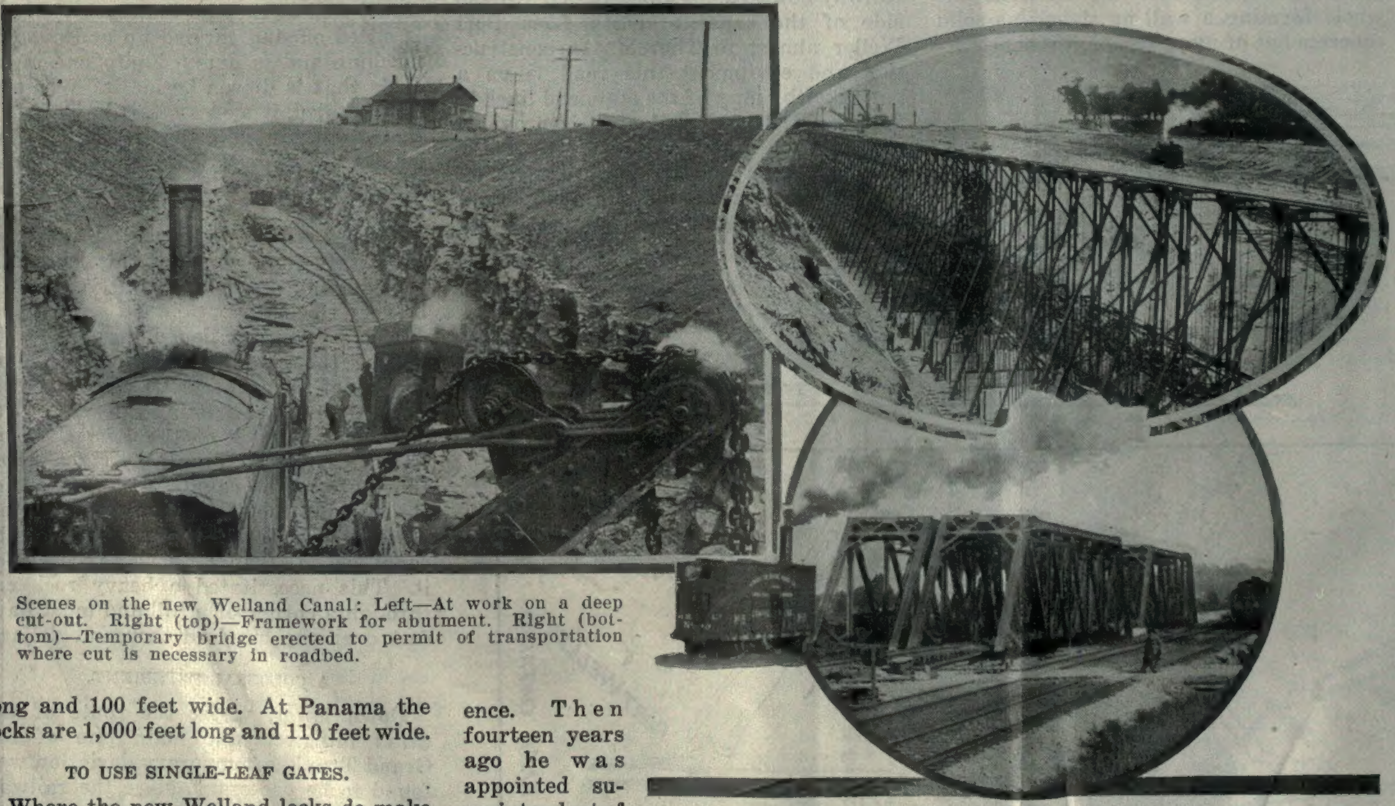
There is no water underneath and very little depression in the ground. The idea is, however, to cut away the earth below it and, when the lock work is completed, to restore the track to its former location.

WHERE THE SAVING WILL BE.

The effect of running the new canal in an air-line from Port Weller to Thorold will be to reduce the length of the waterway between the two lakes considerably. The present canal is twenty-six and three-quarter miles long; the new one is to be twenty-five. More important still the number of locks is to be reduced from twenty-six to seven. This will make it possible for a ship to pass through the canal in very much less time than at present.

Each one of the seven locks is to be an exact duplicate of the others, except that in the case of Locks 4, 5 and 6, which form a flight, they will be double, permitting the simultaneous passage of ships up and down. As it is in the lock that the main engineering interest of a canal lies it may be helpful, as indicating the size and importance of the new Welland Ship Canal, to give some statistics about the proposed locks.

The usable length of the locks will be 800 feet, their width 80 feet. They will have a lift of 46½ feet, making the total lift of all seven, 325½ feet. By way of comparison one may note that at Sault Ste. Marie the Canadian lock is 800 feet long and 60 feet wide, with a depth of water over the sills of about 21 feet. On the American side the Poe lock is 900 feet long and 100 feet wide. At Panama the locks are 1,000 feet long and 110 feet wide.



Scenes on the new Welland Canal: Left—At work on a deep cut-out. Right (top)—Framework for abutment. Right (bottom)—Temporary bridge erected to permit of transportation where cut is necessary in roadbed.

TO USE SINGLE-LEAF GATES.

Where the new Welland locks do make a notable departure, however, is in the type of gate to be used. Hitherto it has been customary in canal work to employ double-leaf gates mitring into each other. Now an attempt will be made to prove that single-leaf gates can be used effectively. This means that instead of having two gates hinged at either side and meeting in the middle of the lock, there will be but one gate which will swing right across the lock. It is argued that such a gate, resting in a recess in either wall would form a stronger barrier and would be less liable to be wrecked than the double-leaf type.

The gates as designed are to be 85 feet high, 90 feet long and 10 feet thick. They will be built of structural steel and will weigh 1,100 tons and, being of a width sufficient for vehicular traffic, may possibly be used for that purpose. For greater strength they will not sit squarely across the lock but will slant into the opposite wall. The submerged portion of the gate will be air-tight, thus forming a floating chamber, which will relieve the pivot upon which the gate is swung of much of its weight. A chain guard above each gate will serve still further as a protection.

THE MAN BEHIND IT.

The man, who is behind this great undertaking, is the man whose work will be perpetuated in the name, Port Weller. John Laing Weller, the engineer who planned the new canal and who is now engaged in putting his plans into concrete form, is a Canadian by birth, having been born in Cobourg fifty-two years ago. All his life he has been interested in canal work. First on the Trent Valley System, and then on the St. Lawrence System, he had long and valuable experience. Then fourteen years ago he was appointed superintendent of the present Welland Canal, a position he occupied for twelve years. Meanwhile he saw that the time was coming when an enlargement of the capacity of the canal was absolutely necessary. He studied the situation thoroughly, went over the ground carefully and by degrees evolved the plan for the new waterway. When the time came he was ready, and his appointment by the Government to carry out the big task was indication of their confidence in his ability.

WILL TAKE YEARS.

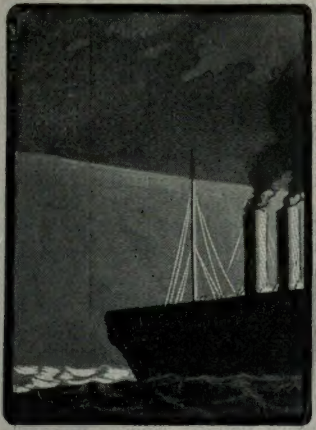
It will take years to build the Welland Ship Canal. Even without the interference of the European War, it would have required five years to complete it, but now that the war has forced retrenchment on the government and a brake has been put on the activities of the contractors, it may drag on much longer. Still work continues, steady, deliberate and to the point, and progress will be made even under existing conditions. The need for the enlargement exists still, as much as ever it did.

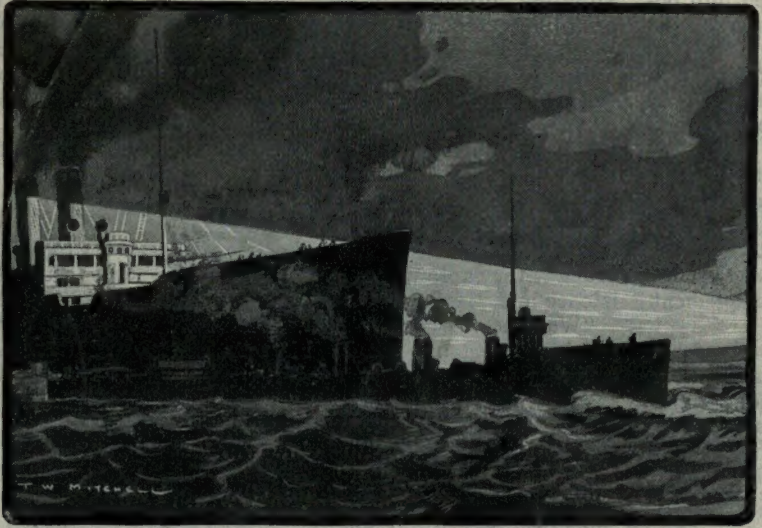
In a word the completion of the new canal will make navigation between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario possible for hundreds of boats which are unable to use the present canal. That waterway with its 270 foot locks and its 14 foot depth will seem a mere toy before the great 800 foot locks with their 25 feet of depth which will replace them. Then there will be very few boats sailing the Great Lakes which will be prevented on account of excessive length or too great draught from using the canal. What that will mean in facilitating communication not only between ports on the Upper Lakes and Ports on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence but between ports on the Upper Lakes and transatlantic ports is obvious. It will be as revolutionary in a sense as was the completion of the Suez or Panama canals.

Monsieur Bill Foster:

By V. LEESE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL





A Stirring Tale of the Present War

THE captain of the French liner *Touraine*, Quebec to Cherbourg, hesitated between tears and apoplexy. He carried a thousand eager Frenchmen from Canada and the Eastern States, burning to offer up their bodies between Paris, the city of their dreams, and an invading German host. He knew that six German cruisers, recently broken out of the Skager-rak, were probably looking for him. Fifteen miles astern, something that was almost certainly a destroyer was tearing furiously in his wake, answering nothing to repeated wireless calls. His fears convinced him that she was an enemy.

True, his two six-inch guns might be able to sink her before she got within torpedo range—they might; but a destroyer is not a large mark, and his men were more used to swabbing decks than to target practice. And now, when the wireless seemed to promise a way of escape, one operator was desperately sick and the other was confronting him in a state of mutiny. He was much minded to put the fellow in irons; but his racial faith in logic left him still a faint hope of carrying his point.

"But why," he stormed, "should I not call up this British cruiser that asks for my position, that this poisonous wasp which follows may be exterminated and my brave soldiers kept safe?"

Bill Foster, master of half a dozen tongues and as many trades, whom the chief operator had dug out of a Montreal dive a week before, assisted himself to a cube of black tobacco before replying.

"For the tenth time," he said patiently, "I do not think that the wasp is poisonous; and your 'British cruiser' is using a code that was officially cancelled yesterday."

"In half an hour," said the captain with a gesture of despair, "that destroyer can sink me. What have you to say to that, hein?"

"That it will be more like fifty minutes. But that if she wants to sink you then, no cruiser that ever swum can save you. You must either fight before then or surrender. And while it is no particular business of mine, I shall feel safer if you surrender."

"Coward that you are! Of the true English you have nothing but the obstinacy. You are under arrest, and shall send my message to the *Cyclops* with a pistol at your ear."

"Have it your own way, then," said William Foster; "but take it from me that things will be pleasanter if you neglect to flash that gun."

And with the captain at his heels, he sauntered to the operating room. Five minutes later, when the captain had ordered a steward to bring the chief operator from the hospital, dead or alive, the stubborn safe yielded up a code book, and Bill sent out a buzzing call for the *Cyclops*. To his disgust and the captain's relief, the response was immediate. With infinite pains and many exasperating errors, he spelt out the message. But before the second word of the reply had come the captain was called to the after bridge.

Winking to the second officer, who stood by to wait for the completed message, Foster presently discharged his quid through the open door and filled a villainous pipe. In spite of an exasperating superficial calm, he really was a little excited.

"What's the row?" he asked.

"The destroyer has bent a tricolor on the stump of her mast and has a signaller in the bow. But what of that message?"

"The hypothetical *Cyclops* wants to know what code I think I am using. And between you and me and the binnacle I'm not much surprised. If that boat isn't a German I never saw a Dutchman handle a transmitter. But the information he gets out of me won't help him much, captain or no captain."

"But what am I to say, up there?"

"Remind the old man that I guessed right once, when I told him that there was not a German destroyer within a day's sail; and ask him if he is still in such an inspired hurry to find out whether the *Cyclops* was built in Stettin or not."

While the officer went on his doubtful mission, Foster reached a pair of powerful binoculars from a hook and strolled to the aft-rail. A glance at the patent log confirmed his impression that speed had been reduced in obedience to the destroyer's signals. She was six miles away, and gaining fast. The breech of the stern gun behind him closed on a cartridge, the shell being already in place; and he smiled as the muzzle rose and swung to bear on the destroyer's course. For the naked eye could see that she was French.

And the glasses showed the reason of her silence. Her wisp-like mast was snapped at the funnel's height; and the foremost of her three funnels, guyed to the stump, had a rake that the designer had not planned. The quick-firer on the roof of her old-fashioned conning tower was a mass of wreckage.

"Been in action," said the watcher to the sea gulls. "Wonder what he's wigwagging!"

But even as he spoke the signaller ceased. The *Touraine's* engines stopped altogether. A moment later, the stern gun roared. "What the h—?" Foster was considerably startled. Then a slow grin overspread his face. The first officer, satisfied at last that the cruiser was a friend, was emotionally incapable of having the gun unloaded, and had fired it, shell and all, at the horizon in salute. Positively, reflected Bill Foster, France is the most human nation in the wide world.

Quickly the gun was cleaned and covered. Then the gunlayer, transmuted to a donkeyman, trotted to his winch, from which steam began to sizzle.

"Coal?" demanded Foster of the boatswain.

"Coal it is. Nevertheless they are heroes, these of the destroyer."

The poor man was torn between patriotism and a boatswain-like thought of his decks. He took his stand over the hatch-cover on the deck below, on which coal in bags was already crunching, and bellowed at the toiling trimmers.

The destroyer presently sidled into position under the starboard bulwarks. The derrick tackle dipped, rose and swayed away; and the first four bags of coal swooped down with a furious rattling of the winch. The second officer touched Foster on the elbow.

"M. Bill, I have the honor to present the regrets of M. le capitain, and to desire that you will graciously direct the repair of the Marconi apparatus on the destroyer, of which the chief electrician is unhappily wounded in an engagement this morning."

"Tell his reverence," said the man from Montreal, "that I will graciously do my damnedest. But first give me a hand with my little tool-box, which may not be defiled by the touch of a coal-heaver."

"The boat waits," said the officer, when the precious box had been carefully secured to the tackle.

"Thanks. But I am going direct with the box. Stand by! down there, to receive new-laid eggs."

A young sub-lieutenant with a slightly overdone air of self-possession stepped up to him.

"I am in command, since our fight. I thank you for the assistance you may be able to render. Would you see first to the controls of my conning tower, which have suffered a little from shell splinters?"

"Much of a fight?"

"We were unfortunate. In the darkness, till dawn . . . Our consort sank. But if you will excuse me?"

"The feeling is mutual," said Foster, with his head inside the tower. "Between this and the wireless, it looks like an all-night session. Could you give one of these two tinsmiths a spell at coal-heaving? I want room to work. Or let him stand outside and fetch things as I want them. I can't get my box in here."

And for two hours he annoyed no-one but a sharp little Toulonese, who lost his affection for the English in ten minutes, but fell to helpless admiration as he watched his persecutor's skilful fingers.

Came a hail from the deck above.

"M. Foster . . . M. Foster! . . . M. Foster! . . . Return quickly, if you please!"

"Here, Archimedes!" said the gentleman in question, turning to the artificer at the close of a peroration which has no bearing on this story. "Finish wrapping this coil, and stow it, so! Use plenty of tape on the connections; and then go to dinner."

The captain himself met him on the deck of the "Touraine."

"But quickly! A boat comes from the north. I must know what she is."

Foster saw her, scarcely hull down, against a bank of grey clouds drifting from the lowering saffron of the sunset, and cursed the slovenly look-out. He ran to the operating room. Slowly the minutes passed, with no reply to his call.

From the mast-head, the vessel was made out to be a big cruiser. The liner's captain hurried to confer with the commander of the destroyer. Foster joined him at the rail, apparently forgetting his position.

The sub-lieutenant, informed of the situation, proposed to stop coaling and go to meet the new-comer. A puff of black smoke showed that stokers were already taking steps to maintain his little vessel's humming head of steam.

"We can at least die," he said; "and you may be able to get away in the darkness. If you go south at full speed. Immediately."

"Not a dog's chance." The interruption came from William Foster, and brought the captain recognition of his existence and a furious stare.

"Wait now!" continued the Britisher, passing his hand across his eyes and bringing himself up to a salute. "Excuse me, sir. I have probably seen more fighting than any man here; and I know how long that salmon-tin below will last against a cruiser's guns."

"What then?" The captain's wrath had given way to his anxiety.

"Believe that I am both serious and respectful. . . . Would you mind letting me become unofficial adviser to this party?"

"But your plan?"

Foster turned to point out the relative positions of the three ships then outlined a plan that brought the mercurial captain a return of his habitual enthusiasm but which the lieutenant pondered with a doubtful frown. The frown deepened as Foster stated the necessity of his personal direction of the carrying out of the plan.

"You? A mechanic?"

"Am I a good mechanic?"

An excited person, who had no business to be listening affirmed, with strange oaths that he was, and was ordered below for his pains.

"Thanks, Archimedes," called Foster after the retreating figure of the Toulonese. "Well, gentlemen, I am not a mechanic by trade. I was kicked out of the British navy. I left the Japanese when I got tired, which was after Port Arthur. If any man can sink that ship, I can. What do you say?"

"Who is this man?" said the sub-lieutenant, doubtfully.

"M. Bill Foster, wireless operator," replied the captain; "or perhaps the devil. But I think he will do what he says.

"M. Foster, as for me, I await your directions."

"Both of you or neither," said Foster sharply. "M. le lieutenant?"

The sub-lieutenant hesitated. Foster made a last appeal.

"Will you stay exactly where you are till dark?"

"I think it perhaps advisable."

"Then what about that smoke you are making. Do you think German's have no eyes?"

"I go to meet them at dusk: it is the only alternative."

"It is not an alternative. I am the only alternative. Be quick, now!"

"I will accept your advice; but I cannot abdicate my command."

"That's the system. Now choke off that stoking. Lean three or four spars over the stack, like tent poles, and blanket them. So as to bring the smoke down and spread it as far as possible. Take them away when the fire burns clear.

"Pass down hawsers from bow and stern, if you please, captain. Make fast to your capstans, below; and heave in short. Stand by with engines and fenders to hold your place, M. le lieutenant, out of sight, if we move. Make ready what tubes and guns you have. That's all, below.

"M. le Capitain, order all hands to stations to fight fire in the starboard bunkers. Shoot the water over the side; but fight like hell; and remember that sharp eyes will be watching."

And back he sped to his neglected instrument. The cruiser was calling him rather impatiently.

"What ship are you?" Foster flashed before he was seated.

"Cruiser 'Cyclops.' Why are you hove to?"

"Fire broke out four hours ago in starboard bunkers. Under control. Ready to proceed."

"Stay as you are," came the command. "Coming aboard for inspection."

"Aye, aye!" flashed Foster. "Is V. E. Schofield with you?"

"Down with dysentery. Improving. Who is that?"

"Foster. Bill of that ilk. Kind regards. Going to eat."

It was to the bridge, though, that Foster went. He noticed with satisfaction that the night was falling dark and almost calm. There would be no moon till after twelve. The clouds were an unbroken blanket. A dense blackness marked the cruiser's position. The captain, watching her with night-glasses, remarked as Foster joined him that she was certainly a German.

"No 'Cyclops,' at all events," agreed the man from Montreal. "She told me that a friend of mine who died at Tientsin was down with dysentery. But keep your pantomine going. She will be turning her lamps on us presently."

A light rain began to fall; and in ten minutes not a thing could be seen beyond the confines of the deck immediately below. Then a pencil of light shot out from the north, and picked them up, while two others from the cruiser's top swept the wide sea around. After passing over the "Touraine" from stem to stern, the first light was turned on the nearer sea. The Germans, if such they were, were taking nothing for granted.

"Now," said Foster briskly; "gun crews to quarters. Let them get a line on those lights; but no shooting on any account unless you are actually hit. They will be on the 'qui vive' anyway. Your part is just to look natural and keep their searchlights busy for a spell."

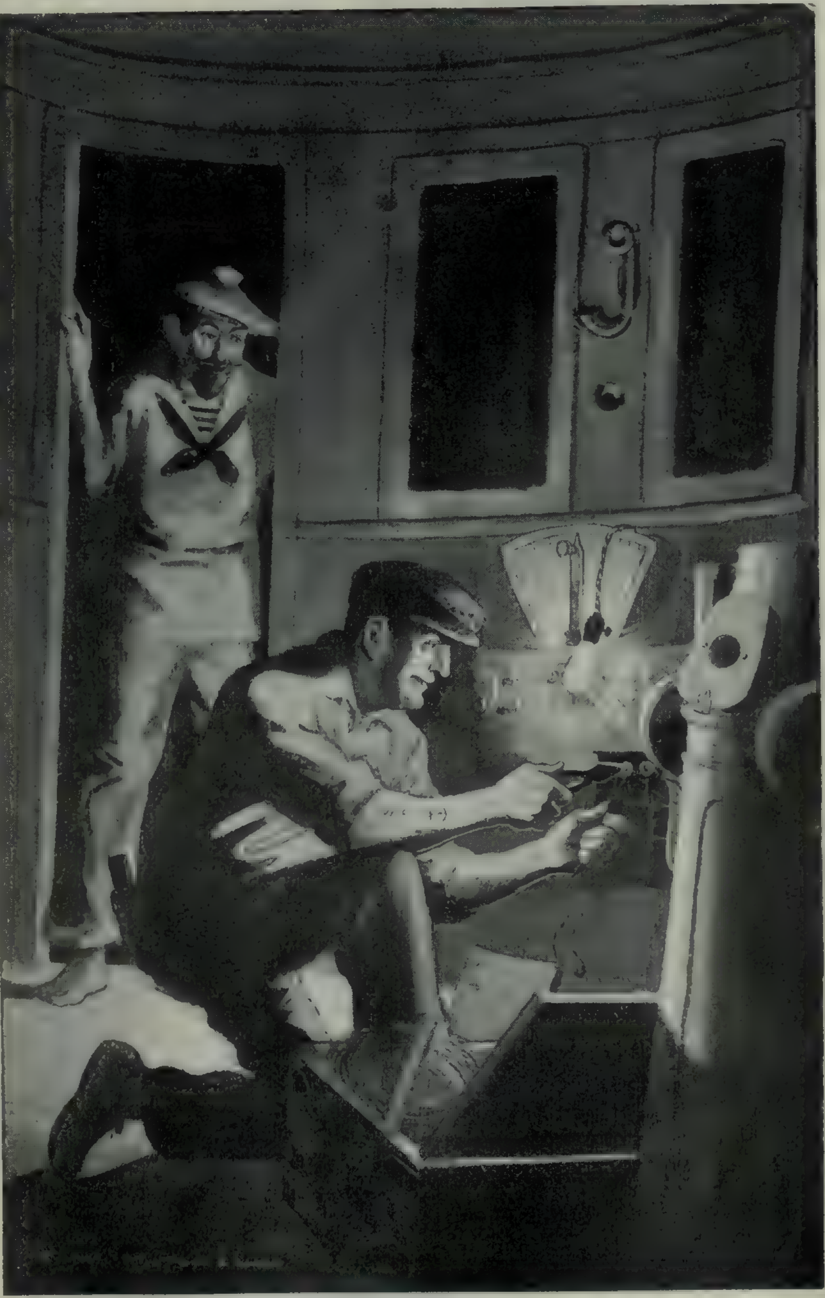
The light came back, striking the startled gun-crews with paralysis as they lugged at the tarpaulins. Another light came, so that the whole ship was lit up at once.

"Magnificent," quoth Foster the strategist. "And it is much more in the way of war than it looks to you, my friends. Monsieur, please keep your men looking like God-forsaken idiots for a while."

And he rushed back to the operating room. The instrument was silent. He sent a call in both the new code and the one which the "Cyclops" had previously used. There was no reply.

"'S enough," said Foster: "they are just aching for us to shoot."

He climbed the bridge again. The cruiser seemed from her searchlights to be little more than two miles away, swinging west of her course, probably for a turn.



For two hours he annoyed no one but a sharp little Toulonese, who lost his affection for the English in ten minutes, but fell to helpless admiration as he watched his persecutor's skilful fingers.

"A little more action, please, captain," said the unofficial adviser. "Go full ahead as soon as I am on the lugger; and back up on the instant when he shoots. I shall not be back until it is all over." With which he strolled to the bow and went down the hawser, hand over hand.

In the destroyer's conning tower his own hand set the engines slow ahead as the liner's engines thrashed.

"Cast off," he ordered; "and tell them, up above, to let their hawsers go by the board. Begin aft."

The ropes splashed lightly in the sea. Then a gun boomed; and a mightier splash rose phosphorescent from the sea a cable's length ahead. There was shouting on the liner's deck, and a heavier pounding as her engines were reversed.

"Look at the wind, and the lights," said Foster.

"West: they have turned a searchlight on the 'Touraine's' screws."

"The gods," said the Britisher with flaming eyes, "deliver them into our hands."

But he bit off an exclamation as a lane of light shot out across his course, showing a wake from which the liner was already backing. He shot the telegraph hard over. And his heart stood still while the destroyer's bow crept up level with the liner's cutwater. Her forefoot slipped into the light. But almost on the instant the light itself was lifted, and slowly swept to the east.

"The gods," said Foster again, "have made them blind."

And the telegraph clicked to "Full speed ahead."

A hundred yards beyond the liner's bows, Foster turned his little vessel's nose to port; and with faintly throbbing engines she slid northward, outside the line of light that still played upon the "Touraine." The cruiser was swinging to a line parallel with the liner, a scant mile away.

"I will make sure of her," said Foster to himself. "Stand by with your searchlight. Tubes all ready?"

"All ready."

"It's a dirty trick," muttered the strategist; "but of such is the kingdom of Mars."

"Here, admiral!" he continued. "You can handle your own ship best. Come and die at the post of honor. I fixed your fire-controls this afternoon. It is all plain sailing now."

"But no . . . " The young officer stifled a protest in a sigh of satisfaction as he stepped up to the buttons and levers.

Foster slipped through the narrow door and stood outside the shield.

"The boat is abeam," he called softly. "Come in between; and tell me when your tubes are bearing as near the ends of the main armor belt as you can guess. Take it easy. The boat may hear your engines."

Speed slackened still more, while Foster thought through age-long minutes of the three hundred lives whose end approached, and of the thousand helpless ones he saved for valiant deeds on the battlefields of their desire. He was not a sentimentalist; but an ordinary man on the brink of a tremendous moment. A great sadness fell on him, coming not so much from the moment he contemplated as from his unscanned past. He remarked the difference of that mood from the enthusiasm of his first fight, fought with comrades all about him and a kind of hate that was half fear in his heart. There was a voice from the conning tower.

"The starboard tubes bear."

"Turn that light on the cruiser," said Foster to the dim shape beside him. His eyes remained to be convinced of that vessel's nationality.

Instantly there flashed before him, as on a screen, a wall of grey, topped by two studded funnels, sheathed to half their height. And from the ensign staff drooped the flag most like his own beloved white ensign of all that fly upon the seas.

"Fire!"

And two slim, fish-like things sped silently away.

A searchlight flared in Foster's eyes. A machine-gun rattled. A splash of lead starred the side of the tower under his head. A gun roared, shooting wide in haste. Then, on the shadowy verges of the destroyer's own searchlight, two ghostly columns of water rose almost together, higher than the cruiser's tops, and hung through a static instant, till a great boom came back across the quivering sea, telling even the men in the stoke-hold that the cruiser's death-blow had been struck.

"Full ahead! Sta'board your helm!

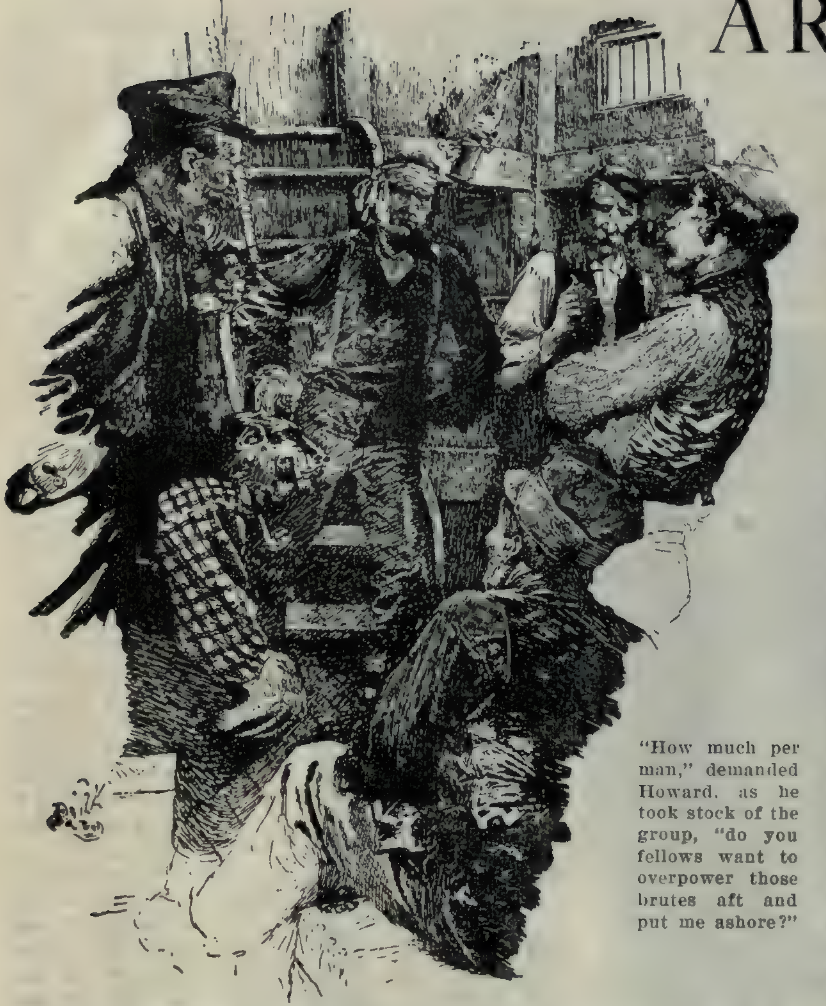
Continued on Page 122.

A Reversion to Type

By MORGAN ROBERTSON

Illustrations by WILL CRAWFORD

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The war in Europe has shown that the veneer of civilization is not thick, that the primitive instinct is not far below the surface of man even in this advanced age. The same idea is advanced in this story by Morgan Robertson. A society man is thrown into a position where he has to fight for his existence, fight with bared fists against rough sea-dogs. And his reversion to a primitive type is the sequel.



"How much per man," demanded Howard, as he took stock of the group, "do you fellows want to overpower those brutes aft and put me ashore?"

SHE slipped off a ring and handed it to him. He pocketed it, and they were silent until he had helped her out of the auto and escorted her to her door. Then he said: "I will send you your letters and gifts to-morrow, Mabel. Good-by."

There was no relenting in her manner. She answered the good-by, and went in.

Howard dismissed his machine for the night, and walked down the street in a frame of mind he had never known before; to ease it he stopped at the first cafe. He felt better after a few moments, and at the next cafe the relief was still apparent, but shorter-lived. While here he scanned himself full length in a mirror. Effeminate, she had judged him? Was he? He was an athlete, and he saw six feet of good looks and muscular development. His eyes were blue, his hair fair and curly, his skin pink as a girl's. Did these attributes constitute effeminacy?

"Effeminate be hanged," he mentally stormed. "I'm a man, if I'm anything." He went on with her indictment. Weak, lazy, selfish, heartless. He was not so fortunate in rebuttal. He had never worked because he had never needed to. Weak and lazy? Perhaps. Things had come to him without effort. He had not even tried very hard to win her regard. Selfish and heartless? He had not so considered himself. No man had so judged him. This was a woman's verdict. Was she right? He took another drink, but this being the third, it brought no relief, only an aggravation of his mood.

He strolled into Broadway, boarded a trolley car, and here found a jolly party of slummers bound for Chinatown. He knew them and went along, with only his "Dutch courage" to keep him in spirit. This left him before a plate of chop suey, and, unable to get liquor in the place, he quit the party to find it. He wandered east, stopping at one dingy dive after another, and what he absorbed rendered him utterly irresponsible. The last place he remembered was in Cherry street, where his evening clothes made no little sensation among the loungers, and his next remembrance was of waking in a narrow apartment lined with bunks, in one of which he was lying—and listening to the profane shouts of men without. He was aboard ship.

He rolled out with an involuntary groan, for at the first movement his head ached. He was dressed, he learned, but in tarry, greasy rags. And in the bunk was a canvas bag of other rags, and a cap, which he appropriated. Stepping out on deck he found the vessel—a large, square-rigged craft at anchor, with men aloft bending the canvas. Near the windlass, looking upward and chiding the workers after the gentle manner of the sea, was a tall, truculent individual with a red beard, who noticed Howard as he approached.

"Well," he remarked quietly, "you bilious-looking counter jumper! Have you turned out? Get up aloft there, and help bend that topsail."

"Why should I?" answered Howard indignantly. "What am I doing here, anyhow?"

"What are you doing?" queried the mate — for Howard soon learned his status. "You're doing nothing at present, but, by Gawd, you'll do something pretty soon. Lay aloft, you dog."

He pounced upon Howard, but was as suddenly shot back by the impulse of Howard's fist. Arising from the deck with a furious imprecation, he plunged his hand into his pocket and withdrew it brass-shod; then the combat was renewed. Howard fought coolly, intelligently, and with all the skill acquired in his athletic training; but skill and intelligence are of little avail against brass knuckles. An accidental slip on the smooth deck gave the mate an opening, and he laid open Howard's cheek bone. Then, dazed and whirling, he received another blow which made a two-inch gash in his forehead, and went down with darkening senses; but with the last flickering consciousness heard the words of his conqueror, standing over him:

"Thought you were a man, didn't you? Well, you're not, curse you."

When Howard came to he was again in his bunk, with his head tied up in cloths, and men were flocking into the forecastle. He rolled out and sat upon a chest, but was immediately asked to vacate it by the owner, and as there were no other empty chests or seats in the place, he crawled back into the bunk to pull himself together.

"You put up a good, stiff fight, matey," said the chest owner, as he reached for his dinner from the beef kid on the floor. "But what's the use? They'll do you in the end."

Howard felt of his aching wounds through the bandages.

"Brass knuckles. That's what you got. You'll know better next time."

"Perhaps. I'm not used to that kind of scrapping. What vessel is this, and where's she going? Anyone know how I got here? I don't."

"This craft," said the sailor, between mouthfuls, "is the ship *Quickstep*, of Bath, bound for Hongkong and back to an American port of discharge. As for you, you were very likely shanghaied to take the place of some fellow that jumped. You're no sailorman, I can see that. No sailorman slugs a bucko mate unless he's drunk. And you're dead sober."

"Sober now. Kidnapped, I suppose you mean. What's the chance of getting ashore?"

"None. We'll tow out when the tug comes. We've got the canvas nearly bent."

"Can't I go back in the tug?"

"Yes, if the skipper'll let you. Try that on, just once, if you like."

"Where is he—aft?"

"Better wait till he's had his dinner, and you've had yours. Then maybe you'll think better of it. Muster up here and get your whack, before it's gone."

Howard looked at the dinner, and shook his head. He went out on deck and mounted the topgallant forecastle for a look around. The ship was anchored on the Jersey Flats, out of the track of passing craft. Not a boat, tug, or fishing sloop was within hail. He looked aft, taking stock of the ship and her fittings. She was a large vessel, with three masts, whose yards, seven to a mast, rose upward like rungs of huge ladders. There were three boats stowed upside down on the forward house, and a small one, right side up in chocks, on the after-house. These were certainly not available, and swimming in that wintry weather was out of the question, except as a last restort.

Lounging in the alley on the high poop deck was a man whom Howard thought might be the captain, and he decided to interview him. He went aft and the man met him at the steps.

"Keep down off this poop," he said. "What do you want?"

"I want to see the captain. Are you the captain?"

"I'm the second mate. Say 'sir' to me when you cross my hawse, or I'll give you worse than the mate did."

"So that was the mate. I suppose you mean the first mate. I don't care to see either of you. My business is with the captain."

"And mine is with you, you four-legged son of a shipowner. Didn't I tell you to say 'sir'?"

The second mate sprang down the steps and was at Howard before he could dodge. But this fight had different results. The second mate had no brass knuckles, evidently, and Howard's fists were too heavy for him. Soon, with both eyes blackened, and blood streaming from his nose, the officer broke away and ran to the main rigging. But Howard followed, wrenched away from him the belaying pin he had seized, and knocked him down with it. And as he saw him squirming on the deck there came to him the judgment of Mabel and the corroboration of the mate, which he had refuted, though neither knew it. Yes, he was a man.

"Oh, you're easy," he said to the conquered officer. "Now, will you be civil, and tell me where the captain is?"

"He's at dinner," answered the victim, thickly. "I'll make you sweat for this before we get to Hongkong."

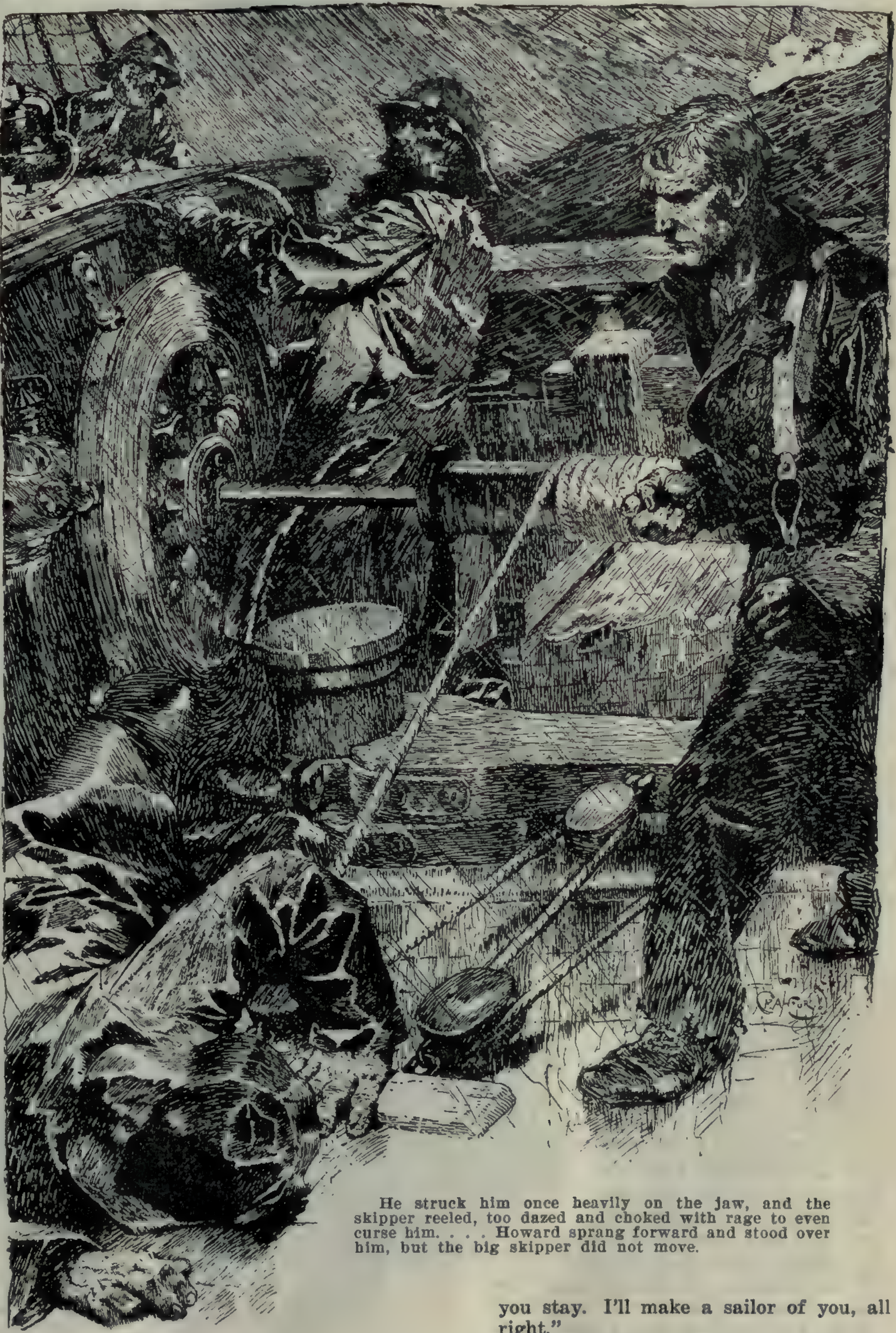
"We," said Howard, emphasizing the pronoun, "may never get to Hongkong."

"What's the matter here, Mr. Bellew?" asked a stern voice behind them, and Howard turned to behold a man six-foot-six, if an inch, with a pair of shoulders like two coffee sacks, and arms as big as Howard's legs. He gripped him by the collar and held him at arm's length while he repeated the query.

"Scrapper aboard, captain," answered Mr. Bellew, scrambling to his feet. "Nothing but a prize fighter can stop me when I get agoing."

"Licked you, I judge," said the captain contemptuously. "Don't let it happen too often. It's a bad habit in a second mate. And you, too, my man. I admire a good man, but not in my forecastle."

"Are you the captain?" asked Howard, still at arm's length.



He struck him once heavily on the jaw, and the skipper reeled, too dazed and choked with rage to even curse him. . . . Howard sprang forward and stood over him, but the big skipper did not move.

"Yes."

"I came aft to see you, sir, but was stopped by your second mate. I have been drugged and kidnapped—shanghaied, the men call it. I would like to get ashore. I am not a sailor, and did not ship in this craft."

"Can't help that. You were put aboard as one of a crew I bargained for, and here you stay. I'll make a sailor of you, all right."

"I will make it worth your while, captain. I am independent of money considerations, and can stand a good sum to be out of this fix."

"No, I've heard these yarns before. The papers are full of them. Every time a man has to explain his sudden disappearance he lays it onto some ship shanghai-ing him. I can't delay to get another man. The tug'll be down soon."

"I will pay for the ship's delay. I guarantee to satisfy your owners. I have the money. I am well known in Wall Street. Please investigate.

"There's no time; and, another thing, I don't believe you. You're not a sailor, I can see; but wealthy men don't ship, drunk or sober."

"I admit I was drunk and wandered into a strange neighborhood. But my clothes and money were taken. I am dressed in these rags by the thieves. If you will take the trouble, captain, you will not put me to this inconvenience."

"Go forward. That's all."

The captain shook him a little, just enough to make his neck crackle, and gently pushed him away. Howard arose from the deck about fifteen feet off, saw his broad back disappearing in the forward companion of the cabin, and the second mate climbing the poop steps, then went forward, fuming with impotent rage. The men had finished their dinner and had lighted their pipes.

"How much per man," demanded Howard, as he took stock of the group, "do you fellows want to overpower those brutes aft and put me ashore?"

Derisive laughter answered him.

"I'll give you a thousand apiece. I've got it—on shore."

"Dot was too mooch," said a German. "I do it mineself for a ploog of tobacco. When you want me begin?"

"Look here, mate," said the chest owner seriously. "I know how you feel, and I believe you can back up your proposition; but we've signed articles, and what you ask is mutiny. Mutiny means certain jail, and if a man is killed, even on our side, it is hanging in all countries, for somebody. I've been aft in these packets and know both sides. Take my advice: sing small, work hard, and jump at Hongkong. The skipper'll give you every chance to jump, for he'll guess, because of the front you make, that there's a possible case against him. But its against a skipper's nature to give in to a man 'fore the mast. And if you raise any more trouble, there's a chance that you never reach Hongkong."

"Howard again went out and climbed the forecastle steps. Not a craft of any kind was near enough to hail. But he noticed that the ship was swinging at her anchor, and that the flood tide was making. He went back to the men.

"Can anybody," he asked moodily, "accommodate me with a pencil, a piece of paper, and a bottle with a good cork." They rummaged their bunks and bags, and the articles were produced. Howard wrote:

> Whoever finds this please deliver to John H. Fairman, 49 Wall Street, and receive a reward.
>
> Dear Fairman:
>
> Am shanghaied on board ship Quickstep, bound for Hongkong. Apparently no escape. Will try and get this to you by the tug. If fail, will throw bottle overboard. Reward bearer liberally. Fit out my yacht with armed force and a captain with nerve, and send her after this ship. Will stand any expense.
>
> JOHN HOWARD.

"Does the tug come alongside?" he asked as he corked the note in the bottle.

"Not likely. She'll keep clear and throw us a heaving line," answered his adviser.

"I've written to my lawyer. I may swim for it, and I may get this bottle aboard the tug, or I may just drop it overboard. Somebody's going to sweat for this."

"Don't make it yourself. And don't let them see you toss the bottle. They'll want it back, and the tug captain might accommodate them."

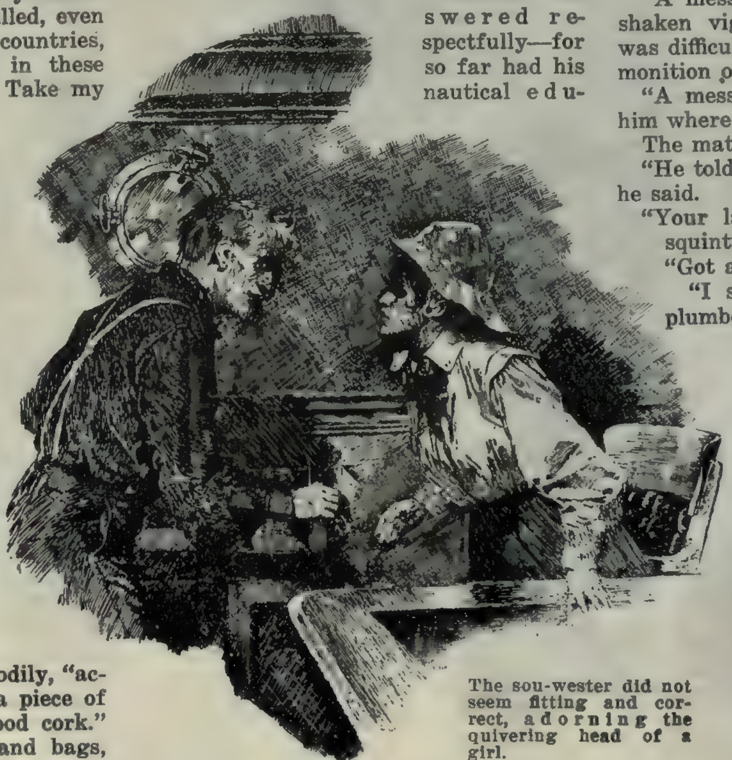
"Why, haven't I right to notify my lawyer?"

"Your rights won't be considered. The fact that you've got a lawyer, and the possible chance of trouble, will make your life unsafe. Men like you are dropped overboard on these ships. Sing small, you fool."

"Turn to," roared the second mate at the forecastle door, and Howard, slipping the bottle into his trousers pocket, went on deck with the rest, pondering on what he had heard. The first mate appeared, divided the men into the original gangs, and sent them aloft to finish bending the lighter sails, then scanned Howard quizzically, as though he thought better of him since he had thrashed his brother officer.

"Well, I guess you'd better stay on deck. Coil up all this gear, fore and aft, every rope you see. Coil each rope on its own pin."

Howard answered respectfully—for so far had his nautical education progressed—and began the task. It took him an hour, by which time a large tug was steaming up on the port quarter, the men coming down, and his round of the deck had brought him to the port fore rigging. Here he listened to the jovial bandinage called back and forth between the captain of the ship and the captain of the tug.



The sou-wester did not seem fitting and correct, adorning the quivering head of a girl.

"Not much chance of sympathy from that fellow," he muttered as he lifted his head over the rail and looked. The crew of the tug stood forward, one of them holding a coiled heaving line, and aboard the ship the men were flocking forward at the mate's behest to where a large hawser lay on the fore hatch with its end passed over the bows and back under the headgear. As the tug came abreast of the fore rigging, Howard mounted the rail, steadied himself by the lanyard, and carefully tossed the bottle. It struck the coil of heaving line held by the man and dropped on the rail without breaking. Then it rolled along it and seemed doubtful which way to fall.

"Catch that bottle and deliver the message in it," he called.

One of the men sprang toward it, but it eluded his fingers by an inch and fell overboard.

"Come down out of that," roared the mate from the forecastle deck. "What's in that bottle?"

"Message to my lawyer, if you want to know," answered Howard, sullenly, as he watched the bottle bobbing astern on the tide. The whirling heaving line from the tug attracted the mate's attention, however, and he busied himself with the passing out of the towline. But the captain came running forward, as Howard climbed down.

"What'd you throw aboard that tug?" he demanded, gripping Howard by the collar again.

"A message to—" Howard was being shaken vigorously, and good judgment was difficult—but he remembered the admonition of his adviser.

"A message to my brother, apprising him where I am," he stammered.

The mate came down and joined them.

"He told me a message to his lawyer," he said.

"Your lawyer?" queried the captain, squinting suspiciously at Howard. "Got a lawyer, have you?"

"I said my brother, sir. He's a plumber on Third avenue."

"The bottle went overboard, anyhow, captain," said the mate.

"Hell of a rich man, you are—you and your lawyer and your plumber." He flung Howard from him and went aft; but the mate looked him up and down, seriously and thoughtfully, for a moment; then, as though satisfied with his conclusions, said: "Make the best of it. Be civil and quiet, and do what you're told, and you may come out all right."

Wondering at the mate's words, and, somehow, glad to escape so lightly, Howard joined the men lighting out the coils as the tug went ahead. Then he hove manfully on a windlass brake, and when the anchor was up, pulled and hauled and

Continued on Page 118.

Churchill—The Man at the Helm

By HUGH S. EAYRS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—That Britain has been able to keep business going " as usual" in the face of abysmal war conditions has been due to one thing only—the readiness of her great fleet. And the readiness of the fleet has been due in no small degree of the efficiency of the present First Lord of the Admiralty. There was some shaking of heads when Winston Churchill was transferred to the Admiralty but all doubt has vanished now and Churchill has become a popular idol. Mr. Eayrs presents the Overlord of the King's Navee with a freshness of viewpoint that makes Churchill appear in an entirely new light. He shows us a new Churchill, greater and more real than the man Canadians have imagined the versatile young Englishman to be. This sketch is the best Mr. Eayrs has done for readers of MacLeans—and he has done some good ones.

Mrs. Churchill.

Winston Churchill in his army uniform.

THERE was a picture much in vogue several years ago called "Dignity and Impudence." It got to be a very popular picture, particularly as it was supposed to point a moral to small people who forgot the delightful maxim about being seen and not heard. There were two dogs in the picture. One was a rather venerable and noble looking mastiff of years and substance, who sat quietly and philosophically looking at a small whelp of a terrier who had an irritatingly impudent expression—dignity and impudence.

Daring an intimate sketch of the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P., distinguished soldier, First Lord of Admiralty, descendant of the Marlboroughs, undoubted genius, blatant egoist, and general good fellow, brings back memories of that picture.

Not that Winston could be said to exactly personify dignity. Perhaps when he gets a little older he may be able to, but at present, dignity in his make-up is conspicuous by its absence. A volcano is very impressive but it is too thoroughly sur-charged with violence to be considered dignified. It is a lively, bound-breaking thing, that respects no sense of order; a bursting, blustering, will-be-free kind of affair, that cares for no convention and would—if it could—laugh at the Frenchman's phrase "de rigeur."

Winston Churchill is a human volcano in more ways than one. When you are most sure that he is quiet, you wake with a start to find that he was only somnolent, and the eruption is a hint that it might be well to get out of the way, for verbal lava is sometimes very hot. They call Winston Churchill, *"l'enfant terrible."* It is a tribute, for the child who is terrible usually does things when he grows up. It is not the studious book-loving, lesson-learning youth who has the biggest representation in the cabinets of the world. And yet the Terrible One can be suave —when it suits him.

Here indeed is a strange admixture, a make-up of complexities. Perhaps a good key to such a make-up is the face and figure of the man himself. Winston Churchill is forty years old; and looks it. He is of rather more than medium height, thick-set, and stocky. His face, the face of the Marlboroughs, whose blood runs in his veins, has for its most outstanding feature the broad massive brow, which the Marlboroughs have had for generations. Receding far from the forehead—which by the way, its owner is fond of caressing, when he is struggling with some Admiralty problem or preparing a retort for Beresford—is a rapidly-thinning mass of hair. The color is a sort of nondescript red. It just misses being bronze and it certainly could never be mistaken for golden. A pair of merry blue eyes provide reminder that Winston, despite the cares of Empire, is a confirmed optimist.

The broad brow and the merry eyes are the real indices of the problem "What is the real Winston?" For the one points clearly to a sagacity and wisdom and finished cleverness, which even his opponents concede him, while the other indicates a certain boyish frankness and love of fun that will not be damped, even by the importance of being Mr. Churchill. Some years ago, Winston came to Canada, and those who saw his father before him, said, "Here is another Randy!" And saving the beard, here is another Randy—in externals at any rate. But Winston is very different from Lord Randolph in personality and temperament.

WINSTON THE SOLDIER.

Barely had he finished with Harrow and Sandhurst than he decided to go in for soldiering. To begin with, the glory of war appealed to him. It was fine to go and be a soldier, and do all sorts of hare-brained and dare-devil things and get into all sorts of predicaments just for the sheer fun of getting out again. Unconsciously, he was wise in his choice of profession. He needed the discipline which the army alone could give. It was fitting that he should learn the need of restraint and constraint which taught him that he didn't know everything—then. In 1895 he served with the Spanish forces in Cuba. He was then twenty-one. Of course he got into the lime-light and he came home with the Order of Military Merit pinned on his uniform. Later he saw service with the 31st Punjab Infantry in India. In 1898 came the Nile Expeditionary Force, and Khartoum. Winston was aide-de-camp to Sir William Lockhart, and gained a second clasp. In the Boer war he was a lieutenant in the South Africa Light Horse. The idea came to him that he might make good as a war-correspondent, so in 1899 he joined the staff of the *Morning Post* in that capacity. Winston made his own excitement. Those were the days when war corresponding *was* exciting.

A story is told of him when he had been made prisoner of war in this campaign. A general of the opposing forces held up the train that bore "Winnie" and his fellow prisoners. The general was struck by this young man with the near-red hair and the impudent grin, who gave himself up.

"May I have special privileges? I am a war correspondent," said the young man with the utmost sang-froid.

"You fight too well to be treated as a civilian," came the general's retort; and Winston became a prisoner. But he escaped a month later. Spion Kop, Vaal Krantz, Pieters, Johannesburg, and Pretoria followed each other in quick succession. Winston came through them all and came home to England with six more clasps! There is no doubt that he made a good soldier. No man of his age has seen more service. No man of his age has written more books, on service. There are those who said that he wanted the War Office job which Haldane got. But the Admiralty was somewhere in the offing.

WINSTON THE POLITICIAN.

There is a class of man who has a knack of doing well at anything. Churchill would never be out of the lime-light. If he ruled an Empire he would command attention. If he swept a crossing he would manage to distinguish himself. He made a success of soldiering and grew tired of it. Sighing for fresh worlds to conquer, he bethought himself of politics; and went into that. Now Winston Churchill never was, and never could be, a statesman. And he never was, and never could be, a diplomat. But as a politician he was *par excellence.*

He had a hard road to travel. He made it hard himself. In 1900 a Conservative, he was elected member for Parliament for Oldham. In 1906 he was sitting as Liberal member of Parliament for Manchester. And thereby hangs a tale. To begin with, Winston, though an aristocrat by birth and up-bringing was a democrat by persuasion. He decided that the Conservative leaders had nothing to offer the people. And so, himself a patrician and coming of a long line of patricians, he left the Conservatives to join the Liberals.

There has always been an idea in the public mind that a man who changes his political creed is fit for nothing but to be trodden underfoot of men. Churchill became aware of it. "Turncoat" became his noun in apposition. It was hurled at him by every paper, which a week before had considered him the coming man in the Tory camp. Winston took no notice. He changed his seat in the House, crossing over to the Liberal benches, and the demonstration of abuse from his old confreres, was as appalling as it was galling. The climax came when he went to dine at his old club, the "officer's tent" of the Conservative party. As he sat down, every man in the room left his seat and Winston was left alone with the waiters.

Meanwhile, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman was wise in his day and his generation. He saw that Winston wanted office. He gave it him. Winston became Under Secretary for the Colonies. From that he rose to be president of the Board of Trade, Home Secretary, and now he is First Lord of the Admiralty.

His critics say that he left the Tory camp because he saw the chance of office with the Liberals. That may be a minor reason, for Winston was ever fond of "climbing young ambition's ladder." But he has supremely justified himself. There is no more hard and conscientious worker in the Ministry to-day. And there is probably no man who, according to his light and opportunity, has done more for his country.

Churchill talk is sheer rhetoric. . . . He leaves nothing to chance but the light and fire of his fertile mind gleam through his speech.

I remember the first time I heard him in the House. We had just been listening to the impassioned eloquence of Lloyd George. For spontaniety and rich, sparkling, catch-the-public oratory the little Welshman is not to be beaten in England to-day. Your Welshman knows how to talk! Mr. Balfour followed—Balfour the philosophical, the non-committal, the ingenious, the innately diplomatic. He talked for forty minutes, talked charmingly and pleasantly, but he said little. Then came Winston. As ever he had prepared his speech with sedulous and scrupulous pains. The House was crowded and from the outset it was interested. Churchill's talk was sheer rhetoric. It relied not at all upon the impulse of the moment. Winston leaves nothing to chance. But the light and fire of his fertile mind gleamed through that speech and made us feel the force of conviction that was its foundation. The gripping feature of Churchill's House speeches is the life and vim which characterizes the man. You feel that he is fighting all the while, fighting to convert his opponents and to reassure his friends. There is no trace of the tremendous strain which he is under. His nervousness—real though it is—is covered up by sheer effort of will. The strain is immense, for Churchill himself is highly-strung and nervous. He is like a spring that is continually quivering and shivering, always agitated, always sensitive to impression. There is a restlessness, an impatience to be up and doing, looming large all the while. Yet outwardly he is self-reliant, cool, sometimes quite cold and statuesque. Hard facts follow hard facts, but a brilliant epigram here and a splendid metaphor there light up the speech and display it, in its entirety, a glorious whole, in which argument, persuasion, truth and imagery, play each their part to the best advantage.

You would never think that it was the same Winston who talks to you if you are able to get him by himself. The outstanding fact then is his bonhommie, and good-fellowship. I was lucky enough to get an interview with him a few months ago at the Admiralty. The interview was a series of surprises. First of all I couldn't understand why his Majesty's First Lord of the Admiralty should wear such a shabby frock-coat. I thought Cabinet Ministers lived and died Beau Brummels. And when he spoke he *lisped!* Yes, he actually lisped! Surprise number two! Where did he get the splendid burst of rhetoric that he gave to the House? But I think the main thing that impressed me was his smile. That smile captivates you. It democratizes you, if I may use the word. It puts you in a rare good humor. I don't wonder that Winston is popular with the boys of the King's Navee! Such a smile is worth much as an election asset. Taken in conjunction with the awful frock-coat, it makes you feel that the First Lord of the Admiralty is a very human fellow after all.

Winston's secret of success as a politician is his personality and his native cleverness. He is a good judge of human nature. I asked a Liberal Whip once why it was that Churchill had got on and got

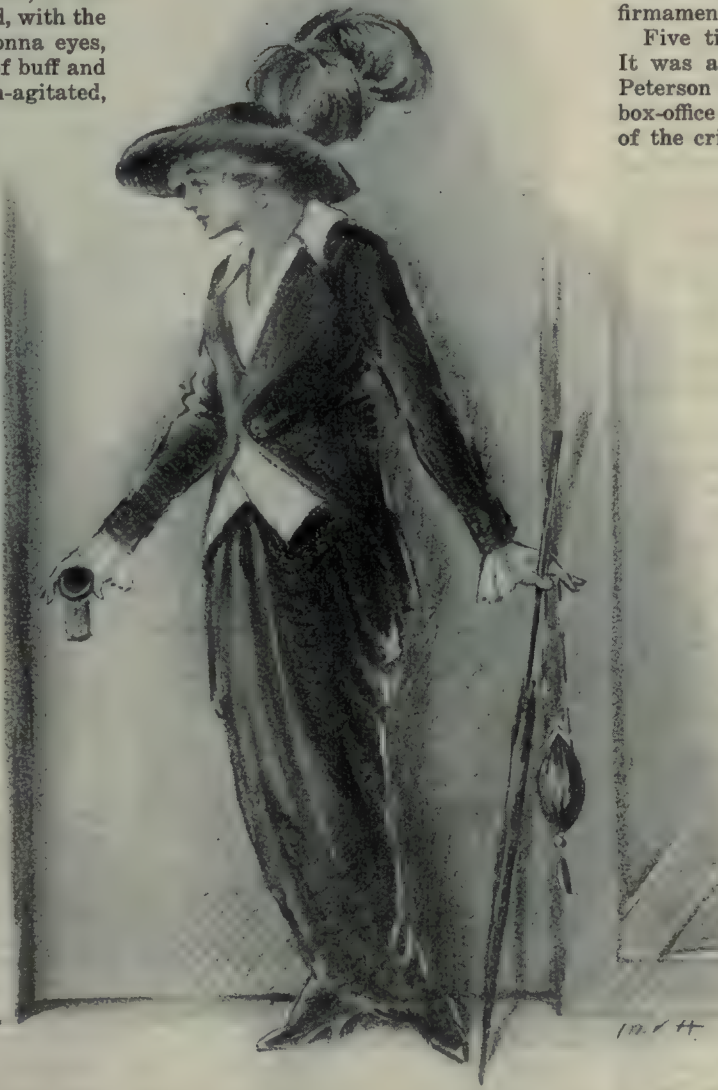
Continued on Page 121.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

By HUGH C. WEIR

5—The Purple Thumb

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



Ariel Burton stepped out in a velvet traveling suit of royal purple . . . stunning, if you have superlatives to spare.

Editor's Note.—No better piece of detective fiction has ever been presented than "The Purple Thumb." The unusual powers of Madelyn Mack are displayed in unraveling an unusually mysterious case. The theme is developed at such length that it has been necessary to run it in two installments. It is, in fact, almost a serial story in itself.

FORTY girls, from the little blonde, with the puckery lips and the perky, big red bow over her left ear, to the soulful brunette on the other end, with the flat, ratless hair, and the Madonna eyes, glided down the stage in a riot of buff and lavender draperies, very-much-agitated, very-high-heeled pumps, very-well-filled silk stockings — and a fusilade of devastating smiles.

Peter P. Peterson, theatrical magnate, from his vantage-point at the rear of the house, let a twinkle slip into his little, round eyes, almost as bright as the huge diamond-stud on his crumpled shirt-front. He was acclaimed a connoisseur of catchy choruses, and catchy chorus-girls, by the ultra-critical judges of Broadway, and the finale of the first act of that eccentric musical comedy, "The Girl from Milwaukee," was adding another notch to his carefully nursed reputation.

Peter P. Peterson deepened his twinkle until it over-shadowed the flash of his diamond-stud as the forty girls on the stage broke their rear rank in a gliding side movement. Through the aperture, a dozen chorus-boys, dressed in old Dutch burgher style, staggered on to the stage, bearing on their padded shoulders a black-lettered barrel, labeled "Lager."

With a crash, the orchestra burst into the chorus of "That Old Milwaukee Brew." The forty girls swung forty steins above their heads in the excess of forty different thirsts—and charged the barrel like an army at an enemy's ramparts.

From its top, a tall stein slowly raised itself. For a moment it stood poised, and then its sides gradually dissolved—revealing within, in a soft golden brown glow, the face of a young woman, smiling at the audience for all the world as though she were a bewildering fantasy of the brew.

The orchestra glided into the popular strains of "I'll Drink to the Girl Who Drinks With Me," the mellow baritone of Archibald Clavering, the leading man, caught up the words, and the refrain was answered by the rich soprano of the girl in the stein—Ariel Burton, the "star," who had sprung into the Broadway horion six months before—and out-dazzled all the other dazzling stars in that earthly firmament ever since.

Five times the curtain rose and fell. It was a record-breaking hit. Peter P. Peterson waddled contentedly back to the box-office to receive the congratulations of the critics, and double his advertising space in the morning papers, and arrange for the announcement—"Sold Out for a Solid Five Weeks in Advance."

In the theatre, the applause was still continuing, rising and falling like surf. Still imprisoned in the stein, Miss Burton had tried to throw a kiss with her cramped hands; but the bored first-nighters, with their palates, for once, thoroughly tickled, were not satisfied.

The curtain ascended again with the flushing "star," released from her imprisonment, stepping toward the footlights, with one of her jerky, characteristic bows. An usher was extending a huge satin-tied bouquet.

"White orchids!" gasped a dowager, with her pearl lorgnette riveted to her eyes.

"Worth every cent of a hundred dollars!" breathed the wide-eyed debutante at her side. "I'll wager she bought them herself for an advertisement!"

The dowager glared in scorn, and pointing a fat finger, almost imperceptibly toward the occupants of an opposite box. Bought it herself! It came from Sewell Collins! Can't you see her smiling up at him? Fancy an old man like that! They say he is idiotic over her!"

"But, surely Auntie, there is nothing serious between them?"

"Serious? The old fool is going to marry her—and they say he is to settle a cool million on her the day of the wedding! Why, he gave her a ten-thousand-dollar car last week, and celebrated the occasion with a champagne supper that Bobby Waters said was a disgrace even to Broadway! But, then, that is what all those show-girls are looking for—a millionaire, the older the better!"

"She is pretty. Auntie—*very pretty*—and *young*—and—and she doesn't look like a *bad* woman!"

The debutante sighed. She, also, was very young, and pretty—and innocent.

On the stage, Ariel Burton was stepping back, with the orchids held close to her bosom. The curtain was already descending. The girl's eyes dropped carelessly to her bouquet, and then of a sudden her face went white—white as the nestling orchids.

Even under her rouge, her emotion was apparent to those in the boxes. The curtain reached the stage with a thud. Behind it, Ariel Burton had crumpled to the floor. One hand was clenched about the stem of the orchids until her nails had entered her palm.

Madelyn Mack pillowed her head against the back of her chair, drawn into the most shadowy corner of our box, and smiled a trifle wearily. Her hands toyed aimlessly with the handle of her ebony opera glasses, that matched her rather severely tailored black evening gown, and, when I glanced curiously toward her, I saw that her eyes had closed.

I knew the symptoms. In spite of the record-breaking applause sweeping through the theatre, she was—bored. My question was politely perfunctory.

"And how is your Royal Highness enjoying the evening?"

She opened her eyes far enough to send me one of those quizzical, half-veiled glances, which always made me feel like a pig-tailed school-girl.

"That blue silk of yours, Nora, is unusually becoming! Mr. Preston should feel decidedly complimented!"

"I asked how the play was appealing to you?" I retorted, severely.

Her eyes closed again. The contrast between the dark, curling lashes and the masses of golden-bronze hair, piled high above her white forehead in the peculiar French fashion she always affected, regardless of prevailing styles, was almost startlingly picturesque. I have always maintained that Madelyn Mack made too little of her personal appearance. Now, if half of her attractions had been possessed by an obscure newspaper girl, like myself, with a ruined complexion, which no veil could protect, and little, work-haggard lines creeping under her eyes in spite of the dollars squeezed from a slender pay envelope into the tills of greedy masseurs.

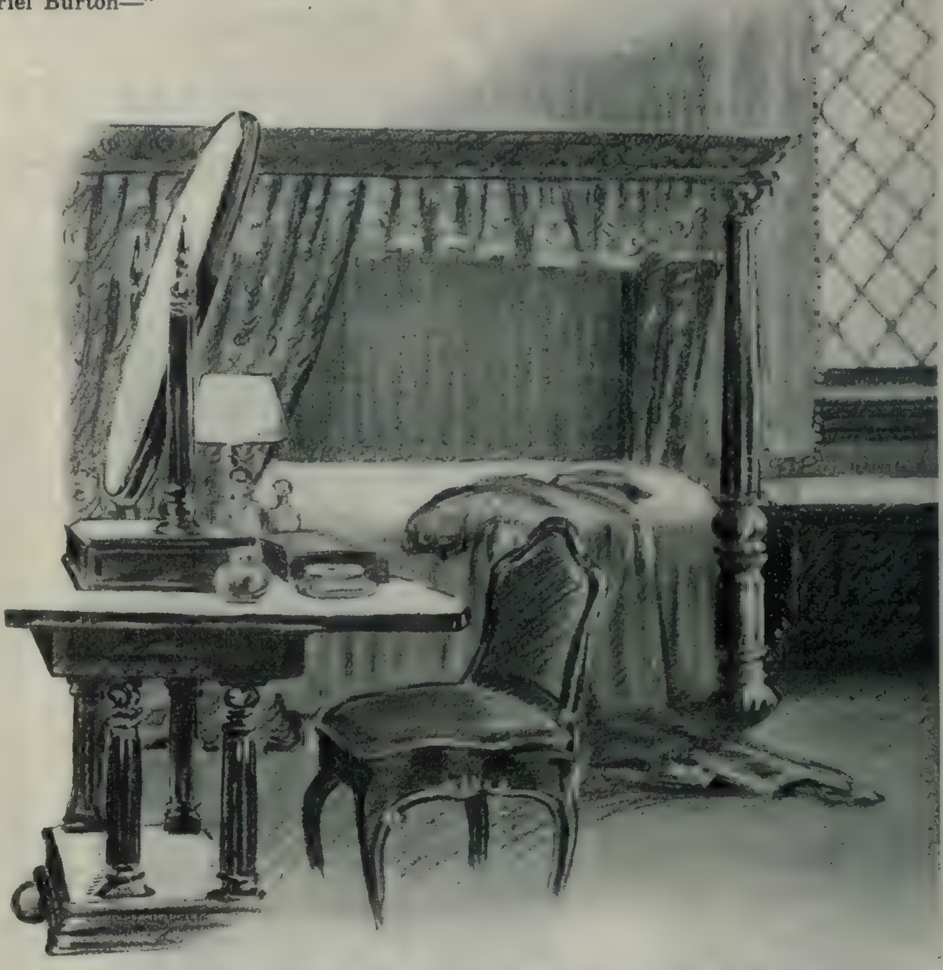
"Thank you for your implied compliment, Miss Noraker!"

I started guiltily.

"When one's companion has been trying unsuccessfully to veil her nervousness all evening," murmured Madelyn, "one is forced to the impoliteness of reading her thoughts. I shouldn't worry too much about Thorny Preston, if I were you!"

"I'm not!"

"In the first place, a successful playright like Mr. Preston—this is his third effort, is it not?—has a multitude of other duties on the first night of a new production besides playing gallant to two forlorn women! And, in the second place, if he *has* fallen victim to the charms of Miss Ariel Burton—"



The second onslaught was successful. The wrecked panels fell suddenly inward. A glimpse of rose-red tinted walls, and velvet rugs, and mahogany dressing table swam before me—a silken canopied bed and Irish lace counter-

"But he hasn't!" And then I added hastily, "and, if he has, why should I care?"

"Exactly!" said Madelyn easily. "Then why have you been allowing it to torment you for the last two weeks?"

"Because it's an outrage!" I flared. I am always a volcano—when the spark is applied in the right place!

"There is absolutely nothing between Mr. Thorndyke Preston and myself, except a good-fellow comradeship. You know the kind—where a woman meets a man on a man's basis—takes long walks with him, and talks over his work—and closes her eyes and stops her ears whenever she thinks of a home and kiddies! Oh, I'm not blaming Thorny! But the way that Burton woman is throwing herself at him is nothing short of scandalous—and you know it as well as I do! She is keeping old Sewell Collins dangling at her apron-strings for the benefit of his money bags, and at the same time is trying to inveigle Thorny Preston into making a fool of himself!

"Oh, I mean *just that,* Miss Madelyn Mack—and I won't take back a word! But then, she is only twenty-one, and has a smile like Cleopatra—and I am twenty-eight, with crow's feet, and grey hairs—I found five last night!—And—Thorny is just like other men, I suppose, where a pretty face is concerned. And—and—a good-fellow comradeship isn't so very satisfying—to a man—is it?"

I finished, gasping, with a dart at my handkerchief, and my face that awfully vivid red, like pickled beets, which I have never been able to subdue whenever I pass a certain degree of excitement.

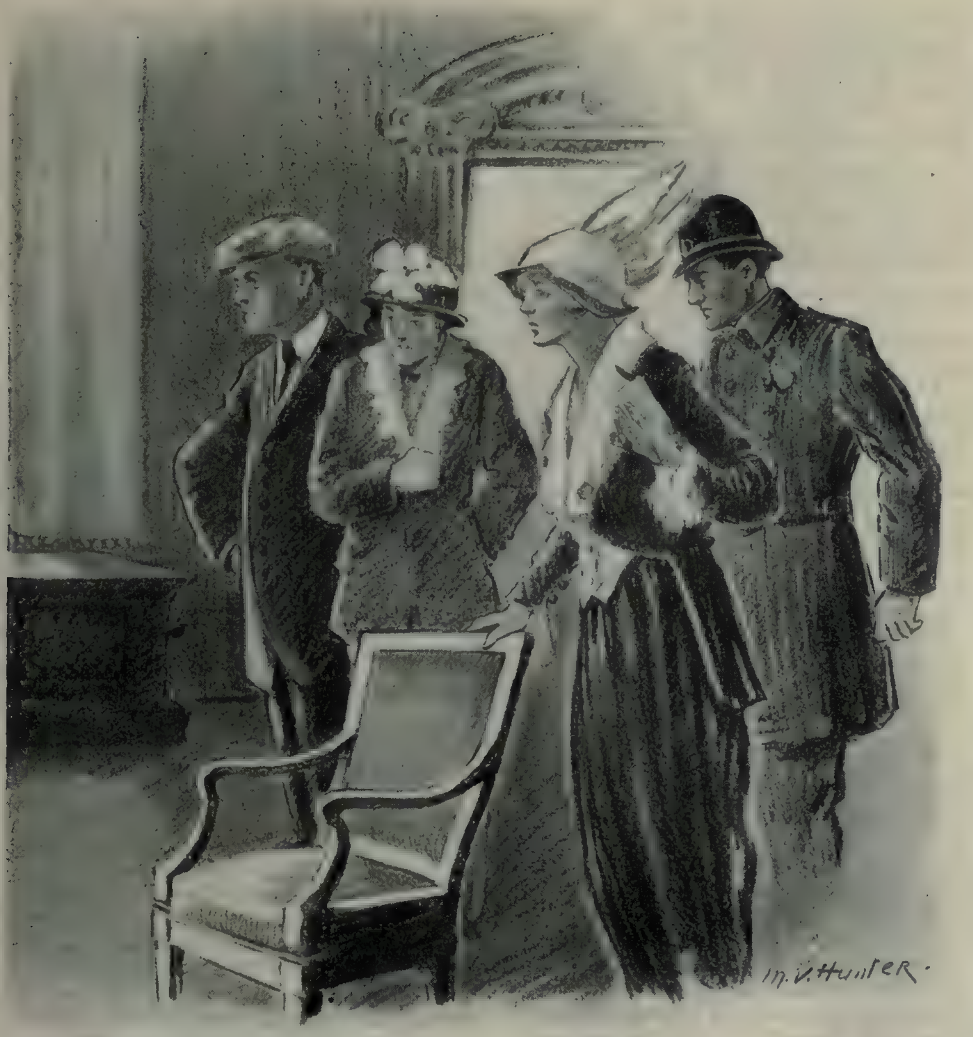
For a moment, I felt Madelyn's steady eyes surveying me, with just a hint of wonder at my outbreak, and—and—yes,—*pity!* I hate sympathy—from a woman!

'Twas then that the curtain rolled up again on the incident of the white orchids.

We were both leaning over the railing when the descending canvas hid Ariel Burton's swaying form.

Madelyn slipped back into her chair. Above her eyes a single deep line had appeared, like the swift course of a pencil across a blank paper. Her eyes closed again; but I knew that her nerves had sprung to a sudden tension, and I could guess that she was trying to supply the other half of the incident which the curtain had blotted from us.

There came a low knock at the door of our box. I gave a muffled invitation to enter, for my sixth sense—how many senses does a woman have?—told me who



pane—a wonderful embroidered neglige tossed carelessly across the surface—and nothing else.

it was. Thorndyke Preston stood staring down at us with a flush.

He tried to conceal his emotion, but Thorny never could hide anything, and the effort only served to emphasize his nervousness.

"I have a commission for you, Miss Mack, if you will accept it. Mr. Peterson would like to see you on the stage!"

Madelyn Mack's eyes wandered over his face, and his flush deepened. "Is it—Miss Burton?"

"It is in connection with Miss Burton. You saw her faint, of course. Peterson fancies there is something queer. He is very excitable anyway, you know, and—"

"But I fail to see where my services come in. Miss Burton is recovering, is she not?"

"Yes—but—oh, hang it all!—*please* go back, Miss Mack! Peterson is getting on my nerves!"

Thorny's eyes turned to me pleadingly. "You ask her, Nora!"

I smiled indifferently. "I fancy that Miss Mack can make up her mind without my assistance!" I turned, with a shrug, to gaze over the audience; but, out of the corner of my eye, I could see Thorny's lips tighten. If he had been alone, I know he would have sworn—and a woman who can make a man swear has not *quite* lost her power over him!

Madelyn rose with a gesture of submission. "If you will accompany me, Nora—"

I felt Thorny's eyes again appealing to me, but I kept my gaze steadily averted. I smoothed down my skirts, and caught Madelyn's arm. Thorny led the way down the thick-carpeted corridor which led behind the boxes to the stage door.

He *was* a good-looking chap, with a grave, studious expression—which I always accused him of cultivating for effect—and the smugness of his evening clothes showed off his athletic shoulders to excellent advantage. His bearing radiated that indefinable suggestion of success after heart-gripping failures, for Thorny had fought long and hard for every dollar of the Niagara-stream of royalties now flooding him. Our own acquaintance had begun in the days when he was doing a "Man About Town" column for the *Sun*, at a very modest salary, and I'll do him the justice to say that his success had not turned his head.

It had not even brought him the luxury of a valet. Once he *had* cautiously broached the suggestion to me, when he had received twenty-five thousand dollars from "Mademoiselle Satan;" but, after my stony silence, he had never repeated it, and, at the next bachelor dinner in his rooms, I noticed that the valet had not made his appearance. Fancy Thorny with a valet—when I had to press my skirts with an electric iron, attached to my single socket, when the suspicious landlady was away, and burning my hands at every step on the stairs in the fear of discovery!"

Thorny held open the stage-door, and waited until both of us had preceded him into the clatter of scene-shifting. With a side glance, I saw him linger behind, and felt a tug on my sleeve.

"I am glad you came to-night, Nora!"

"Are you?" I said coldly, with my eyes on a shirt-sleeved carpenter nailing into place the grey pillar of a Swiss hotel. "By that, you mean I'll give your old play a nice send off in the *Bugle*, I suppose?"

I'll own it was nasty, but I was in the mood for nastiness. I tried hard to look away.

"You'll regret those words, Nora."

I was already beginning to, then! If I had only missed that glimpse of him in the park in Ariel Burton's new car, bending over her furs like a school-boy lover!

"Save your tragedy for your plays!" I said crossly. "Do you realize that you are letting Miss Mack take care of herself?"

He strode toward the little, lithe figure ahead of us. For an instant, my better nature swept to the front. I had already opened my lips to do humble penitence, when he whirled with two little red spots, hardly larger than quarters, burning his cheeks.

"So you are jealous of Ariel Burton, are you? And I had thought *you* the one woman above such emotions—who could look under the surface, and know a man for what he is! Funny, isn't it, how blind a chap can be—and what a bump it takes to make him see light?"

I could have screamed. I knew the tears were in my eyes, and I clenched my hands to force them back. Jealous! And Thorny Preston actually with the nerve to throw it in my teeth! For one rioting moment I meditated a swift flight from the stage, leaving him and Madelyn to their own devices. And then I stumbled chokingly after them. After all, I was possessed of the full measure of a woman's curiosity.

But I would make Mr. Thorndyke Preston repent, never fear! I could picture him on his knees already! A stage-hand crashed into me, and I ducked barely in time to save my new blue silk opera cap, and, incidentally, my head, from a descending plank.

When I recovered my balance, and readjusted my cap, my blood was somewhat cooled—and Madelyn Mack and Thorny had reached the stocky figure of Peterson. The latter bowed with a hasty attempt at cordiality to me as I joined them—Peterson was oily affability from his patent leather tips to his brown toupee whenever a newspaper reporter was in hailing distance!

Just across from us was the portable stage dressing-room which had been erected in the left wing for the accommodation of Miss Burton. Unless special quarters were fitted up for her on the stage she wouldn't play, you know—and all the rest of the high and mighty threats which go with newly created stardom!

Once the door was shoved open far enough for us to see Miss Burton before her toilet-table, with her hair down, and her shoulders wrapped in a crimson silk negligee, almost the color of blood—she always affected the most out-of-the-ordinary shades! We could see the back of her white-capped, white-aproned maid, bending over a long line of gowns and petticoats against the wall.

Two or three minutes later, two of the stage-hands knocked at the door, and dragged out a trunk. Miss Burton was still in her negligee, although her hair had been put up. Once afterward, we heard the actress' voice raised peevishly, and the maid replying with the discreet humbleness of her class.

Presently you will see my purpose in recounting these details, apparently so trivial. We were to find that nothing was trivial or unworthy of notice in the amazing puzzle into which we were all so soon to be plunged.

With much nervous rubbing of his hands, and much nervous clearing of his throat, Peterson was beginning the statement of his purpose in the summoning of Madelyn, when I came in earshot of the trio.

"I am not a fanciful man, Miss Mack—I have made my success because I wasn't! But there is something deucedly queer in it all—*deucedly* queer! And Ariel Burton toppling over like a sixteen-year-old school-miss, on top of everything else, and throwing us all into a panic, and—"

"Will you please start at the beginning, Mr. Peterson, and put what you have to say in a businesslike way?" interrupted Madelyn impatiently.

"That is what I am trying to do!" said Peterson, scowling at Thorny, who was walking nervously back and forth behind us. "The first of those letters came last week, just after dress-rehearsal. It simply told her that she would never finish her first performance in the piece!"

Madelyn's eyes narrowed. "Typewritten?"

Peterson nodded. "And unsigned. It was worded rather oddly, as though there had been other letters to the same effect; but Miss Burton said not. It impressed me that the writer was hinting at blackmail; but he didn't say how or why. I am assuming that it was a man, although I don't know why I should, except that it didn't sound like a woman, you know!" Peterson paused, still rubbing his red hands together.

"There was another letter a good deal like the first—and then that fainting spell to-night." Peterson's little, round eyes fixed themselves suddenly on Madelyn's face. "That girl was scared when she fell over on the stage—scared! I know the signs!"

"Have you any of those letters with you?"

"I'll get them for you later. There was one funny thing, though, in both of them. At the bottom of each a thumb had been drawn—an ordinary thumb—and just a little of its top edged with purple ink. There was nothing under it—just the thumb, with the purple edge." Peterson broke off abruptly. "I want you to stay back here on the stage the rest of the show, Miss Mack—and sort of keep an eye on Miss Burton—you know how—and, of course, she needn't know! I'll pay you whatever you ask! It's probably a crank, and I am foolish to pay any attention to it—and all that—but I have a lot at stake in this show—and I'm nervous—nervous as an old woman! Now, *please* don't say you won't do it!"

"Was there anything in Miss Burton's bouquet to-night—a note of any kind, I mean?" asked Madelyn abruptly.

"A note?" Peterson considered. "I can find out easily enough, I suppose. The flowers came from Sewell Collins, you know. They say there is a certain florist over on the Avenue that he keeps busy supplying Miss Burton, without regard to the size of the bills. Ten-dollar-a-dozen roses by the dray-load, and so on!" The padded shoulders of Peterson's evening coat shrugged expressively.

"But, I say," he continued suddenly, "Preston there can tell you about any note, though. He was the first to reach her when she fainted."

Thorny stopped in his nervous pacing. "What was that you were saying, Peterson?"

Peterson stared, and repeated his suggestion.

Thorny shrugged. "No, Miss Mack, there was nothing in the bouquet—nothing, I assure you! I picked it up myself!"

He resumed his nervous patrol. Madelyn turned with another question to Peterson. A call-boy knocked at Ariel Burton's door, and, beyond the curtain ,we could hear the orchestra swinging into action.

I stooped to fasten my slipper—but the bow was never more secure. On the floor I had seen a narrow white card that had fluttered from Thorny's pocket. On its upper side a human thumb had been crudely traced, its edge smeared with purple ink! Nothing else—except that the white petal of an orchid was still clinging to it. I slipped it into my glove. Of course it had been concealed in Ariel Burton's bouquet. Thorney Preston had lied—deliberately lied!

II.

BY the sudden hush of the orchestra, and its abrupt swing into the opening bars of a conventional musical comedy ballet-number, I knew that the curtain was rising on the second act.

Almost at once, the door of Ariel Burton's dressing-room opened, and she stepped out in a velvet traveling suit of royal purple with its accessories an exact match, from her purple suede boots to her purple wrist bag, purple parasol, and even the purple willow plumes on her hat. Stunning—if you have superlatives to spare!

For a moment my absorption in another woman's dress blinded me to the other details of the scene. I awoke from my trance to see Thorny Preston, roused thoroughly out of his preoccupation, stepping toward her, with a silly grin that fairly made me itch to shake him! He caught her arm, with an air of proprietorship, and they walked to the other end of the stage, conversing in whispers. I saw Thorny bow as her cue came, and then, turning, take her hand again and press it—yes, actually *press* it!—while she lingered, keeping the whole scene waiting.

He saw my eyes fixed on him as he stepped back toward her dressing-room, and he grinned cheerfully, without even the grace to blush. I turned with a contemptuous shrug, and plunged into a conversation with Peterson so lively that that gentleman's little eyes opened wide. We had not been on congenial terms since that day when my signed article in the *Bugle* had flayed him for ticket-scalping.

A slow, heavy step on the planks of the stage behind us interrupted me in the midst of a particularly inane witticism. A fat-jowled, double-chinned man, with a monocle dangling from under the lapel of his evening coat, stared at us, with a very slight, very stiff-necked inclination of his head.

Peterson's cordiality, however, could not have been exceeded had the other salaamed to the dusty boards. It was my first good view of Sewell Collins at close range, and I improved the opportunity as Peterson seized the other's fish-cold hand and swung it up and down like a pump-handle.

Some biographer had once said that Sewell Collins had begun his pyrotechnical life as a molder's apprentice in a steel foundry—and presumably laid the foundation of his millions from his savings on six dollars a week. I had heard of that kind of men, but I had never seen one before—and I was disappointed. I looked in vain for anything remarkable about Sewell Collins that would explain his Aladdin-rise, but there was nothing—nothing at all masterful or even particularly shrewd.

Instead, he looked like any other much-moneyed, much-massaged, much-pampered old man—except, of course, for the tell-tale trail of the expensive tenderloin on his pudgy face, which even the steam-cloths of the masseur could not quite remove. From the Broadway tales of his spending abilities I was half expecting to see crumply yellow-back bills sticking out of all his pockets, and fluttering to the floor as he walked. But either he had not been immersed long enough in his customary champagne bath, or he was suspicious of his present company!

Sewell Collins had timed his arrival to a nicety. Paterson was still in the throes of his pump-handle greetings when Ariel Burton descended from the "property" automobile, in which she had made her exit from the stage as a brewery-heiress, pursued by a penniless Belgian count, determined to marry her millions if he had to imprison her in his little, old, two-by-four castle to do so!

Collins wrenched away from Peterson's grasp, and hastened to meet her, with a fawning grin that would have promptly convinced any fair-minded judge of his

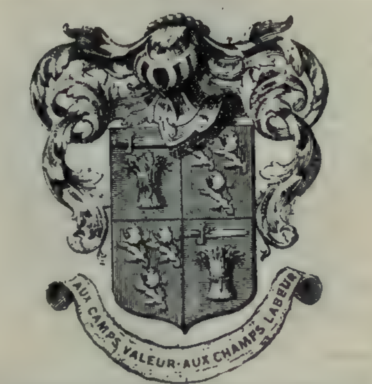
Continued on Page 87.

The Story of the Casgrain Family

The Achievements of a Notable French-Canadian Line

By W. A. CRAICK

P. B. CASGRAIN,
Second son of Hon. C. E. Casgrain, of Riviere-Ouelle, who was for twenty years M.P. for L'Islet. He is still living in Quebec.


AUX CAMPS VALEUR · AUX CHAMPS LABEUR

Coat-of-Arms of the Casgrain family.

THE HON. CHARLES E. CASGRAIN.
Grandson of the founder of the Casgrain family, and at his death one of the two Commissioners of Public Works of Canada.

Editor's Note.—The name Casgrain has been a prominent one in Canadian history; many prominent statesmen and jurists have sprung from the line of Jean Baptiste Casgrain, a brave French soldier. Of the numerous sketches of famous Canadian families contributed by Mr. Craick, none contains the element of romantic advancement in more generous degree than the story of the Casgrains.

IT was the martial spirit stirring in the mind of a humble but ambitious pastry-cook that resulted in the establishment in Canada of the noble family of Casgrain. Jean Baptiste Casgrain, the French soldier, to whom every man or woman of the name in Canada must needs trace his or her descent, was born in the village of Airvault in Poitou where his father was a laborer of small means and large family. Jean, the eldest child, was forced by grim necessity to start to work at a tender age. He was apprenticed to a restaurant-keeper in a neighboring town under whose tuition he presently qualified himself to become a pastry-cook. The dull career of a chef, however, failed to appeal to him and he determined to enlist. He enrolled with the famous Irish Brigade and with them, as a grenadier of the first division, he served through several campaigns. Then he was drafted into the famous Tesserie and Grenville batallion for service against the Turks.

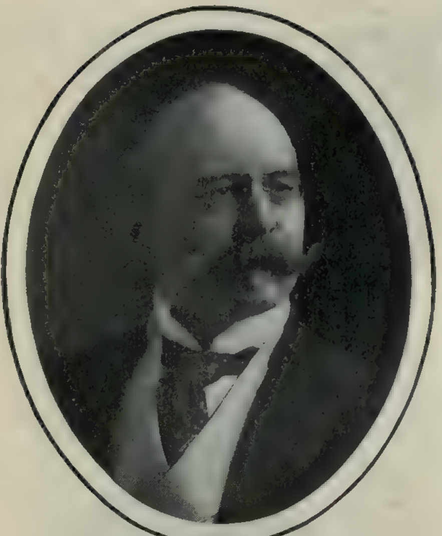
In the Turkish campaign he experienced almost all possible vicissitudes. The company to which he belonged was practically annhilated; he himself lost his nose by a blow from a scimitar, and eventually he was captured by the enemy in an ambuscade and thrown into prison. Here he spent three years, after which he received his liberty and returned to France. Seeking to rejoin his regiment, instead of being welcomed he was actually placed under arrest. The accusation against him was that he had broken a rule of the regimental discipline by permitting himself to be taken prisoner. This he was able effectively to disprove by producing a testimonial to his bravery given him by an officer in Turkey; and on this ground he was reinstated with honor.

THE MANOIR D'AIRVAULT.
Old manor house at Riviere-Ouelle acquired by the Hon. C. E. Casgrain, and still occupied by his descendants.

Jean Casgrain continued his military career for some years, fighting in the campaigns of Hungary, Bohemia, Westphalia and the Low Countries and taking part in the famous Battle of Fontenoy in 1745. He did not come through all this warfare unscathed, but received many wounds that sadly marred his appearance. Finally in a stiff engagement in 1748 he was injured in the foot and rendered lame for the rest of his life, a misfortune which compelled him to give up the profession of arms and seek the means of livelihood in other fields.

During his numerous campaigns, Jean Casgrain had doubtless heard about Canada from such of his brother soldiers as had served in New France and, when his fighting days were over, his mind naturally reverted to that colony where the King was then making generous offers of land and preferment to those who would settle there. He determined to try his fortune in the new world and bidding farewell to his native land crossed the Atlantic. Arrived in Quebec, he resumed the trade he had learned in boyhood and in the Rue Sous-le-Fort, opened a restaurant and wine shop under the name of La Cloche Bleue. The following year, 1750, he married his first wife.

When the English besieged Quebec in 1759, Jean Casgrain did his share in defending the city. He is said to have served a cannon in one of the batteries of the Lower Town against the English fleet and with considerable effect. After the city was captured he bowed to the inevitable and instead of returning to France took the oath of allegiance and



HON. T. CHASE CASGRAIN, K.C., EX-M.P.,
Eldest son of the late Senator Casgrain, of Windsor, former Attorney-General of Quebec, and one of the foremost French-Canadian lawyers of the day.

went quietly back to his business at La Cloche Bleue. Soon after he married for the second time; his first wife, who had been childless, having died in the meantime. Madame Casgrain the second, became the mother of fourteen children within a period of seventeen years, of whom, however, three only reached maturity.

However notable the careers of many of the prominent English-speaking families in Canada, one must admit an almost complete absence from their records of what may be called the romantic element. They one and all have lived too near the present day, their first Canadian ancestors arrived in the country too recently, for them to be any other than modern citizens, experiencing conditions with which people are still tolerably familiar. It is only when the story of some one of those famous French-Canadian families whose line extends back to the days before the conquest, is unfolded, that one begins to find traces of the old-world, old-time atmosphere so essential to the development of romance.

Many of the French-Canadian families of the old regime, it is true, have become decadent and have either disappeared from view or have sunk into comparative insignificance. Some, however, have continued to flourish and to take an even more prominent part in the life of the country as the years have passed. Of the latter no better example could be presented than the Casgrains. The numerous descendants of the founder of the family have included in their ranks distinguished public men, noted physicians, eminent lawyers, famous authors, gallant soldiers, cultured priests and above all gentlemen possessing all those agreeable qualities that render the educated Frenchman the attractive person he is.

Perhaps the circumstance that the family originated in the person of a humble, albeit a most worthy, colonist and not in that of a man of noble birth or lineage, may have had something to do with the subsequent progress of the Casgrains. Rarely do the attributes of greatness attach themselves for long to those born in the purple. Tracing back their family history to Jean Casgrain, the ex-soldier and restaurant-keeper in the city of Quebec, they can exhibit that steady struggle for advancement which is so necessary if improvement is to be made.

The founder of the family continued to reside in Quebec and carry on business until 1791 when he retired with his wife to Riviere-Ouelle, there to spend their declining years with their son, Pierre. They are represented as fine types of colonists. Jean Casgrain was a man of great physical strength—courageous, energetic, intellectual and industrious—while his wife was amiable, intelligent and capable. Both lived to an advanced age and the memory of both is revered by their numerous descendants.

THE SECOND GENERATION.

The eldest of the three children of the founder of the family who grew to manhood was Louis Jean Baptiste Casgrain. Jean, as he was called, was a good scholar and at the Little Seminary in Quebec, where he was educated, he greatly distinguished himself. Gifted with a powerful memory, he soon learned many of the classics by heart and all through his life he took delight in repeating long extracts from Cicero, Virgil and other Latin authors. Despite his scholarship, however, he did not enter any of the professions but settled at St. Athanase on the River Chambly where he engaged in agriculture. He was also a good deal of a mechanical genius and turned his hand to the rough engineering work of the day with considerable skill, being in 1812 the builder of the fort at Chambly.

THE LATE HON. C. E. CASGRAIN, M.D.,
Eldest son of the Hon. C. E. Casgrain, of Riviere-Ouelle, who became a resident of Windsor, Ont., and was the first French-Canadian Senator from Ontario.

During the troublous time in 1837, Jean got into a serious predicament, for he took up arms and joined the rebels. He was taken prisoner and flung into gaol and had it not been for the intervention of his nephew, Charles Eusebe Casgrain, who rendered important services to the Crown, would doubtless have paid dearly on the scaffold for his folly. His release was secured on the understanding that he would leave the district in which he had lived and that his nephew would be responsible for his good behavior. He accordingly went to live at Riviere-Ouelle, where he remained until the amnesty of 1845, employing himself meanwhile in teaching the children of his two nephews.

The elder branch of the Casgrain family was founded by this worthy man. He was married three times and was the father of eleven children. Most of them settled in the neighborhood of St. Hyacinthe, where their descendants in large numbers are now to be found, but none of the members of this branch, as far as it has been recorded, have attained the importance gained by the descendants of the younger branch of the family, to which one must turn to find the names of those distinguished men who have brought notable honors to the Casgrain connection.

The second of the three children of the founder of the family to reach maturity was a daughter, Marguerite. She was married twice, her first husband being Sieur Laurent Costille and the second M. Johnston, a school teacher at Riviere-Ouelle. On the death of her second husband, Madame Johnston went to live with her mother. After her mother's death she spent her remaining years under the roof of her younger brother's son, Charles Eusebe Casgrain, among whose children she was a great favorite.

A COUREUR DU BOIS.

The third child and the founder of the younger branch of the family was Pierre Casgrain, who was born in Quebec in 1771. Strange to say, in view of the scholarly achievements of his grandchildren, Pierre was but a poor student.

HENRI RAYMOND CASGRAIN, M.D.,
Second son of the late Senator Casgrain, of Windsor, and an ex-president of the Ontario Medical Association.

He was a contrast to his older brother, for he hated school and at the earliest opportunity broke the bonds that tied him to books and learning. Being of a lively, enterprising and adventurous disposition, he was attracted to the life of the trapper and coureur du bois. When only twelve years of age he entered the service of M. de Rocheblave, a famous fur trader whose territory extended from Mackinac to the Gulf of Mexico. In his train he traveled extensively through the Western wilderness, contriving to save quite a sum of money within a few years.

His next enterprise was to acquire a peddler's outfit and with it to travel along the south shore of the St. Lawrence selling various articles to the wives of the inhabitants. In this undertaking he also met with success, so much so that he was presently able to give up his roving life, open a store and settle down. The place he selected for his future home was Riviere-Ouelle, with the fortunes of which place the younger branch of the Casgrains have ever since been identified. Soon after his arrival Pierre married Marie Marguerite Bonenfant, the young and attractive daughter of a local notary.

Pierre Casgrain was a born trader. He turned everything to his advantage and in handling the fisheries, selling the produce and controlling the shipping of the Riviere-Ouelle district he soon amassed a large fortune. At the same time he was a most genial and likeable man with a wide circle of friends whom he delighted to entertain. It was doubtless this hospitable spirit, rather than any notion of making a display that induced him to acquire the seigniories of La Bouteillerie (Riviere-Ouelle) and L'Islet and to become a seigneur. In this capacity he took rank as the first citizen of Riviere-Ouelle and his manor house was constantly the scene of lavish entertainment and generous hospitality.

THE ROMANCE OF THREE BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS.

The family of the seigneur and his wife consisted of thirteen children of whom only six grew up, these being three sons and three daughters. The daughters, Sophie, Luce and Justine, were great beauties and, when they were taken to Quebec by their father and participated in the gaiety of the capital, they were much sought after. It is scarcely necessary to say that all three were soon married and all three made what were considered excellent matches.

Sophie became the wife of Francois Letellier de St. Just and by him the mother of the Hon. Luc Letellier de St. Just, who was appointed lieutenant-governor of Quebec in 1876. She afterwards married as her second husband, Edouard Belanger, chief factor of the Hudson's Bay Company. Luce, the second daughter, was wedded to Philippe Panet, later the Hon. Philippe Panet, judge of the Court of Queen's Bench of Quebec. Her son, Colonel Charles Eugene Panet, became a senator and was for some years deputy minister of militia and defence of the Dominion. Justine, the third daughter, was twice married. Her first husband was Dr. Charles Butler Maguire, a surgeon in the Royal Navy; her second was Professor Pierre Beaubien of Montreal, also a doctor. One of her sons was the Hon. Louis Beaubien, for several years Commissioner of Agriculture in the Quebec Government and another was L'Abbe Charles Beaubien of Sault au Recollet.

MADAME CASGRAIN,
Wife of C. E. Casgrain, and a daughter of the Hon. Philippe Baby, Speaker of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada.

So much for the daughters of the founder of the younger branch of the family. The eldest of the three sons, Pierre Thomas, inherited the seigniory of La Bouteillerie and continued to reside at Riviere-Ouelle, where he managed his father's business and also engaged in agricultural pursuits. Like his father he had no taste for books or book learning, but he had a natural aptitude for mechanics which he taught himself and was thus able to handle any of the undertakings that came under his control as seigneur. He was married at an early age and became the father of ten children, the descendants of whom are still living at Riviere-Ouelle.

HON. J. P. B. CASGRAIN,
Son of P. B. Casgrain and one of the Liberal Senators at Ottawa.

The second son, Charles Eusebe, whose children have brought great distinction to the family name, was born at Riviere-Ouelle on Christmas Day, 1800. Charles was the student of the family. At the Little Seminary in Quebec and at the College of Nicolet he distinguished himself as a fine scholar. The profession of the law had been fixed upon as the calling he should pursue and when twenty years of age he was articled to M. Moquin in Quebec. His father gave him a generous establishment in the capital and he was much sought after socially.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.

At the farewell ball to Lord Dalhousie, then leaving Canada at the expiry of his term as Governor, the young law student met under romantic circumstances, Mlle. Elizabeth Anne Baby, the daughter of that Hon. James Baby of Sandwich, who was later to become speaker of the Legislative Council of Upper Canada and a well-known citizen of Toronto. It was a case of love at first sight with the young people and very soon after the meeting they were married.

Charles Casgrain never practised law. Instead he retired to Riviere-Ouelle with his wife and there pursued the life of a country gentleman. He purchased and established himself in the old manor house of the Perraults, looked after his estate personally and took much pleasure in entertaining his friends. In the election of 1830 he was induced much against his will to become a candidate for Kamouraska. Along with his colleague, the Hon. Amable Dionne, he was elected. Political life, however, went sorely against his grain. He detested the intrigue, egotism and lack of true patriotism that existed among the members and at the end of his term refused to stand for reelection.

WAS LOYAL DURING REBELLION.

The rebellion of 1837 saw Charles Casgrain active on behalf of the authorities. His share was to give shelter and food to the British soldiers on their long march from New Brunswick to Quebec and this he did with a generosity and hospitality that won him the lasting esteem of the British officers. For his services he was made an honorary lieutenant-colonel and a member of the special council.

Nine years later his appointment as second commissioner for the management of public works for Upper and Lower Canada was gazetted and he and Mrs. Casgrain removed to Montreal where the duties of his office had to be performed. Unfortunately ill-health (he had always been delicate) dogged him and two years after undertaking the public service he succumbed, being then only forty-eight years of age.

Thirteen children survived him. Before giving an account of their careers, however, it will be as well to complete the reference to the family of Pierre Cas-

Continued on Page 109.

Off to the Wars:

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Illustrated by HELGE HAMRE

A Briton and a German Meet on the Way to Enlist

AT FIVE o'clock of a bright August morning Billy Throop rolled out of his blankets with no other thought in his unbarbered head than to cross the lake and spend the day in the raspberry patch. At ten o'clock he had started for Europe, singing "Rule Britania." and at 10.05 he had taken his first prisoner of war.

At six o'clock hadn't known there was a war, nor had he suspected that there might be one. Billy seldom gave thought to anything more important than the placing of wolf bait or the setting of a fisher trap. But, as it was through such things that Billy made his living, perhaps he was not in a deeper grove than most of us.

At seven o'clock he met old Sam McIvor in the middle of White Otter lake. Half a mile away he knew that Sam had a new bunch of trouble. The swing of his paddle told it plainly, and Billy waited until his fellow trapper was alongside.

"What's wrong, Sam?" he asked.

"Everything, Billy, everything," was the mournful answer. "We'll starve this winter sure. There's no way out of it."

"What's the matter? Have they quit making cartridges and snare wire?"

"Worse than that. There won't be any market for fur this winter because Europe won't buy any. Sugar's gone up a dollar a sack, and flour's going to be cheap at any money. A poor trapper'll just naturally starve."

"What's eatin' Europe that they won't buy any fur?" asked Billy, genuinely interested for once in Sam's troubles.

"This terrible war, son, this terrible war. It's the greatest war the world has ever seen, and no one knows where it'll end."

Editor's Note.—This war story presents an entirely new phase of the war situation—the relation of individuals on opposite sides. Two men meet in the Canadian north—a young Briton and a German. The only possible cause of enmity between them is a quarrel in far-off Europe that one at least knows nothing of. What happens makes an interesting story; and it is told in Mr. Pinkerton's best style.

"Are we fighting?" demanded Billy eagerly.

"Yes, we're in it, too. The telegraph fellow in the station heard a message two days ago that England declared war on Germany."

"And that means Canada, too?"

"Yes, Canada, too."

The mournfulness of Sam's tone had a depressing effect for a moment, and then Billy remembered that Sam would be mournful while he was taking a silver gray fox from a trap.

"Whoop!" he shouted as, with a mighty swirl of his paddle, he turned his canoe and started back across the lake.

"Where are you going?" cried Sam.

"To the war," answered Billy, without missing a stroke or turning his head.

Billy paddled straight to his cabin. It was the work of half an hour to put a few clothes, a little grub, a tent and a blanket in a packsack. Then he took all the cartridges he could and, cleaned his rifle and hurried down to the canoe without stopping to close the cabin door. Before nine o'clock he was headed for the railroad, fifty miles distant, singing "Rule Britannia" as he paddled.

There was nothing deep or intricate in Billy's reasoning. Sentiment governed his actions as often as logic, and "how?" or "why?" rarely detained him. The main idea was all he cared about. Details he ignored or trod under foot.

Thus, when Billy started to war, the whyfor of the fighting or the means of getting into action never entered his head. He wanted to go, and he started. If he found rapids in his way, he'd run them or make a portage. But he wouldn't worry about them until the white water showed over the bow.

Billy's precipitance was not due to a martial spirit. In all his life in the wilderness he had not had a quarrel. He had even passed slights with a laugh, for he was so lacking in conceit that he didn't consider himself, as plain Billy Throop, of much importance.

But now, with England at war, it was another matter. He was still Billy Throop, but a subject of the king, and he knew the king needed men like him. Even then, where there could have been reason for conceit, he lacked it. There is no more resourceful, self-reliant, competent individual in the world than the Canadian woodsman, and there were few better than Billy.

Billy's only idea, however, was that England, and that meant Canada, was at war and that England needed men. The call was late in reaching through fifty miles of forest and lakes, but he was ready when it came. He knew little about armies and navies, nothing about discipline, but those were details, and, as he paddled, he pictured himself potting Germans from behind clumps of spruce or trailing fleeing Teutons through the muskeg.

As he neared the south end of White Otter lake, Billy had also developed a fair amount of animosity for Germany and Germans. He didn't know anything about them but the mere fact that they were the objects of his country's wrath was sufficient. He swung the canoe up to the shore at the end of the portage with a final burst of his song, only to stop in the middle of the last line. Or, rather, he ended with "B'jou', b'jou' ", for a man was sitting on a rock at the edge of the water.

"Good morning," the stranger replied, and Billy felt a tingling stripe down the middle of his back. Never had he heard the words spoken with just that accent, and to him it was a subconscious warning, a warning recognized only by men who have developed a sixth sense in a life in the open. He glanced down to see that his rifle was ready.

"Could you tell me, please, from where you are going?" asked the stranger as Billy stepped carefully ashore.

"From where I'm going?" repeated Billy with some amazement. "Sure, I'm going from home."

"And to where iss it you are going?"

"I'm going to town."

That "iss" doubled a growing mistrust and he faced the stranger warily.

"Then perhaps it iss that you could take me?"

"Perhaps I could, but where's your canoe?"

"That I do not know. Since day before yesterday it has been lost already."

The "already" settled it. Billy, on a trip to Winnipeg three years before, had seen two German comedians in a theatre. This man didn't talk like them, but the "iss" and the "already" were the same.

"Say," he demanded, "are you a Dutchman?"

"A Dutchman I am not. A Dutchman comes from Holland. I am a German."

The light danced in Billy's eyes. He had not hoped to find the foe so soon. But his woods caution prevented his doing anything rash. It might be a trap. He turned with great unconcern to his canoe and lifted out the pack and rifle. Then, the rifle in his right hand, he faced the man on the rock.

"So you're a German, eh? Well, just crawl down off that rock and don't make any funny moves. You're my prisoner."

"But why should you make of me a prisoner? I have no money, nothing to steal."

"I'm no robber!" exclaimed Billy angrily. "I don't want your money. You're a prisoner of war." Then he added, when the other failed to show comprehension: "Didn't you know we're fighting?"

For the first time the expression of the stranger changed.

"You mean that it is declared, the war?" he asked eagerly.

"You bet, Dutchy. We're fighting."

"Then I would wish to get to the United States that I may return to fight with the Kaiser."

"If wishes were sleigh dogs, every Indian in the bush would be driving through the front door of a wholesale liquor store. My wish is the one that goes this time, and you mooch along with me to Port

Arthur. They'll be waiting for you there."

The German had slid down from the rock and stood before Billy. For the first time the woodsman noted the hollow cheeks, the dull eyes. Then he remembered what the other had said about losing his canoe.

"You look sort of peaked, Dutchy," he said in a less belligerent tone. "Had anything to eat lately?"

"Not for two days, since I have lost myself."

Billy instantly forgot the war. He knew too well what it meant to be lost in the woods; he had been hungry too many times himself.

"Get back onto the rock and take it easy while I rustle some grub," he commanded. "There's no reason you should starve just because you're a German."

Billy had out his axe before the stranger was back on his seat. In the next five minutes the "prisoner" saw faster movements than he had ever thought possible. Wood was cut, a fire started, a kettle hung in the blaze and lard heated in a frying pan. A loaf of sour dough bread was sliced and dried moose meat denuded of its black casing and laid in the grease.

Billy didn't talk; he was too busy. The German didn't speak because of amazement and a damp mouth. The odors that reached him were far more savory than ever emanated from a wiener schnitzel or hassenpfeffer. When at last the meal was ready, Billy watched his prisoner with interest.

The German did not eat rashly or hurriedly, however. He proceeded leisurely, but surely, without the rush with which the bushman attacks his three meals a day. Talking during meal time was against Billy's code, but he saw that the German's pace permitted time for words. And he was curious.

So, when the meal was finished, Billy had the story. Karl Sussdorf, graduate of Bonn—he didn't tell Billy that, or some of the other things—son of a prosperous manufacturer, had come to America to study manufacturing methods, and, incidentally, to invest some of his father's money. A gold mine in western Ontario had interested him, and he was returning from an inspection of the property, with an Indian guide, when he had wandered from camp one evening and never found his way back. When Billy met him, two days later, he had about given up, and, weak from hunger, had sat down at the end of the White Otter portage to await the possible chance of being found.

"Well, Dutchy, that's hard lines," was Billy's comment as he picked up the dishes and began to wash them. "Here you are, lost in the bush and wanting to get back to fight me, and here I am, hurrying out to fight you, and we meet right here on White Otter portage. But I suppose that's one of the chances of war, as they say. And, as the chances are against you, we'll just mooch on down to the railroad."

He stood up suddenly and looked at Sussdorf.

"I suppose I ought to tie you up," he said, "but that would be a lot of bother. If you promise not to try to run away or hit me over the head with the axe when I ain't lookin', I'll let you go that way."

"I give you my word, Mr. John Bull, that I will not make an escape or with the axe or anything else hit you. I have served in der Kaiser's army, and I know of war the rules, as do you."

"Me? I don't know anything about the rules. I never even saw an army. But I'm willing to take a man's word."

Together they journeyed the rest of the day, Sussdorf in the bow with a sincere but inefficient blade, and Billy, again singing "Rule Britannia," heaving the canoe along from the stern. He was not angered by the lack of assistance he received. Who'd ever expect a Dutchman to paddle anyhow?

Despite the German's assurances, Billy was watchful. He kept the rifle near him and, on portages, he made Sussdorf take the canoe and go ahead. They had another meal in mid-afternoon, for Billy intended to paddle until late before he made camp. At Twin Lake portage, however, the woodsman saw that the two days of fasting were telling on his prisoner's strength, and he decided to make camp at once. The tent was up and the meal consumed quickly, and five minutes afterward Karl was asleep.

Billy did not need rest, nor was he in the mood for it. There was still nearly two hours of daylight, and he had often wanted to investigate the country beyond the ridge at the foot of which they were camped. So, assured that his prisoner was sleeping soundly, he took his rifle and disappeared in the brush.

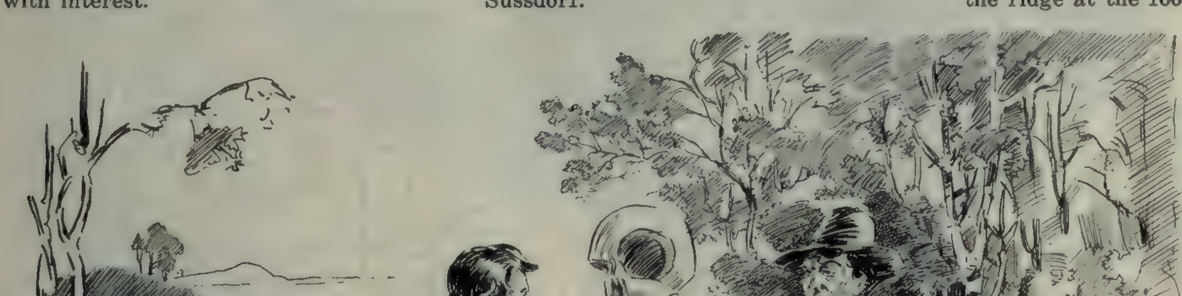
When Billy returned an hour later, two canoes were leaving the portage southward bound. He ran across the open space to the tent, the first genuine anger of his life boiling furiously.

"I'll catch him yet," he whispered to himself as he ran.

He threw back the flap of the tent. Karl was just crawling in between the blanket folds.

"Well, holy mackinaw!" Billy cried. "You didn't sneak, did you?"

Karl looked up, blinking, slowly comprehending. Then he stiffened up suddenly.



Karl wrung his hand excitedly. "I can't thank you," he said. "Thank nothing," exclaimed Billy. "I'm fighting Germany, not a German, but I'll meet you in Europe next week."

Continued on Page 108.

On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

5—The Fate of the Rebels

By REV. R. G. MacBETH, B.A.

Author of "The Making of Canadian West," etc. and formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company, Winnipeg Light Infantry

THOUGH the rebellion was over and the troops were home again, a great many problems remained to be dealt with as the aftermath of '85. The case of Louis Riel had to be disposed of and this was occasioning some sleepless nights to the "powers that were." The questions of race and creed were both involved and and these have always been the most difficult questions in a composite nation. Riel had been a great offender but, if he could have vanished in some manner without the necessity of a trial and a sentence, it would have been a relief to many.

One recalls the way in which Lincoln in his own inimitable manner answered a person who asked what the United States would do after the rebellion with Jeff Davis, the leader of the Southern Confederacy. Lincoln said that a boy down along Sangamon River was taking home a raccoon on a rope but that it had caused so much trouble that the boy was pretty badly scratched and generally disfigured. He sat down to rest and the racoon started to gnaw the rope and a man passing called the attention of the boy to the fact. The boy replied: "Say nothing and let him gnaw. I'm pretending not to notice and I can tell the folks that he got away." His getting away would save the boy further trouble. But Riel did not get away. Scout Tom Hourie landed him at the door of Middleton's tent after Batoche; and from Middleton's tent Captain George Young took him to Regina where he was placed in jail and strongly guarded. When he was placed on trial later a detachment of Mounted Police went along each day and stood on guard without while the trial was proceeding.

There was a good deal of outcry in Quebec and counter outcries elsewhere. The Orange and Green were both agitated. But the main pressure of opinion seemed to be that the country had suffered enough at the hands of the rebel agitator and that in some way or other he should be put beyond the possibility of stirring up further discord.

In any case the Government proceeded to place Riel on trial before Justice Richardson and Mr. Le Jeune at Regina on a charge of high treason founded on his inciting to insurrection against the Crown and dignity of her Majesty Queen Victoria. A brilliant galaxy of legal men fought out a battle of giants. The Government took no chances of failure on that score and in addition to Deputy Minister of Justice Burbridge and local lawyers it sent up the redoubtable B. B. Osler and that encyclopaedic authority on law, Christopher Robinson. For Riel, in addition to local counsel, friends in Quebec had sent up J. N. Greenshields, F. X. Lemieux and Charles Fitzpatrick, the two latter being well known in later years in political life as well as in law.

The information against Riel was laid by Chief of Police A. D. Stewart, of Hamilton, Ontario, and the struggle in the legal arena began. Mr. Lemieux objected to the jurisdiction of the court and Mr. Fitzpatrick argued the point at length, claiming that Stipendiary Magistrate Hugh Richardson with Justice of the Peace Le Jeune and a jury of six were not legally competent to try such a case, but it should be remitted for trial to Ontario or British Columbia. This plea was ably argued on both sides, but the point was overruled and the trial proceeded.

The witnesses were numerous enough and the expert testimony as to Riel's sanity was as contradictory as usual. The Crown produced evidence to show that Riel had been ready to abandon his whole movement for a sum of money if the Government would buy him off. The object of this evidence was to prove that Riel was sane. Several alienists testified on the question of Riel's sanity, the most noted of them being Dr. Daniel Clark, of Toronto, who held very strongly that the rebel leader was insane and irresponsible. There was evidence also the other way. Finally Riel was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

Editor's Note.—The series by Rev. R. G. Macbeth will be concluded in the December issue of MacLean's. Judging from the comments which have reached the editor from all hands, the articles have created a wide degree of interest. The story of those stirring days in the North West, when the unity of the then loosely-welded Dominion was hanging in the balance, has been told in a way that has compelled attention. The study of history is rendered popular by the work of such writers as Mr. Macbeth.

Mr. Fitzpatrick gave notice of appeal to the Fall Court of Queen's Bench in Manitoba on the question of the jurisdiction of the court at Regina. This appeal came before the court at Winnipeg in September 9th, more than a month after the Regina trial. I remember meeting Mr. Fitzpatrick the evening before the case was to be argued in Winnipeg. He was in company with a young fellow-student of mine, Mr. A. E. McPhillips (now in British Columbia) and I was impressed by the fact that he was realizing keenly the heavy responsibility of being in a case where a man's life was in the balance. I heard the argument next day. Mr. Lemieux spoke eloquently in French and Mr. Fitzpatrick followed with a very learned and intense address in English. Mr. Osler was masterly in his presentation with that certainty of wide knowlege that impressed courts, while Mr. Christopher Robinson, with the table heaped up with law books, seemed able to call to the support of his argument more cases than one would think could be mastered in a lifetime. The court upheld the jurisdiction of the Regina Court and confirmed the conviction, the judgment being given by that able jurist, Chief Justice Wallbridge. Then an appeal was taken to the Privy Council in England where it was again dismissed and the sentence confirmed.

In the meantime, in view of constant pressure, the Government had Riel examined again by expert alienists whose reports are so highly interesting that they are worth reproducing here. They are as follows:

"Riel's peculiar views upon religious subjects, which so strongly impress the unthinking and the ignorant with an idea of his madness, cannot rightly be regarded as interfering with or obscuring in the slightest degree, his clear perception of duty, or as rendering his judgment less sound in the affairs of every day life. I therefore, record my opinion that with the reservation above made (purely religious questions having relation to what may be called divine mysteries) Riel is a sane, clear-headed and accountable being and responsible for his actions before God and man.

"(Sgd.) A. Jukes,
"Senior Surgeon."

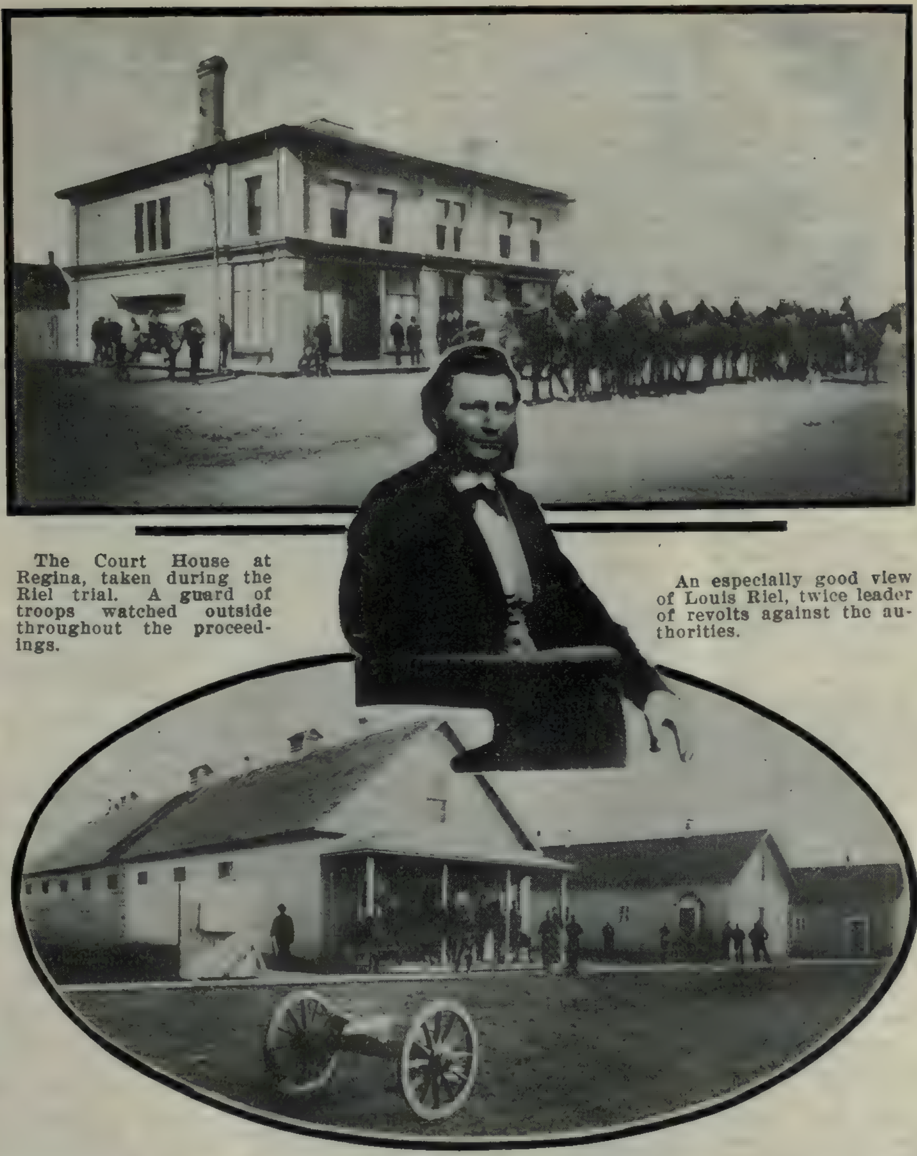
"After having examined carefully Riel, in private conversation with him and by testimony of persons who take care of him, I have come to the conclusion that he suffers under hallucinations on political and religious subjects, but on other points I believe him to be quite sensible and can distinguish between right and wrong.

"(Sgd.) F. X. Valacle, M.D."

"I have the honor to report that after having given conscientious consideration to the case of Louis Riel, now confined here under sentence of death, and fully appreciating the trust committed to me and all the consequences involved, I am of opinion that the said Louis, although holding and expressing foolish and peculiar views as to religion and general government is an accountable being and capable of distinguishing right from wrong.

"(Sgd.) M. Lavell, M.D."

Dr. Daniel Clark, of Toronto, said at the time of the trial: "I could convince any lawyers, if they come to Toronto Asylum, in half an hour, that dozens in that institution know right and wrong both in the abstract and the concrete, and yet are undoubtedly insane." In the presence of this disagreement we who are not experts, must refrain from an opinion.



The Court House at Regina, taken during the Riel trial. A guard of troops watched outside throughout the proceedings.

An especially good view of Louis Riel, twice leader of revolts against the authorities.

The M. P. Barracks and guard room at Regina, where Riel was lodged during the term of his imprisonment, and where he was executed.

There were a great many petitions sent in, especially from Quebec, for Riel's pardon or some commutation but the Govment decided to let the law take its course and Riel was hanged at Regina on November 16th, 1885. He met his death courageously. He was attended by Father Andre and said, as they walked to the scaffold: "Courage, Mon Pere." He answered the priest's questions in a firm voice and said he was at peace with all men and had forgiven all his enemies. And as he uttered the words: "Jesu, Marie, Assistez moi," the bolt was shot and the soul of this strange, erratic and, in many ways, remarkable man was launched into eternity.

Riel's mother and brother Joseph and many other relations were living in Manitoba, and at their request, seconded by others, the body of the rebel leader was given over to them to be buried in the cemetery of the historic St. Boniface Cathedral opposite the city of Winnipeg. We call it historic principally because of its predecessor built by Father (later Bishop) Provencher early last century. That first cathedral with its "turrets twin" was immortalized by the poet Whittier, who from a description written by travellers in 1851 wrote the wonderfully beautiful poem, "The Red River Voyageur." It was the picture of the bronzed and calloused-handed boatman returning from the distant trip to York Factory, glad when he heard the bells from the cathedral opposite the Fort which marked the end of his long and wearying voyage. Let me quote these exquisite lines.

> "The voyageur smiles as he listens
> To the sound that grows apace
> Well he knows the vesper ringing
> Of the Bells of St. Boniface.
>
> The bells of the Roman mission
> To the boatman on the river
> That call from their turrets twain
> To the hunter on the plain."

And then the noble allegory at the close of the poem.

> "Even so in our mortal journey
> The bitter north winds blow
> And thus upon life's Red River
> Our hearts as oarsmen row.
>
> "And when the Angel of Shadow
> Rests his feet on wave and shore
> And our eyes grow dim with watching
> And our hearts faint at the oar.
>
> "Happy is he that heareth
> The signal of his release
> In the bells of the Holy City
> The chimes of Eternal Peace."

It was to the spot immortalized by this poem and known all over the West as the place from which many a devoted worker had gone forth, that the body of the rebel leader was brought to be interred in the resting place of his people.

The day before his funeral some misguided miscreants scattered handbills through Winnipeg stating that the funeral was to be held at a certain hour and asking men to rally and prevent the body of the rebel leader from having respectable burial. The news of this soon spread around and Riel's old friends and followers heard of it. A lot of us young fellows went over from Winnipeg, crossing on the ice in a considerable blizzard, making up our minds that no matter what we had thought of the man, we would not allow any indignity to be offered to his dead body, nor anything to be done that would disturb the service. But a glance at the crowd assembled, whose faces were familiar to me, indicated that Riel's old compatriots were there in force, plainsmen and hunters of the earlier days, and any one who knew them could see that they would brook no interference with the last rites over the body of the man whom many of them considered as one who had given his life to help them. I was told by one that though no weapons were visible they were there and would be used if necessary to prevent any act of desecration. And so I remember that, when the coffin came to the door of the cathedral under a strong but peaceful-looking escort, men who had followed him formed silently around it and so moved up the board aisle to the altar, the body being thus protected by a living wall of men who were not in a humor to be trifled with. The cathedral was packed to the doors and no disturbance took place. It is not likely it was ever intended, but as I looked on and understood I could not but honor the gallantry of men who were ready to lay their bodies, if need be, around the coffin and the grave of one whom they had loved and followed in other days. The service was quiet, the swinging censers and the chanting of requiem hymns being doubtless specially impressive to those who understood and sympathized.

And so, in the historic ground hard by the sepulchre of his fathers, the body of the rebel chief rests in the grave which is marked by a grey-stone monument, on which is the one word, "*Riel.*" His place on the record of his country's life is not yet definitely fixed and the question of his mental equilibrium will remain unsettled now for all time but, misguided and reckless and erratic as we think him to have been, his life and death had in them undoubted elements of devotion and courage in the service of his people.

None of Riel's councillors suffered the

death penalty. A large number of them were placed on trial as also some men who were supposed to be active in the seditious movement. Against some of these there was little evidence and they were discharged, but others were directly implicated and being convicted were sentenced to terms varying from one to seven years in the penitentiary. The heavier sentences were given to the men whose education and experience should have prevented them from taking up arms or inciting others so to do. Amongst the seven-year-men were such as Philip Monkman, a member of a respected family on the Red River and son of the famous old guide and loyalist, Joseph Monkman, who had gone with Dr. John Schultz from the Indian Settlement to Duluth in the days of the first Riel outbreak. Another was Maxime Lepine, brother of Ambroise Lepine, the "military" leader of the rebel forces in 1870. Maxime Lepine was a member of the Manitoba Legislature in the seventies as already mentioned. He was not as striking or handsome a man as his brother Ambroise, but was a man of imposing figure also. I recall seeing him in the House during my school days in Winnipeg. While members who had come from the Eastern provinces were clad in their Prince Albert or morning blacks, Lepine's powerful figure was clothed in an ordinary sack coat worn open without a vest thus displaying the colored and collarless flannel shirt. The many colored fringed sash, picturesquely slashed so as to allow the fringe to hang in front, took the place of modern suspenders. He rejected the wearing of boots and, while some in the House clattered around fussily in their patent leathers, this giant of the plains moved silently about in the silk-worked deer-skin moccasins which represented the full dress of the camp. In the second rebellion it will be remembered that Lepine was along with Charles Nolin the messenger from Riel to Crozier before Duck Lake. Nolin was not placed on trial. He belonged to a very well-known family on the Red River that had remained loyal during the first rebellion. He does not seem to have become implicated in the second rebellion beyond the initial stage of negotiations and gave evidence at Riel's trial.

The Indians who rose under Riel were somewhat severely punished in cases where they had committed massacre. It was looked upon as important that the Indians throughout the whole country should be taught that they could not rob and murder with impunity. So eight Indians were hanged at Battleford on November 27th, 1885, in the presence of large numbers of Indians who had come from many places to witness the execution.

Chief among these Indians was Wandering Spirit who was reputed to be the main instigator of the massacre at Frog Lake and the chief agent in forcing Big Bear out on the warpath. Big Bear and Poundmaker were both sentenced to the penitentiary for a term since neither of them was directly implicated in massacre or plundering. Big Bear was looked upon by those who knew him well, as a rather harmless old man who had no personal desire to go on the warpath, but eventually had to go with his band. Neither was Poundmaker considered a vicious Indian. He was a man of distinguished appearance, looking every inch a chief and had some reason to resent some of the treatment he had received from officials. It was claimed on his behalf that he was practically forced to fight in self-defence at Cut Knife and that he had surrendered peacefully to Middleton. On the whole it was felt that the ends of justice would be satisfied by a term in the penitentiary and so these two chiefs were thus sentenced.

Big Bear went through all the entrance requirements and so he appears in the photograph published in his penitentiary costume with his hair clipped in convict style. But the lordly Poundmaker, stately as a pine and proud of his long raven locks, felt the indignity of being asked to have them cut off so keenly, that the very thought evidently caused him mental anguish. So he was permitted to retain his hair, untouched by the scissors of civilization and hence appears in the photograph already published in the penitentiary dress but with his hair displayed above it.

Neither of these chiefs was kept long in custody. Taken from the free out-of-door life of the great plains and immuned in prison walls they showed signs of early physical decline in the direction of tuberculosis. To the confinement was added the loneliness of these children of the wild, away from their families and their people. The moral effect of the arrest and imprisonment of these two noted chiefs had told upon all the tribes westward to the mountains and so under the circumstances they were liberated and taken back to their homes. They did not survive long. The imprisonment and the humiliation alike had their certain result and not long after their release they were gathered to their fathers.

All through the campaign I knew, as I had known at the outset, that it was necessary for the safety of the settlers at solitary points that the outbreak should not be allowed to gather strength, that prisoners must be released and that the lesson of law and order should be taught with all the sternness necessary. I had seen the Indians on their reserves and had seen them on the skirmish line, I had seen them come in and surrender, laying down their weapons, and ready to smoke the pipe of peace. I had been on guard when the pickets had been fired upon from the edge of the forest and had been out all night in charge of bands who had submitted themselves. But I confess that apart from the necessities above indicated, I could not work up any enthusiasm in a war upon the Indians. They had been the original possessors of the country and had roamed at will over its vast expanses, lords of the lakes and the isles and the plains. Their whole manner of life was changed by the incoming of the white people. The crowding herds of buffalo had been exterminated, the land was being appropriated, the game was vanishing and the outlook was dark to their simple vision. I often saw the treaty payments and the feeding of the Indians gathered round, but a few dollars a head, speedily gobbled by traders, and a little bacon and flour, were not much in comparison with all that had been theirs. It was little wonder, that despite the good intention of Canada in regard to them, the Indians in their ignorance could be stirred up by designing men who told them that they and their children were threatened with annihilation. Fortunately as the years have passed we have all felt the burden of responsibility for these wards of the nation and have grown to realize that we can only compensate them for what they have lost by giving them the better things of our civilization and Christianity.

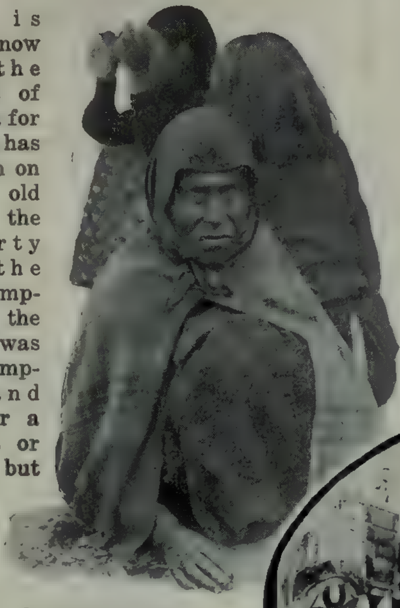
NEW AEROPLANE STABILIZER.

The $10,000 prize offered by the French Government for the best safety device for aeroplanes has been awarded to an American inventor for a gyroscopic stabilizer that is said to relieve the airman of all responsibility for maintaining the balance of his machine, the control exercised by this device being so complete that eye-witnesses to the tests have declared that it makes the aeroplane "foolproof." In one test, with the aeroplane flying at a height of about 600 feet, the pilot stood with his hands raised free from the controls while his mechanic climbed out along one of the wings and tried to disturb the balance of the machine, but even under these extreme conditions the balance was maintained perfectly by the action of the stabilizer. The stabilizer is a small device, weighing about 40 pounds and occupying a space 18 inches wide and 12 inches high. It is made up of four gyroscopes, each 2⅞ inches in diameter and arranged in pairs, one pair controlling the fore-and-aft and the other the lateral balancing. These gyroscopes rotate at the rate of 12,000 revolutions per minute. When the aeroplane tips in any direction they act through a mechanism that controls the warping of the wings or the position of the ailerons to bring it back instantly to the proper position. In case the engine stalls, the stabilizer turns the aeroplane downward at a safe angle for volplaning, the gyroscopes being connected with a compressed air tank so that they continue to revolve and control the machine for a period of two hours after the engine stops. When banking on a turn the stabilizer causes the aeroplane to tip at just the right angle. Under any conditions, apparently, this device gives the airman the advantages possessed by the driver of a land vehicle, since all his attention can be devoted to running and steering his machine without the necessity for giving any thought to its stability.

The Last of the Indian "Potlatch"

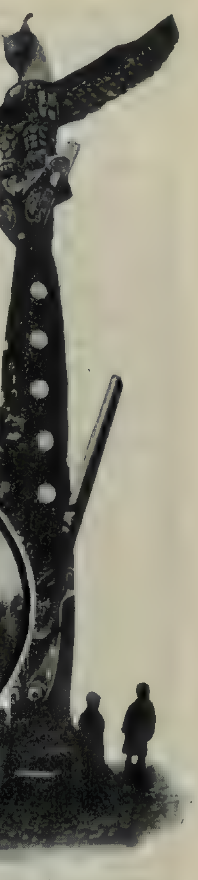
"Giving Away Bees" of the Coast Indians Have Been Declared Taboo by the Great White Chiefs at Ottawa

By J. Sedgwick Cowper



It is sad to be without money; it is irony to have money and not know how to spend it.

The scene of many a great potlatch.



A Huge Totem Pole.

THERE is mourning now among the Coast Indians of British Columbia for the Government has put its foot down on the last of the old tribal customs, the "potlatch." Forty years ago on the shore at Port Simpson the last of the cannibal feasts was held by the Tsimpseans. Here and there still linger a few shamans or medicine men, but the coast missions and the hospitals have made a dent in their practice. Nowadays the Siwash buys a bottle of painkiller when he goes to town, and the would-be shaman finds it scarcely worth while to starve himself into madness, until he "sees things" in the bush that a normal healthy man cannot. This was not the worst. The shaman had to be drawn up three times to the roof of the rancherie by steel hooks thrust through his arms and legs, before he could wear the headdress of great power or wield the sacred thighbone, or otherwise engage in the practice of chasing the bad medicine out of sick Indians. The game is not worth the candle nowadays.

Forty years ago the cannibal feasts ended. Then dog eating became unfashionable. After that the war dances were stopped. Last New Year's night, five ancient Haidas in the old Masset village on Queen Charlotte Island, danced for the last time by consent of the tribe, the old devil-doctor dance. The Haidas are the Norsemen of the Pacific Coast. Fiercest of all the tribes in war when in the olden days their huge sea canoes led the raids on the mainland tribes, they have since become the most enlightened and progressive tribe on the coast. It was by request of the younger educated members of the tribe that the old devil-doctor dance has been abolished.

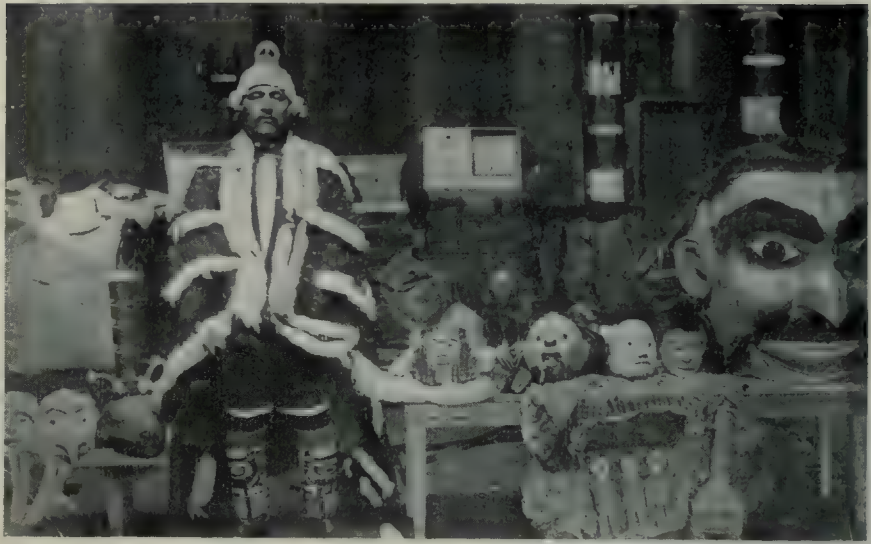
But with the potlatch it was different. "Potlatch is good thing for poor Indian. He gets blankets and presents of good things and is not expected to give potlatch in return like rich Indian," said Chief Jimmy Okus of the Cape Mudge Indians to me with indignation a few weeks ago, when he saw Chief Ned Harris and Chief George Bagwany being tried in a criminal court on a charge of holding a potlatch. Chief Jimmy had been planning to hold a potlatch himself this year. Now alas, he has no way of becoming a "delate hyas tyee," and of going down to fame as a man who was rich, but who gave away all his belonging to his neighbors in one big potlatch.

The potlatch is the Siwash's idea of a spending-jag, or rather of a giving-away jag, when he becomes intoxicated with the desire to give away all his possessions in a frenzy of generosity. Its ethics are a good deal like those of a little girl's birthday party. All those who come, though they are not expected to bring presents, are expected at some time or another to give a potlatch of their own. The bigger the potlatch, the greater the fame, while he is living. To-day on many a grave slab, engraved in the wood is the name of the good Indian who lies there, with the simple statement, "In his lifetime he held . . . potlatches, and gave away . . . dollars." One Bella Coola Indian in two potlatches gave away $11,000, but this was eclipsed last year by a member of his own tribe who in one potlatch gave away $12,000 worth of goods.

White men who are favored by the confidence of the Siwash tribes are sometimes invited to the potlatch, but it is a "cultus potlatch" so far as they are concerned and involves no obligation in return. The Duke of Connaught was thus honored by the Alert Bay Indians on his recent visit to the Pacific coast. The various government agents in charge of the reserves usually get a "cultus potlatch" on accepting office as a recognition that his authority is accepted by the band.

Among his own kind the Siwash is very touchy about having his invitations accepted when he holds a potlatch. He acts somewhat like the old "forty-niner" in the bar-room who, after having his invitation to join in a drink refused by a tenderfoot, remarked as he reached for his hip-pocket, "Hell, can't I even take a drink without killin' a man?" Sometimes he shows his scorn in odd ways, as did Peter Cesaholis of Kingcome Inlet. Cesaholis gave a "skookum potlach" this February to which he invited all the adjacent tribes. Blankets and flour, added to sometimes by gifts of money, are the usual gifts at a potlatch, but Cesaholis outdid this. He had in addition to blankets and flour, scores of mirrors, bedroom dressers, sewing machines, enamelware saucepans and cooking utensils. To crown all he had what is the height of ambition of every Siwash to possess, a number of gramaphones. Yet to this "skookum potlatch" the Kwawkewliths, who live on the opposite side of Queen Charlotte Sound, came not. They sent a message in reply to the invitation, to say that they were holding a potlatch of their own on that day.

Cesaholis replied to this slight on his hospitality with a true Siwash humor and abandon, like the gay city sport who lights his cigar with a five dollar bill, to prove that he has no notion of the value of money. He procured a sailboat. This he loaded with blankets, sacks of flour, bedroom dressers, mirrors, utensils and



A Naas River chief with his dancing masks for use at potlatches.

above all two gramaphones. The bow of the boat was pointed across Queen Charlotte Sound towards Port Rupert where the Kwawkewliths live; its sails were set; its tiller was lashed; the two gramaphones were wound up and started playing, and the boat, without a man on board, was shoved off amid the shouts and laughter of the tribesmen. Cesaholis and the Kingcomes had showed the Kwawkewliths that, when it came to getting rid of their belongings, they could cast their blankets and flour, etc., upon the waters, with the best of them.

The joke was that this argosy laden with gifts and scorn never reached the Kwawkeliths. It was wrecked on Malcolm Island, half way across the Sound, and caused a Finnish rancher several days labor searching for the supposed dead bodies of the crew whom he felt certain had perished when the vessel struck the rocks at Lizard Point.

In the early pioneer days the potlatches were attended with tribal cruelties, but nowadays their objectionableness to the government agents is almost entirely confined to the plea that the feasting and dancing unsettles the Indian mind and disturbs their morals. My old friend, Dr. W. Wymond Walkem, the historian of the pioneer days, had a narrow escape of his life when he stumbled on a potlatch in the summer of 1875, which the Saanich chiefs were giving to their neighbors the Cowichans and the Nitinats. The intervention of a provincial police official who had considerable influence with the tribes, and the fact that he was able next day to attend to the injuries of a wounded Indian, made him an honored guest. Then the guests who came in huge canoes, the flotilla taking the shape of a large fan, heradled their coming with rifle fire from the boats, which was returned by the Indians on shore. One canoe was struck, and one Indian on shore wounded before the drums beat to cease fire. In the ceremonies which followed during the three succeeding days, the shamans indulged in feats of magic, making eagle quills float in the air and revolve, and pouring buckets of water into a biscuit box without either filling the box or dampening the ground, and in other ways showed their mysterious skill. At the close 500 bags of flour and some hundreds of Hudson's Bay blankets were distributed. The blankets were flung into the crowds, many of them being torn into shreds by the savage disputants. At the end of the ceremonies a great shout was raised by the assembled tribes, during which the two little sons of the chief ran out clad in deerskin, and were poised proudly upon the shoulders of their sire, while the savages acclaimed them. The day before he had been one of the wealthiest of Indians, now he was one of the poorest. But he had achieved the distinction of becoming a "delate hyas tyee." Vanity is the weakness of the Siwash, and he will gladly strip himself of all his wealth in order to be proclaimed as a prince of good fellows.

Even so far back as 1875 the authorities frowned upon the potlatch, and when the chief of the Musquiems, a tribe at the mouth of the Fraser River dissipated a small fortune in a potlatch, and applied for government relief, he was promptly sent to jail for three months as a vagrant. The spectacle of the delate hyas tyee working with a chain gang at New Westminster proved a great shock to the Indian susceptibilities, but it did the chief good. After his release he accumulated a second fortune, and stuck to it.

But the Indian is still unconvinced that the potlatch is a bad thing. In 1882 when a big potlatch was arranged by four of the wealthy members of the Nanaimo tribe, Dr. Walkem in obedience to a request from Ottawa, warned all members of the tribe he attended professionally that the potlatch was taboo. He got his answer quickly.

"Why should the government want to put stop to the Indian's potlatch?" demanded Chief Sammie Eaton.

"Because the Indian gives everything away in entertaining his friends and is left very poor," explained Dr. Walkem.

Chief Sammy came back with a hot shot. "You just write back to the chief of the Indian department at Ottawa," he said, "and tell him that lots of white people in Victoria give dances and entertainments who cannot afford it, and who never pay for what they give away. Tell the chief at Ottawa that he had better make a law stopping these people first, and when he has done that the Indians will stop holding potlatches."

"I had nothing more to say on the subject of potlatches," said the venerable doctor, in narrating the incident.

It has often been a source of wonder to strangers as to how the Indians become possessed of the money for potlatch purposes. Their wants are few and easily satisfied without the use of much money. When he owns a gasoline fishing boat, the Siwash has reached the height of his ambition. Comfortably housed on the reserves, the Indian can live very cheaply. Salmon and bear meat he smokes in the summer for winter fare, and gets a deer or mountain goat for fresh meat at will. The salmon fishery is his great harvest. While the men fish in the boats and sell their catch to the canneries, the klootches and elder children cut the fish in the canneries or manipulate the "Iron Chink." The amount of money an Indian family will take home after a couple of months' work in the salmon season would make many a white family envious. Last season there were many men who averaged over $100 a week on the Fraser River during the season. Trapping, packing and acting as guide to hunting parties are often lucrative to the Indian. Some of the more enlightened chiefs are men who would be considered wealthy even among white men. Chief Matthew Edenshaw of the Masset Indians a Haida tribe, has town lots, farming lands, a fleet of gasoline boats for hiring out to surveying and prospecting parties, and is interested in a score of enterprises for the development of Graham Island. The Masset band who only number two score families or thereabouts took last year $50,000 in from the canneries for the sale of salmon. The Metlakatlas each received several thousand dollars a head from the Grand Trunk Pacific for giving up their reserve as an addition for the city of Prince Rupert. For giving up their reserve the Songhees Indians outside Victoria later received about $20,000 per family, while more recently the Kitsilano band whose reserve is now inside the city limits of Vancouver received $12,000 per family for moving away to a new reserve up the coast.

In short the era of prosperity for the Siwash now makes it all the harder for him to think of giving up the potlatch. It is a sad thing to be without money; it is irony to have money and not know how to spend it.

HOW CHURCHILL WORKS.

Mr. Winston Churchill's prescription for maintaining health under strain:

"If I can ride for one hour, sleep for six and get two for a bath, meals, and changing my clothes, I can work for the other fifteen just as long as the war lasts."—*Liverpool Post.*

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALMENTS.

Sumner is the owner of the Whisky Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, who is in love with a man of whom her father disapproves, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation. Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen. Rea Straine makes no effort to escape though she becomes uneasy at the conduct of Milford, who drinks heavily. In the course of an altercation with his Indian wife, Milford kills her. Rea then secures a canoe and escapes, meeting a young college graduate who is employed at the Whisky Jack mine and is returning with confidential letters for Fowler that he has secured off a passing train. She manages to give Loblaw, the graduate, the slip leaving him stranded on another island and going off with his canoe and the papers. She then return's to Milford's Island and meets a geological surveyor who has put in for the night. Milford becomes drunk and Rea begs the surveyor to take her to the Whisky Jack mine, He consents and they reach the landing. Rea requests her companion to wait and disappears in the darkness. Evidently well acquainted with the location of the buildings she makes her way to Fowler's cabin where she picks the lock of his safe and abstracts a packet of papers. The surveyor who turns out to be Stover warns her of Fowler's approach. Rea passes herself off as Helen Sumner and Fowler agrees to let her have his cabin for the night. He then departs to arrange with an Indian guide to further delay her journey from the mine. Stover who takes Rea for Helen Sumner reappears and begs her to depart with him before Fowler's return. Fowler follows them and a shot fired by him hits Stover. The fugitives then take refuge in a cavern the entrance of which Fowler blows in, thereby making them prisoners.

Twisting Trails

Illustrated by H·W·Cooper

By ROBERT E. PINKERTON: Author of "The Print of the French Heel"

CHAPTER X.—*Continued.*

"Cold air!" exclaimed Stover. "Toward the mouth! That cold air comes from somewhere. Perhaps there's another end to this tunnel, beyond the hill, or a connection with another tunnel. Come. There is no time to lose. We must get there first."

"But you," she protested. "You are hurt. You can't do anything now."

"I'm all right," he declared, groping for her hand and leading her on in the darkness. "My head's feeling funny but we can move. Come."

They went on and on, far past the spot where Stover had left her. Finally their feet touched loose pieces of rock and their path was blocked. Striking a match, Stover saw that the tunnel was filled with broken rock. As he stared, dismayed, at the pile reaching up from the floor, he felt the cold air rush down the surface of the barrier. Looking up he saw, by the last flicker of the match, a slight opening at the top.

"Stand here a moment," he said and then scrambled up to the top of the tunnel.

For five minutes he worked steadily, tearing down loose pieces of rock. Then, calling from the tunnel's roof, he said:

"Climb up here. I think we can crawl through. Where to I don't know, but it is the only chance."

She was quickly by his side.

"You will have to lie down and crawl," he said. "I'll go first."

Soon he called from ahead:

"It's all right. I'm down in the tunnel again."

Rea followed with difficulty, her skirts hampering her movements as she squirmed forward. At last she felt his hand and was helped down to the level floor of the tunnel. Cautiously they went forward. Stover's foot struck a piece of tin.

"Here's a miner's lamp," he cried, reaching down.

It proved to be a candle in a head fastening. He struck a match and lit the wick.

As the light flared dimly they saw the floor and roof and the walls of the tunnel where they stood. But ahead, though the floor extended as far as the light zone, there were no walls, no roof.

They walked slowly forward. Stover spoke; and the sound was a rumble rather than a voice.

"We're in a cavern!" he exclaimed. "This is where the cold air came from. That air must come—. I believe there is a chance yet. This cave must have a mouth somewhere. If we can get out—"

"But Fowler must know that."

"Yes, but he thinks this end of the tunnel was blocked. It was nearly. He never suspected that, if we survived the explosion, we could get through to the cave."

"What white walls and ceiling!" Rea said.

They were in a room twenty feet high, twice as wide and nearly one hundred feet long. Stover walked to one side and examined the wall in the light of his candle. He moved on, paused, moved on again, stopping every few feet. Rea followed until he reached the other end.

"Wait a minute," he said, as he hurried back.

Down the other side he came, stopping frequently and once chipping something loose with his knife. At last he returned to her.

"See that," he said, holding out a small object.

"It's gold!" she cried.

"Yes, gold, and there seems to be any amount of it. No wonder Fowler wanted to get hold of this mine. There is any quantity in this room alone. The walls, floor and ceiling are nearly all quartz. It will run thousands to the ton. Miss Sumner, I congratulate you. You will be a famous heiress. And you may be sure I will let your father know how much he owes to his daughter."

"Don't," said Rea. "It was only what had to be done. You are the one who should profit by this. It was you who discovered the cave. I will see that—that—father knows all about it," and she laughed as if to herself. "But we are not out yet."

"There is a passage here. We should reach the mouth if we keep this cold current of air always in our faces."

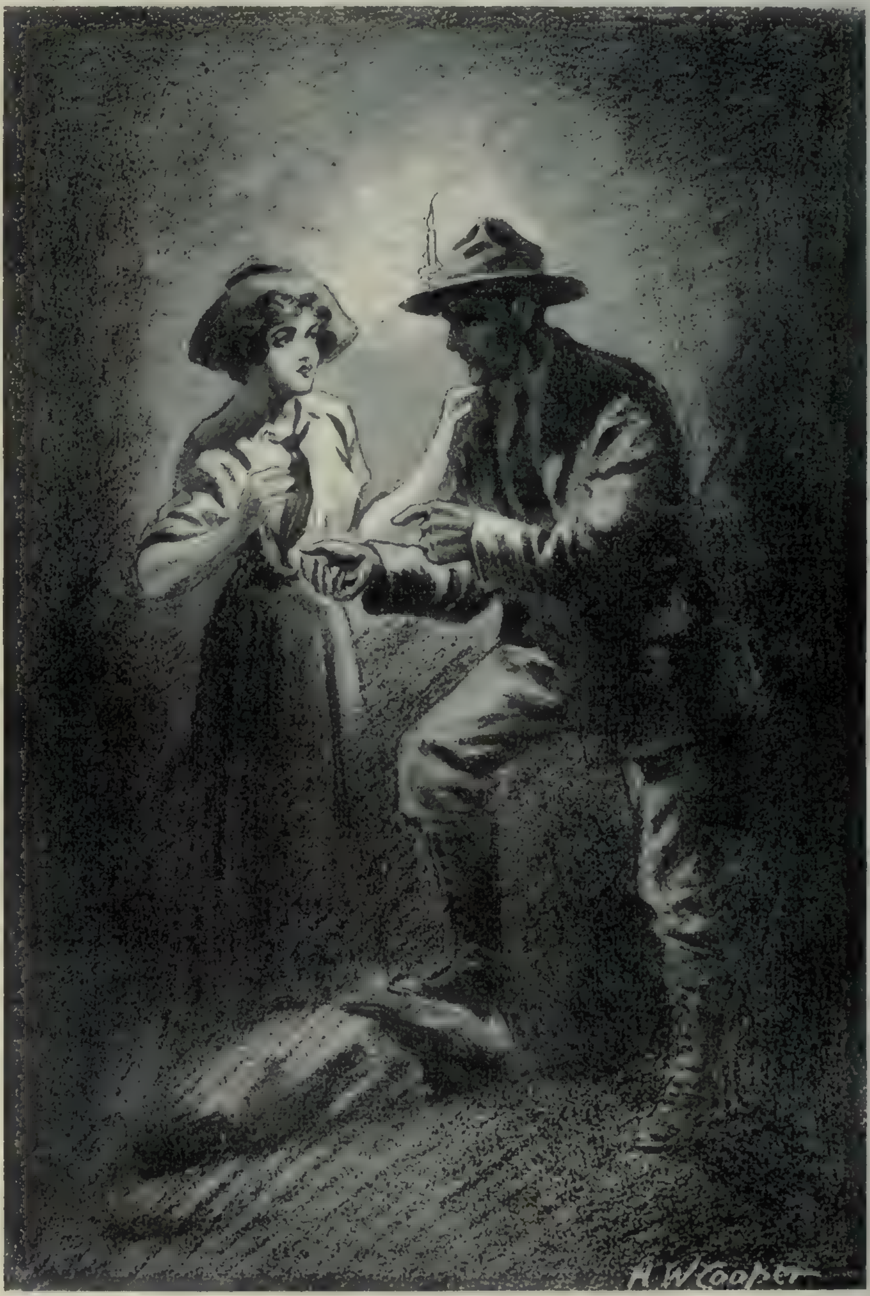
For two hours they groped about in the darkness. Frequently they were in rooms so high their light did not reach to the ceiling. They passed through smaller rooms with gold-laden quartz walls. Several times they lost the current of air entirely and retraced their steps.

Finally, when both had come nearly exhausted from scrambling over rocks, up and down steep inclines, and from the suspense and excitement, they saw a dim light ahead.

In her eagerness Rea did not see that Stover lagged. Only when she was near the mouth of the cave and the lamp was dimmed did she know he was behind. Turning, she saw him stagger, and she reached him just as he fell forward. Partly breaking the fall of his body, she lowered his head to the rock floor.

A quick examination showed that he had only fainted, and she hurried toward the entrance.

Dawn was breaking. At first she could not see anything, and then discovered that bushes almost completely hid the cave. She pushed through these and found herself on a flat rock about twenty feet above the level of a lake and immediately over it. A loosened stone rolled down, clattering, to splash into the water. A dog barked, and then another. She drew back toward the brush, looking in the direction of the dogs.



"See that," he said, holding out a small object. "It's gold!" she cried.

Below her, in a small cleared space, just back from a sand beach, she saw an Indian teepee. As she looked, the blanket flap over the door was pushed aside, and an Indian stepped out.

As he straightened from the doorway he looked at the girl but gave no other indication of having seen her. He turned to the dogs, speaking to them sharply, and they retreated, growling, to the teepee.

"Bring me some water, quick," called Rea.

The Indian turned and looked at her again.

"Some water, hurry!" she repeated.

Still the Indian only looked.

Hurrying down the rock, she ran toward him.

"Water, water!" she said, making a cup of her hands and pretending to drink.

The Indian reached inside the teepee door and handed her a pail. She ran to the lake, filled it, and clambered up the rock.

The stolid expression of the Indian's face changed to one of pity.

"Kaw-win niss-si-schin," he said, tapping his forhead.

Rea entered the cave and lifted Stover's head to her lap. She bathed his face and tried to force water down his throat. His breathing was deep and slow but he did not open his eyes.

His gray woolen shirt was damp on the right side. Rea touched it, and her fingers were red with blood. She tore open the shirt and saw that one of Fowler's bullets had cut a gash along the ribs. It had bled freely, and the loss of blood and shock of the explosion had weakened him more than she knew.

As Rea sat there, vainly trying to restore her companion to consciousness she remembered the second time she had doubted him and how much his services had meant to her since. Lack of sleep and the adventures of the last few days had worn her nerves to a fine edge, and she began to cry softly. As she looked out of the cave to the lake, the tears ran down her cheeks and she did not see his eyes open. "Please, don't," Stover whispered. "We are all right now. There is daylight ahead. The danger is over."

"Yes," she replied, struggling to smile. "But it was not that. I must ask your forgiveness again, although you never should forgive me. But, when you had been gone so long, and the blast came, I could not help but think that you had let me into the tunnel and then gone out to join Fowler. It seemed logical, the events, at least, but I never should have believed it of you. Now I will never doubt you again," and she began to cry.

"There, there, Miss Sumner," said Stover, raising himself on to one elbow with difficulty. "You are unstrung, tired out. And you had good reason to doubt. I have bungled several times."

Unconsciously, tenderly, he reached out a hand and laid it on one of hers. He was first aware of his action when he realized that her own was not withdrawn.

"Forgive me," he whispered huskily. "I forgot,"

She looked at him wonderingly.

"Forgot what?"

"Forgot about Jerry," he replied.

"Jerry? Jerry who?"

"Why, Jerry Forbes."

"Oh, yes," she said in a colorless tone. She gazed vacantly toward the mouth of the save. "I had forgotten about Jerry," she finally said, as though thinking aloud.

Stover raised himself. There was something new in his face, in his eyes. Again he reached forth his hand, this time consciously.

"Then there is——" he faltered.

Rea turned to see his quick depression.

"Forgive me," he said. "I had forgotten."

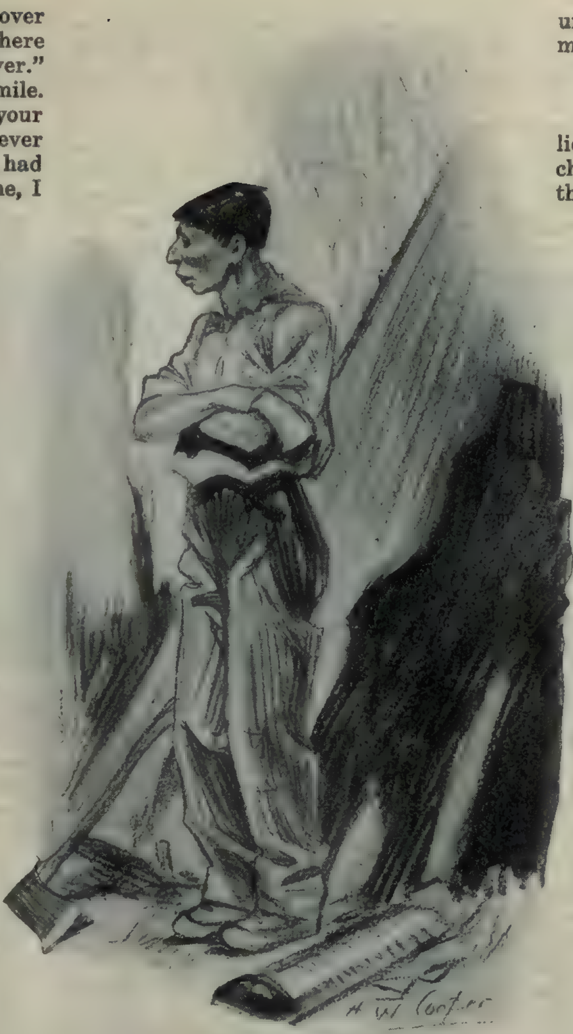
"There is nothing to forget, to forgive," she replied, helping him to lie again on the floor of the cave. "You shall soon learn. In the meantime, we must get to Vermilion."

"Where on earth did you get the kettle?" he exclaimed, when she offered him a drink.

"There is an Indian teepee at the mouth of the cave. An Indian gave it to me."

"We can get him to take us," Stover cried joyfully, "or, at least, get word to George. I shouldn't wonder but that George is hiding along the shore somewhere near here. I told him to keep out of sight when I went up to the cabin to warn you that Fowler was coming. And, by the way, how did you know that Fowler was away from the mine, that he might come back?"

"I heard him tell Milford, the day that Milford carried me away, that he would return Thursday night. That is why I wanted to get over to the mine. Before you came, and before Milford found me, I had intended to set his canoes adrift and then sneak away in Fowler's canoe when he came. That would have left them stranded there, and it would give me an opportunity to search Fowler's cabin."



An Indian slipped out. He turned to the dogs, speaking to them sharply, and they retreated growling to the teepee.

"But how would you have reached the mine? You had never been there, and it was night and a long way."

Rea hesitated. Suddenly she found herself desirous of retaining the good opinion of this man who had come into the wilderness to help her, for pay, it is true, but who had forgotten everything but a sincere desire to be of service. She knew her actions had been most unusual, probably open to suspicion, and she did not wish to admit the abandonment of the young assayer. For it was through him that she had hoped to reach the Whisky Jack. She knew he had food for a week but, if anything happened to her, he would never be found.

"I depended upon my luck for that," she answered at last, "and you came."

"Your luck has been good," he said, "but your courage and resourcefulness better. Now how about the Indian?"

The injured man attempted to rise but he could not.

"You must not!" Rea cried. "I'll go talk to him."

She hurried out of the cave and down the rock to the teepee, where a squaw was cooking over a fire outside. As the Indian woman saw the girl, she spoke in Ojibway and the man came from the teepee.

"You go Vermilion, canoe?" Rea asked, unconsciously adopting the white man's method of speaking to the aborigines.

The man nodded.

"How much?"

The Indian shook his head. Rea believed he meant that there would be no charge. She repeated the question with the same result.

"Come," she said suddenly remembering Stover and the possibility that he could make the red man understand. "White man hurt. Sick," and she pointed toward the cave.

The Indian followed as she led the way. They parted the brush and found Stover still lying on the floor of the grotto.

"Hello, Anse," exclaimed the white man. "You living here now? This is Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick. Miss Sumner. We've paddled many a mile together. Anse is a good Indian and you are lucky that it was he who happened to be living at the mouth of this cave. He's a brother of that squaw of Milford's. And he hasn't any great love for Milford, George tells me."

The sudden animation had been too much for Stover and he slipped back in a faint. For half an hour Rea worked over him and the Indian carried water from the lake.

"Hurt bad," she told Anse. "Squaw take care him. You go Vermilion with me."

The big Indian picked up the white man and carried him down the steep rock to the teepee. There he told the squaw what had happened and also ordered a quick breakfast. While Rea was making Stover as comfortable as possible on the matting and blankets on the floor of the teepee, the meal was announced.

One look at the piece of meat in the pot, from which the Indian and his wife helped themselves, was enough, however, and she contented herself with a cup of the bitter tea and a piece of bannock.

Anse was not so particular and in a few moments he was ready to leave.

"Om-beh," he said, rising and going toward the lake.

Rea hesitated. Now that she could escape she did not wish to go. The man lying ill and weak from his injuries in the teepee had entered her life less than twelve hours before. Clearly, she should not endanger herself to remain with him.

But the witchery of adventure does not recognize any measurement of time. A year may be compassed in two hours in a dark, echoing, dripping, fearsome grotto. A wound may bring two people closer than months of companionship. A common cause, and suffering for that cause, stretches a quick, steel chain whose strength is equaled only after years if composed of tiny wires, a new one stretched at each meeting.

Rea hesitated Then she felt of the two packets within her woolen outing skirt, and she thought of the nearness of Fowler, the possibility of immediate discovery. She turned slowly to follow the Indian. But, as she passed the teepee, she stopped and went in.

Stover was still unconscious. As the girl bent over him and felt of his wrist, she leaned down impulsively and kissed his forehead. The next moment she was in the canoe with the Indian.

Lying down in the bow, her head pillowed on a small pack Anse had placed there, she fell asleep almost at once. The first rays of the sun were just streaking across the water.

Voices wakened her. She looked at Anse, who was paddling steadily and he was not speaking. Quickly she lifted her head. Beside her was another canoe, and in it was Pete Milford.

CHAPTER XI.

"SO you're coming back again," growled the woodsman, as he saw the girl.

He was recovering from the effects of his drinking, and his mood was shown in his voice.

"No," she replied; "this man is taking me to Vermilion."

"To Vermilion!" exclaimed Milford. "From where?"

"From the mine."

The woodsman laughed.

"It's a long way in the direction you're going."

He looked again at the girl. Fowler had gone to his cabin when he was drunk, he knew, and had discovered that the girl was gone. Fowler, with his knowledge of Milford's past, was dangerous unless he again had the girl in his power. He turned to the Indian, speaking in Ojibway.

At first Anse shook his head. Then, as Milford became more urgent, he finally nodded in approval. The woodsman exultantly shoved his canoe ahead, and the Indian followed.

Startled, Rea closely watched the face of her canoeman; but there was nothing to be learned in his stern, set features. Milford was swiftly propelling his canoe toward an island. Rea turned and recognized it as that on which he had his cabin.

"Milford has bought the Indian," she thought, as Anse paddled steadily in an effort to keep his slower birch near the swift canoe of the white man. "Milford intends to keep me on the island and tell Fowler. I can't talk to the Indian, for he can't, or won't, understand."

Then she remembered that Stover had told of Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick's fondness for the sister Milford had slain. She turned and saw that Milford was out of hearing.

"Anse," she whispered, "Milford's squaw your sister?"

The Indian looked closely at the girl's face for a moment and then nodded.

"Milford killed your sister two days ago and buried her at the end of the sand beach."

The rhythm of the Indian's quick paddle stroke did not vary a fraction of a second. He looked again at the girl, and the look of pity she had seen in the early morning came to his face. Then he slowly shook his head.

"Yes, he killed her and buried her there. I saw him. You can find the grave. He knocked her down where he cuts wood, and her head hit an ax. You can see the blood on a log."

The Indian did not shake his head, but he did not believe. The girl was about to speak again when she heard Milford's voice behind her and, turning, saw that the woodsman had landed and was waiting for them.

When the Indian's canoe touched the sand Rea rose to her feet. Milford grasped her arm and hurried her up the bank.

"You won't get away again," he growled.

"Let go!" she protested. "You are hurting my arm."

"You're lucky I don't hurt you worse," he said, opening the cabin door and pushing her inside. Still holding her, he locked the back door and slipped the key into a pocket. Then he locked the doors to the two smaller rooms. Thrusting the girl into a chair, he went out the front door, closing and locking it.

Springing to the window, Rea saw the Indian standing by the woodpile. He was looking down at the chopping log. Then he turned and walked down to the beach.

Milford walked beside him, speaking in Ojibway. He seemed to be arguing, but the Indian did not answer or turn. On he went to the end of the beach.

The woodsman stopped and then ran back to the cabin.

"That's your work!" he shouted, as he reached for his rifle from its rack. "I'll take care of him and then come for you. You'll never tell another."

He fumbled in the pocket of a mackinaw coat, on a shelf and in a table drawer before he finally found some cartridges. Slipping these into the rifle, he went out and relocked the door.

Rea ran to the window. She knew that her safety lay in the Ojibway and hoped that he had hidden. But, as she looked out of the window, she saw Milford standing, his rifle ready, and the Indian coming up from the lake.

Straight toward the white man he came, slowly but steadily, his eyes on his adversary's and seemingly unconscious of the rifle.

"Stop or I'll shoot you!" Milford shouted, using English in his excitement.

Straight toward him came the Indian. He was a big man, big for an Indian. His legs were long and his arms hung far down. His step was springy, like that of a lynx. Rea, at the window, thought, as she looked, of a huge cat.

Straight he came toward the white man.

"Go back, go back, or I'll shoot!" Milford shouted again.

The Indian did not alter his steady step. He came nearer. Milford raised his rifle. The Indian did not stop.

The white man's hands tightened on the stock. Rea knew he was about to shoot. The Indian was only fifteen feet away.

Her hands clenched on a file that lay on the window sill. She remembered Fowler's hold on the woodsman. Then there was a sharp blow with the file against the window and the shattering of glass.

"Hanshaw!"

She cried the name of Milford's victim through the broken pane.

The woodsman nearly dropped the rifle as he turned. And then the Indian sprang. One leap carried him to Milford's throat. The white man toppled over on to his back, the Indian on top. Rea turned away.

When all was still outside she gathered courage and crept to the window. Milford lay near the chopping log, near where the squaw had fallen. Beyond him, and now three hundred yards from shore, she saw Ans-ee-quay-gee-sick paddling back in the direction from which they had come.

She called and called again, but he did not stop his regular paddle stroke or turn. The girl watched until his canoe was a speck upon the broad surface of the lake.

The sight of Milford's body just outside the door might have unnerved Rea had she seen it three days before. Now there was only a weary but determined idea that she must get away, must get to Vermilion. Nothing else seemed to matter. She knew only that it was miles and miles away, seventeen at the least. Her strength could not take her there, even if she knew the way.

As the Indian's canoe disappeared in the distance, she believed he was returning to his teepee. If he did, Stover would know, would learn where she was, and he would send George for her, or come with the canoeman.

She broke the window sash with a stick of stove wood and went to the shore to wait for him. It would be four hours at least before he could arrive, probably more.

Noon came, but no canoe was seen on the lake. The shadows stretched eastward and there was nothing in sight on the water. Rea returned to the cabin and prepared a lunch.

As she sat down at the table she saw in a corner, where she had dropped it the night before, the empty case which she had taken from the young assayer's canoe.

"The boy!" she cried. "I had forgotten him. If I can paddle that far, I can get him to take me to Vermilion."

She picked up the little leather case and hurried to the north end of the island, where she had hidden his canoe back of the little sand beach after returning to the island the night before. First she carefully strapped the case to the thwart as she had found it and then dragged the light craft to the water.

More than an hour was required for the two-mile paddle, for she was very tired, and the sun had set when she reached the island. There was no sign of the youth nor an answer to her call. Had some one found him and taken him off?

Then he came running down the rock from which she had stolen the canoe. His youthful face was distorted into a frown which he meant to be severe. But it did not daunt the girl.

"Hello," she smiled, wearily. "I have

Continued on Page 125.

Canadian Clubs in Pioneer Days

By A. WYLIE MAHON

THE rapid growth and more than Dominion-wide popularity of Canadian Clubs is an evidence that the Canadian national spirit has developed in a marvelous way of late, for these clubs are pre-eminently an embodiment of this spirit. Although it is only a little more than twenty years since the first Canadian Club was organized, we have to-day about one hundred clubs in Canada with a membership of twenty-five thousand including a few flourishing women's clubs. In all of these great questions of national concern are discussed, and public opinion is moulded and freely expressed. So popular has the movement proved that Canadian Clubs have been formed in some of the large cities of Great Britain and the United States, which are doing not a little to foster a patriotic spirit, and to make Canada more favorably known abroad.

The home of Jeremiah Pote, a distinguished Loyalist, who brought his house with him from the United States when he settled in St. Andrew's, N.B., in 1784. This house was a favorite meeting place of the Friendly Society. It is still standing.

O CANADA

The following words for the national air "O Canada" were written by Hon. R. Stanley Weir, D.C.L., Recorder of Montreal, and were adopted at the last convention of Canadian Clubs:

O Canada! Our home and native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North, strong and free;
And stand on guard, O Canada,
Stand aye on guard for thee.

CHORUS.

O Canada! O Canada!
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,
O Canada! We stand on guard for thee,

O Canada! where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow.
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From East to Western sea,
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free!

O Canada! Beneath thy shining skies
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise
To keep thee steadfast through the years
From East to Western sea,
Our Fatherland, our Motherland!
Our true North, strong and free!

In the pioneer days of Canadian history is found something akin to this popular movement of to-day. In many of the early settlements clubs were formed to meet the wants of the social side of man's nature, or to awaken a deeper interest in the larger problems of life. Some of these clubs, through the distinguished men enrolled in their membership, have found a passing place in Canadian history.

In the early history of Acadia, in those wild adventurous days, the gay and gallant sons of France organized societies which did much to make the long winters in the wild woods of the New World pass pleasantly. The earliest and best known of these societies was L'Ordre de Bon Temps (the Order of Good Cheer), founded at Port Royal, the present Annapolis Royal, Nova Scotia.

In this little colony there was a lawyer from Paris, Marc Lescarbot, a wag and wit, who did much in the darkest days to drive dull care away. It is from this poet and historian of that first French colony in the New World that we learn how Champlain during the winter of 1606 instituted this social Order. Through the splendid work which the Champlain Society of Canada is doing in publishing the works of the early French writers we have more ready access to Lescarbot's history.

The membership of the Order was confined to the fifteen gentlemen of the colony, each of whom was Grand Master in turn for one meeting. Lescarbot says that, two days before his turn came, the leader went hunting or fishing to procure some delicacy in addition to the ordinary fare. Nothing was looked upon as so tender as moose-meat, and nothing so delicate as beaver's tail. These delicacies are seldom served at luncheons to-day.

It was an imposing processional which entered the luncheon hall of the Order of Good Cheer. The Grand Master, with a napkin over his shoulder, the wand of office in his hand, and the sparkling collar of the Order around his neck, led the way, followed by the other members, each carrying some dish for the feast. At night, before giving thanks to God, the Grand Master handed over to his successor the collar of the Order.

Two of our Canadian poets have translated Lescarbot's story of the Order of Good Cheer into verse. Arthur Weir's poem represents Champlain as realizing that these young noblemen, accustomed to the pageantry and etiquette of court, would not be satisfied without something of this kind in their home in the New World. So he instituted this Order of Knighthood.

Arthur Wentworth Eaton, one of the most successful balladists that Canada has produced, has written:

"A gay and gallant company
  Those voyageurs of old
Whose life in the Acadian fort
  Lescarbot's verse has told,
In mirth and merriment they formed
  Their Order of Good Cheer,
And many a mimic revel kept
  Throughout the winter drear."

After describing how the Grand Master entered the dining hall, and how the feast proceeded, with the sparkling wit and merriment characteristic of the the French, which almost made them forget their sunny homes beyond the sea, the poet expresses a slight regret that the old order changeth, that the rare

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Canadian Club movement has become of recent years one of the most marked developments of Canadian national life. The formation of clubs in all parts of the Dominion has fostered a wider interest in the problems of national growth and achievement and has helped to set a higher mark of citizenship. In view of the importance to which the movement has attained, it is interesting to recall the very earliest manifestations of the idea; which the writer of the accompanying article does in a most readable style.

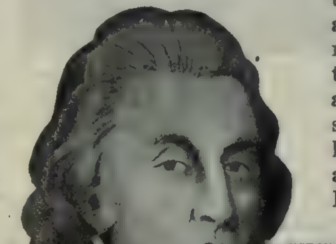
witchery which romance gave to these western wilds is departed.

THE ROCKINGHAM CLUB.

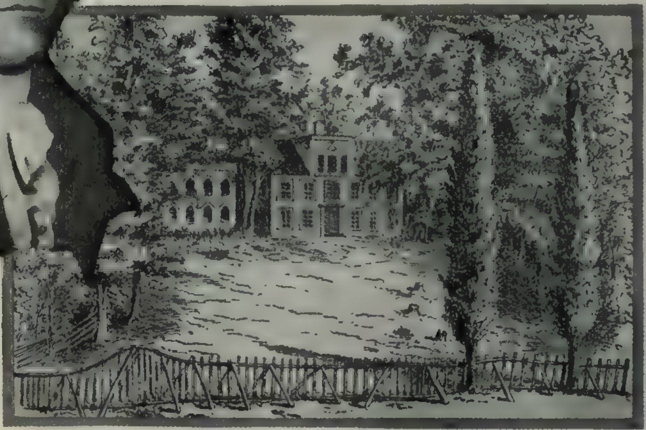
About six miles out of the city of Halifax, on the shores of Bedford Basin, Sir John Wentworth, who became Governor of Nova Scotia in 1792, built a summer residence for himself called The Lodge. He expended large sums of money in beautifying the spot, in constructing grottos, mimic temples, artificial lakes, and winding walks through the woods in all directions. The Duke of Kent, when commander-in-chief of the forces in Nova Scotia, occupied The Lodge and took great interest in completing the work which the Governor had begun. It was no unusual thing for the Prince to have twenty or thirty men engaged in making this beautiful spot more beautiful. Clad in homely attire he mingled with the workmen in a free and easy way. He erected a range of low buildings on the edge of the Basin for the two companies of soldiers which he stationed there. ....

For some years after the Prince's departure from Halifax, this building was the meeting-place of the Rockingham Club, one of the most notable institutions of that period. We are not sure whether the club was instituted while the Prince occupied the Lodge or shortly afterwards. The members embraced the Governor, the Admiral, the Bishop, and some of the leading citizens of Halifax.

The club was both social and literary. The meetings were held Saturday evenings when the members dined together and then discussed some historical or literary subject, while the cups went round which both cheered and inebriated. Writers of that period have given us a dark picture of the intemperate habits of the people of Halifax. We are told that it was the business of one-half the town to sell rum, and the other half to drink it. If under these conditions the members of the Rockingham Club succeeded in reaching town Sunday morning in time for church they did very well.



Sir John Wentworth, owner of the Lodge and founder of the Rockingham Club.



The Lodge, where meetings of the Rockingham Club were held.

After the club had flourished for some years the walls of the large room in which the meetings were held were lined with portraits of the members, the work of Robert Field, a portrait painter of considerable talent who for some years lived in Halifax. Some of these pictures are still preserved by the descendants of the members of the Rockingham Club. The portrait of the Governor, Sir John Wentworth, now hangs in Government House, Halifax.

Very little remains to-day to mark the spot which the Duke of Kent loved so dearly, and where the Rockingham Club held many an interesting meeting. Even in Sam Slick's day the Lodge was fast becoming a melancholy ruin. In the Third Series of "The Clockmaker" Haliburton visits the scene and muses and moralizes in a sentimental way. "I heard at every step the voice of nature proclaiming the doom that awaits alike the prince and the peasant. The swallow nestles in the empty chambers, and the sheep find a noonday shelter in the banqueting hall, while the ill-omened bat rejoices in the dampness of the mouldering ruins."

THE FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

In 1803, twenty years after the founding of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea by the Loyalists, there was formed in the town a most interesting social and literary and religious club, known as the Friendly Society, which continued to flourish for a good many years. This society was in many ways very unlike the clubs which we find amongst the early French settlers. There was less mirth and merriment and no mimic revels. One of the articles of the constitution prohibited any refreshments except spirits and water. Much in life depends upon where we allow the emphasis to fall. History does not tell whether the members of the Friendly Society allowed the emphasis to fall upon the first or the second of the two liquids which constituted their refreshments; but we cannot make any mistake in concluding that there was less merriment than in the Order of Good Cheer which the Parisian wits founded at Port Royal, and perhaps less than the members of the Rockingham Club manifested in their popular Saturday nights.

Very few towns can boast of such an array of varied and distinguished talent as we find represented in this society. Some of the members had enjoyed the educational and social advantages of Harvard or Yale, and had occupied positions of great influence in New England. Colonel Denison in his "Soldiering in Canada" tells of an interesting interview which he once had with Lady Tennyson in which she said: "You Canadians should be proud of the founders of your country. The United Empire Loyalists were a grand type of loyal, law-abiding, God-fearing men. No country ever had such founders, no country in the world, no, not since the days of Abraham." No one is disposed to dispute Lady Tennyson's words.

The most distinguished member of the Friendly Society was Doctor Caleff, one of the first medical men to practise in the Province of New Brunswick. In the Canterbury Tales we are told that the doctor of medicine was not much given to Bible study. Dr. Caleff was unlike Chaucer's doctor. He was a man intensely religious. While in Massachusetts he had come under the influence of the celebrated George Whitefield, and he had been one of the pall-bearers at Whitefield's funeral.

When the Friendly Society was organized Saturday evening was fixed upon as the night of meeting. Dr. Caleff was not satisfied with this arrangement. He had lived so long in New England that he had come to look upon Saturday evening as part of the Sabbath. Satirists have said that God thought one day in seven sufficient for rest, but New England people had improved upon His law by setting apart a day and a half. Dr. Caleff could not be moved by satirists or scoffers, however. In order to retain him in the membership it was necessary to have the night of meeting changed.

As we read the bare outline of subjects discussed by the members of the Friendly Society we see what wonderful material the society was composed of—how wide the culture of the membership. Science, Philosophy, Psychology and Religion furnished themes for discussion. Sometimes the members relaxed somewhat—when, perhaps the water was scarce and the spirits plentiful — and gave themselves up to light and almost frivolous subjects. One of these curious, enigmatical questions discussed was: "If two persons are married by a man in a clergyman's habit, the one knowing him to be no parson, the other supposing him to be one, are they both married, or either, or neither?"

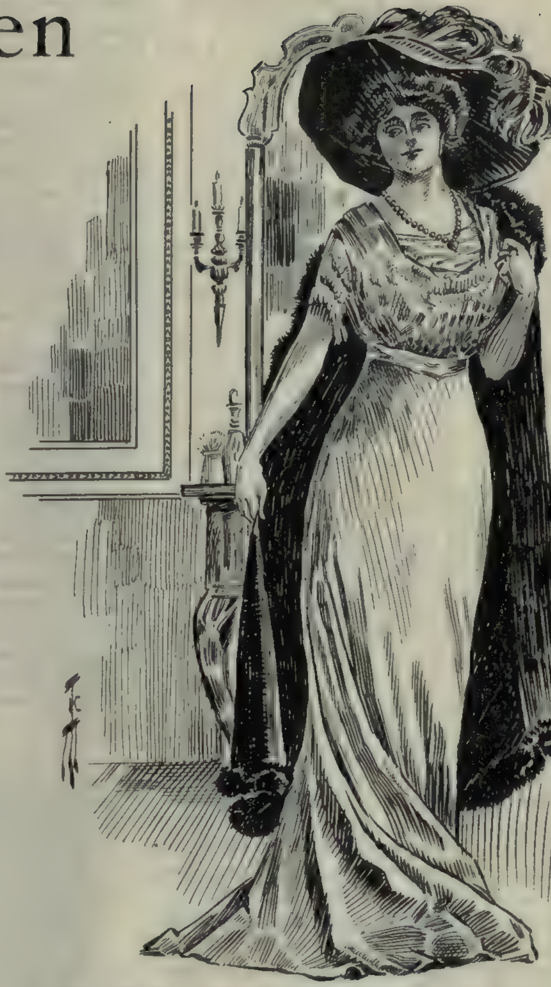
Water must have been scarce the night they discussed that question.

Living as we do in the foremost files of time, and being as we are the heirs of all the ages, our Canadian Clubs should show some advance upon the pioneer clubs of history. Although the luncheon still seems a necessary adjunct of a successful club we are not so particular about beavers' tails and spirits and water as our forefathers were. We look more for intellectual stimulus and inspiration to good citizenship, and we make less of the social features so prominent in the clubs of the long ago, when the members had more time to spare for these things, when it was easier to live on twenty-four hours a day.

The Peacock Screen

By FANNIE HEASLIP LEA

Illustrated by TERENCE V. MARTIN



She slipped into a long black velvet coat with a collar of fur. "What is it to-night?" she asked languidly.

BECAUSE Yvette was beautiful, men flattered her, and because men flattered her, Yvette was beautiful. Her dark eyes had the exquisite daring of the woman who knows she pleases. The blood came readily into her smooth pale cheek because admiring glances called it there; and her red flower of a mouth shaped itself easiest to smiling acceptance of broken hearts. It is a gracious look and difficult of attainment to the plainer sisters.

Yvette, withal, was not invincible.

Back in the earlier days of her reign there had been a man, and while the man went—as men do—the memory remained. I mention this merely to open the way to other facts. Yvette had, then, beauty, prestige—and a past, of a delicate hidden sort. It was but natural that thus endowed, she should come eventually to consider matrimony.

Her mother—have I said that Yvette's mother was none other than Mrs. Jacques de la Fuente nee Duprez—her mother, perhaps, stated the case most eloquently.

"In a year you will be twenty-four," she said, the beautiful limpid French softening and sweetening the words. "That is, almost an old maid. It is time, Yvette, you thought—I, myself, was married at fifteen."

Yvette touched her rosy nails with a chamois-skin, and sighed. She was standing at the moment before her dressing table, and the candles set in tall sconces on either side of that artistic bit of furniture afforded a mellow radiance to the mirror's depths.

"At fifteen," repeated the mother, a trifle insistently, "I was married."

"But from the cradle—to the grave!" said Yvette, and fastened a single string of pearls about her long white throat.

"What is it you say?" asked Mrs. de la Fuente somewhat sharply. She was not infrequently to be found some distance in the rear of her beautiful daughter.

"How you must have been bored!" said Yvette.

"In my trousseau," continued the lady, "I had, as you know, great quantities of real lace. The veil of my grandmother, alone——"

"Eh!" said Yvette, "it does not matter." She shrugged her slender shoulders. "I am quite willing to marry—but the man?"

Then Mrs. de la Fuente flung out a crafty feeler. "He has been most attentive," she murmured, "and there is no slightest fault to be found with his position, his name——"

"His money," thrust in Yvette, almost vulgarly. "Say it, mamma! You mean Tony Whiting," She added with a little yawn, "I had thought of that, myself."

"He has perhaps spoken," said Mrs. de la Fuente rather eagerly.

"No!" said Yvette. "No,"—and finished superbly arrogant, "but he will speak to-night."

She drew on a pair of long white gloves, slipped into a long black velvet coat with a collar of fur, and extinguished the candles on the dressing table.

"What is it to-night?" she asked languidly. "'Faust'? If you knew how tired I am of that opera with its tenor who is just a grocer's boy in doublet and hose, and its so mysterious devil and its so silly Marguerite. Mind the stair, mamma!"

And it came to pass, as they say in ancient chronicles, that Tony Whiting spoke that night. He had been wanting only the infinitesimal encouragement which Yvette allowed him during the "Jewel Song." The box was very dark, and he sat just behind her, where his eyes could rest without ostentation upon the little curl that touched her neck. It was in his sight, perhaps, the sweetest thing about her—that little wayward kissing curl. Once she dropped her fan, and when he stooped for it, her fingers fumbled delicately over taking it back. It is just such things which derail the train of otherwise prudent events.

In any case, Whiting spoke in a slow, careful whisper, while Marguerite upon the stage trilled brassily above some bits of colored glass; she was a stout Marguerite, it may be hardly necessary to remark, with a vanishing waist line and three chins.

Tony Whiting's waist line was also being threatened, and the hair at his temples had yielded visibly to the persuasion of time, but he had still but one chin and that a good one.

"Yvette," he whispered—not even her mother heard him, though she had always an ear that way—"Yvette! You're very beautiful to-night."

Yvette just lowered her lashes. They were long and touched her cheek with a suggestion of shyness. A smile stirred the corner of her mouth. She did not speak. She know how it went, that game.

"Suppose," said Whiting very softly, "you put me out of my agony to-night—Yes or no? Are you listening, Yvette?"

Yvette bent her head a very little to say that she was listening. The real old lace above her heart lifted and fell quite evenly. She did not flush.

"Will you?" said Whiting. At least in *his* throat the breath caught nervously. "Will you, Yvette?"

It was a queer question to ask while Marguerite bedizened her matronly self with earrings and necklaces. Whiting, perhaps realized the queerness of it, for he leaned a little nearer and touched Yvette's scarf reverently with the tips of his fingers.

"Its been going on a long time—with me," he said. "Nothing new—as you know."

Yvette folded her hands in her lap. She looked at the stage—and she looked back over her shoulder into Whiting's eyes. If you had been reared with the end in view of some day entering upon a certain road, you would not, when that road unfolded itself before your feet, draw back. Neither

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Fanny Heaslip Lea is one of the most successful writers of magazine fiction to-day. Her stories invariably have the double appeal of an intensely interesting theme combined with a style of unusual polish. "The Peacock Screen" is one of her best. The editor is glad to be able to announce that it will be followed by other work by the same author.

did Yvette. She took her first step between its orderly hedges, naturally enough, without excitement.

"I know," she said, very softly in her turn.

"You will?" said Whiting incredulous to the last adoring fibre of his being.

"Yes," said Yvette. She was not at all slow about it.

And that was the great moment, come and gone, without any blare of trumpets, while Marguerite ogled herself before a mirror, and the devil loitered redly in the background coquetting with Dame Martha.

Mrs. de la Fuente received the news with radiance.

"Dear little one," she said, " I had hoped for it. He is most charming—in every way eligible—not a Creole, of course, but there are really many delightful people uptown. I am confident you will be happy. For the trousseau, of course, you will have Marie."

"I had not thought of the trousseau," said Yvette.

"Ah youth! youth!" sighed Mrs. de la Fuente sentimentally. "Color of rose, and another color—of the loved one's eyes."

"I had not thought of that, either," said Yvette, quite truthfully.

When she stood once more before the mirror of her dressing table and lit the candles, she looked at herself with a vague interest. After a while she drew the back of one hand lightly across her lips. Whiting had kissed her in the discreet moment when Mrs. de la Fuente, mounting the stairs, had left them alone together.

The lips were softly crimson, much as usual, but Yvette standing between the candles stared at them curiously, somewhat as though she expected a scar.

She was not given to analysis of her emotions, Yvette. She only stared and sighed, and presently undressed herself, and went to bed with a queer little smile twisting one corner of her mouth. She did not sleep very much, it is true, but an engagement involves a certain amount of excitement not conducive to slumber, and Yvette had not expected to sleep.

Next day she was none the worse for wear, and went upon her way with considerable calm.

Also, when Whiting next kissed her, she neglected subsequently to erase it. She was nothing like so ardent as he, it is true, but then as she explained to him with a lovely indifference, ardor is not the woman's part.

"You care the most? said Yvette. "Naturally. It *should* be like that."

"H'mph!" said Whiting. After those brief crucial moments at the opera, he had regained something of his usual poise—a delightfully humorous sophistication not untouched with cynicism. "I dare say—balance of power—eh?"

"There is an old French proverb," said Yvette, turning her winking solitaire about a cool white finger, "which says that there is always one who kisses and one who—how do you say?—one who presents the cheek. It is true, I suppose. And it should be the man who kisses. Otherwise he might grow tired."

"H'mph!" said Whiting again. "There's something in that, of course—for flirtations—and episodes. This thing of ours goes a bit deeper—eh? I can't seem to see myself getting tired in case you—well, in case you ever decided to take the initiative. Mind being kissed, Yvette?"

"But that is absurd!" said Yvette, smiling.

"Yes—of course," said Whiting. He stroked his clean-shaven chin, which was as yet but one chin, and looked at Yvette out of keen, clear, gray eyes. His own smile had a winning kindliness, but it came slow. "Of course," he repeated. "By nature you're a trifle cold, I fancy—that's all."

Yvette loked at him swiftly and looked away.

"Queer!" said Whiting, "your eyes, now—but you wouldn't have said you'd marry me unless you cared—Yvette?"

"Why should you suppose—" Yvette began haughtily.

"You're very beautiful," said Whiting, "and you're young. It's incredible that you shouldn't have stirred up a grand passion, somehow. I don't want to be insistent about it, but, my dear girl, don't for God's sake decide to marry me for any reason but the one I've mentioned! You'd do yourself a very cruel injustice."

"You seem to think," said Yvette, "that it is impossible I should—care—for—you."

"Not impossible," said Whiting quietly. "An exquisite miracle, if you like. Nothing's impossible. But I can't seem to believe in my own happiness—and I wish it might sometimes occur to you to touch me of your own accord." Then he asked a strange question. "Ever been anybody else, Yvette?"

And Yvette said what everywoman says when she feels the wall at her back.

"I don't know what you mean."

"Any other man?" said Whiting slowly. "At any stage of the game?"

Said Yvette: "I have known a great many men."

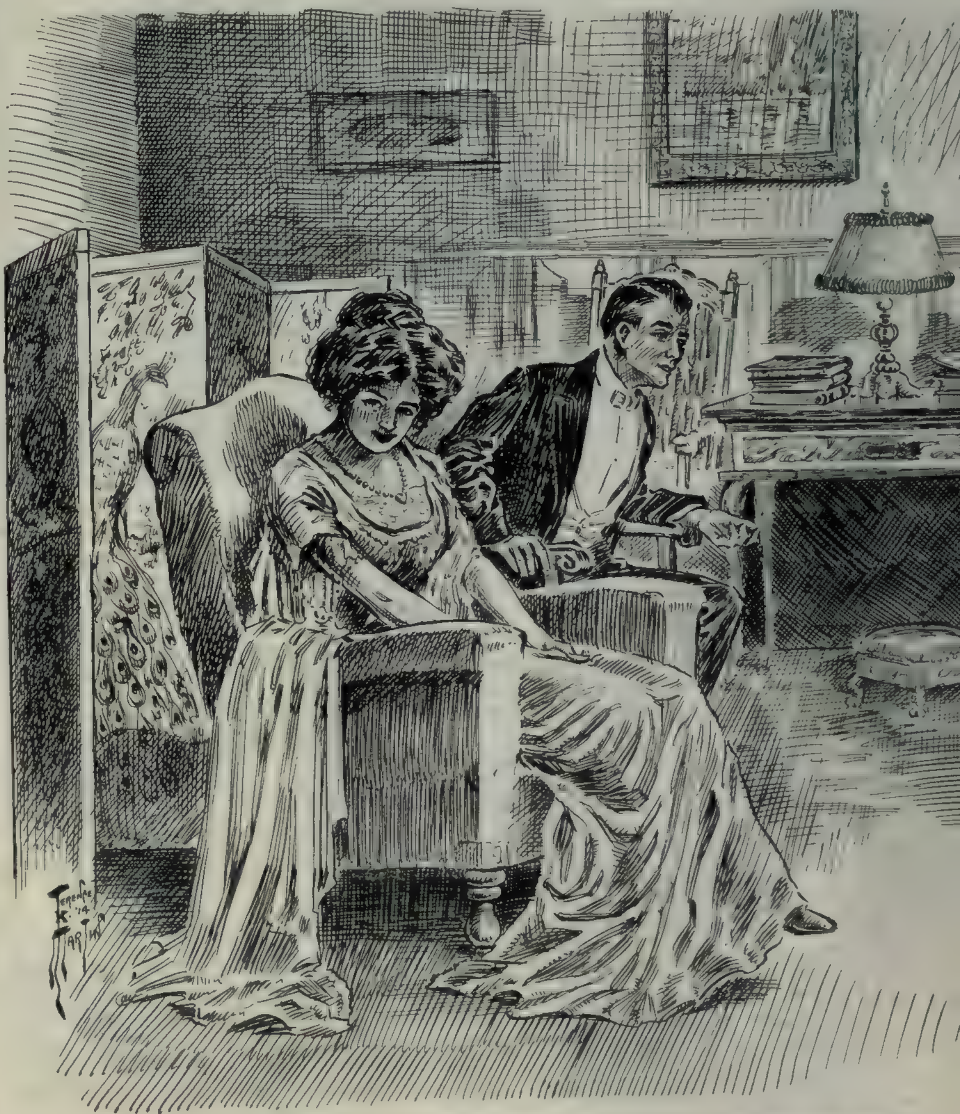
And said Whiting: "Yes, of course, that's what I was thinking. Any of 'em leave a scar?"

A scar, you will remember, was what Yvette had looked for on her lips. Not having found it, she probably felt justified now in smiling and shaking her head.

"Thank God!" said Whiting rather suddenly.

Yvette turned pale.

Afterwards, when she remembered the conversation, she gave audience to a ghost by way of corollary; but nothing resulted, and the trousseau went forward triumphantly. Mrs. de la Fuente swam in satisfaction like a trout in a purling stream. She designed gowns and matched laces.



"What have you decided?" asked Whiting. "I!" said Yvette . . .

She hobnobbed with dressmakers, and bullied seamstresses. The line of a hat was in her dreams by night, and the argot of the sewing room was on her tongue by day. All of this demanded money, and to obtain that money certain of Mrs. de la Fuente's diamonds found their way into the loanshops. Yvette protested vainly.

"I do not wish, mamma, that you should ruin yourself."

But Mrs. de la Fuente was obdurate.

"In *my* trousseau were two dozen of everything. Upon my petticoats even was real lace—and the veil of my grandmother—Dear little one, will you have it draped back or falling before the face?"

When Yvette had no definite desire to express upon this point, her mother reproached her tragically.

"Is it that you do not care? Unnatural child! I remember that I was mad with excitement for weeks before my wedding. I knew to a fold how I wished the veil to fall. I shed tears if a tuck too much was placed upon a skirt—and I had but fifteen years."

"Did you perhaps hide your doll beneath the steps of the altar?" inquired Yvette. Then she kissed her mother upon the cheek and smiled. She might have been the lovely elder sister of that other little girl in veil and orange blossoms.

"At least," said Mrs. de la Fuente, sighing before the hopelessness of Yvette's disinterest, "your papa approved. He found me wonderfully gowned. All men have eyes for chiffons upon a woman they love. Tonee will know if your veil is badly draped."

"And will he punish me, do you think?" asked Yvette. "Will he perhaps beat me, mamma?"

She put on her hat while her mother was still scolding, wrapped herself in great soft black furs that accentuated the clearness of her coloring, and went out to motor with Whiting upon a wintry road. Those were not unhappy days.

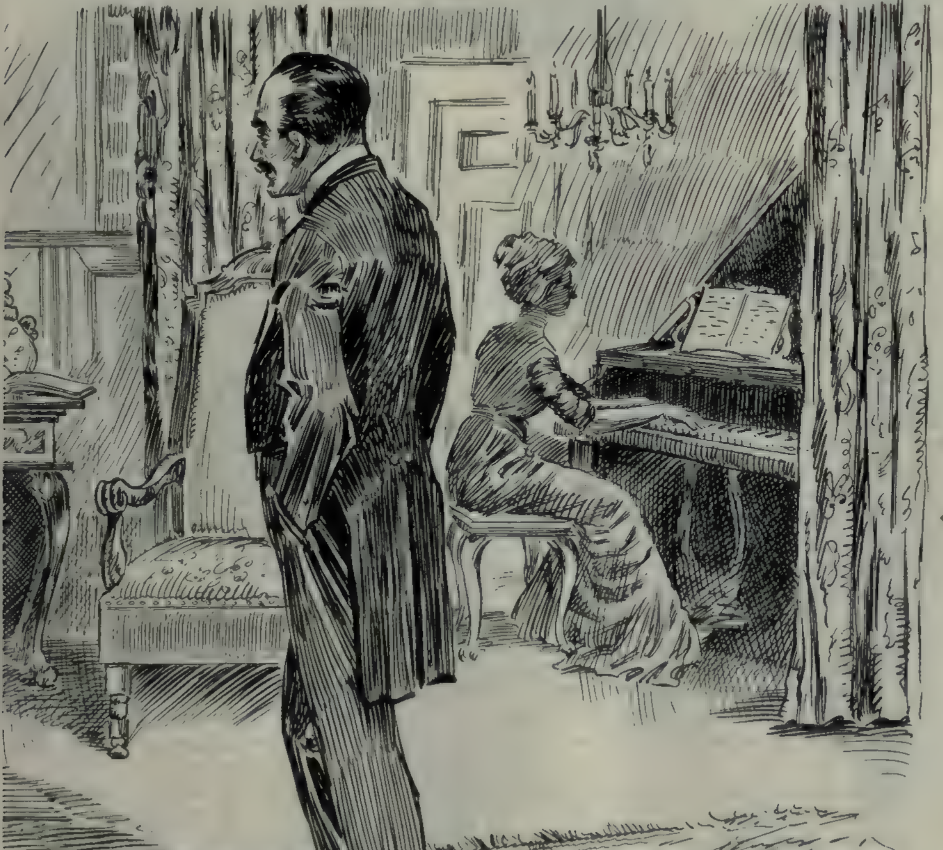
Then the man came back. I believe there is a saying that this feat is not possible. Still, he came. His name was Douglas Hays, and Whiting brought him to call one Sunday afternoon.

Yvette, coming into the drawing-room, halted a very little in her slow gracious step. Her eyes when they first fell upon his face widened and darkened. Perhaps a slow flush burned across her cheek. But she gave her hand unhesitatingly. Yvette had race.

Yvette," said Whiting, "may I present Mr. Hays? Miss de la Fuente, Mr. Hays,"

And Yvette smiled.

"I think," she said, "that I remember Mr. Hays. The year I came out—was it not?"


"And Hayes," said Whiting. He spoke quietly beneath the music.

Mr. Hays smiled in his turn, but somewhat stiffly. His surprise wrote itself almost imperceptibly upon a lean, sunburned face. His eyes in that brown inscrutable setting were bright and blue like jewels, but the line of his mouth was hard.

"You've met before?" said Whiting in pleasant inquiry.

"Quite some time ago," the other man admitted, equally upon the surface of things. "It's good of you to remember, me—Miss de la Fuente." Only to Yvette's conscious ear did the slight hesitation suggest that he stumbled over the formal appellation.

"I never forget names," said Yvette indolently, and added as his eyes met hers, "but I have a dreadful memory—for faces. I am not sure I should have known——"

"Possibly I've changed," he suggested.

Whiting, from a corner of the davenport, put in an idle oar.

"Men of your type don't change a great deal, under, say fifty."

At which the two men crossed glances, courteously enough.

"Why, no," said Yvette, "you have not changed—as I remember you."

"Nor you," said Hays almost significantly.

"Mr. Hays," said Whiting, in the ensuing pause, "is a stranger in a strange land, Yvette. Never been here but once before. I've asked him to see 'Aida' with us to-morrow night."

"That will be charming," said Yvette.

"It's very good of you," said Hays.

"You'll find the old Opera House interesting," said Whiting. He stood up slowly. "Think by any chance I'd find your mother in the library, Yvette? I've a message for her from my sister."

"All afternoon," said Yvette calmly, "she has been in the library with a volume of de Maupassant. One fancies she will be there still, Tony."

And Tony went out with a nod and a smile. The curtains fell to behind him.

Then the other man spoke. He leaned forward in his chair, elbows upon his knees, hands interlocked, and looked a little mockingly at his hostess.

"Hello, Yvette!" he said, as if he had not seen her before. The words were flippant, almost with a touch of impertinence.

Yvette looked back at him straightly. Nevertheless, an uncontrollable excitement stained her cheeks.

"You have not changed," she said, "in the least. You were always daring."

"Dear me, yes!" he agreed. "Why not? The ladies like it, God bless 'em!" Then, very suddenly, he dropped his smiling pose.

"I had no idea," he told her, "that it was you I was to see. Whiting mentioned no names. You believe me?"

"You know him well?" asked Yvette.

"I hadn't seen him in years until to-day. I knew him back East." He added curiously, "And you?"

"We are to be married," said Yvette.

"Oh!" said Hays. A little thereafter he smiled. "I congratulate him."

"Thank you," said Yvette.

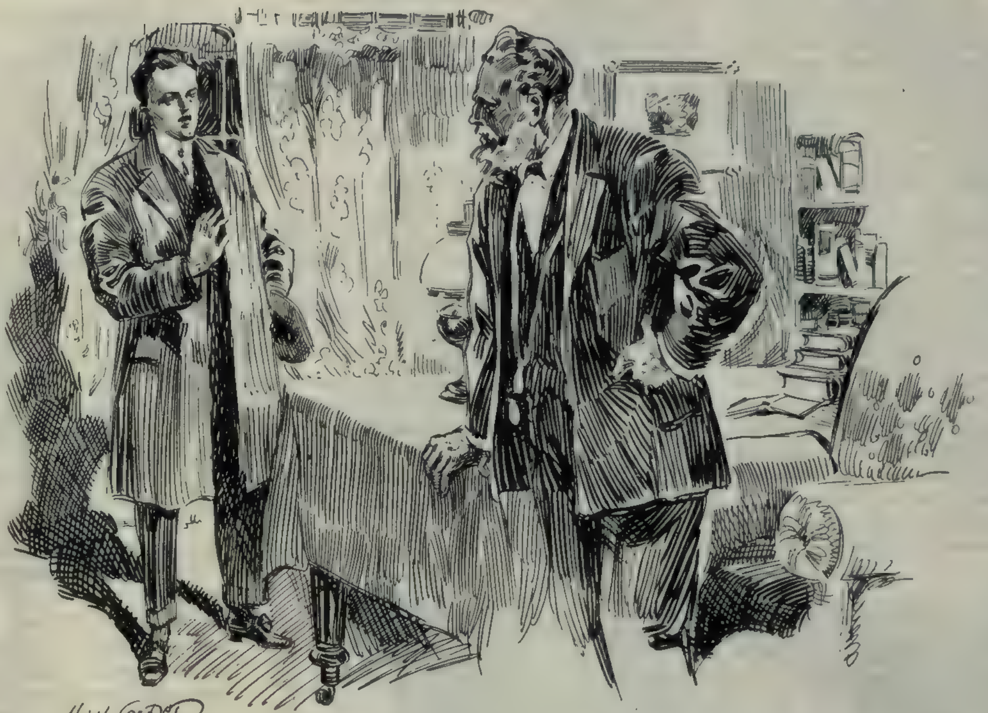
Continued on Page 76.

The Tortoise:

By WILLIAM BYRON

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

Part III



He put down his book and advanced on me.

WHEN you have succeeded apparently in downing an opponent it is disconcerting, to say the least, to have him unexpectedly rise from the mat and strike you a blow from behind.

So far as the race for Alice Holworth's favor was concerned I had come to regard Larry Barlow as a negligible quantity. Since the night of their quarrel, Alice had never seen him again, nor did she want to see him.

Disappointed in his love affairs, Larry had gone back to the agreeable occupation of money-making with renewed vigor and aggressiveness. But my supposition that he had given up was an evidence of the fact that I had not accurately plumbed the depths of my opponent's tenacity. Larry never gave up.

It was several weeks after the memorable election in which we wiped the old organization clean off the civic slate and replaced it with an honest and efficient administration. I had been calling on Alice regularly since and, as Charlie Cutshaw was attending the session at Ottawa, had been making headway in her good graces. One blustery evening in February I started out to attend a meeting of the council. A north-west wind was driving the falling sleet before it with swirling savagery. Only an alderman new to his duties would have gone out on such a night to serve the municipality. Arriving at the city hall I found that the sense of duty rested more lightly on the shoulders of my fellow members, for only two others put in an appearance. The mayor waited until eight o'clock and then called the meeting off.

Winding my muffler more securely around my neck and jamming my hat down over my eye-brows to keep it on, I struck out for upper town. A storm which could not keep a newly-elected alderman at home had no terrors for an ardent lover.

I arrived at the Holworth home in an almost breathless condition. My ring was answered by Alice's father with a promptness that surprised me, knowing as I did that he spent his evenings in a cubby-hole off the back hall that he called his office and that Mrs. Holworth dignified on occasions with the title of library. Jacques Holworth had made a fair competence in the grain commission business and had retired some years before. Seeing the sleek rotundity, the chubby florid countenance and the too obvious toupee of the father, one could not understand the slender, graceful loveliness of the daughter. Alice got her good looks from her mother, who had lost hers early; life with Jacques Holworth being rather conducive to lines, wrinkles and grey hairs. I had found long before that Alice inherited her common sense and evenness of disposition from some previous generation; the mean parsimony and craft of the head of the house being well matched by the nagging persistency of his wife, who in the guerrilla warfare of ill-matched conjugality was a strategist of no mean order.

"Alice is out," said Jacques, without giving me time to inquire.

It was rather strange that she should go out on such a night and fully as strange that he did not invite me in for a breathing spell at least. I thought of this on my arduous journey back to my rooms with the result that on my arrival I promptly called up the house on the phone. It was Jacques who answered.

"Not back yet," was his terse answer and I thought I could detect a trace of acerbity in his tones. "What're you in such a wax about to-night, anyway? You can see her any other night, I dare say."

Next morning I was hard at work in my office, which occupied an elevated position at the back of the store, when my attention settled on a white plume set at a certain angle on a black hat of familiar shape, that had bobbed into view in the laces and ribbons department. I lost no time in making for the front.

"You have no idea how dull and dismal the store was up to a few minutes ago," I said.

"Thanks Harry, for the implied compliment," replied Alice. "But I didn't come in for compliments. I came in for some of that lace you were displaying in your window yesterday."

"I'll wait on you myself," I said.

It was still snowing out and a few flakes sparkled in her hair and on her veil. There is something coquettish about snow. A pretty woman is hard to resist at any time but let her come in on a snowy day with a sheen of glistening crystals throwing the pink of her cheek and the radiance of her eye into contrast, and she can do whatever she wills with that most susceptible and plastic of creatures, man. Looking at Alice I forgot all about laces; and just kept on looking.

"I've something to tell you, Harry," said Alice, plaintively. She also had forgotten the ostensible object of her visit to the store. "Larry Barlow called on me last night."

That was news indeed, I was too surprised to make any rejoinder for a moment.

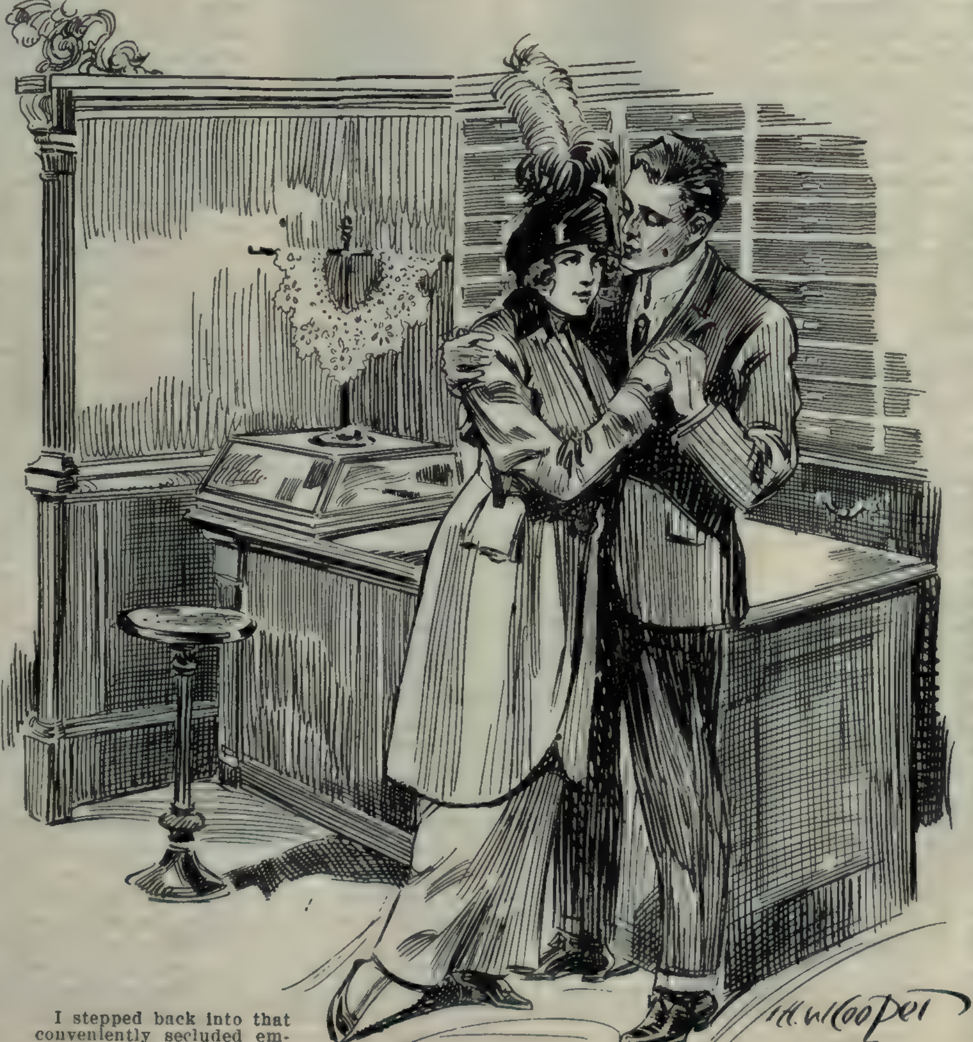
"Then you were not out?" I said, finally. "I rather judge then that your father is backing Larry."

"Yes, he is," said Alice, simply. "I think it would be best Harry, if I told you the whole thing—now. Father has been doing a little in real estate ever since he retired from business and lately it seems he's been engaged with Larry. He lost quite a sum in western real estate last fall and a year ago he bought a block of worthless Cobalt stock. I don't know the ins and outs of the transaction but he has borrowed from Larry heavily and now it seems that he has notes out that have all worked around into Larry's hands. Father would be entirely ruined if Larry demanded payment. Larry is quite as frank and brutal about it as you would expect. If I accept his attentions —and refuse yours—he will be content to let the notes run on. If not—well, you can see why father ran to answer your ring last night!"

"Melodrama! And in real life too," I said. "The villain holds the papers, timid father willing to sacrifice lovely daughter to avert ruin, lovely daughter gives up—See here, Alice, you would never be foolish enough to marry Larry in order to save your father from any unpleasantness that might result from his indiscretions? It's done in novels and plays but it's not done in real life.""

"I have no intention of marrying him," replied Alice, "but I cannot very well refuse to receive him on the old footing, when it might mean ruin for dad if I refused. You see my position don't you, Harry?"

The laces and ribbons department is in a dark and secluded corner of the store. Well filled racks screen it from most other sections; and right at the front, in the angle formed by the wall and the projecting side of a wall-fixture is a little nook that gives absolute privacy. My clerks were either busy elsewhere or had discreetly withdrawn.



I stepped back into that conveniently secluded embrasure. Alice followed.

I leaned across the counter and took possession of both her hands.

"Dear girl," I said, "I appreciate your position thoroughly. It would help you a lot just now if I would discontinue calling until such time as that foolish father of yours had got on his financial feet again. And I will do it—unless you agree to the only other course open. Give me the right to take this fight on myself! I'll guarantee to get your father out of Larry's clutches without any unpleasantness for you in the deal."

She had kept her eyes averted at first but now she looked up at me with grave intentness. There was a question in her eyes which I did not immediately answer being busily engaged in reading another message only partly concealed beneath their surface.

"Give me the right to protect you darling," I said. All diffidence had deserted me now that the supreme moment had arrived. Often had I trembled at the thought of proposing to Alice in the seclusion of her own cosy sitting room but, when the opportunity arose, I broached the question without a qualm in a public store with a half a dozen clerks almost within earshot. "You know how it has been with me. I've loved you ever since you were a little girl with your hair in pig-tails. I loved you before you ever knew that a freckle-faced boy named Harry Haven even existed. Let's look at this in a sensible way, Alice. If you —care for me let us avow it now and then I can take it on myself to straighten this tangle out with Barlow. Do you think you could——

I stepped back into that conveniently secluded embrasure designed by an unpractical but farseeing architect for perhaps just such an occasion. Alice followed.

* * *

That afternoon I had it out with Jacques Holworth. He gave me a frightened stare when I told him that Alice was going to marry me and then lodged a half tremulous protest.

"She can't marry you," he asserted. "We have— have other plans for her."

"Alice has told me the whole business —as far as she knows it," I said. "Look here, father-in-law, I can get you out of Barlow's clutches—and with a whole skin too. If those notes of yours don't come due for a time, I can bring Larry to terms before he has a chance at you. In the meantime, if he dares to call on Alice I intend to give him a sound thrashing."

I managed to instil a little confidence into my future father-in-law but at that he was pretty well upset when I left him. Personally I had no misgivings on the score of my ability to beat Larry Barlow again. I had a trump card to play against him.

I dropped into the untidy den that Jimmie Wallace called his office about 5 o'clock that afternoon. The managing editor of the *Times* was sucking a vile black pipe and scowling ferociously at the afternoon edition of the *Star*. It was characteristic of him, as it is of all good newspaper men, that he hated his opposition with a full and rancorous degree of enmity that stopped just a little short of a desire to put an infernal machine under the enemy's press.

"If you can spare five minutes from your arduous duties, I'd like to have the whole story about Union Electric now," I said, taking the three-legged chair that was provided for the accommodation of visitors. "Time's come to make use of your valuable information about the frenzied financing of the U. E. crowd."

"Glad to hear it," said Jimmie. "I've acquired a cramp in my anticipatory powers waiting for the day when I could put the rhetorical hooks into 'Fifty Per Cent.' Wilson and his gang. I'm the big dog with the brass collar when it comes to muck-raking. Tainted wealth is going to appear unhealthy after I get through with this bunch. They'll wish they were back with the rest of us; just a week's pay ahead of the wolf."

"Don't know as it will come to a newspaper exposure," I warned. "However, give us the facts as concisely as you can."

"Well, there's just one man outside of the inner ring who knows why the dividends have been passed on Union Electric the past two years and a half; and that's yours inquisitively," went on Wallace. "I've been gum-shoeing around the Union Electric preserves for a couple of years and I've picked up some facts that would bring a silence cheque running into three figures any day. You know that Union Electric always paid anywhere from 8 to 10 per cent. and the honest but frugal investors of Martinville used to look forward to their dividends as something as sure as death and taxes."

"Suddenly the dividends stop. Why? Profits are not going out in salaries, for the directors get the same as they always did. Revenue hasn't fallen off; more people are hanging on to straps and turning switches than ever before. The directors explain it all quite to the satisfaction of the honest but frugal investors —not. The money has been spent in improvements and extensions to plant. The directors are sacrificing present profits with an eye to the future.

"I know everything that has been done in the way of an improvement during the past three years. There was the addition to the power plant two years ago. Price paid to contractor for this was $22,000. Any architect's apprentice could put up that lean-to under $12,000. The contractor was one James K. Carter who isn't a contractor at all but the manager for a select group who take contracts on the quiet and who pay Carter $100 a month; I can prove *that*. I also think I can prove that the group consists of Jim Harvey, Wilson, Barlow and a few other choice spirits, all directors of Union Electric.

"The double-tracking on Main street went to a Toronto firm known as the Universal Contracting Co. I don't know the exact figures paid for the work nor just about what was actually expended but the profit must have been somewhere in the neighborhood of $30,000. Nothing is known of the Universal Contracting Co. in Toronto, but I can lay proofs on the table any day that the men behind it are the same crowd—the directors of Union Electric. Simple enough when you reason it out that way. The directors have looted the profits of Union Electric by paying it out to bogus companies made up of their estimable selves."

In the same strain Jimmie laid bare the complete record of the extensions carried out on the Union Electrical systems since the time when dividends ceased. I checked up his evidence closely and came to the conclusion that he had a strong case.

"All we need to make our case complete," he concluded, "is to get hold of the books of the company. Let me get my hands on the books and the whole gang will go to jail."

"All we have to do is to get a controlling interest and then we can investigate the books as fully as we like," I said.

"Yes," said Jimmie, cynically, "all we have to do is to get a controlling interest. All you have to do to become a millionaire is to save a dollar a week for a million weeks. How do you propose to get control? Steal the stock? Have some counterfeit certificates issued and vote them?"

"I can get control," I said. "Leave that to me."

"Go to it," grunted Jimmie. "You have three weeks to work in. Annual meeting comes on then."

"My plan of campaign to secure the control of the Union Electrical Co. was based on a positive knowledge that the ring running things held only about forty per cent. of the stock. The rest was split up into small blocks held by individuals in the town and throughout the surrounding districts. A large proportion of this scattered stock was held in single shares and this accounted for the fact that Wilson, Barlow and Harvey had been able to keep absolute control without holding actually a controlling interest. It had been found impossible to get enough of the small shareholders together on any issue to outvote the directors.

I decided to enlist the services of a few of the moneyed men who had backed me in the publication of the *Times* and the civic campaign. I tried Silas Hennesley first."

"Are you on for a try at control of Union Electric?" I asked.

"It can't be done," replied Hennesley, with his usual lack of enthusiasm. "Son, I've tried it on three occasions and been beaten each time. Ever try to drive a drove of pigs through a gate? That's nothing to the job of getting enough of the shareholders of Union Electric together and voting the one way. I got forty-five per cent. of the stock once but my inability to get to Ham. Burgar beat me. The other crowd had forty-seven per cent. Ham. Burgar and his six per cent. stayed at home."

"You voted that stock by proxy for the most part. My idea is to buy control. The time was when you couldn't buy Union Electric at any price. Now you can. Two and a half years without dividends has cooled off the enthusiasm of the public for Union Electric."

"It's a matter of mere detail, of course,' said Hennesley, drily, "but where will you get the money to buy enough stock?"

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The fourth and last installment of "The Tortoise" will appear in the next issue. It will deal with a hard political fight, introducing a party convention, and a stiff election in which the rivalry between Haven and Cutshaw reaches its point of culmination. This final installment will give an accurate picture of how an election is fought in the average Canadian town.

"You'll supply it," I put in promptly. "You and two or three others. It's the chance of a lifetime." I leaned over and tapped him on the knee. "Mr. Hennesley, I've got the goods on that crooked crowd in control now. Let us get control—and the books—and they'll be tagged for the penitentiary or a quick exit."

Hennesley's deep-sunk eyes fixed me with a cold stare. Although there was not the flicker of an eye-lash to denote that he heard what I said, he took in my partial recapitulation of Wallace's evidence without missing a word or an inflection.

"I'll have a talk with you and this spry young reporter," he said. "The story is a plausible one but lots of plausible stories have fallen down when it came to court. After I've put a few questions to this Wallace, I'll be able to judge what chance we've got to put striped suits on our friends across the way. If Wallace has the goods"—and he brought his huge ham-like hand down on the desk with a thump—"I'll come in on it. And I'll stay to the finish!"

We convinced Hennesley and a few others without much difficulty. A quiet campaign for the acquirement of the stock was then launched. Shares which had once been held as high as $125 could be purchased at par and in many cases the holders were glad to get that price. We proceeded cannily with our plans, buying through agents entirely. In two week's time we had nearly forty per cent. of the stock under lock and key. After that it came slower. Enough of the shareholders were inclined to hold on in the hope of a turn for the better to make it difficult for us to acquire the needed margin of stock. In addition there were evidences that the other side were bestirring themselves to either buy up the outstanding stock or to get proxies. In some cases we had to offer as high as $125 and did not always meet with acceptances even at that figure.

During the last week the fight became a hot one. The directors had found out that an attempt was being made to wrest control from them, although they had no real information as to the motive behind the attack or who was backing it. They suspected Silas Hennesley and were, I believe quite confident of their power to down him a fourth time, although they were not taking any chances.

When the annual meeting was three days off we had positive information that the opposing camp would be voting at least forty-five per cent., with the possibility of running it higher still. We held forty-two per cent. of the stock and the possibility of acquiring more was a slim one. The stock still outstanding was held by parties who had no intention of selling and could not be induced to give us proxies. The prospect looked decidedly blue.

"We have only one chance left," said Silas Hennesley at a conference held the morning of the day before the annual meeting. "We may be able to swing Ham. Burgar into line. He holds six per cent. of the outstanding stock and can swing this meeting either one way or the other."

No person had seen Ham. Burgar yet for the best reason in the world; he wouldn't permit himself to be seen. Hamilton Burgar was the Croesus of the county. He owned several farms; a couple of stores and parcels of land in every town in the county. If general opinion were anywhere near the truth, his safe was bulging with securities of all kinds. He was a surly fellow, with an intractable temper. He was a misanthrope, a misogynist, an atheist; in fact the name of Ham Burgar had become synonymous with everything that was disagreeable to the public mind. A tumble-down house on the back sec-

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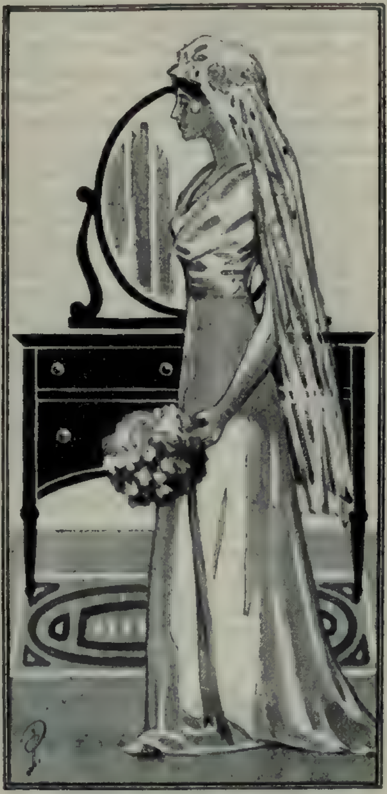
Comfort and the Conservation of Marriage

By ALAN SULLIVAN

Illustrated by JOHN PATTERSON



ABOUT a year ago there was published in MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE an article entitled "Marriage and the Conservation of Comfort." In that article I endeavored to throw some additional light on marriage (which must, by now, be considered a well established custom) and to erect for the youthful benedict a few guide posts in what is admitted to be a rather distracting area. It was further pointed out that the youthful benedict was a toy in the hands of a superior being.

I am now led to still further consideration of this subject, with the result that whereas my former admonitions were addressed to the male mammal, I herewith proffer to the arbitress of his existence some information which, if properly used, will convert matrimonial anxieties into a garden of pleasure.

My object in this is purely philanthropic. One is occasionally depressed at the frequency with which the young and inexperienced female, whether questing, betrothed or married, comes to the false conclusion that she has lost the affection of the male mammal, whether rising, hooked or landed.

Mr. Bernard Shaw, in "Man and Superman," describes the struggles of Jack Tanner to escape from his self-recognized destiny in the form of Ann. But he also describes Ann as so perfectly conscious that Tanner will shortly come—willingly, or unwillingly to his appointed fate—that she herself is more or less inactive. In other words she relies almost entirely on that fatal attraction which has resulted in the custom of marriage, and she does nothing for her own part to hasten and strengthen the operation of a universal law. I submit that it is impossible for any woman to fold her hands and watch the operation of any universal law.

To make my point, I would submit that, before attempting to deal with a prospective husband, it is advisable to know of what the male mammal consists, what is his weakness and strength, his liking and aversions; and, Arabella, once this is established, you have him in the hollow of your hand.

At the outset, I state without compromise that the genus homo is intensely susceptible and sentimental, infinitely more so than the genus femina. Regard him, Arabella, for a moment. He has three distinct phases—all of them of value to you.

Firstly: As a boy he is clumsy, covered with curious blushes and timid in your presence. He approaches you with votive offerings of pebbles, birds eggs, marbles and other treasures for which you have not the slightest use. Later on, he strangles himself with high collars, ruins himself with florists' bills, and sumptuous editions of Shelley and Keats, blossoms into sartorial vagaries and altogether lives a deliriously uncomfortable existence, because of your immediate presence. Still later, Arabella, when you have drawn him gently but firmly to the shore, and he lies glittering, gasping and engaged, he still demonstrates that pathetic desire to rip the moon and stars from their setting and lay them at your feet.

Secondly, he wants your sympathy. I do not infer that there is necessarily anything for you to be sympathetic about, but he wants your sympathy—just on general principles.

Thirdly, he craves your approbation. I do not infer that there is necessarily anything to approve of but, he wants your approbation — just on general principles.

Believe me, Arabella, there is no more remarkable sight than that of a great, hulking, bull-headed man of very average ability expanding, softening and gradually dissolving under the praise of a small, level-headed woman, who knows what to say and how and when to say it.

It is a moral certainty that eight husbands out of ten sneak home in the evening and expect and receive their wives' sympathy and approbation, when they know perfectly well that any such demonstration is absolutely undeserved; and I might add their wives know it too.

If you, Arabella, desire your husband to consider you intelligent, you must openly agree with and approve of him.

It may be objected that men differ to such an extent that a general rule is not applicable, that it is not likely that any two women will follow exactly the same line. In the central station electrical business there is what is called the "diversity factor." This is of great importance. In everyday language it means that it is most desirable that a power plant producing electrical energy should have as great a variation as possible in its list of customers, in order to avoid having too many similar demands for power at similar hours.

Womankind has an extraordinarily high diversity factor and is consequently admirably equipped to answer instantaneously all the demands made upon it.

Let us now take the normal case of meeting, seeking, courtship and "marriage." At the outset I hold that when boy and girl grow up together and subsequently marry, such an instance is abnormal and often unprofitable. There is no room left for surprise—and the promise of mutual surprise, is one of the strongest incentives to marriage. Where there is no surprise, there is no discovery, either mental or temperamental, and if you rob the future of discovery, you rob it of its greatest invitational charm. No! the normal and average case is that in which Percival, suddenly catching sight of you, Arabella, is seized of the belief that without you life will be an arid waste. As a matter of fact it won't, but he doesn't know it. At this juncture, you will, if you are wise, simply fold your hands and do nothing. You may, if you wish, be slightly petitionary. This will appeal to Percival's protective instinct, the only instinct which in the long run you can depend on. I don't suggest that you try to look like a dainty flower. Percival doesn't usually like them too dainty. But you must have just a shade of aloofness. The horrible truth remains that if you are too easy Percival won't want you. Don't fall into his outstretched arms till they begin to ache a little with the effort of holding them out; and again, don't let them ache too long. This hour of uncertainty calls for all your intelligence. It is infinitely more arduous and nerve-racking than any subsequent hour can ever be.

We will assume now that the stars in their courses are favorable, that Percival has automatically turned in the right direction, that he has developed quite strongly that eruptive generosity before referred to, that you have begun to regard each other as mutual property, that he has an inclination to desert the club in the evening and to raise questions of morals and manners with the rest of his bachelor cronies, that he is, in short, beginning to be subjugated by those elusive influences created by your policy of masterly inactivity. Let us assume all this.

Now, Arabella, comes that comparative stage which precedes actual capitulation. You will, if you are wise, be slightly cruel. You will apparently waver, if only apparently. You will, in a purely casual way, speak approvingly of some other man's looks or ability. You will, by various means about which you know everything and I know nothing, produce in the mind of Percival a condition in which all he has to offer will appear unworthy, if not contemptible.

The psychology of this particular period is of absorbing interest. It is understandable by means of an argument based on molecular attraction and repulsion, an argument having a fundamental and scientific basis, and demonstrable with certain chemical substances in a test-tube.

Let me put it in another way. You and Percival, are, so to speak, free, and yet you are not free. You are, as it were, anchored, and yet, in a sense, still drifting about. At one moment you want to drift a little longer and the next moment you want to anchor. You are not quite sure either of what you are getting or giving up; and again, you are perfectly sure. I submit, Arabella, that these emotions are the most delicious you will ever experience; and your treatment of your subject at this precise time will throw a good deal of light on your ideas on comfort and the conservation of marriage.

Here let me implore you not to give way to hysterical promises of all the things you are going to be and do after the eventful day.

My observation is that these prophecies are made during certain exquisite moments which the author of this article must pass by in sympathetic silence.

Arabella, I warn you—let Percival do the promising—give him his head, and he'll do it. His eyes will flash and his chest will puff. Let it puff. Let him swamp himself in a perfect morass of promises.

At this time, also, comes again the temptation to tell him all about yourself. Don't do it. Don't you see, Arabella, that if he knows nothing about you except what's good for you he should know, your position is impregnable. He will think he knows it all anyway. Let him think so. And if Percival should now contrast your sweet, delicate, pure, spiritual and exquisite person with his unworthy, coarse, uncouth, matter-of-fact, material self, you may be absolutely certain that he has arrived at that state of life to which destiny has called him. It simply means that he has not only got down in the dust but is also rolling in it. Your final strategical move is to settle on the day before he gets up.

Let us pass over your marriage and your honeymoon. There are phases of life the contemplation of which renders me unintelligible.

You have now been married for a year, and have got used to each other: that is the general way of putting it. But as a matter of fact you, Arabella, are beginning to to realize that Percival is just a good, decent, average sort of chap, and Percival has subjectively admitted that life offers occupations quite as attractive as that of holding your hand and reiterating prevarications about your eyebrows. You are, furthermore, silently but somewhat grievously disappointed that he begins to take you a little for granted.

This, my dear Arabella, is where you, if you are wise, commence to tell Percival a little more about yourself. Here is where you score by your former reticence. Be dignified—and on occasions a trifle unapproachable. You must now not be even slightly contemptuous, for it is bad form to despise one's own possessions, but if Percival begins to think you are to any degree unattainable, his pride will be touched and he will squander his dignity in appeals to you. There will be evenings when he will come home apparently wearied with the day's efforts. As a matter of fact he isn't wearied at all. It's merely his way of rousing your sympathy. His day's work would look probably something like this: He reached the office at nine and read some letters the stenographer had opened for him. He dictated the answers while he smoked a cigar. Upon the arrival of a business friend they both went to the club to talk the matter over. Followed lunch and another cigar. Then back to the office to read more letters, which were subsequently answered. The day winding up with a third cigar and an exhausting journey home. You will agree, Arabella, that this is enough to use up any man, and if you don't believe me just ask Percival's stenographer. She knows.

Your programme under these conditions is to kiss him, smooth his hair, get his slippers, tell him you love him, and in a general way make as much fuss over him as if he had discovered the North Pole or a new breakfast food. As a result he will be firmly convinced that you understand men and are not a suffragette. With many wives this is an everyday affair and you must learn to expect it. If, on the other hand, he comes home disgusted, disgruntled and depressed, and says he has lost a lot of money, you must immediately say that you are proud of his honesty and high principles and that you would much sooner go without a cook than have him succeed the way so many men do; and this in spite of the probable fact that Percival hasn't enough business sense to get change for a quarter without losing on the deal.

This also is the season for your first serious quarrel. Later you won't be able to discover what it was about, but you will be confronted by a Percival, infinitely removed from the one who used to perjure himself about your personal appearance. On this occasion he will stand before you, stripped of all the attraction with which your affection had invested him—a cruel, unreasonable, inconsiderate, selfish, self-satisfied creature who calls himself a man.

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The Man of Decision:

By DR. ORISON SWEET MARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Do you find it hard to say "no" sometimes? If you do, you still have something to conquer before you can count yourself thoroughly efficient. The efficient man is above all else a man of firm decisions. Dr. Marden, who has taught readers of MacLean's some of the lessons of self-inspiration shows in the accompanying article the paramount importance of being prompt and firm in decisions.

IT is the positive, decisive man, the man who can say "No" with emphasis, or "Yes" with vigor, and stick to it, that wins.

There is no quality which will help the young man to get on more than the reputation of knowing what he wants, and of deciding at once forcibly and *finally*. The power to decide quickly and independently marks the successful man. The habit of prompt and energetic decision is a tremendous asset. It is splendid capital in itself.

Napoleon had a wonderful faculty of deciding great questions, matters of profound importance, on the instant.

The chief trouble with people who are cursed with the habit of indecision is that they cannot bear to sacrifice the things that conflict with their purpose, they don't want to let go of anything; they want to carry them all along. They want to eat their cake and have it, too.

Men of weak decision always want time to think a thing over. They like to consider it on all sides before deciding. But the more they think it over the more perplexed they become. And the more they entangle the whole situation.

How quickly, too, an undecided, vacillating man communicates his uncertainty and vacillation to those about him! Everyone who works for him catches his disease; it is as contagious as smallpox. He never quite knows what he wants to do; he is always on the fence. Of course, his employees cannot decide things for him. Everything about the establishment of which he is the nominal head, drags; the whole atmosphere is loaded with indecision. Orders are half executed, letters are half finished, repairs wait for more definite orders, and transactions with other people "hang fire" and are finally abandoned. An employer of this kind is continually out of patience with those employed by him, whereas, the root of the trouble lies in himself. The wavering, balancing, reconsidering mind always indicates a weak, inefficient mentality.

You can cure the curse of indecision by resolving every morning that you will, during that day, decide things without possibility of recall; that you will use the best information and the best judgment at your command and then close the incident, the contract, whatever it may be, and dismiss the whole affair from your mind. You will secure yourself against vacillation by refusing after it is thus closed, to wonder whether you have done the wisest thing, by resisting every temptation to open the matter and reconsider it.

You must learn to trust your judgment, to abide by your decisions, or you will never get anywhere. The ability to decide things quickly, finally and wisely is one of the highest forms of genius. But at the same time it is an ability that can be carefully cultivated. It is one of those "Common virtues" which, in the end, often triumph over seemingly greater gifts.

The power to decide quickly becomes crippled by the habit of wavering, irresolution and reconsidering, the habit of putting off final decisions just as long as possible. After a while the power of decision becomes practically paralyzed so that one is almost incapable of acting quickly upon any matter of importance.

I know people who seem to have a mortal terror of making a decision on anything which will materially affect their condition. They cannot bear the thought of making a change. The houses of some of these epople have became totally unfit for residence because of changes and growth in their neighborhood, yet they cling tenaciously to them because they cannot bear to decide to make a change.

It seems almost impossible for men and women with certain temperaments to commit themselves unreservedly. There is always an "if" or an "and" or a "but"; always some string to their decisions, some loop-hole to crawl out of. These non-committal characters are disconcerted and the moment they feel that there is no possible way of retreat. They will give you their opinion or decision if you press them hard enough, but there is always some qualifying clause or some reservation in it. They cannot bear to think that they are committed to anything irrevocably. If there is only some possible way out, they feel easy. If not, they are troubled.

The habitual balancer, the person who is always weighing and reconsidering, rarely develops any strength of purpose, because he cannot stand by his decision. The thing is always bobbing up again for reconsideration, and in this way the man loses finally, all his power of judgment and prompt decision.

Nothing will so demoralize your judgment as to always distrust it. Do not allow yourself to decide a thing until you have used your best judgment, and then make your decision final and with emphasis. It is astonishing what an impetus all the faculties receive by an irrevocable committal to action.

When we learn to depend upon our decisions, then the judgment will improve. But when we are conscious that we are likely to change our minds a half-dozen times after we have decided a thing, the quality of the judgment becomes impaired.

"Didn't dare burn his bridges behind him, because he wanted to leave a way open; could not give up all hope of a retreat if the chosen career proved too difficult," has caused many a life failure.

There is a tremendous force in going into an undertaking with the irrevocable decision to win, with the grim resolve to reach the goal and take the prize at all hazards. The very effort of putting yourself into the winning attitude, resolving that if you make up your mind to study law, if you decide to become a lawyer, you are going to be a good one, a great one, and that you are willing to commit yourself unreservedly to your purpose and to make any sacrifice in order to accomplish it; the very robustness of your determination will help you to overcome many obstacles which discourage the weak. The law student who starts out with a sort of understanding with himself that he will try law anyway, and if he doesn't like it he can go into something else, will never make a lawyer.

LEADERS ARE ALWAYS POSITIVE.

Whatever success qualities a great business man may lack, there are certain characteristics that are never absent. He must have the ability to decide quickly, vigorously and finally. He must have a strong initiative; and that means that he must be original, inventive, resourceful and positive. Leaders are never negative. They are not imitators or copiers, or cowards. They must have courage.

The trouble with most youths is that they are not half committed to their career, they are so loosely attached to their life work that they are easily detached by discouragement or by any outside influence. A man never amounts to much in this world until he has a life aim, until he is willing to burn all bridges behind him and commit himself to his work without reservation.

There is a certain type of mind which never dares to decide anything of importance offhand or quickly. People of this kind must always "think the matter over," meditate upon it; they are like a child—the more it plays with the spoon, the more it dreads the nauseous medicine.

I know of no habit which is so fatal to efficiency and especially to leadership as the habit of dawdling with the decision, weighing, balancing arguments on either side until one has lost the power to decide with any energy.

The weak, vacillating decider is always taking things up for reconsideration because he is not quite sure that he has done the right thing, and when he allows himself to waver and to think over the argument on one side he begins to doubt the wisdom of his decision, then he takes up the other side with the same uncertainty, and the result is that he is incapable of arriving at any intelligent conclusion.

THE FIRST THING TO LEARN.

One of the first things for a young man or woman to learn in life is the power of quick, prompt, and energetic decision, the decision which is not always coming up for reconsideration when opposing arguments are presented. It is infinitely better to make mistakes by deciding too quickly, or by making a wrong decision, than to be always vacillating, hanging in the balance, not knowing what to do.

No one can hope to succeed in these days, when every one is pusher or pushed, who has not positive force—the power of rapid and firm decision. The man who hesitates to-day, who stands still, not knowing which way to go, will very soon find himself pushed one side by forceful men.

Everybody dislikes indirectness, ambiguity, circumlocution, because these waste valuable time and clog all progress; the direct method is the winning one in every vocation.

Cultivate, then, this great secret of focusing effort, coming to the point, and striking at the heart of the subject; for therein lies a great factor of success.

JUDGE A MAN BY HIS WORDS.

The direct man, the man of few words, always carries weight and always makes a good impression. The chatterer, the man whose words precede his thoughts, arouses suspicion of quantity and quality of his gray matter. You can usually tell by talking to a stranger for five minutes whether he is a good business man by the number of words he uses and the directness or indirectness of his language in expressing his ideas.

Directness is the earmark of an efficient brain. Roundabout people are not efficient or effective. The efficient mind is always the direct mind. The man of few words, who drives right at the heart of things, who strikes the marrow at the first attempt, is the man who accomplishes things.

The indirect brain does not think clearly. It stumbles and fumbles and feels its way.

Directness is characteristic of all successful business men. There are plenty of men with good education who know a great deal but they cannot come to a focus, and the man who is a long time in coming to the point never knows where or when to stop. Like some of our railroads, he has poor terminal facilities.

The ability to arrive quickly and effectively at a conclusion is a mark of a master mind. It does not matter how able, well educated, or clever you may be, if you cannot come to the point decisively and effectively, if you lack the ability to focus your ideas, you will never make a leader of men.

"I saw one excellency within my reach," said Jay, " it was brevity, and I determined to obtain it." Few words, and these to the point, quick thought, direct action, prompt decision—these may seem simple enough, the commonest of common virtues, and yet they are among the most important ingredients that go to the making of great men, as is also the ability to abide by one's decision, no matter what others say.

I have often heard people in mature life say: "If I had only kept on as I had begun, if I had only persisted in carrying out my ambition, I might have amounted to something and been infinitely happier."

Multitudes of people have led miserable lives of regret, with thwarted ambitions constantly torturing them, simply because, in a moment of weakness and discouragement, they turned back.

DO NOT TURN BACK.

If there is any time a person needs nerve, grit, and stamina, it is when tempted to turn back, when the coward voice within says, "Don't you see how foolish it is for you to try to do this thing? You have not the means nor the strength. How foolish to sacrifice years of comfort and pleasure at home among the people who love you for the sake of doing what you have undertaken! It is better to turn back and acknowledge your mistake than to go on and sacrifice so much."

What ever you do, or how heavy the burden, do not lay it down at such a time. No matter how dark the way, or how heavy the heart, wait until the "blue" depression or the discouragement has passed before taking any decided step. Stand by your original decision. To reconsider it because the way is hard is ruinous to character.

Some good rules for those who find decision hard, are:

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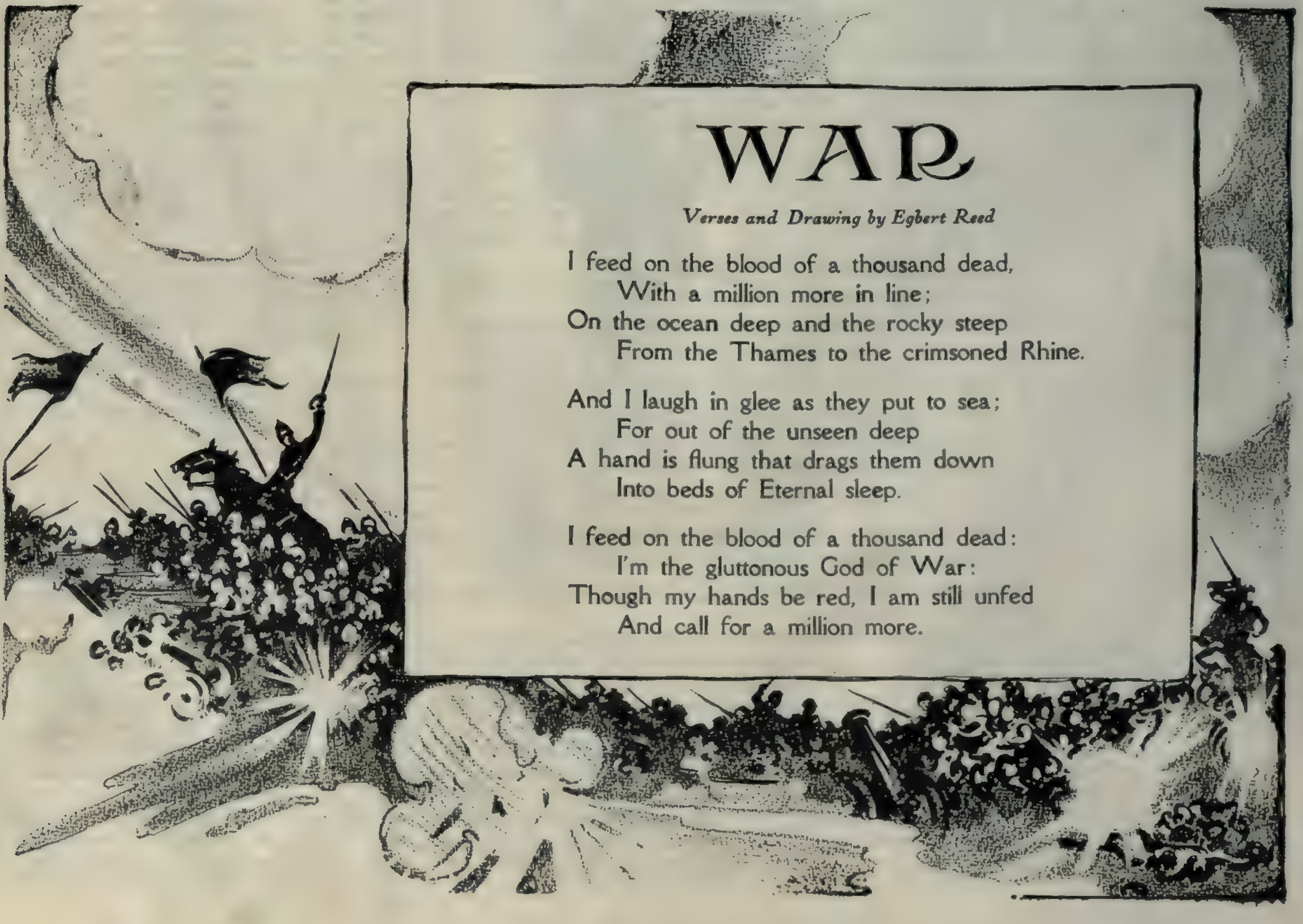


WAR

Verses and Drawing by Egbert Reed

I feed on the blood of a thousand dead,
With a million more in line;
On the ocean deep and the rocky steep
From the Thames to the crimsoned Rhine.

And I laugh in glee as they put to sea;
For out of the unseen deep
A hand is flung that drags them down
Into beds of Eternal sleep.

I feed on the blood of a thousand dead:
I'm the gluttonous God of War:
Though my hands be red, I am still unfed
And call for a million more.

Consider the New Dances—

Have They Come To Stay?

By THEODORE RAND-McNALLY

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The new dances started as a fad of the smart sets of the large American cities. The fad developed until devotees of dancing the world over have abandoned the waltz and the two-step for the livelier measure of the tango and one-step. Have the new dances come to stay? The writer of this article believes that in a modified form they will become permanent; and quotes as proof to past terpsichorean history. The waltz was as roundly abused in its infancy as the tango of to-day. Here at any rate are the facts of the case.

THE MAXIXE. Mr. and Mrs. Murray Anderson performing an intricate step. Mrs. Anderson is wearing a costume especially designed for this dance by Paul Poiret, of Paris.

"TO dance or—." Well, that's as far as we can parody the immortal William, for nowadays there just is no such thing as not to dance. All the world's afoot, and every foot seems beating time to the gliding measure of some Hesitation or Tango, or trotting in syncopated rhythm to a One-step or Maxixe.

Two or three years ago there appeared, from no one knows where, that series of monstrosities that came to be called the Turkey Trot, the Bunny Hug and a dozen other idiotic names down to the Puppy Snuggle. There are only six people left who cannot tell you exactly where these dances came from; they are the investigators who have tried hardest to find out. One says, "probably from the Arizona Indians," but that's too cruel to the Indians to be believed. Another says "from San Francisco's Barbary Coast—*perhaps*," and another "from the Apaches of Paris—*maybe*," and there you have it. At any rate it matters not at all for they are dead as Julius Caesar—gone as the snows of yesteryear. Peace to them where they are. May they stay there; for, as examples of unmitigated ugliness and atrocious bad taste, they set a brand new limit.

The only important thing about them is that they were the beginning of a dance revival that will leave its marks indelibly in history; yet no one recognized it. Someone with a soul that writhed at their ugliness wailed a protest; someone with a penchant for decency backed this up with condemnation and lo, the world knew that they were. You remember how fast and furious raged the fight over what seemed to be only a sporadic outbreak of midsummer madness in cheap dance halls in a few American cities—chiefly New York. Then those naively surprised dispatches began to creep into the cable news columns of the papers. "All Paris is dance mad"—"London takes up the new dances"—and so, one after another the world's great capitals and metropolises joined the dancing procession. Yes, even Tokio; for not so many weeks ago came the announcement that all "society" was dancing there, too. Canada joined in early.

Miss May Murray, a well-known New York dancer.

This is incomprehensible unless one stops to realize something of the origin and history—yes, even the philosophy of dancing. Before man was, was the dance; and by it in some form, crude or beautiful, all life expresses its primal emotions. In this we see the first glimpse of that foundation upon which rests the world-old fascination of the dance. The place of dancing in the life of our race can be understood only as we look upon the history of mankind, slighting neither its high lights nor its shadows. Back into the dimness of history's dawn we go to find that in the dance man has, from the earliest times we know of, expressed his religion and his love. Through all stages of savagery and civilization the art of dancing is inseparably linked to all our traditions of religion, of war, of work, of pleasure and of education. In the dance man has celebrated his victories; with its rhythm he has lightened and cheered his work; in its intricacies he has taken his pleasure and by it he has educated his brain, his muscles and his manners. Every race and every degree of mankind from the rankest pagan to early Christian has interwoven the dance in its services to the deity it worshipped. Babylonian, Egyptian, Greek, Roman and Christian, to say nothing of the farthest East and darkest Africa, have all alike danced their prayer and their thanks.

Side by side with this stream from the source of man's first art—for the dance is that—has run another, the dance as the expression of man's love. Many climes and many branches of our race have developed the dance of sexual attraction in as many forms. All arduous, all passionate, some beautiful, some ugly, but all serving the one great purpose for which their inspiration was given to man, these dances have played their part in the building of our race and our civilization.

In those last two paragraphs are the makings of several fine volumes on ethnology, archaelogy, comparative religion, evolution, natural history and several other weighty subjects, but since we started to talk about the dances of to-day and whence they came—perhaps you'd

A jumpy and strenuous dance. Miss McIlwaine and Mr. White in one of the Farland steps.

THE TANGO.
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle demonstrating one of the steps.

rather write the learned stuff for yourself.

As Kipling says, " 'Tis a far cry from Delhi to Lahore," and yet it may seem farther from these dances of the primitive emotions to dancing as a pleasure and a social amusement. But it really is not. The religious dancers of many nations became professionals whose services might be hired by the rich and great to amuse their guests. Into the dance in almost every land new ideas were woven. China made of it a language to narrate the history of dynasties. Egypt through the dance symbolized all human emotions. The Greeks, masters of finesse and beauty, made it the stately vehicle of buskined tragedy. They clothed it in the sack of comedy; gave it the sting of satire and the lilt of song. In Rome the pantomime, bearing some Greek traditions, rose and decayed but from it after centuries had passed, sprang the ballet.

Here again in that one word *ballet* is the text for another tome. Born in Italy, transplanted to France and revitalized, only once more to become a thing of rules not grace, it has come by its latest transplanting into Russia to blossom in that most beautiful of all the dances the world has ever known—the Russian ballet. Its name is fascination.

But somewhere in that development during the ages we call dark, man seized upon the arts of the professional and took them to himself to form a part of the technique in which with studied abandon he proclaimed the joy that was in him, by his folk dances. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries as the ballet spread from court to court the eternal wish to dance again asserted itself and the society of that day evolved from a combination of folk dancing—the pure joy of life and sunshine—and the more studied ballet forms, the dances which it proclaimed as the proper thing.

From the folk dances of Bohemia came the earliest names we have for dances of a purely social nature—the Polonaise, the Mazurka, the Canaica. Of the gradual acceptance of these dances by the courts which were the society of the fifteenth century we know little beyond conjecture; but with the beginning of the sixteenth century we come upon the dance's strangest phenomenon. Springing apparently full panoplied into popularity came a series of new dance steps—the Branle, the Pavane, the Courant, the Volta, and the beginnings of the Minuet. From about 1500 to 1530 all the world was dancing. Then the craze died down and the dances, now fully established, became set and standardized, formal and, though in some cases very beautiful, very cold and uninteresting.

Nearly a century passed before the dance again attracted great attention. Then came a time of chaos not unlike that we have recently witnessed. The old unquenchable fire of the dance to be a real expression of the dancer was fighting to be given life again. There were a thousand variations to all the dances. Though some of the social advice of Jean Tabouret, Canon of Langres, who wrote in 1588 sounds rather comic and antiquated, it is almost painfully modern to hear him instruct his reader to make sure when he asks that a "basse dance" be played that the musicians "understand in your asking for a basse dance that you desire a regular and usual one."

Mrs. Vernon Castle, recognized as the leader of the exponents of new dances.

The spirit of the dance was once more alive and in Queen Elizabeth's reign—note it, at the beginning of the seventeenth century—the world again awoke and danced. The Galliard was the new step this time, and it was with this measure that young Sir Christopher Hatton danced his way into favor with Queen Elizabeth. Oh hackneyed phrase! Oh eternal feminine!

Do you remember Scott's reference to this dance in "Young Lochinvar"?

"So stately his form, and so lovely her face
That never the Hall such a Galliard did grace."

The dances of that early seventeenth century period had those of to-day either at an advantage or a disadvantage; that all depends on the viewpoint. In those good old days and courtly they started each dance with a kiss to the partner. That was what Shakespeare referred to in King Henry VIII. when he has the King say to Anne Boleyn,

"Sweetheart
It were unmannerly to take you out
And not to kiss you."
Act I., Sc. 4.

Almost exactly one hundred years after the bard of Avon had gone beneath his undisturbed stone the dance was once more the subject of everyone's talk for again the world was dancing. This revival was one rather of refinement of the art of the dance than of new forms. It was this period that gave force to the French proverb of the time, "Que de choses dans un Menuet," which came to apply to anything requiring unusual dexterity, tact and grace. It was the Minuet that outdistanced all others in the race for popularity. Things moved more slowly then than now and through the eighteenth century up to the colonial days of America those stately dances with the Minuet as their leader fulfilled all the dance needs of the world.

Once more come to the impending change from century to century and from the throes of the French Revolution find new dances born. Most horribly crude and unbeautiful they were, and with but one exception they were born only to disappear quickly. The exception? From the old Volta, an ungraceful thing of hops and jumps someone had evolved a new dance which was shown to the world first in a piece called La Dansomania in Paris in 1793—and that was the waltz. The world was very busy then warring and changing its map, so we hear little of this wonderful new dance till Napoleon had reached the height of his career then all

Continued on Page 81.

Miss Joan Sawyer and one of her partners.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

The War on the Barbarian

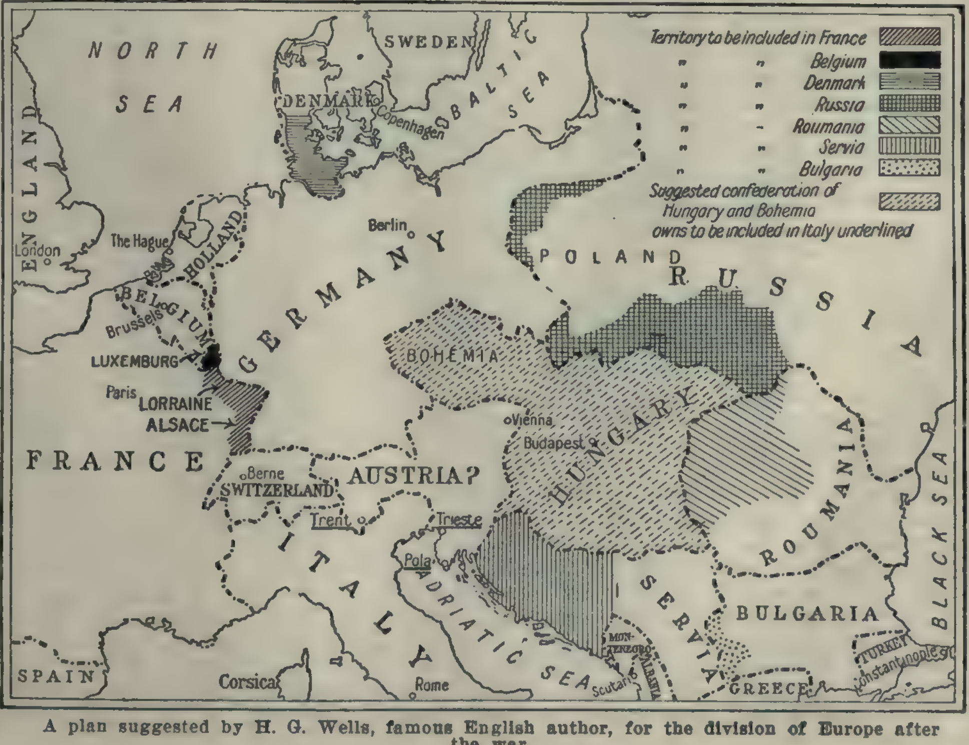
The Real Cause of the War is Placed at the Door of Prussian Intolerance

By G. K. CHESTERTON

There have been many explanations advanced for the outbreak of hostilities. Every man has his theory. Here is the way that G. K. Chesterton explains it. Needless to state, he has a viewpoint that is both original and logical. He works up to his own theory by demolishing all other theories with typical thoroughness.

A NATION is a society that has a soul. When a society has two souls, there is—and ought to be—civil war. The second soul must either be conquered like the Southern States, or liberated like the Irish. For anything which has dual personality is certainly mad; and probably possessed by devils.

The awful struggle between the separate societies of Europe to-day is a spiritual struggle; and is utterly unintelligible if taken as anything but a spiritual struggle. The first necessity is to tear off all the labels, black and white, azure and crimson, for explaining the characters and motives of the nations; but you will find you can explain the conduct of the nations by them. Use any of these stale Victorian tests, and the whole tale will make no sense.


Territory to be included in France ▨
" " Belgium ■
" " Denmark ☰
" " Russia ▦
" " Roumania ▧
" " Servia ▥
" " Bulgaria ░
Suggested confederation of Hungary and Bohemia ▨
owns to be included in Italy underlined
NORTH SEA
SWEDEN
DENMARK
Copenhagen
BALTIC SEA
ENGLAND
London
The Hague
HOLLAND
Berlin
GERMANY
POLAND
RUSSIA
BELGIUM
Brussels
LUXEMBURG
Paris
LORRAINE
ALSACE
BOHEMIA
Vienna
Budapest
HUNGARY
FRANCE
Berne
SWITZERLAND
AUSTRIA?
Trent
Trieste
Pola
ITALY
ADRIATIC SEA
ROUMANIA
BLACK SEA
SERVIA
BULGARIA
MONTENEGRO
ALBANIA
Scutari
TURKEY
Konstantinople
GREECE
SPAIN
Corsica
Rome

A plan suggested by H. G. Wells, famous English author, for the division of Europe after the war.

For instance, suppose you say that royalties are ranged against republics you will have to deduce that Russia and Prussia are in alliance against France; and that Belgium is on the one side and Switzerland on the other. You will find that you have made a miscalculation.

Or, if you argue on the lines of Captain Mahan, and make it a study of sea-power against land-power, you will bring out the surprising deduction that England and Germany are in alliance against France and Austria.

Or, if you call it Individualism, as distinguished from Socialism or Communism, then you will go mad again. For you must admit that in a sense Prussia is much more Socialistic than we are; and Russia is much more Communistic than we are.

It will be the same if you seek to settle it by race, and call it a war between Slav and Teuton. You will be faced with the painful scientific fact that the French certainly are not Slavs; but the Prussians most probably are.

If you make it a war of the advanced and more modern nations against the more barbaric, you must manage to believe that Paris thinks Sofia more modern than Vienna.

By applying all the old electioneering tests, we could arrange the powers of Europe in every conceivable combination: except the real one. If it were Universal Manhood Suffrage, it would be Prussia and France against the world. If it were Free Trade, it would be England against the world. If it were Public Examination and *la carriere ouverte aux talents*, it would be Russia and China against the world. If it were the thing they call Temperance Reform, it would be Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Gascony, Burgundy, Bavaria, California, Saxony, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria-Hungary, Bohemia, Russia, the Balkans, the Grecian Archipelago, South Germany, and South England, etc., etc., against all that is left of the world. If it had been Female Suffrage, it would have been the

British Colonies against Britain. But if the great war is not concerned with these rather shallow old political problems, still less is it concerned with something much shallower: the mere self-interest of the empires in "the balance of power." None of the nations has fought with a more crusading fervor than Belgium, which need never have been involved at all, and which is certain to lose rather than gain, in all except the spiritual sense. The peace in Italy is almost as chivalric as the war in Belgium. If Italy had attacked France she would have followed all diplomatic rules, and probably reaped many diplomatic favors: there can not be the smallest doubt that she refrained because the subjects of Victor Emmanuel sympathized with the French. In short, Italy is in the Triple Alliance, but the Italians are not. I gravely doubt whether there was a single Italian, from the blackest blasphemer and assassin in the Camorra, to the great priest and peasant who has just died on the highest spiritual throne of this planet, who would not have preferred to see France killing Prussia, rather than Prussia killing France.

It is in such dark, democratic unanimities that the truth of this time is to be sought. This war is a great many other things as well. It is, as I have said, a spiritual war; it is in essence, though not in accidents, a religious war; but it is, above all things a popular war. It is at once the most unwilling and the most willing war the world has known.

THE BACKWASH OF 1870.

Eliminating all the cross-currents of accidents, the internal violence of Servia, the vulturous expectancy of Turkey, the pardonable sulks of Bulgaria, the presence of division in Germany, and something like reluctance in Austria, we may say that in bulk this business is rather a revolution than a war. It is the revolt, or the recoil, or whatever you call it, against the enormous and abnormal effort by which the petty princes of Brandenburg managed in a few generations to get themselves crowned like Charlemagne in the Gallery of Battles of Versailles. It is the backwash of 1870: all the waters flowing back into their natural channels.

For when that Prussian effort was crowned with success at Sedan, all Europe knew in its heart, though its head was too stunned to move, that the success had about it something tragic and unnatural, like the prosperity of Œdipus: and that the peace that followed would be a silent pain.

I have deliberately called the question spiritual even rather than moral: I might call it psychological or even psychic. There was something about that evil romance that began with the rape of Silesia and ended with the rape of Alsace, that looked even more unthinkable than unjustifiable. It had a kind of abstract impiety. And above all, it was like some awful and imperial pyramid standing on its apex: for it involved the supremacy of inferior over superior things. The best working definition of the state of affairs was given by a particularly patient and lucid French politician, Monsieur Hanotaux, when he said: "There goes up a cry from all the peoples, 'Down with Barbarians!' "

But though the word "barbarian" is the key of the situation, it is very liable to be misunderstood. The Prussians themselves can not form a notion of what we mean when we call them barbarians; and that, as I shall show in a moment, is precisely because they are barbarians. They are perfectly and even pathetically sincere when they say they are the People of Culture; and even when they practically deny that there is any culture at all in the land of Turgenev and the land of Chopin. And the Prussians really are cultured in the sense that they read a great many books. But the spirit of civilization is not to be found in books.

Nor is barbarism a mere term of abuse for what people call "militarism." Many of the most genuinely civilized states the world has known have been and are very military. Napoleon was no more a barbarian than Raphael or Alfieri: he was a great and subtle Italian artist. The spirit of civilization does not lie in the absence of war: otherwise the vanguard of civilization would consist almost entirely of Eskimos.

Nor does barbarism mean anything so external even as real brutality and cruelty. Some of the most polished and enlightened societies in history, Athens or Paris, have exacted appalling vengeance beyond the dreams of a Red Indian. No: the essence of barbarism is spiritual. It could easily coexist with universal knowledge or everlasting peace; but it cannot be long regnant; because every man who has the soul of civilization feels it to be inferior even while it is supreme.

WHAT IS A "BARBARIAN."

The psychology of the barbarian is this: that, like the lower animals, he does not understand reciprocity. He has not that little mirror in the mind in which we see the mind of the other man. If I scatter crumbs for the birds in winter, that will not prevent the birds from eating my fruit in summer; because birds, like Prussians, are barbarians. If I leave the bee his honey, he may still leave me his sting. And he has not broken any contract, because bees, like Prussians, are barbarians.

Now this fundamental unreason and inequality, as of men ruled by beasts, can be tested by taking any civilized institution in Prussia (and Prussia has nearly all civilized institutions) and noting that in each case Prussia has added this strange one-eyed and one-sided character. For instance, the duel is often called a relic of barbarism; but the duel, though it may be bad, is certainly not barbaric. It exists in Prussia; but it also exists in France, Italy, Belgium, Austria — in short, the duel exists almost everywhere where high civilization exists. But then the duel, right or wrong, is reciprocal.

What does specially exist in Prussia, and does not exist anywhere in the world except in Prussia, is the idea of an officer really thinking himself a fine fellow, not only because he wears a sword when other people don't, but even when he draws the sword on people who haven't got any. Prussian officers really talk with a monstrous solemnity about honor and vindication in connection with an armed man attempting to murder a shopkeeper. I may thrust with my rapier; you must not thrust with your rapier: that is the soul of the barbarian. He is in the true sense half-witted: he can see only half of every question that is presented to him. He cannot turn his imaginative telescope round and look through the other end of it, even for a joke: the barbarian is incapable of jokes.

Now if we examine each of Prussia's claims, even her legitimate claims, we shall find that they all exhibit this one-eyed philosophy. Thus, it is quite true that North Germany has a *kultur*, a scheme of arts and sciences. France and Italy have constantly praised it; England and America have rather overpraised it. But it does not praise anything but itself. It claims to be at once German culture and also universal culture: it would substitute German not only for Polish but for Latin and for Esperanto.

> Little Turk or Japanee,
> Don't you wish that you were me?

is as far as its imagination can get in "world-politics."

Or, again, the Germans will sing beautiful ballads and noble battle-hymns about the most sacred and poetical of all ideas, the idea of boundaries. They can understand the idea of a man kissing the soil when he comes to his native land—that is, if it is German land. They understand that Germany begins where France leaves off: but they do not seem to be able to turn the map around and master the remarkable coincidence that France begins where Germany leaves off.

And while they were actually singing, with tears in their eyes, how fast and true stood the watch on Rhine, they were moving the watch miles and miles away from the Rhine to a country where nobody cared a curse about them, and a boundary which had no sacredness or meaning at all.

This is the real difference at the depths of this business: Russia makes war for a dogma or France for a theory; but the enormous and unlimited ambition of Prussia is merely a limitation of the mind.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

REMOVING TREE STUMPS WITH ACID.

Removal of large tree stumps during the clearing of new land, under ordinary processes is expensive, and also slow, excepting in cases where explosives are used. A simple method has been applied in Germany which eliminates much of the trouble usually encountered, and is feasible when time is not an important factor. A hole two inches in diameter is bored fairly deep into the middle of the stump and is then filled with equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acids, and plugged. After about five weeks' time the large stumps of the hardest woods are so eaten by the acid that they are easily crumbled with a pick.

A New China in the Making

Forces Now at Work Which Promise a Regeneration of the "Sleeping Giant"

By SHEPHERD T. HAZARD

A period of reorganization, of national regeneration, has been reached in China. Nominally a republic, the country is really governed by a dictator in the person of Yuan Shih-K'ai, and there is a strong tendency shown to oust him from power, a movement that is led by Dr. Sun Yat Sen. The possibility of a breaking up of the Chinese territory into several geographical and racial sections is dealt with in the following article.

TIME means nothing in China, and life next to nothing. These two facts, taken in conjunction, go far to explain what China has accomplished and what it has failed to accomplish in the course of two-score centuries and more.

For forty-five hundred years, since Fu-Hi, the first Emperor, Chinese history has crept forward sluggishly, with almost imperceptible motion, like a brimming river on a level plain. For forty-five hundred years the Chinese have perished by the millions through starvation or by flood or pestilence or war, without a whimper.

The mute stoicism with which Chinese by the hundred at the time of the Boxer rebellion bowed the neck to the sweep of the executioner's sword caused the foreigners who beheld them to gasp with an oppressive sense of the uncanny.

China was hoary with age when Christendom was kicking in its swaddling clothes. Gunpowder, the compass, the art of printing—the three great factors that made modern civilization possible—had been forgotten in China when Europe groped its way into them. The Chinese giant, sleeping through the ages, awoke at intervals, stretched himself, blinked drowsily about him, then lapsed again into slumber for a few more centuries.

Into this inert mass came the shock of galvanic action in 1912, when the empire which Kublai Khan had brought to its highest power a thousand years ago, declared itself a republic.

The world rubbed its eyes when it read the news. It wagged its venerable head and muttered under its breath: "Has the impossible happened?"

When the froth and spume of the revolution began to agitate the smooth surface of the current of Chinese history, it quickly became apparent that the movement was aimed at the Manchu lords who had imposed the symbol of their mastery upon the Chinese in the form of the ridiculous braided cue. Consequently off came the cue in the southern provinces, the centre of sedition, and the world's hair market was flooded with the surplus product.

The Chinese revolution, like every other revolution on record, was the outcome of material conditions. The Manchu was crushed in the vice because he happened to represent the system under which the vast bulk of the Chinese people had been ground down to poverty hardly comprehensible to the Western mind.

The people of China are the most industrious, the most painstaking, the most patient on the face of the earth. A Chinese will labor upon a piece of jade or ivory for two years and count the time well spent if it brings him a pittance at which a European artisan would scoff; or he will delve intently into a few shovelfuls of soil painfully scraped into the hollow of a rock, for a measure or two of rice or grain which the European farmer would disdain to harvest. And he has done this through dynasty after dynasty.

Despite his colossal industry and patience, however, the average Chinese farmer is but a day's supply removed from starvation, so to speak. The failure of a single crop sends the grim specter of famine stalking through the provinces.

These abject conditions were the outcome of centuries of misgovernment. Something had to give way before the gnawing of perpetual poverty, and it was the Manchu that gave way—the Manchu who, since the establishment of the Ta Ch'ing dynasty, had stood for privilege in the vast empire of 400,000,000 people.

When the armed forces of rebellion in China overthrew the crumbling military power of the Manchus, two elements loomed out of the smoke of battle and the stress of negotiations. These forces were Yuan Shih-K'ai, representing the conservative tendencies of the north, and Dr. Sun Yat Sen, embodying the radical desires of the south, grown definite and articulate under the fostering warmth of European education.

After the infant ruler—infant in power, if no longer in years—had been relegated to the gilded prison of the Forbidden City as the last of the Emperors, these jarring geographical and personal factors came into inevitable conflict, and it appeared for a time that a long and bitter struggle between the north and south would follow the combined revolt against the Manchus.

Dr. Sun's followers charged, with some justice, that Yuan, the perpetual and exclusive candidate for the presidency of the new republic, had been too closely allied with the autocracy to be at heart a republican. Nanking, the southern capital, became the centre of the Sun faction. The republicans of Nanking contended that Nanking should be made the administrative and legislative centre of the new China, on the ground that Peking was too reminiscent of the political system which had been swept away. To this proposal Yuan and his followers objected energetically. When matters had reached this perilous juncture a compromise was reached on the basis of a pledge given by Yuan to submit the issue as between himself and Sun Yat Sen to adjudication by a free and untrammeled election. The result of this election was the triumph of Yuan Shih K'ai and the eventual banishment of Sun Yat Sen.

In the meantime the anti-republican tendencies of the administration at Peking became increasingly apparent with the restoration of a semblance of tranquillity in the republic. The first overt assault upon republican institutions by a nominally republican president occurred when the successor of the Manchus dissolved Parliament and announced that its functions were to be considered at an end.

The *coup d'etat* produced a lively stir among the adherents of the republic, especially in the south, where Sun's defeat at the polls and his expulsion from the country had given point to apprehensions as to Yuan's real purpose. Then came the announcement that the legislative power of the country would be vested in a sort of privy council, partly elected but mostly appointed by the President. Such a consolidation of authority, in ordinary parlance, is called a dictatorship.

The new Chinese legislature, which by its very composition is bound to make laws in accordance with the wishes of the dictator, entered upon its duties last winter. The beginning of its existence marked another event in Chinese administration which gave new cause for alarm to the liberal elements in the republic, and especially to the south. This event was the issuance of a decree which strikingly recalled the autocratic methods of the old regime. The decree ordained the establishment of the Confucian system of philosophy as the state religion of China.

The disaffection stimulated by Yuan's backward policies has spread throughout the south and is penetrating into the north. Dr. Sun, from his refuge in Tokyo, is keeping up the agitation with energy.

He would be a rash prophet, therefore, who would predict the permanence of the existing order in China. On the contrary, all signs point to a rejadustment in the near future, possibly on the basis of a separation, at least temporary, between the north and the south. Between these two sections of the country there are irreconcilable differences of tradition, temper, and political sentiment which may well bring about the rupture that appeared imminent when Yuan Shih-K'ai became provisional president.

The outcome of the struggle will be of supreme importance to the world. China, with its teeming population of 400,000,000 and its vast mineral and manufacturing resources, is the only remaining great area of unexploited wealth in the world. The capacity of the Chinese people for productive operations is amply indicated by the fact that even now the Chinese are the merchants and the financiers of the Far East.

Throughout the Far East, under the flags of a dozen nations, the Chinese is the *comprador*, the manager, the banker, and the executor of all the world and his wife—and his efficiency in all these relations is far deadlier than the efficiency of the justly famous Japanese. The *chit*, or "I.O.U.," of the Chinese is a familiar banking medium for Europeans, all the way from Vladivostok to Rangoon and beyond.

The possibilities of the swarms of China as a producing power are best indicated by the fact that, despite the destructiveness of the military operations in 1911, the last year before the fall of the empire, the foreign trade of the country amounted to the respectable total of nearly $600,000,000. This figure, however, is only a trifle compared with the ultimate capacity of the land and the people under a stable and enterprising Government.

In one respect the Yuan Shih-K'ai administration, travesty on a republican Government though it be, is accomplishing much for the ultimate economic independence of the country. Under previous imperial authorities and local governors the European powers had been in the habit of scrambling for concessions, much as dogs scramble over bones. Each Government — including those of Great Briain, Russia, Germany, France, Japan, and even Holland and Belgium—had drawn on the map of China certain lines which marked out its "sphere of influence," as expressed chiefly by railroad concessions tapping rich sections of country or furnishing strategic means of communication for military purposes.

When the Yuan Shih-K'ai administration came into power, the representatives of the powers were given to understand that an end had come to the international scramble for pelf. The motto of the republic was given out to be "China for the Chinese." This attitude of inflexibility to foreign demands brought Yuan into bad odor with the representatives of foreign Governments, and especially of foreign capital, which was urgently needed to finance the country at the outset of its political experiment.

An international attempt to force China into a transaction which practically would have established foreign control, not only of Chinese industries, failed in 1913, at the eleventh hour, because of the withdrawal by the State Department at Washington of its support of the so-called six-power loan plan. Coming so soon after the remission by the United States of the balance of its claim on account of the Boxer indemnity, this step greatly promoted good feeling toward America among all classes in China.

The unsettled condition of China and the prospects of a separatist movement within the republic are of special interest when it is realized that, geographically, China is surrounded with a ring of steel in the form of foreign concessions wrested from the empire under various pretexts from time to time.

When Germany came into possession of Kiauchau by long-term lease as the result of an insult offered to German honor by Chinese, Great Britain promptly sought and obtained a counterbalance by occupying Wei-hai-wei, on the tip of the Shan-Tung peninsula and only a short sail from the German settlement. Russia established herself at Port Arthur, only to be pricked out by the Japanese bayonets. Then, to even things up, Japan retained Port Arthur, Dalny, and a large part of the peninsula on which they stand, in addition to destroying forever the Chinese claim to sovereignty over Korea and a part of southern Manchuria.

There are other outposts of foreign authority on Chinese soil—Japanese dominion on the island of Formosa, a French port and settlement at Kwangchau, a Portuguese colony at Macao, and a British establishment at Hongkong.

In addition to its losses by foreign encroachment, the Chinese Government is confronted with a powerful separatist movement from within. Outer Mongolia has declared its independence of China, and the Hutukhtu at Urga has announced himself an independent temporal sovereign as well as the personal representative of Buddha.

The movement of Outer Mongolia is plainly the result of Russian activities at Urga. A delegation from the Hutukhtu was recently received by the Czar at St. Petersburg, and its members were assured of Russia's sympathy with the Hutukhtu's determination to reject the Chinese claim of sovereignty—a claim founded upon historic facts.—*Munsey's Magazine.*

The Cost of Dust and Noise

How Dust, Noise and Vibration are Responsible for Unnecessary Waste

By JAMES H. COLLINS

A previous issue of MacLean's Magazine contained an article showing that the annual loss caused by smoke in a large city ran into millions of dollars. Mr. Collins here takes three similar items, dust, noise and vibration, and shows that every effort should be, and is being, directed to their elimination, not on the ground only of extra comfort, but for the practical purpose of eliminating costly waste in our towns and cities.

A NEW expert known as the dust engineer begins to emerge from the engineering profession and set up practice in this particular problem, and improvements have already gone so far that nowadays when dust makes trouble it is well to see what is available in the way of prevention.

About the first aim in this field is to keep all the dust out of a building where it is making trouble; and to accomplish that the expert sets himself no less a task than washing all the air that enters. It sounds to the layman like one of the impossible tasks given the hero by the wicked giant in an old fairy story; but in the fairyland of modern power it is comparatively easy.

Ten or twelve years ago a palatial new hotel was opened in the city of New York. One of its famous luxuries was a ten-thousand-dollar bed; and another was its air-washing plant, by which every cubic foot of atmosphere breathed by the guests was carefully laundered. Ten-thousand-dollar beds are still rather scarce, but air washing has since become so common that to-day many men who carry dinner pails and many girl clerks at ten dollars a week work in a factory or store where the atmosphere is as clean as it was in the most wonderful metropolitan hotel of a decade ago. Indeed, the factory and store of to-morrow will have nothing but washed air, warmed in winter and cooled in summer, with the humidity carefully adjusted for comfort and health. The windows in such buildings will be unopenable, because the engineer regards an open window not only as a source of contamination but as a leak in his system corresponding to a broken pipe in a water supply.

Air is cleansed at first by passing it through cheesecloth screens; but now the common practice is to wash it with water sprays that take out as much as ninety-eight per cent. of the dirt and dust, after which it is distributed through the building. City dust is complex. It contains finely divided horse manure, bacteria, soot, ashes, sand, lime, brick dust, and particles of steel from wheels and rails.

One has only to see the accumulations of the air-washing system to be won over to the practice of washing air—or to smell it, rather; for the accumulation from a large building soon runs into wagonloads, and the odor from miscellaneous decomposing matter is far more offensive than from sewage.

For dust that gains entrance to a building there is the vacuum system of cleaning, a method of dirt removal that was not feasible until flexible electric power became available for operation in all sorts of places, but which is now becoming universal. Even street cleaning is being done with vacuum cleaners, and through their use cleanliness has been put on a wholly different plane.

A theatre was carefully swept and dusted in the old way. Then a small vacuum cleaner was put at work, and from four strips of carpet in the aisles more than a tubful of dust was taken.

In factories vacuum cleaning is used to eliminate all sorts of dust made in the processes. It sucks the sand and fine particles of metal from castings, and cleans out otherwise inaccessible cavities. It deals with paper lint on printing presses, textile lint in wool and cotton mills, powder left after rubbing down paint, grinding metal, and so on. In one big shop the dusty work is handled on a vacuum bench, with openings leading to a big vacuum pump, and every whiff of dust made on that bench disappears instanly; and without this arrangement the room would be filled with a perpetual dust haze.

Yesterday vacuum cleaning was quite a ceremony. A strange wagon drove up outside the building to be treated, hose were run into the windows, and an engine puffed while a crowd watched; but to-day vacuum plants are built into stores, offices and factories as an indispensable equipment.

CLEANLINESS NEXT TO PROFITS.

Dustlessness pays. Cleanliness is next to profits. The installation of a collector system to carry away leather dust and chips from certain machines has effected as much as twenty-five per cent. increase in production in that department of a shoe factory. In automobile works, where brass and aluminum are ground together, proper regulation of the dust-collector suction automatically separates the lighter aluminum dust from the brass.

For explosive dusts there are various remedies. In mills where they can be collected by a vacuum system the problem is not difficult. Danger can then be done away with by reasonable steps to secure comfortable working conditions for employees. Education on the hazardous nature of inflammable dusts is a preventive in many cases. A fatal explosion of paper dust was caused not long ago by oil lanterns used in cleaning out the dust chamber of a vacuum system in an otherwise safe factory, and with electric lights or outside lighting there would have been no trouble.

ABOLISHING NOISE.

When it comes to abolishing noise and vibration, the business world has just about made a good beginning, with promises of great achievements in the near future. Five years ago, if anybody objected to factory noises, inside or out, he was thought unreasonable.

Since then the idea of noiseless production has been growing. The business world is now aware that most noise is waste and that vibration is closely related to noise and is also waste. With that view of the matter, of course, there is a very different attitude toward prevention.

Noise and vibration inside a factory often indicate something out of balance. When the trouble is studied the cause can be found; and when the cause is corrected the machinery will run more nearly silent, last longer, need fewer repairs, and, what is perhaps the most important issue today, be capable of operation at higher speeds. In a broad way the development of faster machinery is leading to better-balanced and quieter machinery.

Not long ago a new machine was installed in a shoe factory, and the operator complained that it did not do so much work as the device which had been discarded. Investigation showed that it really did twenty-five per cent. more work, but was quieter. The operator made the common mistake of associating noise with speed; but speed nowadays is apt to mean less noise, and that is what engineers mean when they say that the noise problem is largely one of better machine design.

TWIN BROTHER OF NOISE.

The automobile has been the greatest educator in silent-machine design; for in this popular convenience engineers first found a market demand for silent machinery, together with the money to develop it. Early automobiles made as much noise as a threshing machine; but the car of to-day is a marvel in silence, and the methods employed on it to secure silent operation are being applied to other machinery.

Vibration is a real twin of noise when it comes to prevention, and the same care in building better structures, floors and machine foundations produces as pleasant results. It is still believed that some types of machinery cannot be operated without noise and vibration—that saws must screech when they cut through wood or metal and steam hammers must thump; but careful readjustment of the balance in so powerful machine as a rock-crusher has reduced vibration by as much as a half, lengthening the life of the machine and cutting down repair bills. Carefully designed foundations, the insulation of beams and girders and the use of shock-absorbing materials accomplish the same end.

As the business world understands that this sort of thing pays, the incentive to abolish noise and vibration becomes very direct and practical.—*The Saturday Evening Post.*

The Highest Salary in Chicago

How Samuel Insull Made Himself Worth $160,000 a Year

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

The accompanying article tells how a young Englishman came to America and worked his way up the ladder until he commanded the highest salary paid to-day in the whole City of Chicago. Is business devoid of romance? The story of Samuel Insull gives an emphatic answer in the negative. Read it and see.

SOME men play golf for amusement, some go to baseball games, some ride in air-ships; but Samuel Insull hunts kilowatts. That is the only hobby he has. It is his business and his pleasure. For more than twenty years he has been so engaged in Chicago, and at last he has captured all the kilowatts in that city. He has them all corralled.

He is fifty-four years old now. As a youth he was a clerk and a shorthand writer in London. His salary in those days was something like £2 a week. Now it is more than $100,000 a year—a great deal more, so his friends say. On excellent authority, it is $160,000 a year. But, even considered as a $100,000 man, he is sufficiently interesting.

In 1881 he had become private secretary to Colonel George E. Gouraud, who represented in England the interests of the Edison Electric Light Company. Insull had just turned twenty-one, was tremendously interested in electricity, and worshipped, at a distance, Thomas A. Edison.

"I'd like to be his private secretary," he said more than once.

One day an Edison man from New York heard him say this, and, back in America, recommended the young man to Edison.

"Cable him to come over," said Edison. "I need a private secretary right now."

Insull took the first steamer, and landed in New York one March afternoon at five o'clock. He had a small sum of money in his pocket, a bag, and a trunk—nothing else except his hobby, already beginning to show itself, for kilowatts.

Inside of half an hour after landing, Insull reported at Edison's office, then in the famous old Bishop mansion at 65 Fifth Avenue. Edison was there, with his collar off, studying his great new invention, electric light.

"Report for duty after dinner," he said.

Insull was back at the appointed time—and Edison kept him there at work until five o'clock the next morning.

There was a strong bond between the two after that, and Insull soon got to be more than a personal secretary. Edison cared nothing whatever about the clock—midnight was as good a time for work as noon was. Often Insull took lessons in electricity from his chief between two and four in the morning.

It was along about this time that the inventor started the little machine shop on Goerck Street, New York,—in the heart of the slums,—which grew into the present General Electric Company's mighty works at Schenectady, New York. Those were busy days in Edison affairs—days in which many companies were organized, among them being the Edison General Electric Company, the Edison Electric Illuminating Company, the Electric Tube Company, and the Thomas A. Edison Construction Department. Insull got first-hand lessons in the art of promoting, and, at the Edison laboratories at Menlo Park, a deep insight into the technical side of the business.

In a few years he became Edison's business manager, and had charge of all his affairs.

Now, Edison was the original kilowatt hunter and tamper and monopolist. He didn't believe in the isolated electric plant, but always advocated what is known as the central station idea—the distribution of electrical energy from a large central power-house. He believed in a corner in electricity, or something akin to it. Kilowatts had no business running around loose.

Insull absorbed this training. But New York, after a time, became too crowded a field for him. He wanted to expand, and Edison had most of the kilowatts in the metropolis. So he looked around, and presently he discovered Chicago. A great find it was!

There wasn't any monopoly of electrical energy in Chicago—far from it. Some thirty-five independent companies, big and little, were in the field, and, in addition, nearly every large building had its own private plant. No monopoly—but a fine place in which to create one! Insull needed no dioptrical assistance in looking into the electric future of Chicago.

The Chicago Edison Company, however, was the biggest concern in that city when, in 1892, Samuel Insull proposed that he be made its president. The position carried a salary of about $25,000, but it wasn't this, especially, that he cared about. He went to Chicago to corner the kilowatts.

"I know how to deal with competition," he told a financier of those days.

He arrived in Chicago on a Sunday night, following his election as president of the Chicago Edison Company, and at 7.45 Monday morning he was at his desk. By the time the clerks got down at 8.30, he had looked over the president's mail, laid out a preliminary campaign for the chase, and started arrangements for a flirtation with the Chicago Arc Light and Power Company. This concern was the strongest rival of the Chicago Edison Company.

INSULL'S WAY OF DEALING WITH COMPETITION.

Mr. Insull's enemies in Chicago—and he has dead loads of business enemies—declare that he is not exactly what one might call a lovable man, being brusque, domineering, and high-powered. But he has a hypnotic influence, when it comes to anything electric. The Chicago Arc Light and Power Company quickly came to esteem him. Then it got into his brand-new band-wagon.

The clerks at the Chicago Edison Company's offices had no idea that Insull would keep on coming down at 7.45 in the morning; but, to their dismay, he did. He was about the liveliest young Englishman that Chicago had ever seen. He was a bachelor then, in his early thirties, with a keen and often unfriendly cast in his eyes, except when he was looking for kilowatts.

So Insull went out around Chicago and its suburbs, looking for electric plants worth buying. Whenever he found one, he put his finger on it. No matter how coy or obstreperous it was, he got it.

A PHENOMENAL SALESMAN.

The fact of the matter was this: Insull had a theory that a big business in electricity could be built up, just as a big dry-goods or grocery business could be built—by getting a great volume of patronage and putting down the price. It was a wholesale and retail business he set out to establish. Bulk—that was what he worked for.

And, once he got his selling organization well started, the independent concerns that tried to hold him up began to go out of business. They simply couldn't compete with his prices. Their dream of a great love feast and fat monopolistic prices turned out to be an incubus instead.

Insull's selling achievements in Chicago deserve to be ranked among the great campaigns of business. His own part in them was not only that of a general, but of a fighter in the fray.

In the downtown district most of the electric light—aside from the street lighting—was supplied by little private plants, and Insull went out to land every one of them in the scrap-heap. One of the large department stores, for instance, had long defied the salesmen from the Chicago Edison Company's contract department, and one day Insull declared himself tired of excuses. He took a cab and went over to the store himself. He secured admission to the private office of the proprietor, took off his coat,—it was a blistering day in summer—and began to draw geometric figures on the store's stationery.

"He got me all tangled up in his kilowatts," said the merchant, afterward, "He showed me how densely ignorant I was about kilowatt curves, load factors, and the cost of electrical output per unit; and he demonstrated, from my own merchandising figures, that if I ran my business on the same principle I followed in making my electricity, I would be out, at the end of the year, $946,287.69.

"'Go ahead,' said I, 'and put in your old electric light.'

"Insull sent some men around the next day, and they began knocking my fine little plant to pieces. I've bought my electricity of him ever since."

"The 'old man' can sell more electricity in ten minutes than any of us fellows can dispose of in a day," says one of his contract men. "He knows more about the habits of kilowatts than Edison himself. There are two principal varieties of kilowatts, you know: those that live in isolated plants, and those that he keeps in his central stations. They are related to each other in about the way toadstools are related to fat, juicy mushrooms; but most people can't tell the difference. Insull can spot the isolated kilowatt as far as he can see it."

This just about expresses the secret of Insull's success. He commercialized the sale of electricity. Almost any engineer can make electrical energy, but men are not plentiful who can go out and sell it.

Insull concentrated heavily on the sale of power for manufacturing purposes. He and his salesmen raked Chicago. When the salesmen fell down, Insull went out in person and tied manufacturers up in his curves and jagged lines.

Once he spent most of a night trying to sell his goods to one of the largest of Chicago's factories. He failed.

In the morning he was at his desk at seven o'clock, inventing new diagrams. For a week he sat there, getting up ideas for charts, and things of that sort, showing what a dollar's worth of steam would do as compared with a dollar's worth of kilowatts. Three draftsmen were required to work out these ideas, and two stenographers took down the descriptive text.

The result made a book that looked, inside, like a railroad map of the freight-yards in South Chicago, multiplied by a thousand. Hundreds of laciniated and crooked lines crossed and crisscrossed one another.

Mechanical engineers and people of that sort like books of this character, and on the strength of it this particular factory abandoned its steam and bought Insull power.

Then Insull had a gigantic electric sign built on top of a building, where multitudes of people could see it as they crossed the river on the elevated trains near Van Buren street. It read, in part, something like this:

JONES' FACTORY BUYS ITS POWER OF US!

At night, this great sign flashed in colors. Then, in a week or so, it was changed to read:

BROWN'S FACTORY NOW BUYS ITS POWER OF US!

One by one, Insull sold Chicago factories his product and gave the people the news of the achievement. Personally he rarely figured publicly in his campaigns. Except when the newspapers dragged him out, he remained in the deepest of shadows. He was willing that anybody else should have the credit; he dodged photographers with amazing success; he did not see reporters. But, all the time, he was the real active commander of the greatest selling campaign ever waged in Chicago.

THE TRACTION LINES COME OVER TO INSULL.

But he wasn't satisfied. The traction lines of the city still had their own power-houses, and labored under the belief that they could produce electricity at a lower cost than they could buy it. As a matter of fact, they didn't know how to figure the cost of it. Insull who was a past master in figuring such costs, showed them. He worked out for them the A, B, C of energy production and distribution.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it is incredible, to me, that you should go along with your separate power-houses. Not only are you wasting millions of dollars in investment, but you are throwing away vast sums in operation."

He worked out for them this complicated problem—showed them load diagrams to convince them that they suffered from mental astigmatism; and he proved, by means of whole mountain-ranges of pen-and-ink charts, that $6,772,500 in capital could be dispensed with.

So the Chicago Union Traction Company on the North and West Sides, and the Chicago City Railways on the South Side, cut out their tumble-down power-houses and got their propelling energy from Insull.

This sort of thing went pretty well, so in 1912 he developed the Middle West Utilities Company, which now owns 209 electric light and power plants, located in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, Oklahoma, Michigan, and even in New England. These plants serve several hundred communities. The company also controls gas plants, heating plants, interurban and town railways, waterworks, and other interests—all acquired through the Insull method of selling electricity.

HOW THE GAS COMPANY DEALT WITH THEIR GREATEST COMPETITOR.

For a good many years Insull was not loved by the People's Gas Light and Coke Company, for every day he cut off a big slice of that concern's business. Anthony Brady and the Billings interests—heavy stockholders in People's Gas—were heard to observe, on several occasions, that Insull would be a mighty fine chap to have on the company's pay-roll.

A year ago he was put on the pay-roll as executive head. So now Chicago people buy their gas of Insull, as well as their electricity.

Thus Insull's wholesale business in electric energy got into side-lines, and the Commonwealth Edison Company decided it would like to own some street railways, as well as furnish them power. In this way it would bar any slinking competitor that might come around in future years and flirt with Chicago stret-car corporations..

It is a complicated story. Henry A. Blair and other financiers did the job for Insull, and now the Commonwealth Edison Company owns the common stock of the Chicago Elevated Railways Company, a combine of all the elevated lines in that city.

But that wasn't all. The surface lines of Chicago were consolidated, last February, under the name of the Chicago Surface Lines—at least, so far as operation was concerned. Mr. Insull had quite a part in this, for he got the contracts to supply all the kilowatts.

At the present writing, a grand combine of all the street-car lines and elevated roads in Chicago is pending, with Insull on top.

THE HIGHEST SALARIED MAN IN CHICAGO.

He dominates the street railways, the elevated lines, the gas, the electric light, and the power business in Chicago and over a large extent of adjacent country. The poor English boy who studied shorthand in London is now the executive head and creative genius of interests worth, in the aggregate, a billion dollars. He is a rich man in his own right,—a millionaire many times over,—yet his own personal holdings are trifling beside those of the capitalists whose properties he directs. He is a salaried man in the real sense of the term—the highest salaried man in all Chicago.—*McClure's Magazine.*

British Rule in Malta

Some Problems that Must be Faced in this Important Section of the Empire

Malta is a small corner—but a very important corner—of the Empire. It is regarded as nothing more than a fortified naval base, but the time has now come when it must be regarded as something more than that. Malta is an island with 200,000 inhabitants who are becoming more and more impoverished. Their loyalty is sincere and deep, and should be repaid by an early consideration of the economic problems of this snug little island.

THERE is every evidence that the Home Government is alive to its responsibilities in the Mediterranean; and the possession of Malta is so absolutely essential to the maintenance of our position there that in the popular imagination it is a fortress, and nothing more. Outside the official class, to whom Malta simply means change of station, there are few visitors to the place; and the tourist or traveler to India and the East, who is given but a few hours in the island, carries away merely the impression of its surpassing beauty and grim, almost unending, fortifications. But its two hundred thousand people are an intensely interesting study, and the patience with which they await a change in their political and economic circumstances is only equalled by their unswerving loyalty to the British Crown.

It is exactly one hundred years since Malta finally came under British domination, and the time is particularly appropriate for a review of our relations with this wonderful little people. The famous Knights of St. John had surrendered to the French in 1798; but a revolt speedily followed, and, chiefly by British assistance, the French were driven out. It was then understood that Malta would be restored to the Knights; but this was never done, and as it was impossible for the Maltese to maintain their independence, the island was finally taken over by Great Britain in 1814. The Maltese, always a proud race, regard this as a 'self-cession' to Great Britain; and certainly the negotiations were conducted on that basis, Great Britain giving the most solemn promises that their ancient rights and liberties would be protected. The settled conditions that followed the permanent British occupation, and the immense sums which were spent upon the military and naval expansion of the island, brought about a period of great prosperity; but it was a prosperity economically unsound. The people, instead of becoming producers and traders, expended their labor in work and services for the Government; and now that the demand for their labor has been so largely reduced, they are realizing their helplessness. An end has come to this lavish Government expenditure; and with the developments of other ports of call in the Mediterranean, Malta has fallen on evil days. Wages have shrunk, and there is an alarming increase of poverty and unemployment. The industrial problem is insistent and serious; and in such circumstances it is not surprising that there has been a marked recrudescence of the demand for a further extension of local government.

This question of the Constitution is, after one hundred years of British rule, a matter of supreme importance to the Maltese. The commercial developments of Malta, and the progress of the people in all that makes a modern nation, have been, perforce, largely sacrificed to the military exigencies of the island as an indispensable link in the chain of Empire, and we cannot regard the situation which has been created with indifference.

Prior to our occupation the Maltese had their *Consiglio Popolare*, or Popular Council. This we abolished, and it has never been restored in its entirety. Its history is one of which any people might be proud. This council was first established in A.D. 1090 by the Normans, who drove out the previous Arab holders of the island; and it maintained its continuity and independence through many centuries of vicissitudes. In 1887 the British Government revised the Council of Government it had established, and by giving the elected members a majority of the seats, restored the most characteristic feature of the old Popular Council. But dissension followed, principally upon the education question; and in 1903 another change was made by which the elected members were left in a minority, and consequently powerless. The facts of the present situation are that the elected members have no effective control over public administration, and that on questions of purely local interest the votes of the elected members are overwhelmed by the numerical majority of the permanent official members.

It can be readily conceded that in the present unfortunate circumstances of the island this is felt as a very real grievance, and the Maltese are practically unanimous in asking for the restoration of the Constitution of 1887. Since 1903, when the present Constitution was established, several general elections have taken place, and the elected members have either resigned after election, as a protest against the helplessness of their position, or the electorate has refused to send representatives to the council.

It is to be feared that the Maltese must continue for a time to exercise their marvellous gift of patience. The Home Government is immersed in affairs of such tremendous importance that it is unlikely the time of Parliament can be immediately spared for a consideration of the Maltese Constitution. But the facts of the case have only to be known to be appreciated, and there is no occasion for controversy. We owe a great debt to the Maltese. They have served us well. In Malta we have the Royal Malta Artillery, officered by Maltese, and possessing an honorable record of service. There is a local Division of Engineers and a serviceable regiment of Militia. They take their part in the defence of the island, and their support would be invaluable in time of war. The dockyard is practically manned by Maltese, and their services to the navy are not inconsiderable. They are all inspired by the strongest sentiments of attachment to the British Empire; and it is not unreasonable that they should be given, through their legitimate representatives, a real power over their local concerns. It should not be beyond the wit and resources of Government to meet their claims.

Malta must not be regarded solely as a fortress. It is the home of an active, industrious population, and its people deserve as full a measure of local government as is consonant with the maintenance of the island as a post of supreme strategic value. It is just how and where to reconcile the imperial and local claims that difficulties arise, and explain the hesitancy of the Home Government to concede to the full the popular demand.

But acquaintance with Maltese people and conditions inspires the belief that, given the opportunity, the people would rise to the level of their responsibilities. Their present circumstances have brought home to them the necessity of bestirring themselves if the island is to be rescued from the moral and economic bankruptcy which is threatneing it. Emigration is a poor palliative for economic disorders, and the Maltese are not given to leaving their islands in any considerable numbers. Besides, the success of French colonization in North Africa, and the establishment of the Italians in Tripoli and Cyrenaica, are tending further to restrict the area of Maltese emigration; and the Maltese have, as a rule, neither the physique nor the adaptability necessary for success in less temperate climes. But given the power to develop their undoubted resources, they could do much toward rehabilitation. An easy task confronts them in the direction of reestablishing their finances and developing the great commercial possibilities of Malta. Property escapes almost scatheless in Malta. There are no rates, no tax on incomes, houses, or land. There are no legacy or succession duties. Money could be readily found for public purposes, at the same time relieving the indirect taxation which falls so heavily upon the very poor. It will surprise most people to learn that a tax is still maintained of ten shillings on every quarter of wheat!

The means of raising a sufficiency of revenue are within easy reach; and if Maltese capitalists have been accused of timidity and lack of commercial enterprise, it must not be forgotten that they have had no effective voice in the revision of their own laws. Responsibility develops the best in individuals and a people; and if the Maltese are given the power to legislate for the betterment of the island, a return to comparative prosperity can be confidently anticipated.—*Chambers's Journal.*

The Life of the British Tar

Something About the Routine on the Great Ships of the Navy

How does the jolly tar live? What are the rules of service on board the "bulwarks of Britannia?" These questions are answered in the following article, which will be read with particular interest at this time, when the safety of the Empire, perhaps, depends upon the efficiency of the floating bulwarks of steel.

"BATTLESHIPS are the heavyweights of naval warfare. It is an axiom that the sea-fight of to-day goes to the ship which can hit first, hit hardest, and keep on hitting. Victory is gained by the sheer weight of metal a fleet can plug into its adversary, and consequently battleships are the deciding factor, because they carry the heaviest guns.

For example, the *Iron Duke*, our latest battleship, carries ten 13.5-inch guns, and the weight of her broadside is 14,600 lb.

A battleship is a great floating fortress from 500 to 575 feet long, with a speed of about 21 knots, and costing from seven-and-a-half to ten million dollars. She carries from 700 to 900 officers and men.

She is protected from the shells of the enemy by a plate of armor twelve inches thick, made of the hardest, toughest steel it is possible to manufacture, and the men working her big guns are shielded by steel of similar thickness.

Inside she is a perfect maze of intricate machinery. This does not refer to the 30,000 horse-power turbines which drive her through the water, but the various maid-of-all-work power plants for hoisting ammunition, distilling fresh water, electric lighting, gun-firing, and so forth. Where there is a little space left over from all this, the officers and crew live.

The feeding of a battleship's crew is no small task, and the cost in the case of a Dreadnought amounts to something like $150 a day.

The Admiralty allows the officers exactly the same rations as the men, and they give them to their steward, who also gets about fifty cents a day from each officer. The steward disposes of the regulation food allowance as he sees fit, and caters for the officers out of the aggregate. Captains and admirals cater for themselves, independent of the wardroom (senior officers) and gun-room (junior officers). The captain has his meals in solitary state.

The men are fed on a basis of twenty cents a day, being given a food ration which costs twelve cents, and a "messing allowance" of eight cents in cash which they spend as they like—at the canteen or by purchasing articles from the ship's store at the price these commodities cost the Government, duty extra, if there is any.

Every day in the Navy at about midday grog is served out free to all the men. Each man is entitled to half a pint of a mixture of one part of rum to three of water, provided he is over twenty years of age; but he can surrender it if he likes for a money allowance amounting to about three cents every two days, and a good many do.

Great efforts have been made latterly to feed the Navy well, and a great reform was instituted in 1903 by increasing meals from three to five. They are now: 5 to 5.30 a.m., cocoa; 8 to 8.45 a.m., breakfast; 12 to 1.15 p.m., dinner; 4.15 to 4.45 p.m., tea; 7.30 to 8 p.m., supper.

The officers of a battleship (or any other, for that matter) are divided into two sections—executive and civil. The executive branch, from midshipman to admiral, is distinguished by the much-prized "executive curl" on the last band of gold braid round the cuff denoting rank.

The civil branch—engineers, doctors, chaplains, paymasters, etc.—do not wear this curl on their cuffs.

This is what happens when a battleship is cleared for action:

The captain sends for the officers in charge of various special branches—the gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, the senior engineer officer, the paymaster, the doctor, and the commander—and has a pow-wow with them regarding their respective arrangements. Among other things, he would see that food was prepared to last for a fairly long period, so that no cooking need be done during action, yet, at the same time, the men would be properly fed.

Then the commander gives the word: "Clear lower deck; clear ship for action!"

There follows a period of terrific energy. Everything in the way of gunfire, such as boat-davits, and chains and stanchions round the edge of the deck, must be cleared away or laid flat. Arrangements are made to steer the ship from the conning-tower, a heavily armored refuge whence the captain will control the ship as soon as she is in action. The torpedo men overhaul their torpedoes, and the gun crews test the electric circuits for firing the guns, look after the ammunition supply, and so forth.

Other men inspect the steering gear, both steam and hand, and the engine-room crew overhaul the engines, raise steam to a good pressure, and get everything ship-shape. Water is placed handy for drinking, and hoses are rigged conveniently for fire-extinguishing purposes.

One of the greatest dangers being from fire caused by the enemy's shells, necessitating the withdrawal of men from their proper stations in order that it may be extinguished, as much combustible matter as possible is thrown overboard. Wooden fittings of any kind, furniture, wooden ladders (replaced by wire ones), are all flung into the sea. Everything possible, such as yards, boat derricks, etc., is secured additionally, and the decks are cleared completely and flooded with water.

The guns' crews take their places, men are stationed by the closed water-tight doors, in the magazine and shell-rooms. The doctor and his assistants are ready to tackle the wounded.

Then "general quarters" is sounded, the guns are loaded, and officers in charge of various departments report all ready to the captain in the conning-tower.

When the enemy is sighted, the captain orders the 13.5-inch guns to open fire. Perhaps the first shot falls short; the range is corrected, and then all the main armament blazes away. Nowadays the fire of the whole ship is controlled by the gunnery officer from a fire-control station. Great secrecy is maintained in the British service as to fire control methods, but we may take it that they are highly efficient.

So the action proceeds. The battleship rocks and quivers from the recoil of her own broadsides. Dense fumes from the guns enshroud her. The enemy's shells shriek about her, and carry away her funnels, legs of her tripod masts, and any deck fittings that remain. Not a fragment of crockery on board is left unbroken.

Down in the engine-room the stokers sweat and slave. They may all be blown to perdition the next moment, but until then steam must be kept up. The guns' crews grow numbed and dizzy with the strain. They continue their work mechanically.

At last the fire of the enemy slackens. Such of his ships as are not sunk surrender. The admiral makes a general signal: "Well done our side!" The battle is won.—*The Royal Magazine.*

Old Men in War

Most of the Generals Leading the Forces to day are Well Up in Years

If there were anything to the theory that old men cannot compete in this strenuous age against younger men, it would naturally be expected that war, the most strenuous phase of life, would be exclusively the field of the younger men. It is surprising, therefore, to find that the armies engaged in stupendous strife to-day are without exception led by greybeard generals, old in years and experience. The following article gives interesting information bearing on this point.

THE relief of General von Hausen, commander of the second or Saxon army, for ill-health, and the substitution of General von Einem, former Minister of War, freshly calls attention to the large number of elderly men in important posts of command. Both General Joffre and General Pau, who have won distinction on the French side, are veterans of the war of 1870. General French had seen long service before the Boer War a decade and a half ago. General von Hausen is sixty-eight, and there is no suggestion that his retirement from active command was due to his years. Germany, in fact, has had no reason to distrust the value of old men in the field. William I., the commander-in-chief, was seventy-three years old in 1870; his famous chief of staff, General von Moltke, was seventy. Soon after the war broke out Bismarck told some friends:

"I have not seen Moltke looking so well for a long time past. That is the result of the war. It is his trade. I remember when the Spanish question became acute he looked ten years younger; afterward, when I told him that the Hohenzollerns had withdrawn, he suddenly look quite old and infirm; and when the French showed their teeth again, Moltke was once more fresh and young. The matter finally ended in diner a trois—Moltke, Roon and I—which resulted (here the chancellor smiled a cunning smile) in the Ems telegram."

It was a costly rejuvenation to take ten years from an old man by sending 200,000 young men to premature graves, yet at seventy-five Moltke was ready for another dose of the devil's elixir, and probably only Bismarck's giving away of the plot kept the war party in Germany from carrying out its programme of attacking France again and levying $2,000,000,000 instead of the $1,000,000,000 indemnity of 1871. To suppose that combativeness declines with age is absurd; in the face of such examples it cannot well be argued that at fifty-five William III. is too old to be warlike.

Nor does the history of modern warfare suggest that efficiency is impaired by age. Not less notable than the case of Moltke was that of the great Japanese strategist Oyama, who would have been retired by almost any arbitrary age limit. In fact, the conditions of modern warfare are such as to remove many of the disabilities under which in former times an elderly commander suffered. It is no longer necessary to lead troops in person, or to go near the firing lines, or even to sit a horse. If a tour of inspection is advisable it can be made comfortably by automobile, but, generally speaking, the place of the commander is at headquarters, and he deals with the situation at second hand through maps and reports. Physical strength, and even physical courage, have become more or less irrelevant, and the vital things are a clear intelligence and a firm will.

It may, of course, be said that these venerable warriors would be at a disadvantage against a military genius in the flush of youth, like Alexander the Great or the Napoleon of Marengo. But the chances are against the appearance of such a genius under modern conditions. Wars as a rule are short and far apart; they are directed by the men at the top, and while subordinates may win high distinction and even rapid promotion, by the time another war comes they, too, may be approaching the age for compulsory retirement. Even if every private carries a marshal's baton in his knapsack, the odds are against his having a chance to use it except for peace manoeuvers. The more war is regularized, the less is the chance for a born genius, unless he happens to be a prince, to show what he can do with an army while still in the flush of youth. Normally the men in command will be approaching the age of superannuation, and so long as this condition obtains on both sides it does not disturb the balance.

Nor can it be said that modern warfare shows any lack of ruthless vigor because of the age of generals in command. In some respects the need for great energy has been somewhat relieved by the conditions under which battles are fought. The commander can view the situation with more detachment; his nerves are not exposed to the shock of the battlefield, and he can view his work more like a problem in chess, putting the slaughter and suffering out of his mind. Great accumulated knowledge, the habit of making swift decisions, the mental grasp needed to hold a multitude of facts in solution, clear insight into the purpose of the enemy and resourcefulness in meeting it, count for more than the exuberant energy which in more primitive times enabled even a blundering general often to score against lethargic veterans. War has been standardized, largely by the great Prussian tradition of thorough preparation for an energetic offensive. Thus the machine itself supplies much of the energy which the commander once had to pump out of his own personality.

To call the German army a machine, however, is rather misleading, and a good deal of comment in the early stages of the war was based on this misunderstanding. Great stress is put upon organization, but no less on initiative; down to the subalterns the utmost stress is put upon the importance of individual judgment and activity. German officers obey orders, but they do not wait for orders; in 1870 more than one battle was fought prematurely because the army had been so thoroughly trained at manoeuvres to march toward the sound of cannon firing. At every point the German organization can be counted upon for aggressive energy, and the men who supply it have youth as well as thorough discipline and instruction. With such an army it matters little that the generals may be elderly, provided their judgment is clear. Their work is to guide, not to supply driving power. A Napoleon might outgeneral such a staff of veterans, but the militaristic system is not favorable to the appearance of Napoleons; its great commanders are much more likely to be of the Moltke type, and to win their laurels rather late in life.—*Sprinfield Republican.*

Shiraz, in farthest Persia, might be supposed to be exempt from Western influences; yet a writer in *Travel,* describing the bazaars of that fascinating Oriental city, says that while most of the industries use domestic products, the flourishing coppersmiths of the town, working out fine copper vessels of every description with primitive implements, get their copper in the form of sheets from London!

Warfare and Modern Inventions

Electricity and Modern Science Play as Great a Part in the War as Powder and Shot

By WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

Modern warfare has become a business. Success will to a large extent depend upon efficiency and the application and use of the most up-to-date scientific inventions. The writer of this article is the managing editor of the Scientific American, and his comparison of the modern engines of war with those of past times will be read with especial interest at the present time.

IT is fought as much with electricity and and gasoline as with powder and shot, this war of the nations. Rifles and machine guns, field pieces and howitzers there are in plenty, every one of which is as complicated as an automatic piano player. It is not the instruments of destruction, however, that drive home the extent to which mechanism is employed in warfare, but the dynamos that feed current to searchlights whose long, rigid white pencils of light alternately sweep the sky for aircraft and the terrain opposite for the advancing infantry; the telegraph and the telephone net that spreads out from the tent of a commanding general to the very firing line; the mixing machines that supply concrete for anchoring heavy mortars, which batter down fortresses; the gasworks that travel on rails and on highways and generate hydrogen for dirigible balloons; the traction engines that haul heavy cannon and caissons; the automobiles and the aeroplanes that whirr over roads and through the air; and the self-propelled machine shops in which broken-down engines can be repaired.

From the rifle placed in the hands of an infantryman to the dirigible silhouetted against the sky, there is not a single mechanism that has not been scientifically studied in physical and chemical laboratories and on proving grounds to note its merits and its limitations.

And yet despite this immense amount of real scientific inquiry into the surest way of killing the greatest possible number of men in the shortest possible time, war remains in principle what it was when Xerxes invaded Greece and when Hannibal crossed the Alps. Force your enemy into an untenable position—that always was and always will be the sum and substance of warcraft.

LONGER BATTLE LINES IN THIS WAR.

Improvement in mechanism has been met by changes in tactics. The armies in Europe are fighting along fronts over one hundred miles long, not only because 250,000 men out of a total of two millions on one side are engaged at a time, but because the infantry rifle and the field piece are so accurate and so deadly that men cannot be as thickly massed as they were in Napoleon's day, or as late as the Franco-Prussian war.

Since every commanding officer in Europe has learned the lesson of the Manchurian campaign by heart, it is certain that there are not more than 4,000 to 5,000 men to the mile along the fighting fronts of Europe, instead of six times that many as in the Franco-Prussian war.

IMPROVED RIFLES AND BULLETS.

It must be a marvelously deadly infantry rifle which has so far reduced the masses engaged for a given mile. Its range is a mile and a quarter, on the average, and its bullet whistles through the air at the rate of about 2,500 feet a second when it leaves the muzzle. The German rifle propels its projectile at the muzzle velocity of 2,952 feet a second, and is in that respect superior to any military rifle in the world. On the other hand the French rifle has a longer range by about one-quarter of a mile.

RELATIVELY FEWER MEN KILLED.

When infantrymen are equipped with such weapons no unnecessary chances are taken. Heroic as it may be to die for one's country, a soldier no more relishes the idea of being shot than he does of being run over by a railway train. His commanding officer takes good care that he shall not be needlessly placed in danger. Every mound and hillock is used as a shield. And when there is no natural protection, the infantryman digs one—digs an artificial cover of some kind.

During the Russian-Japanese war it took 1,053 rifle cartridges to put one Japanese out of the fight. Contrast that with 1870, when one bullet out of 375 found its mark, and it becomes immediately apparent that for all the studied deadliness of modern infantry fire, the soldier's lot has improved vastly and that fewer men are likely to be hit in the present conflict than the newspapers lead us to suppose. Millions of cartridges have already been fired in Europe, but the killed and wounded are numbered only by thousands.

Although the armies of Europe are equipped with artillery of a power and range surpassing anything that was used even in the comparatively recent Russian-Japanese war, the great battles that are now being waged will be won by infantry. Yet the steadiest infantry would be helpless without artillery. Not until the enemy's batteries have been silenced are the infantry advanced. Hence the old Napoleonic artillery duel is still a dramatic feature of modern warfare. But how changed! How puny and utterly insignificant are the cannon that roared at Austerlitz compared even with the smallest modern field gun!

How different, too, is the method of firing! Nowadays the gunners, crouching behind steel shields, never see the object at which they are firing. A battery commander, perched on a support ten or fifteen feet above ground, and screened by foliage, scientifically finds the range and then corrects it by observing how the first shots fell. The accuracy of fire is amazing. If there is any pleasure in the game, the battery commander has it all; for he alone knows exactly what is happening when the shrapnel explodes. Also he is more likely to be killed than his men because of his elevated station.

MODERN AMMUNITION.

To provide the immense amount of ammunition which will be used up in the present war will be no easy task. Still, there is no likelihood that the armies now in the field will run short of cartridges and shells. Both small and large arms ammunition is made in Government factories, on a scale commensurate with all the demands that can be made upon them.

Gunpowder plays but a small part in the present war. The explosives used in guns, large and small, are smokeless powders of various kinds. They are picric acid compounds, nitro-cellulose preparations made from gun-cotton, and forms of nitro-glycerine in general.

These cellulose powders can be burned with safety in the open air; for in order to explode they must be confined. Hence, in lose form they are safer than the black gunpowder of old. Such a smokeless powder can be dampened, and, if it does not mildew, it is as good as ever if properly dried. It cannot be detonated by a blow. Indeed, the stick forms of smokeless powder can be burned in the hand like a match.

The discovery of smokeless powder rendered it necessary to modify ordnance. Nitro-cellulose would have been used sooner than it was had there been adequate guns. Even as it is the ordnance engineer has not quite succeeded in coping with the high erosive effect of modern explosives.

THROWING A TON OF METAL A MILE TO DISABLE ONE SOLDIER.

Powerful as modern batteries are, whether they are composed of three-inch field pieces on the battleground or six-inch guns in turrets, the actual number of men killed is fewer than most of us suspect. At St. Privat in 1870 the French fired eighty shots, weighing in all 660 pounds, to kill or maim a single German. Since that was forty-four years ago, it might be supposed that by 1904 the slaughter would be terrific. Yet during the Manchurian campaign the Russian artillery in pitched battles fired about 150 shots in order to disable a single Japanese. The individual projectile fired by a field-piece had increased in weight since 1870, so that about a ton of metal was hurled a mile or two in order to disable a single Japanese. The ratio in the present war will approximate that of the Manchurian campaign. In other words, modern battles will be won by infantry.

COMMUNICATION.

So many batteries are in action, so many men are distributed along the fighting front that it is a physical impossibility for a general to watch with his own eyes the course of events in which more than 500,000 men are participating. He no longer gallops up and down a retreating line, brandishing sword and encouraging disheartened and beaten troops to a new attack, as painters were once fond of picturing him. He is far removed from the battleground. Yet he knows from hour to hour, from minute to minute, what success this skirmishing line or that cavalry raid has had, and what guns are stationed on each distant hill and how they are succeeding in battering down a fortification miles away. His army may cover northern France and part of Belgium, but he knows more about the movements of each regiment at any moment than Napoleon did of his whole army at the Battle of Leipsic.

AEROPLANES AND ZEPPELINS AS SCOUTS.

But the most valuable aid of all is the aeroplane or the airship. Our newspapers have expressed disappointment in the actual performances of aircraft. Romantically inclined writers had drawn such vivid pictures of fierce battles in the air that the less picturesque but much more important work of reconnoitering, for which aircraft of all types are primarily intended, has received scant attention. Like the torpedo-boat, an aeroplane fights only when it must. To be sure, there has been some fighting in the air, but only when it became necessary for one aeroplane to prevent another from seeing too much. There has been bomb-dropping, too, most of it just as disappointing as the more conservative officers of Europe had prophesied it would be.

Thanks to the aeroplane and the airship, the commanding generals of Europe know exactly the strength and position of the enemy against whom they send their infantry or pit their artillery, which means that feeble forces will no longer be ignorantly ordered to attack points that they could never hope to take. In three and one-half hours an airman can cover a circular area eighty miles in radius. He can note each opposing regiment of infantry, each squadron of cavalry, each battery of field artilery. How is it possible, then, to begin a flanking movement without detection? How is it possible to concentrate upon a center and hope to break through? Marches screened by cavalry, feigned movements, all the precious secrecy of the old days is swept away, so long as there is daylight and no fog.

A battle has become more than a series of shrewd moves on a huge topographical chessboard extending over whole provinces, each move made only after the fullest information has been obtained. Physical exhaustion and inability to draw upon large masses of fresh troops seem to be the chief causes for the reverses sustained by generals in the present war. All this may be safely deduced because there are watchful eyes in the air.

ADVANTAGES OF THE AIRSHIP.

The commander of an airship is as much at his ease as the captain of an ocean liner on his bridge. He can move about in more or less comfort; he can hover over one spot for hours and study the operations below at his leisure, if he is not disturbed by a flock of two-seated aeroplanes carrying rifles; he can stay aloft for a whole day without fatigue. More important still, he has at his disposal wireless apparatus which enables him both to send and receive messages for 300 miles without the necessity, therefore, of immediately reporting each important discovery in person.

If an aeroplane flies at a height greater than 4,500 feet it is reasonably safe from the fire of rifles and artillery on the ground. But at that height it is extremely difficult to reconnoiter successfully. Whole batteries seem more like minute crawling insects than guns and men, and it is difficult to distinguish cavalry from horse artillery. The temptation to descend into the danger zone in order to see more clearly is strong. In the Balkans at least two aviators were shot by rifles from the ground because they ventured below the safe height of 4,000 feet, and in the present war, if the newspapers are to be credited, half a dozen scouts have been killed by fire from the ground.

No less than three types of artillery have been designed by Krupp to be used against airships and aeroplanes. One of these is a nine-pounder piece, much like an ordinary gun, hauled by horses, but which can be directed almost vertically upward; a second is to be used on shipboard, and a third is a three-inch piece firing a twelve-pound shrapnel and is mounted on a motor truck. These guns can reach a height of about 20,000 feet, which therefore marks the lower limit of safety for an airship or an aeroplane.

AVIATION SUCCESSFUL IN WAR.

How serviceable aircraft have really been in the present war appears from Sir John French's pointed references to them in his unadorned soldierly reports. "One of the features of the campaign on our side," he writes, "has been the success of the Flying Corps. In regard to the collection of information, it is impossible either to award too much praise to our aviators for the way they have carried out their duties, or to overestimate the value of the intelligence collected." During a period of twenty days, Sir John French assures us, a daily average of more than nine reconnaisance flights of over 100 miles each has been maintained.

The war is only two months old and it is rash to prophesy what lesson it will teach. But already it seems certain that the exploits performed by the airman will be far more instructive than the part played by big guns.—*The American Review of Reviews.*

The Effects of the War

What Will Happen in the World of Letters, Science and Society?

By FRANCIS GRIERSON

What will be the effects of the war on the arts, literature and science? What its effect on society? Mr. Grierson believes that in France, at any rate, things will be "turned inside-out." The terrible loss of life among the prominent families of rank will, he holds, banish fashion and gaiety for years to come.

IT is reported in the newspapers that ladies in the fashionable world of New York are organizing to establish America as the arbiter of women's fashions. The French scepter is laid down, and even French dressmakers are at the front. Paul Poiret, whose name has figured as the latest leader in modes, now spends his time between his artillery post at Belfort and his Paris shop, which now makes only army uniforms. These changes are prophetic of a long future, according to Mr. Francis Grierson, a well-known writer described by Arnold Bennett as "the most enigmatical personality of our times." Whatever the outcome of the present war, it "will touch the social bed-rock of Europe," Mr. Grierson asserts. It marks the end of an old and the beginning of a new era, as sharply defined as the passing from one room to another—and closing the door. In France the change will penetrate to the core of society and "will turn things inside out; politics, society, literature, art, music, science, religion, socialism." In the New York *Sun* we find this interesting prevision:

" Society will be moved to its foundations—first, by the number of its leaders who will fall in battle; second, by the distribution of private fortunes consequent on so many deaths; third, by the long period of mourning to follow. Nothing will remain as it was. Parisian social life will change as by magic. The great families of rank will abandon Paris and take refuge in their chateaux, and the leading mansions of the capital will be barred to fashion and gaiety for years to come. In the highest circles only relatives will receive relatives.

"Only those who know the inner life of France can imagine what the conditions will be. Only those who know the country life of France will be able to grasp the full meaning of the present ordeals. No one from the highest to the lowest will escape the consequences of a war that will pierce to the center every section, every group, every family. All the young men are gone from the homes. Dukes and princes are fighting side by side with farmers. You could not distinguish poets from waiters, artists from artizans, musicians from mechanics, boulevardiers from school teachers.

"On the field of slaughter sheep and goats are all one. Imagination boggles at the reality. All attempts to depict the psychological state of the combatants fall short of the inexorable facts. We have to begin at the beginning in order to get a faint notion of what such a war means to the French and the Germans. Against the old Latin culture of 2,000 years are hurled all the forces of a younger, more strenuous people who roll on as a vast human machine, and the two forces clash as two opposing worlds. Beside this ordeal the war of 1870 appears like a schoolboy's game of football."

Strike a deadly blow at society, says this writer, and you strike art, literature, music, everything. Literature, he thinks, "will instantly receive a new pessimistic impulse which will make utopian theories and old academical maxims appear like so many Mother Goose stories." We read further:

"Books that were found pleasant and nonchalantly optimistic will now, under the final ordeal appear to French readers without meaning and without savor. The whole outlook will be changed.

"Paris and the France that we know will seem like something that has been folded up and put away. If the Germans should storm Paris it will be like the passing of a historical dream. Many of the most promising writers, artists, composers, philosophers, scientists will never return from the field of carnage. A new order of ideas will spring up. Freak art and freak music will die out for want of fresh recruits.

"Paris has been the hotbed of all sorts of eccentric isms in the name of art, and the war will render them unfashionable. It will kill what I have called 'blue china poetry.' Of the thousands of young Frenchmen who flock to Paris every year from the provinces, seeking fame, not more than one or two ever succeed. Paris is not a creator of talent, but a maelstrom in which the majority are overwhelmed.

"The war will exercise a profound influence on French philosophical thought. There will be a return to the fundamental verities. People will tire of the broken reed of Voltairism. It will strengthen the Church and readjust the views and judgments of Socialists."

Changes in England, too, are foreseen by this writer "as great and tumultuous as any on the Continent."

"The old order is even now as good as dead. The writers with pleasant theories of parliamentary utopias will never again sway the British public as they have been doing these last ten years. Writers of paradox will find no more readers. The cheery optimist will change his tactics.

"The professional humorists of London will perhaps have the hardest time of all. It is difficult to conceive the position of the professional London cynic at this juncture. He has been caught in a trap of his own invention. It will now be seen how empty has been the boasting, the bluff the nonchalance of the past twenty years. London has wallowed in tears and temperaments until the decadence has become unconscious and mechanical. Nothing short of a war like this could have produced any striking result."

A conclusion somewhat similar to these of Mr. Grierson's is reached by a writer in the New York *Evening Post* who, while seeing that "the relations of war to letters are manifold," finds that it "plays its better part when it deepens national spirit and the sense of oneness with fellow countrymen, and not through the mere furnishing of scenes and emotions to be depicted." The writer adds:

"From this point of view the war now going on is not a highly promising one. Except perhaps for Poland, it can hardly establish a new nation. It is more likely to end in general exhaustion than in affirming the glorious self-confidence of a people; and its consequences to culture must be deplorable. But only speculation is possible on such a subject."—*The Literary Digest.*

Turkey's Declaration of Independence

An Explanation of Turkey's Action in Abrogating the Capitulations

A few weeks back the nations of the world were formally notified by Turkey of the abrogation of the Capitulations. Many people are unaware of the exact meaning of this notification and its probable effect upon Turkey. This is here explained, and the objections held by Christian nations to this declaration of independence are enumerated.

At the capture of Constantinople in 1453 Mohammed II., in order to check the exodus of the Christian population, and with it the leaders of commerce, craftsmanship, art, and education, decreed for these classes unusual privileges and permitted colonies of resident foreigners to continue forms of local self-government. These privileges included certain valuable exemptions from taxation, freedom from military service, and the exercise by the ecclesiastics not only of religious control but also of important civil functions within the limits of their own communions, whether of the Catholic, Greek, Jewish, Armenian, or other faiths, including the Protestant at a later date. To these privileges there have subsequently been added others, such as the right of subjects of favored nations to immunity from the procedure of Turkish law in criminal cases, and to trial in a consular court of their own country. Foreign nations have been allowed to maintain in Turkey extra-territorial post-offices with the management of which Turkey has nothing to do and from which she can derive no revenue, each nation using its own stamps for letters going out of the country. In the matter of their own tariff the Turks have been very seriously exploited by having been induced many years ago to agree to charge no higher rate than eight per cent. on imports. The year after the Young Turk reformers came into power in 1909 they succeeded in obtaining the reluctant consent of the powers to raising these duties to eleven per cent. This figure, however, is entirely inadequate to provide absolutely necessary revenue and to foster Turkish industries or even prevent them from extinction. As a result of the low tariff forced upon her the Turks have to import the "fez," their universal national cap, from Austria, and their Turkish bath towels from England.

Such, then, are the capitulations and treaty "rights" which Turkey has abrogated. They are privileges and exemptions which are not recognized by international law or by any power as inherent rights either of subjects of a country or of aliens within its borders.

The various Christian nations strongly object to the abolition of these treaty rights. They are convinced that Turkey is not ready to assume responsibility for the removal of extra-territoriality, for the following, among other, reasons:

1. Her laws are based upon the Koran, which, in fact, is the last court of appeal. The law of the Koran is not accepted by Christian nations. Hence Turkey and the Christians, and, for that matter, all other non-Moslem countries, would have no common standard for adjusting differences.

2. The courts of Turkey are insufferably corrupt, controlled by bribes and terrorism.

3. Her prisons are as bad as her courts.

4. No Mahammedan-governed country can recognize equal rights of Moslems and non-Moslems before the law.

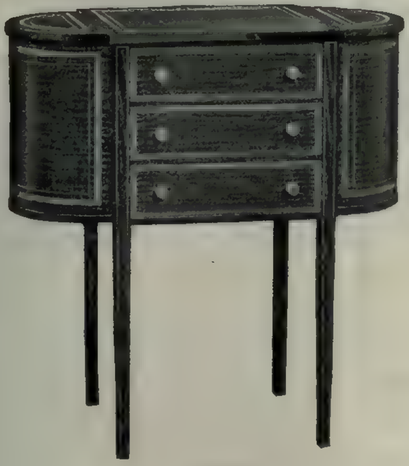
5. Turkey has few trained and trustworthy administrators even for the execution of Moslem law, as the inner history of the past three years amply demonstrates. Enlightened Mohammedans have repeatedly and with good reason declared: "We have no Government." If Turkey's Moslem subjects cry out against their own Government, how could others accept it as satisfactory!

6. The traditional animosities between Mohammedans, Armenians, and Greeks would make the position of members of these Christian races, naturalized in other countries, intolerable upon their return to Turkey.

7. No Mohammedan country has ever entered the sisterhood of nations, nor can it do so unless it abandons Islam as the foundation of its law and order and adopts a constitution that recognizes the equal rights of all, and demonstrates its ability to administer that constitution in accordance with the traditions and laws of Christian nations.

Turkey is not ready to meet these conditions, and so is unprepared to assume responsibility for removing extra-territorial privileges from citizens of other countries.—*The Outlook.*

Christmas Gift Suggestions



No. 841

MARTHA WASHINGTON Sewing Table—very handy for every woman. Three large drawers, with tray in top, one divided into compartments for spools, needles, scissors, etc. Roomy. end pockets. Solid mahogany wood, antique finish, enriched with inlay of satinwood, ebony and boxwood in contrasting shades. Knobs of wood to match. Whole effect is extremely quaint and charming. Makes a beautiful as well as useful gift. Design is taken from original in old Washington home in Mount Vernon.

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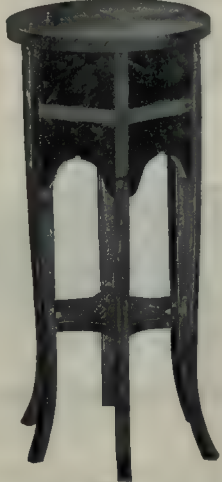
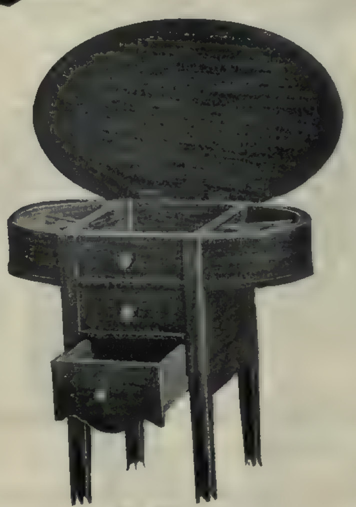


No. 800

TABOURETTE, 14 x 14 top, in solid mahogany, finished in contrasting shades and inlaid. What woman hasn't often longed for something like this to hold a favorite plant, or fern, or bowl of flowers or an artistic piece of sculpture? Its use will add a finishing touch to any room. Equally available for decoration of window or holding knick-knacks in corner. Only the other day a customer spoke of using a smaller-sized one as a seat to be placed alongside the telephone. Having no back, there's no fussing when time comes to use it.

MADE
IN
CANADA



No. 840

LOUIS XVI. Sewing Table, has three roomy drawers and side pockets Made in solid mahogany, plain. Light, graceful and dainty of form it admirably expresses the spirit of the 18th century. Legs are strongly braced, and all points where wear comes are reinforced. Made to ensure durability. A woman who saw such a table at Versailles afterwards remarked that the palace didn't seem a very homelike place to live in until she saw the sewing table which the beautiful, but ill-fated, Marie Antoinette had used.

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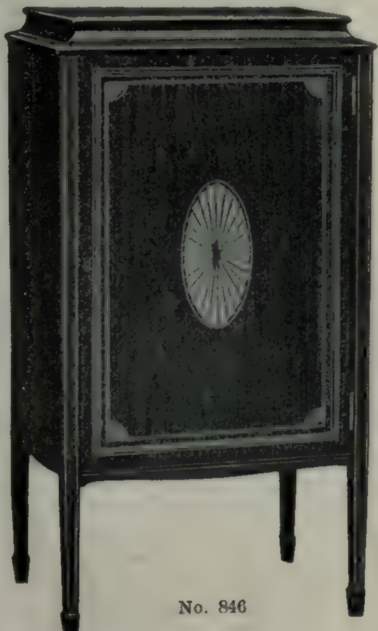

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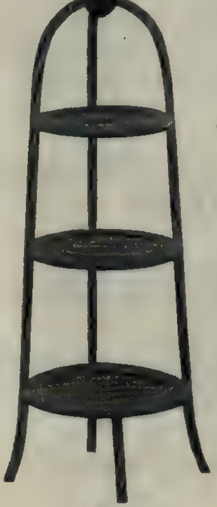

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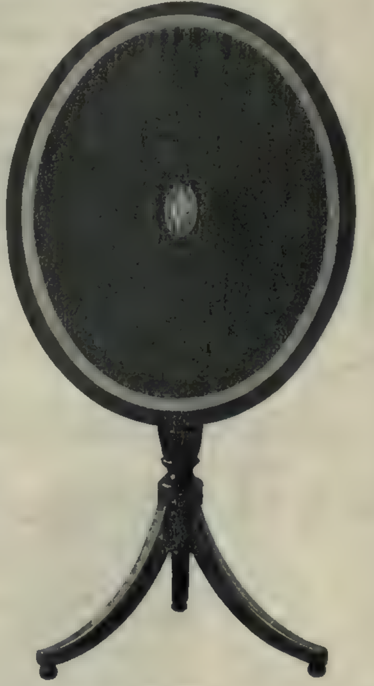

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The Reservoir o
Mystery

A Discussion on the Phenom
ena of Clairvoyance

By MAURICE MAETERLINCK

In past numbers of MacLean's Magazine *several articles have appeared dealing with subjects which have hitherto been classed among the supernatural and which, till lately, the scientific world has regarded with contemptuous skepticism. Of late years, however, so many well-authenticated instances of events, which cannot be explained away by any theory of coincidences, have occurred that scientists have been compelled to adopt a different attitude and to admit that such subjects are worthy of investigation. Maeterlinck here deals with the psychic phenomenon of clairvoyance or second-sight, not as something supernatural, but as something occurring between persons in this work-a-day world which merits our attention and study.*

THERE are certain manifestation
that are absolutely similar to tho
which we attribute to the spirits and ar
equally surprising. There is not the lea
doubt of their origin. They do not com
from the other world; they are born an
die upon this earth, and they arise solel
and incontestably from our own actu
living mystery. They are moreover, of a
psychic manifestations, those which ar
easiest to examine and verify, seeing tha
they can be repeated almost indefinitel
and that a number of excellent and wel
known mediums are always ready to r
produce them in the presence of anyon
interested in the question. It is no longe
a case of uncertain and casual observa
tion but of scientific experiment.

The manifestations in question are ph
nomena of intuition, of clairvoyance o
clair-audience, of seeing at a distanc
and even of seeing the future.

I will not now linger over those man
festations which, under appearances tha
are sometimes childish and vulgar, ofte
conceal surprising and incontestabl
truths, but will devote the present essa
exclusively to a series of phenomen
which includes almost all the others an
which has been classed under the generi
and rather ill-chosen and ill-constructe
title of "psychometry."

The faculty in question is one of th
strangest faculties of our subconscious
ness, and beyond a doubt contains the ke
to most of the manifestations that seer
to proceed from another world. Let u
begin by seeing, with the aid of a livin
and typical example, how it is exercised

Mme. M——, one of the best medium
mentioned by Doctor Osty, in his recentl
published book "Lucidité et Intuition," i
given an object which belonged to o
which has been touched and handled by
person about whom it is proposed to ques
tion her. Mme. M—— operates in a stat
of trance; but there are other noted psy
chometers, such as Mme. F.——, M
Ph——, and M. de F——, who retain al

their normal consciousness, so that hypnotism, or the somnambulistic state, is in no way indispensable to the awakening of this extraordinary faculty of clairvoyance.

When the object, which is usually a letter, has been handed to Mme. M——, she is asked to place herself in communication with the writer of the letter or the owner of the object. Forthwith, Mme. M—— not only sees the person in question, his physical appearance, his character, his habits, his interests, his state of health, but also, in a series of rapid and changing visions that follow upon one another like cinematograph pictures, perceives and describes exactly his immediate surroundings, the scenery outside his window, the rooms in which he lives, the people who live with him and who wish him well or ill, the psychology and the most secret and unexpected intentions of all those who figure in his existence.

In September, 1913, while I was at Elberfeld, visiting Herr Krall's calculating horses, my wife went to consult Mme. M——, gave her a scrap of writing in my hand—a note despatched previous to my journey and containing no allusion to it—and asked her where I was and what I was doing. Without a second's hesitation Mme. M—— declared that I was very far away, in a foreign country where they spoke a language which she did not understand. She saw first, a paved yard, shaded by a big tree with a building on the left and a garden at the back—a rough but not inapt description of Krall's stables, which my wife did not know and which I myself had not seen at the time when I wrote the note. She next perceived me in the midst of the horses examining them, studying them with an absorbed, anxious, and tired air. This was true, for I found those visits, which overwhelmed me with a sense of the marvelous and kept my attention on the rack, singularly exhausting and bewildering. My wife asked her if I intended to buy the horses. She replied, "Not at all; he is not thinking of it."

And, seeking her words as though to express an unaccustomed and obscure thought, she added:

"I don't know why he is so much interested; it is not like him. He has no particular passion for horses. He has some lofty idea which I can't quite discover."

She made two rather curious mistakes in this experiment. The first was that, at the time when she saw me in Krall's stable-yard, I was no longer there. She had received her vision in the interval of a few hours between two visits. Experience shows, however, that this is a usual error among psychometers. They do not, properly speaking, see the action at the very moment of its performance, but rather the customary and familiar action, the principal thing that preoccupies either the person about whom they are being consulted or the person consulting them. They frequently go astray in time. There is not, therefore, necessarily any simultaneity between the action and the vision; and it is well never to take their statements in this respect literally.

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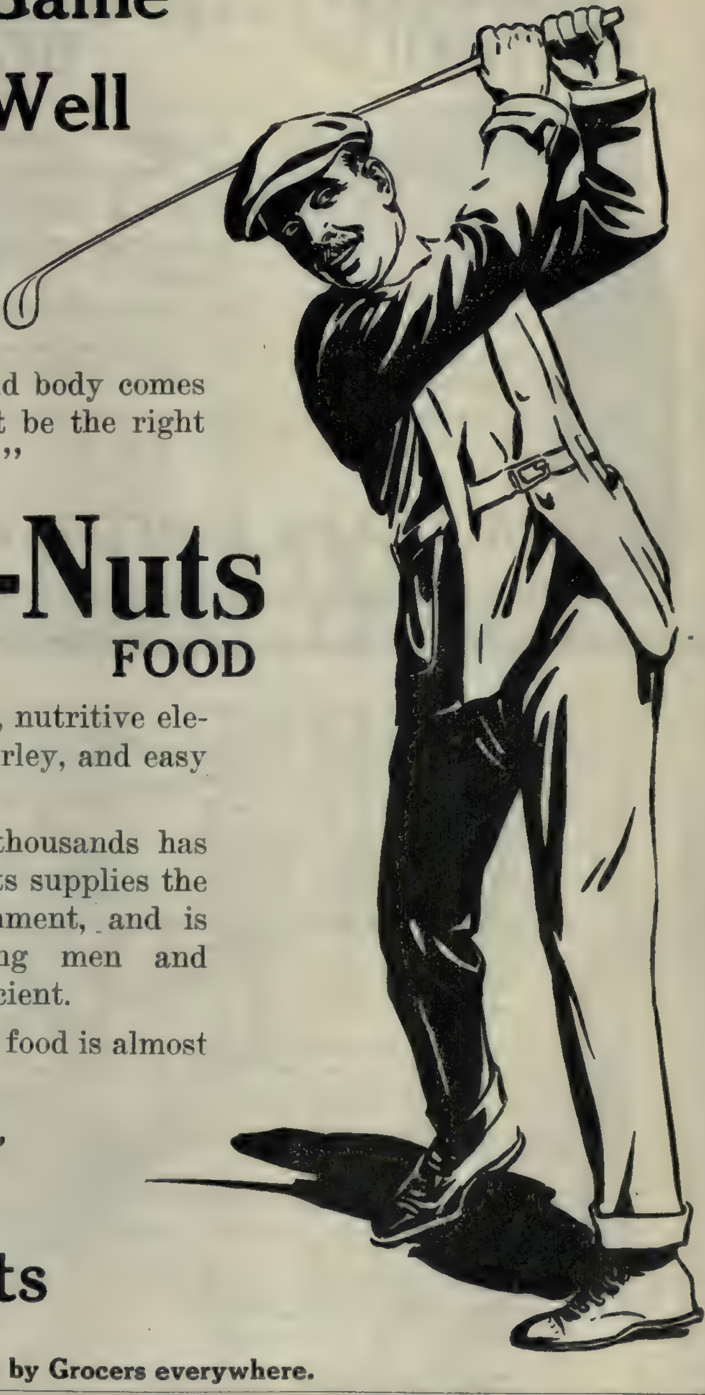

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The other mistake referred to our dress. Krall and I were in ordinary town clothes, whereas she saw us in those long coats which stable-lads wear when grooming their horses.

Let us now make every allowance for my wife's unconscious suggestions. She knew that I was at Elberfeld and that I should be in the midst of the horses; and she knew, or could easily conjecture, my state of mind. The transmission of thought is remarkable, but this is a recognized phenomenon and one of frequent occurrence, and we need not therefore linger over it.

The real mystery begins with the description of a place which my wife had never seen and which I had not seen, either, at the time of writing the note which established the psychometrical communication. When all is said, experiences of this kind do not enable us to go beyond the telepathic explanation. But here is a different one, in which subconscious suggestion cannot play any part whatever.

Some days after the experiment which I have related, I received from England a request for my autograph. Unlike most of those which assail an author of any celebrity, it was charming and unaffected, but it told me nothing about its writer. Without even noticing from what town it was sent to me, after showing it to my wife, I replaced it in its envelope and took it to Mme. M——. She began by describing us, my wife and myself, who both of us had touched the paper and consequently impregnated it with our respective "fluids." I asked her to pass beyond us and come to the writer of the note. She then saw a girl of fifteen or sixteen, almost a child, who had been in rather indifferent health but who was now very well indeed. The girl was in a beautiful garden, in front of a large and luxurious house standing in the midst of rather hilly country. She was playing with a big, curly-haired, long-eared dog. Through the branches of the trees one caught a glimpse of the sea.

On inquiry, all the details were found to be astonishingly accurate, but, as usual, there was a mistake in the time—that is to say, the girl and her dog were not in the garden at the instant when the medium saw them there. Here again an habitual action had obscured a casual movement, for,as I have already said, the vision very rarely corresponds with the momentary reality.

There could be no question, in the circumstances, of transmission of thought, since both the medium and I were ignorant of everything. Besides, other experiments, easily devised and repeated and more rigorously controlled, do away with that theory entirely. For instance, I took three letters written by intimate friends, put each of them in a double envelope, and gave them to a messenger unacquainted with the contents of the envelopes and also with the persons in question to take to Mme. M.——. On arriving at the house, the messenger handed the clairvoyant one of the letters, selected at random, and did nothing further beyond putting the indispensable questions, likewise at random, and taking down the medium's replies in shorthand. Mme. M—— began by giving a very striking physical portrait of the lady who had written the letter; followed this up with an absolutely faithful description of her character, her habits, her tastes, her intellectual and moral qualities, and ended by adding a few details concerning her private life of which I myself was entirely unaware and of which I obtained the confirmation shortly afterward. The experiment yielded just as remarkable results when continued with the two other letters.

I consider it necessary to declare for the last time that these psychometric phenomena, astonishing though they appear at first, are known, proved and certain, and are no longer denied or doubted by any of those who have ever at all studied them seriously.

I could have given full particulars of a large number of conclusive experiments; but this seemed to me as superfluous and tedious as would be, for instance, a string of names of the recognized chemical reactions that can be obtained in a laboratory. Anyone who pleases is at liberty to convince himself of the reality of the facts, provided that he applies to genuine mediums and keeps aloof from the inferior "seers" and especially shams and impostors. Even with the best of them, he will have to be careful of the involuntary, unconscious, and almost inevitable interference of telepathy, which is also very interesting, though it is a phenomenon of a different class, much less surprising and debatable than pure psychometry. He must also learn the art of interrogating the medium and refrain from asking incoherent and random questions about casual or future events.

As for the theories that attempt to explain these phenomena, I am quite willing to grant that they are still somewhat confused. The important thing for the moment is the accumulation of cases and experiments that go feeling their way farther and farther along all the paths of the unknown.

For the moment, that which must above all engage our attention in these psychometric phenomena is their purely and exclusively human character. They occur between the living and the living, on this solid earth of ours, in the world that lies before our eyes; and the spirits, the dead, the gods, and the interplanetary intelligences know them not. Hardly anywhere else, except in the equally perplexing manifestations of the divining-rod and in certain materializations, shall we find with the same clearness this same specific character, if one may call it so. This is a valuable lesson.

It tells us that our every-day life provides phenomena as disturbing and of exactly the same kind and nature as those which, in other circumstances, we attribute to other forces than ours.

It teaches us, also, that we must first direct and exhaust our inquiries here below, among ourselves, before passing to the other side; for our first care should be to simplify the interpretations and ex-

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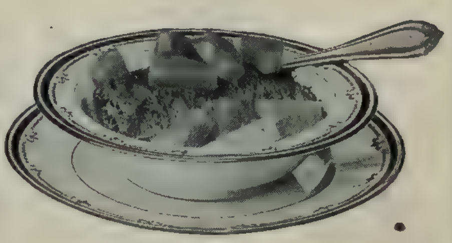
—in Sickness and in Health — in Good Times and Bad Times —in all climes and in all seasons — for children and grown-ups — the food that builds strong and sturdy bodies, fit for the day's work or the day's play, is



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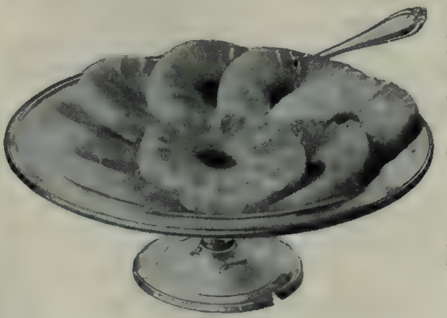

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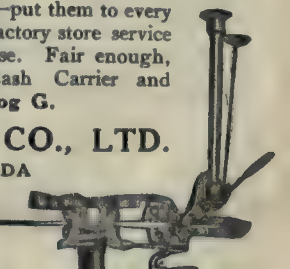

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planations and not to seek elsewhere, in suppositions, what probably lies hidden within us in reality.

Afterwards, if the unknown overwhelm us utterly, if hopeless darkness engulf us, there will still be time to go, none can tell where, to question the deities or the dead.

—*Hearst's Magazine.*

Popularizing the Millionaires Sport

The Development of the Motor Has Been a Record-breaker in Every Respect

Yachting is no longer the exclusive sport of the millionaires. Whereas a few years ago a steam yacht cost anywhere from one hundred thousand to a million dollars, a motor yacht is now within the reach of the average business man. In the United States alone there are now as many as three hundred thousand motor boats. This revolution is due to the introduction of the gasoline motor.

IT was at the Paris Exposition of 1889 that the first motor boat, one with a Daimler engine, was exhibited as a sort of marine curiosity. By 1903, and particularly in the United States, wealthy yachtsmen began to build speedy twenty-one-mile toys like *Napier I.* and cruising launches that often refused to cruise at all.

A few years later—in 1907—Albert Hickman, seeing a boy sculling swiftly over the water on a flat boat of six spruce boards, got the idea for the revolutionary *Viper I.*, a rule V-shaped box with a cheap two-horse-power motor, that ran over the water at a twenty-five-mile-an-hour speed. Since that time there have been other boats of this type that race at fifty miles an hour. When first introduced, this sea sled was as new to the marine world as was the first iron ship, which the wiseacres declared would not float.

In the past only a J. Pierpont Morgan, a James Gordon Bennett, a Vanderbilt, or an Astor could afford the luxury of a steam yacht, costing anywhere from one hundred thousand to a million dollars, and eating up thousands of dollars each year in coal and crew. There are only ten thousand such yachts in the whole world; yet right here in the United States we have three hundred thousand motor boats and motor yachts—vessels within reach of the average man. Thus, the millionaire no longer holds a monopoly on the pleasures of independent cruising.

You can get a splendid little water runabout for a hundred and fifty dollars; for twice that sum you can get a staunch steel craft that will take you and your family all the way down the Mississippi or let you buck the swift currents of the muddy Missouri. For a sum ranging from one to two thousand dollars, you can get a motor boat that will carry you and a half dozen others out to sea—across the Atlantic if you have the nerve—and show a clean pair of legs to the average millionaire's big sail or steam yacht. In this motor boat you can race all around the winner of that giant bottomless silver vessel called *"America's Cup."* If you are fond of racing, you can add a few dollars to the thousand or two you have already spent and buy a dainty high-powered boat that will beat the express trains running north of St. Louis along the Mississippi banks up to Mark Twain's old home; or that can play all around the swift liner *Aquitania* as she speeds up off Sandy Hook for her race against wind and tide or German cruisers to England.

Of course, if you are a W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., you can invest a sum ranging from five to fifty thousand and buy your self a big Tarantula that can roam the world. Thousands of rich men, of whom one rarely hears, are doing this very thing. Some of them build themselves big river houseboats, some speedy river cruisers, some comfortable roomy yachts that can travel anywhere. For instance, H. A. Parsons, of Cleveland, Ohio, son-in-law of the late Mark Hanna, owns the *Mahapa II.*, 84 feet long, used for Great Lakes cruising. Carl G. Fisher, of Indianapolis owns the *Shadow*, a sixty-six-foot express cruiser, that can travel at twenty-eight miles an hour. One of the fastest yachts in the world is the *Winchester*, two hundred and five feet over all, two hundred tons displacement, six thousand horse-power developed by two Parsons engines, owned by P. W. Rouss, C. H. Foster, of the Chicago Yacht Club, is owner of the *Natoma*, a fine one-hundred-nineteen-foot, three-hundred-horse-power twin-screw power yacht.

Yes, decidedly, that number of three hundred thousand has a big commercial import. There are to-day eight hundred firms, scattered over the United States, engaged in manufacturing marine motor engines alone. This summer a little fire on the *Blue Bird*, a one-hundred-foot power yacht of J. Palmer Gavit, lying off the New Jersey coast, incurred five thousand dollars' damage. Two hundred thousand dollars' damage was done to motor yachts in a small fire on the Harlem River, New York, during the same season.

An index of the commercial value of these pleasure boats is the fact that two million dollars' worth of them are exported each year to foreign parts. Three hundred thousand dollars' worth are sent by American manufacturers to be used on the inland waters and seas of British Oceania. Canada buys motor boats in a like sum from us. Argentina takes another hundred thousand dollars' worth. One shipment of ten boats to Belgium once averaged two hundred thousand and a shipment of fifteen boats to Germany reached the tidy sum of three hundred and eighty-two thousand dollars. Consular reports show that the American motor boat goes to the Euphrates, to the Tigris, to the Amazon—to every river and sea on the map.

Outside strictly motor-boat circles, the motor boat has until lately been looked upon as a fancy sporting luxury chiefly designed for speed competition. Therefore most of the public interest has been centred in the spectacular side of these speedy thirty and forty-foot boats of high-power efficiency.

But out of these wild races at Monaco, off Cowes, for the Harmsworth Trophy, off Chicago, New York, and in southern waters, has developed a practical use for the motor boat. If fishermen do not fish in motor boats, they put kickers in their sailing schooners so that neither wind nor tide can interfere with their work. Big trading schooners like the *Eclipse* and the *Danneborg* that go to the West Indies and to South America are fitted with auxiliary motors. The English ketch, *Ceres*, one hundred and two years old, lately was fitted with thirty-horse-power engines! The majority of the dynamite and torpedo transports about harbors like New York are propelled by motors. Motor boats are being used for ferrying passengers quickly and safely along the Tennessee and the Mississippi. Alaskan waters are alive with them.

Then there is the motor lifeboat for coast and ocean work. The race of motor boats from Philadelphia to Bermuda, twice won by the *Dream*, has proved the seaworthiness of such craft. Two years ago Captain Thomas Fleming Day crossed the Atlantic in the thirty-five foot motor boat *Detroit*, making the trip in twenty-four days. Big passenger liners like the *Aquitania* and the *Vaterland* have been equipped with two big motor boats each thirty feet long and having a nine-foot-six-inch beam, fitted with thirty-horse-power motors and wireless, designed to tow any or all of the eighty lifeboats in case of disaster. The thirty-foot non-sinkable Lundin lifeboat is possibly superior to these big motor boats of the liners. The quality of this latest type of lifeboat was tested this year by Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Sivard, who made an extended Atlantic voyage in one designed and built by Mr. Sivard. His boat is made peculiarly effective because of the presence of the motor—a thirty-two-horse-power gasoline engine. Without the motor it would have little or no value. In time, all United States Government life-saving stations will be equipped with motor boats.

So it is seen that the motor boat is anything but a racing plaything though it does change in style every season like a woman's hat.

A motor-boat expert lately proved that three hundred thousand motor vessels in the United States averaged a tonnage equal to all the merchant steamers of the United States, around five thousand in number. Other experts in marine matters declare that the day is not far distant when the motor boat will not only supplant the steam yacht entirely but

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Best Selling Book of the Month

"The Eyes of the World" and Something About the Author, Harold Bell Wright

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

Harold Bell Wright, was born on May 4th, 1872, in Rome, New York state, the second of four sons. He was married in Buffalo, N.Y., in 1899 and now lives in Imperial county, California, a rancher, a painter of landscapes and more than anything else, a writer of books. Over a million copies of his novels had been sold before the appearance of "The Eyes of the World," and his publishers estimate a sale of one million copies for his latest novel. The first edition was half a million copies. Wright's first novel was "That Printer of Udell's," then in the order named came "The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Calling of Dan Matthews," "The Winning of Barbara Worth" and "Their Yesterdays."

REFERENCE to the reports of the best selling books for the past month indicates how Harold Bell Wright's latest book, "The Eyes of the World," has captured the fiction readers of Canada and the United States by storm, this book far out-topping all others in the general demand throughout these countries.

This is accounted for in large measure by the reputation which this author had achieved with his other books, including "The Shepherd of the Hills," "The Calling of Dan Matthews" and "The Winning of Barbara Worth." In fact the advance sales alone were sufficient to make it an outstanding leader in both countries.

The scene of the author's latest tale is Fairlands in Southern California and the nearby mountains. Early in the book comes this delightful introduction to Fairlands:

"With a long, triumphant shriek, the flying overland train—from the lands of ice and snow—from barren deserts and lonely mountains—rushed from the narrow mouth of the canyon, and swept out into the beautiful valley of the San Barnardino Valley where the travelers were greeted by wide green miles of orange and lemon and walnut and olive groves—by many acres of gardens and vineyards and orchards. Amid these groves and gardens, the towns and cities are set; their streets and buildings half hidden in wildernesses of eucalyptus and peppers and palms; while towering above the loveliness of the valley and visible now from the weeping lines of their foothills to the gleaming white of their peaks—rises in blue-veiled, cloud-flecked steeps and purple shaded canyons, the beauty and grandeur of the mountains.

It was January, to those who had so recently left the winter lands, the Southern California scene—so richly green, so warm with its golden sunlight—seemed a dream of fairyland. It was as though that break in the mountain wall had ushered them suddenly into another world, strange, indeed to eyes accustomed to ice and snow and naked trees and leaden clouds."

Then follows an interesting description of the little city of Fairlands with its ten thousand people, of whom, according to the opinion expressed by one of the characters of the story, perhaps nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine, had never really seen the beauties of the mountains which surrounded the city.

Fairlands was like most cities, in that people of different classes lived in different sections, yet it was distinctive in this respect, in that the social rating was largely marked by altitude—plebeian business together with those who worked, being on the lowest levels, within the corporate limits, while the heights were occupied by Fairlands' pride. The other citizens being fairly graded between these two extremes by the social levels they occupied, thus enabling each in turn to look down upon his neighbor.

Up among the people forming the social apex, was the domain of the Taines. The Taine family and their close associates with their principles of life, or rather lack of them, constitute the object lesson of what the author seeks to accomplish in this book, that is to score against the scavenger curse in modern literature and art, but the attendant details of this process are such as to make the book somewhat of a paradox, the reader finding it difficult at times to refrain from classing it with certain others whose authors had no thought of having their books accepted by the public as forming part of any crusade whatsoever.

The hero of the book is Aaron King, a young artist, who, for a time, comes under the blight of the Taines' outlook on life, but who, coming into touch with Sibyl Andrés, a most lovable girl and a true daughter of the mountains, untainted by the influence of all that is unwholesome in modern society, falls in love with the girl, this experience, aided by the helpful counsel of one of the other principals, Conrad Lagrange, a popular author who had himself yielded to the temptation from which he seeks to save his friend, eventually accomplishes the redemption of the artist.

The best chapters of the tale are those in which the action takes place in the mountains, there being an impression of actually breathing a purer air in getting away from the atmosphere surrounding the home of the Taines

Not the least element going to make up the merit of the book are the passages descriptive of the mountains and expressive of their influence—as for instance:

"The mountains," he continued, with his eyes upon the distant heights, "are not seen by those who would visit them with a rattle and

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clatter and rush and roar—as one would visit the cities of men. They are to be seen only by those who have the grace to go quickly; who have the understanding to go thoughtfully; the heart to go lovingly; and the spirit to go worshipfully. They are to be approached, not in the manner of one going to a horse-race, or a circus, but in the mood of one about to enter a great cathedral; or, indeed, of one seeking admittance to the very throne-room of God. When going to the mountains, one should take time to feel them drawing near. They are never intimate with those who hurry. If possible," insisted the speaker, smiling gravely upon his companion, "one should always spend, at least, a full day in the approach. Before entering the immediate presence of the hills, one should first view them from a distance, seeing them from base to peak—in the glory of the day's beginning, as they watch the world awake; in the majesty of full noon, as they maintain their calm above the turmoil of the day's doing; and in the glory of the sun's departure, as it lights last their crests and peaks. And then, after such a day, one should sleep, one night, at their feet."

The "Eyes of the World" is most readable, well told and carried through without any lapse of interest, the chief criticism to which it throws itself open being the overwrought portions which depict the evils in the social fabric of the day, at which the author's blows are aimed, this being all the more apparent because the scavenger in literature, with his prototype in art, come in for so much attention, the result being lurid passages that are essentially distasteful and objectionable.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE AUTHOR.

Tracing the ancestry of Harold Bell Wright, one has to go back to the arrival in New England in 1640 of a shipload of Anglo-Saxon immigrants. Venturesome spirits among these proceeded to the Mohawk Valley in New York state. There also came Huguenots from France, the two peoples joining in the quest for political and religious freedom. The author's mother was descended from these Hugenots.

When he was ten years old his mother died and the next ten years was a period of considerable hardship, but, buffeted and battling with adversity, he finally won his way to college. His college career was short but, while there was much he did not get, he gained the most priceless of possessions, a good wife and abiding friendships.

Eventually he arrived in the Ozark country in Missouri and there he began to preach the gospel to those who needed it, and according to report, to some who had to take it whether they wanted it or not, when he had the floor.

Of late years his home has been in Imperial county, California, where he is identified with the progress that has reclaimed, by irrigation, a quarter of a million acres of land that has been turned into prosperous farms and ranches—a great oasis in a desert of which it was a part little more than a decade ago.

The Wright home is a large comfortable house built of concrete in Spanish architecture, with wide veranda and pergola. He is a devoted husband and father—for Mr. Wright has three boys, and no less marked is the devotion he receives in return.

He rises with the sun, superintends the ranch work and is thus occupied until noon. The afternoon he usually devotes to reading and writing. On occasions, he sticks to his literary task until dawn.

Mr. Wright is a man of retiring disposition and of exemplary habits. His neighbors admire and love him almost to the degree of hero-worship, not because of what he has done but because of what he is—the life and character back of it all.

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

Fiction.

1. Eyes of the World. H. B. Wright	150
2. The Fortunate Youth. W. J. Locke	46
3. You Never Know Your Luck. Sir Gilbert Parker	38
4. The Inside of the Cup. Winston Churchill	36
5. The Price of Love. Arnold Bennett	20
6. Diane of the Green Van. Leona Dalrymple	19

BEST SELLERS IN UNITED STATES.

1. The Eyes of the World. Wright.
2. Pollyanna. Porter.
3. Laddie. Stratton-Porter.
4. The Salamander. Johnson.
5. The Inside of the Cup. Churchill.
6. The Victim. Dixon.

FISH THAT SURVIVE FREEZING.

The ordinary cold storage of fish is put out of date by Mr. R. Pictet, the brilliant Swiss scientist, noted for his experiments with cold. He has just succeeded in freezing live fish and reviving them several weeks or months later, an achievement which recalls Edmond About's fanciful tale of "The Man with the Broken Ear." He recently placed twenty-eight fish in a box containing water rich in oxygen, and in which several pieces of ice were floating. He then very slowly reduced the temperature of the contents. At the end of about two months the resultant cake of ice was gradually thawed and the fish were all found to be alive. It is essential that the water be very gradually frozen and that it shall have contained pieces of ice for from fifteen to eighteen hours before the whole mass is frozen. The process of thawing must also be very slow. It is stated that Alaskan salmon and Siberian sturgeon may thus be sent alive to Europe. Methods of making the process commercially successful are now being sought.

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 42.

tion of one of his farms served as his home and he never saw anyone. Salesmen had no chance to get at this rural magnate. All business was transacted through an agent. Several times Hennesley had tried to reach him on deals of one kind or another but had never penetrated beyond the outer fortifications —represented by a ferret-faced factotum.

"Some person has got to see Ham. Burgar," went on Hennesley. "Haven, do you care to try it?"

"Yes," I said. "I'll undertake it. There's no one man so inaccessible that it is impossible to reach him some way."

"I hope you have more success than I did," said Hennesley, drily. "Don't underestimate the job, my boy. You'll have to be a combination of detective and porch-climber to get to Ham. himself."

"What I would like to know is how he came to buy Union Electric stock in the first place," I said. "He hasn't bought any other local stocks as far as we know. In fact, I've heard that he deals in debentures and bonds entirely. It's a fact that he doesn't play the stock markets."

"He bought what he holds of Union Electric ten years ago," replied Hennesley. "At that time there was some talk of building a system of radial roads to connect up all towns in the county. Burgar as a heavy owner of real estate stood to benefit by the plan and for that reason he took a certain interest in Union Electric. The company went so far as to secure the necessary franchises and then let the matter drop."

I pondered this information for a moment. "I believe radial roads may prove the vulnerable point in the armor of our up-county Orlando," I said. "Well, I'm off for a try at him anyway."

I reached the village nearest to the farm where Burgar lived early in the evening but made no attempt to find his place until darkness had fallen. A native gave me full directions and in due course I found my way to a rambling frame house with dilapidated, sprawling wings and a peculiar gabled roof. The front of the house was lighted up but I decided to reconnoitre first before letting my arrival be known. A cautious detour of the house brought me to the rear of the right wing where a light showed through a battered French window. Unusual necessity leads to unusual means. I decided to take a look through this window before attempting an entrance in the regular way.

My surreptitious survey showed me a room lined with book cases, filled with heavy calf-bound volumes, a table with a green-shaded reading lamp, and a big leather chair in which Hamilton Burgar himself was seated. I recognized him by the descriptions I had heard; but, seeing his face in repose, one could not corroborate entirely the description generally accepted. Burgar was a big man with stern features and a heavy, reddish beard generously sprinkled with grey. One was

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November Farmer's Magazine

tells the story

War conditions are making the top and bottom strata of commercial life shiver and rock. And many are seeking the safety that the good farm can give. They are going back to the place they should never have left.

In the November issue of Canada's popular magazine, there appear many stories of farm profit-making crops, of livestock successes, and of inspiration. A general impression can be gained of the issue by a few of the subjects which are here mentioned.

The Tale of the Karakul.

By Mackenzie Hall. Illustrated with pictures of this celebrated sheep that is now being bred in Canada for the sake of its Persian lamb fur as well as its unrivalled flesh. Already Canadian breeders have been sending coarse-wooled sheep to these farms. It opens up an interesting business proposition.

Prairie Fortunes in Livestock.

By F. C. Mackenzie. The writer has been in Manitoba recently and has noted the cattle, the horses, the hogs and the sheep successes and possibilities. The aids and hindrances are discussed and incidentally the building of big houses on farms is condemned. It is well illustrated.

A Man From Glengarry.

By W. A. Craick. An intimate character sketch of J. Lockie Wilson, the man who has made such a success of Ontario's Fairs and Exhibitions and of her Horticultural Societies—the man who was a Patron of the Patrons and a stumper of the Prairies, will form delightful reading at every farm fireside.

Ladner Bee Profits.

By J. T. Bartlett. A man goes into his back yard, watches the incoming honeybees, overcomes the natural disadvantages and makes $1,000 a year on the side. And the people can't get enough of these honey products.

Tree Ramparts Against Famine.

By W. L. Smith. The wise man who looks ahead, like the Germans have done, will build up for posterity by planting the barren hillsides to pines and other trees. Why not allow our townships to engage in this enterprise?

The Problem of School Lunches.

This article will be especially interesting to women in all the provinces. The child's dinner pail is an important part of the nation's commissariat.

Other articles deal with subjects of wide interset. Women's Institute members will be especially pleased while The House Building article will carry some new features.

A Review of Reviews Department of all that's best in farm papers will be a leading feature. Be sure to read Grasmere's talks On the Farm in November.

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struck, however, with the height of his brow and the air of dignity that rested on him as he sat poring over the volume opened in his lap. Whatever else Hamilton Burgar might be, it was apparent that he was a scholar.

"Now or never," I said to myself. I threw open the window and stepped in.

Burgar's nerves were of the best; for the sudden appearance of a stranger did not even cause the hand holding his book to move. But he glanced up with a frown of such ferocity that the whole aspect of his face was changed. The book, I noticed, was *Pepy's Diary*.

"I'm not a burglar," I said, hurriedly. "Before saying anything else, let me apologize for my far from conventional mode of approach."

"That's all you'll have time to say," rumbled Burgar rising with a menacing gesture. "If you value your skin, get out the same way you got in and be off the premises in two minutes!"

"If I went now there would never be radial railroads in Western County," I said, keeping as calm as I could, in the face of the bristling belligerency of the powerful old man. "You don't see an intruding individual before you, Mr. Burgar; you see an opportunity for increasing real estate values in this part of the country."

He put down his book and advanced on me.

"I see an opportunity for administering a sound lesson to an impertinent young puppy!" he declared, grimly. "Let me advise you to leave while you can do so unassisted."

I retired; but in the opposite direction from the window.

"Drop the mask for once in your life, Mr. Burgar," I pleaded. "I saw the real Hamilton Burgar when I glanced through the window just now. You've believed it necessary to play a part to keep the money sharks and the inquisitive away, but there's one man that has peeped beneath the surface you have seen fit to adopt. No man who would read *'Pepy's'* could be the unapproachable individual that you have made yourself appear to be."

He looked at me a little curiously.

"Are you one of these new-fangled scientific salesmen?" he asked.

"No," I replied. "I'm a struggling merchant in Martinville who sees that he cannot work up a decent business until there is a radial system linking up all the towns in the county. That's the reason why I took my life in my hands and came through that window."

"Your actions refute your explanation," said Burgar. "If you are what you claim to be you would have come to the door like a gentleman instead of spying on my privacy."

"What chance would I have had of getting past your Cerberus at the door?" I demanded. "Believe me Mr. Burgar, I regret the window incident even more than you do. But necessity knows no law."

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded, sitting down but keeping his finger in the book to mark his place and to serve, I suppose, as a check on any tendency toward loquacity that I might develop.

"I want you to attend the annual meeting of the Union Electric to-morrow," I said.

I talked business with him for twenty minutes and books for two hours; and left with his promise to attend the meeting. I drove back to town in a jubilant frame of mind. Hamilton Burgar was, above all else, a man who kept his word. I have called on him frequently since and, although he retains his old attitude toward the public in general, I have found him a ripe scholar, a deep thinker, and a man of high ideals. His misanthropy is confined to a dislike to mingling with men whose sole interest in life is money-making; and on account of his wealth this was the only class that he was likely to come in contact with. Hence the barriers that he raised and still keeps up.

The annual meeting of the Union Electrical Co. proved an event of historical significance. It is still discussed in financial circles in Martinville. Opening at one o'clock in the offices of the company, the attendance was notably small. Usually the room was crowded with small shareholders. Our operations had eliminated the most of the smaller holders, however. President Wilson, who sat at the head of a long table running almost the full length of the room, was clearly nonplussed. Several times he whispered to the secretary who sat at his right.

Silas Hennesley and three others besides myself were present to represent the interests we had acquired. Larry Barlow, Jim Harvey, John Connel and a number of independent shareholders made up the gathering.

The rap of the president's gavel had just brought the meeting to attention, when the door opened and Hamilton Burgar strode into the room. His entrance created a sensation, to put it mildly. He had not attended a meeting of any kind for ten years and his arrival, therefore, was taken by everyone in the room as the forerunner of something distinctly unusual. Wilson's jaw sagged and he stared over his gold-rimmed eye-glasses at the newcomer with something approaching to panic in his eyes. Larry Barlow, who had already given me the benefit of several malicious stares, shot an inquiring glance from Burgar to me and then back again to Burgar. He clearly suspected something.

"So he came after all," whispered Hennesley, who sat beside me. "I hardly believed he would show up even after what you told me this morning."

The business proceeded smoothly without any trial of strength until the election of officers came around. The old directors were placed in nomination. I then nominated a new board consisting of Silas Hennesley, Hamilton Burgar, two others and myself. The vote was taken. Our slate was supported by 48 per cent., the old directors by 46 per cent.

There was a stir as the secretary announced our victory. Wilson whispered with Barlow for a few tense moments. Connel and Harvey glared savagely at

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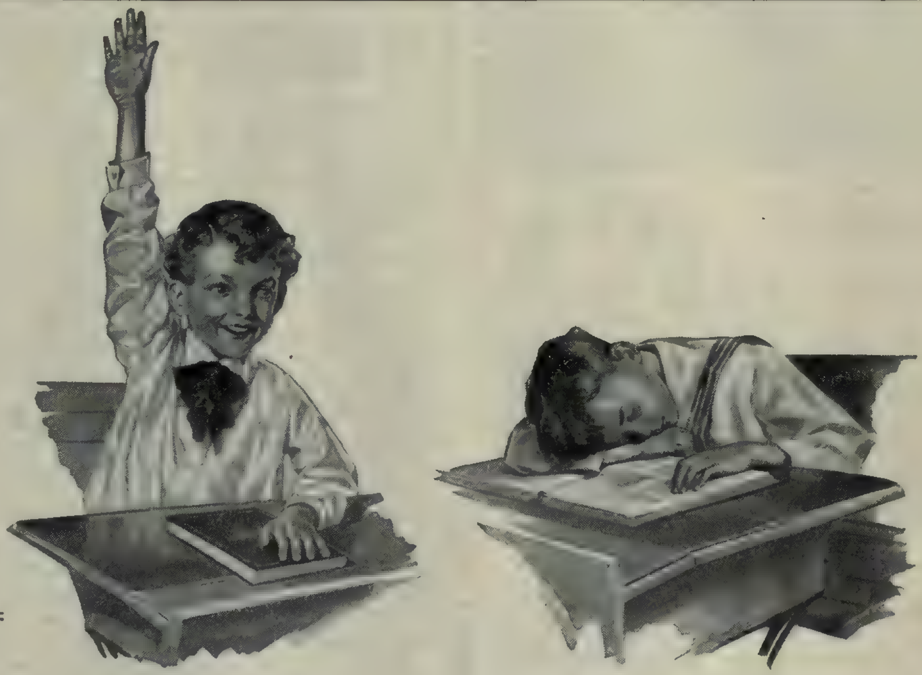

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our party and at Hamilton Burgar who sat at the foot of the board with arms folded, calmly oblivious to everyone.

The colloquy finished, Wilson rapped his gavel with an unsteady hand and asked if there was any further business.

"I have a motion to put, if it is in order," I said, rising. "It provides, briefly, for an investigation into the contracts let by this company during the past three years and for the immediate turning over of all books for the purposes of the investigation."

Larry Barlow sprang to his feet and faced me with a furious red dying his face. Wilson went white for a moment then made a pretence at bluster.

"What do you mean by this insult?" he demanded. "Do you realize that your motion reflects on the directors of this company! You shall suffer for this, sir."

"My motion is self-explanatory," I said, coolly. "Sit down Barlow, while I read it."

"I advise you not to read it," declared Larry, restraining himself with very evident difficulty. "If you have any sense you'll let this matter drop right here and now and you'll beg us to forget it."

"Sit down, sir," thundered Hennesley, suddenly rising to his feet. Putting his powerful hands on Larry's shoulders he forced the latter down into his seat with a thump. Silas Hennesley was still one of the strongest men in the county. "Now stay there," he ordered," until we have settled this matter."

It was not soon settled but we had the votes behind us and forced the resolution through. It called for the immediate surrender of the books. We then put through another resolution affirming our intention of proceeding with the radial problem at once. This brought the business of the meeting to an end.

The beaten directors left the room in an outwardly belligerent mood, threatening legal reprisals and, in Larry's case, personal violence. The new board of directors remained to elect officers, Silas Hennesley being selected for the presidency and Hamilton Burgar for vice-president.

Word of the hand we were holding leaked to the opposition camp early and it wasn't long before they made overtures to us. Shandler Cone, the legal authority of the recently deposed civic ring, called on Silas Hennesley with a tentative suggestion of an amicable arrangement. Negotiations progressed from that point on until we received a definite offer from the old directors to settle if the investigation were dropped. This was finally agreed upon and a sufficient sum was turned over to the company to make it possible for the new board to make up in full to shareholders for the dividends that had been passed. The investigation was not proceeded with.

Despite all efforts to maintain secrecy the public got wind of the scandal and there was a loud outcry for the punishment of the delinquents. Wilson left town at once, winding up his affairs in a few hours' time and leaving his wife to move the furniture. Where they went to no one ever learned. John Connel was practically ruined by the settlement and he dropped out of sight. The last heard of him was that he was employed as a hostler in a neighboring town. Jim Harvey stuck to his guns and continued to live in Martinville, the most unpopular man in the place.

Larry Barlow was also hard hit by the exposure. The sum he had to pay back to square his record was so large that it taxed his resources to raise it. He had become heavily involved in several enterprises and, when his part in the Union Electric scandal became known, his creditors began to press him hard. By adroit manoeuvring he managed to stave off bankruptcy and in a short time he moved out West. I hear he is running a stock-broking office in a city in the Middle West states now. And, needless to state, he is making lots of money again.

Before the Union Electric refund deal was definitely closed, I had an interview with Larry. It was in his private office where I had called to see him.

"You hold some notes of Jacques Holworth's," I said. "I'll take them off your hands."

Larry breathed hard for a moment or two and did not trust himself to look up.

"Very well," he said, finally. "You have the whip-hand. I can't fight you—now."

We soon settled the details and I pocketed the notes.

"We've been pretty bitter on each other lately, Larry," I said, as I was leaving. "I don't expect we'll ever be friends again but I really am sorry that you got mixed up in this deal. With your ability there's no limit to where you can go if you stick to legitimate methods."

"You know where you can go," said Larry, looking me squarely in the face for the first time.

I laughed; and started off for Upper Town, which was for me exactly the opposite direction to which he had consigned me.

To Be Continued.

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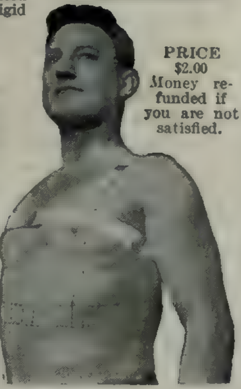

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The Peacock Screen

Continued from Page 39.

Then the man looked into Yvette's eyes, and found them deep.

"Clean forgotten everything?" he suggested coolly.

"What was there to forget?" she asked him.

"Never dig in the ashes?" he hinted.

"Ashes are cold and uninteresting," said Yvette.

She smiled, too. When he stared a little rudely, she smiled the sweeter.

"It is almost impossible," she apologized, "to remember everything, across four years. I dare say there are a great many things of which you are thinking, that I have forgotten. One meets so many men when one is a debutante——"

"I should like to stake my reputation, of which I am excessively jealous," said Hays, "that you have *not* forgotten. There are some things which one does not forget, and *die erste Liebe* is one of them."

"Were you that?"

"I," said he, "was that—however unworthily."

Yvette shrugged.

When she did not speak the lines of Hays' face changed swiftly. A compelling youth spoke from his eyes, and the whimsical, lifting corners of his mouth. It was the look Yvette remembered.

"I've never changed," he said. "Believe me, Yvette——"

And at that juncture, rather appropriately, Whiting came back into the room.

"I found your mother," he said cheerfully, "and de Maupassant. Have you two revived your auld lang syne?"

Whiting's roses came next day upon the heels of Hays' less prodigal valley lilies.

Yvette wore the roses to the opera—and put the valley lilies in her room.

After the first act of "Aida," she questioned Whiting's pleasant hospitality abruptly.

"Tony—you know Mr. Hays well?"

Whiting shrugged. He drew his chair a little nearer, and lowered his voice.

"Fairly well, not intimately. Likable chap, eh? Something of a gallant cavalier. Where did *you* know him?"

"He went about with the La Branches the winter I came out," said Yvette.

"Like him?" asked Whiting carelessly. "By the way, Iv'e asked him to a little dinner I'm having next week—for you."

"A dinner you're having for me?" said Yvette.

"Thought you'd like it—an old friend and all that," said Whiting. He sat back in his chair as the curtain rose.

Yvette heard very little of the music that night.

When she went home, she put the bowl of valley lilies downstairs in the library on the plea that their perfume was too heavy.

"It sickens me," she said, more or less truthfully.

Another thing she did was not so wise. She resurrected from a box in the depth of a clothes-closet a package of letters and read them through deliberately. The dawn came in at the window when she had fin-

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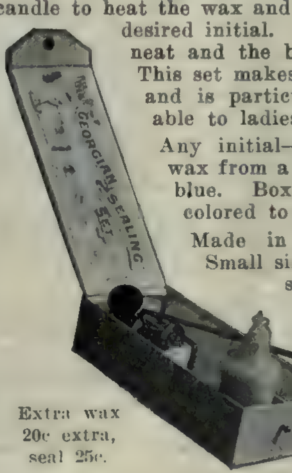

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ished. They were long letters, for the most part, and there were rather a number of them. The last one was enlightening.

'I accept your decision," it said carefully, "but I can't help believing that this is not the end. Suppose we call it tomorrow's tangle, and trust to Fate to unravel it? You may be right. In any case, there is nothing more now for me to say. You have closed the subject."

"It was a very easy acceptance—of *my* decision," said Yvette to herself. "He never cared. If he had——"

Without finishing the sentence she went to bed, just as the streets were waking. She did not go to sleep at once, but then when she did she slept till noon, which somewhat recompensed her.

It is not one of the conditions for a successful betrothal that memories return.

Yvette was unhappy.

She endeavored to be natural with Whiting, and succeeded in displaying to his keen gray eyes an undue effusiveness. She endeavored to be natural with Hays, and by her resultant coldness convinced him easily that she was afraid of the old feeling. She endeavored to be natural with her mother, who had memories of her own concerning Hays and her daughter and was therefore pacing the watchtower, and succeeded only in arousing in the maternal breast a small simoon of anxiety.

In herself, Yvette was prey to a variety of emotions. Her nerves wore to fiddlestrings, and her nights were sleepless treadmills. She desired to be loyal to Whiting, but the lure of the first love called her insidiously. Also she said to herself—as does many another beloved one—that matrimony allows one no rain checks, and having purchased a ticket one must willy-nilly sit through the entire performance or go forth into outer darkness with no prospect of returning.

The thing faintly alarmed her—for the first time.

In contradistinction to each other she placed certain reluctant facts.

Whiting was nearing middle age. Hays was in the very prime of youth, daring, denied and dark—three potent D's.

Whiting loved her. Hays might or might not—a fact entirely in his favor by the very beauty of its uncertainty.

Whiting's hair was ebbing and his waistcoat obtained an almost imperceptible prominence. Hays was lithe as an Indian, and his hair thick as leaves at Vallombrosa.

Add to this: Whiting had money. Hays had not.

This last line is, of course, an inconsiderable factor. Another obscure line of reasoning is that she had given her word to Whiting; and once, a long four years ago, she had refused it to Hays who had accepted that refusal, as his conduct had instigated it, without enormous regret.

Yvette, as I said, was unhappy.

She saw Hays often, and he made love to her so cleverly that only her wish which was perhaps the paternal progenitor of her thought could have been sure just what he was doing.

Also, she saw Whiting, seven days out of the week, and he made love to her less subtly, at the same time arranging ways by which the other man should have his opportunity.

"I'd like you to see something of Hays," said Whiting on one occasion. "You don't dislike him, do you?"

"On the contrary," said Yvette; but just how much on the contrary she neglected, quite naturally, to add.

Hays himself urged the question with rather more effect. Having come back, he desired to pick up the threads that his departure had broken. Yvette, more poised, more sought after, more delicately experienced in every way, appealed strongly to his appreciation. Possibly that appreciation acquired something of its fervency from the fact that Yvette was now behind the plate-glass window of another's prospective ownership. Men are like that. In any case, the appreciation *was* fervent, and its expression unmistakable. At first, for a little, he fenced, he experimented for the weak spot in her armor, and he fired from ambush. Then he came boldly into the open.

"You loved me once," he said. "You women don't forget."

"I cannot listen to you," Yvette rebuffed him uneasily.

"You could listen fast enough if you'd forgotten."

Which shot went home, and Yvette winced.

"You're afraid," he said, "that I can make you care again."

"I am afraid of nothing," said Yvette. But she would not look at him.

"Yvette," he said, with sudden passion, "it's like a flame consuming me, for all I thought myself so strong. I've forgotten all the other women I ever knew, and they've been more than two or three. You cared once—you've got to care again."

His hand shook while he said it, and it was true that Yvette had cared—once. There you have the makings of a very probable *da capo*, but time passed without a climax, and it came to be the night of the little dinner which Whiting was having for Yvette. He had it in his bachelor apartments, with Mrs. de la Fuente an imposing evidence of propriety at the head of the table.

In the centre of the table which was lit with rosy-shaded candles was a bank of pale orchids, and around the table—it was rather small—were Whiting, Yvette and Hays. I have said that Mrs. de la Fuente presided.

"But Tony," said Yvette, a little nervously perhaps, "are we your only guests?"

"Why, there's a camaraderie, I think, about these little dinners," said Whiting.

There was, however, small camaraderie about that little dinner. Mrs. de la Fuente alone talked determinedly and lightly on many subjects. Yvette ate little, and laughed a good deal. For the two men, Whiting was cheerfully silent, and Hays taciturn. The courses came and went, and eventually dinner was over. When the coffee cups were empty, Whiting led the way to his library.

"There's a fire," he said, "an open fire, which I find is always first aid to sociability."

About a quarter of an hour later he appealed to Mrs. de la Fuente.

"I have been hoping all day that you would play for us."

Mrs. de la Fuente rose with a pleased flutter.

"Ah, but I am old-fashioned," she protested, "I have not the music of to-day."

"I don't know your equal," said Whiting, "for 'Lucia' and 'Aida' and 'Trovatore'—all the real tunes."

He led her to the grand piano which occupied almost all of the room adjoining the library, and then came back to the fire.

"*Celeste Aida*" followed him, sighing upon the air.

"Well!" said Whiting, pleasantly conversational. He stood with his back to the fire, one hand in the pocket of his trousers, and looked from Yvette to Hays.

"Well, what, Tony?" said Yvette.

Hays crossed his legs, and looked at the fire.

"What have you decided?" asked Whiting.

"I!" said Yvette. She said it sharply, being startled.

"And Hays," said Whiting. He spoke quietly, beneath the music.

Then Hays looked at Yvette.

"What d'you mean?" he inquired. "I don't quite get you, my dear fellow. Is it a joke?"

"Shall I explain?" asked Whiting.

"If you please," said Yvette, her chin lifting proudly.

"I fancy," said Whiting after a considering pause, "it won't be any too easy. Still, I've arranged this little dinner with a view to explanations, where two or three are gathered together, y'know— Yvette, have you ever found me unreasonable?"

"No," said Yvette.

"Or exacting?"

"No."

"Or unfair?"

"No—no!" She answered vehemently.

"Then you will answer a question if I ask it?"

"I will answer any question," said Yvette, "you choose to ask me."

"Thanks," said Whiting. He turned curtly to Hays.

"Never knew me to be anything but square, did you?"

"So far as I know," said Hays with the barest trace of a sneer.

"Then you will answer a question?"

"Concerning whom?"

"Concerning us three," said Whiting quietly. He added, lifting his voice a trifle, "Ah, don't stop, Mrs. de la Fuente! Give us the immortal sextet."

"I will answer any question," said Hays to Yvette, "that you wish me to answer."

"Good!" said Whiting cheerfully. "Now then—here's the thing in a nutshell." He spoke swiftly, but rather low. "Do either or both of you wish me to release Yvette from her promise to marry me?"

The fire of seasoned logs crackled like thorns beneath a pot, and the immortal sextet flooded the room with melody. Otherwise ensued a silence.

"You're pretty frank, aren't you?" said Hays at length.

Yvette said nothing, only looked.

"It would hardly escape me," said Whiting, still with the same pleasant quiet, "that this is a triangle. Your firm sent you here, Hays, a couple of weeks ago. I had heard of you before you came.

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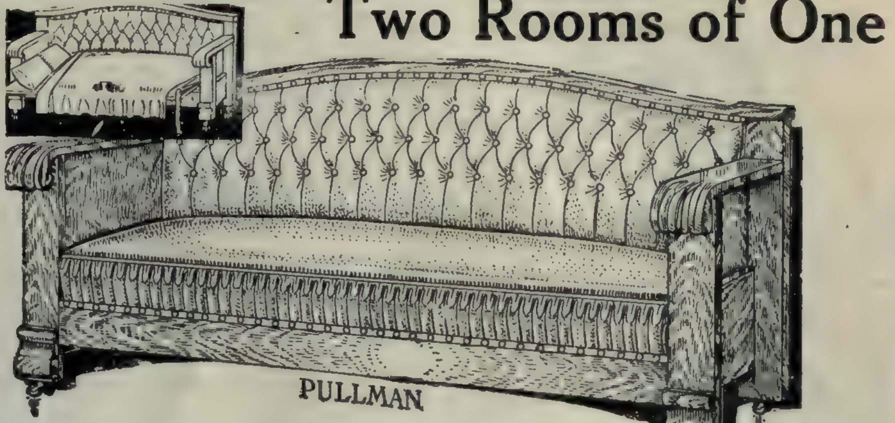

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Gossip dies hard. I had heard that you were once extremely attentive to Miss de la Fuente. You're young, you're interesting, you have it on me every way but one. I wanted to be absolutely fair to the lady who had done me the honor to accept me, so I saw that she met you again—I saw that she met you rather frequently. I gave you every chance. I knew that old affairs sometimes rejuvenate themselves. You'll admit you've had fair play?"

He looked from Hays to Yvette, and back again. Yvette sat very still, all her delicate color faded, her dark eyes fixed on Whiting's face.

And in the other room, Mrs. de la Fuente began on "Trovatore."

"A blind man couldn't help but see," said Whiting coolly, "that there was something—Am I in the way, Yvette? My dear, it's your happiness I'm considering."

"Do you ask *me*," said Hays all at once, "if you are in the way—is that your question?"

"I do not," said Whiting slowly, and for the first time the steel in his quiet eyes showed through, "because I am not considering you at all, unless it happens that she wants you."

Yvette locked her two hands tightly together in her lap, and kept silent. Doubtless *die erste Liebe* stirred in its grave, and doubtless the heart in her breast leaped with the old exultant urge of the skin-clad woman who beheld from an upper ledge two men belaboring each other upon her cave-step.

Woman is the one element the ages cannot altogether refine.

While she waited:

"Yvette!" said Hays hoarsely. (And here is the hinge of the story—so far as it was in the man, he really loved her.)

But Whiting, without speaking, moved a peacock-embroidered screen a little forward to shield her face from the blaze.

Then Yvette drew a long breath. She lifted dark glorious eyes to Whiting's waiting look, and her lip trembled.

She said:

"Do not be silly Tony," That was all. Apparently, however, it was enough.

"Then that's settled," said Whiting, and he also drew a long breath. He had been under something of a strain.

"I fancy you'll forgive me if I leave early," said Hays. He went, with distinctly more dignity than might have been expected. He had come back, and he had not come back—which is an engaging paradox.

Then Whiting sat upon the arm of Yvette's big chair, a thing not every lover of forty years can do with grace, and laid his arm about Yvette's proud shoulders. It is preeminently the gesture of ownership.

"I was afraid, Yvette," he said softly. "My dear, I was damnably afraid."

And Yvette—even as you and I—Yvette stood in the line of direct descent from Eve—"Ah, Tony," she said, "you might have had more—how do you say?—more faith in me!"

And what is stranger yet, she meant it.

At the Absolute Zero

Important Discovery Made of Point Where All Heat is Lost

By ROBERT WILLIAM WOOD

This is the story of a wonderful discovery which promises to revolutionize some phases of electrical progress. The absolute zero—the point where all heat is lost—has been found. This means that metals reduced to the absolute zero will present the maximum of conductivity and thereby the transmission of power will be greatly facilitated.

THE present year has been marked by one of the great achievements of modern times in physical science: the practical attainment of the absolute zero of temperature, by Professor Kamerlingh Onnes, of Leyden, last year's winner of the Nobel Prize in physics.

The meaning of this discovery to the physicist can be indicated by describing the experiment of the brilliant Dutch investigator.

Imagine a coil of insulated wire, with its ends joined, forming a closed circuit, unconnected with a battery or other source of electricity, but in which a current of electricity, strong enough to light an ordinary incandescent lamp, circulates without any driving force. Hour after hour the current flows with undiminished vigor, as is shown by the deviation of a compass-needle brought into its vicinity. So accustomed have we become to associate a continuous flow of electricity with some source of electrical supply that the experiment looks almost like witchcraft, and is as amazing to the scientist as would be the spectacle of a whirlpool of water in a basin, spinning year after year without any assistance from the outside.

The nature of the experiment can best be illustrated by an hydraulic analogy. Suppose we wish to maintain a continuous flow of water around a circular trough; it is obvious that we must either have a revolving paddle-wheel to stir the water, or one end of the trough must be higher than the other, and a pump used for transferring the fluid from the low to the high end. If, however, we could do away with the friction absolutely, the circulation of water, once started, would go on for ever, for the same reason that the planets revolve around the sun. It is much the same thing in the case of a flow of electricity—the current experiences friction in its flow through a wire, or the wire has "resistance," as we say. Professor Onnes has succeeded in removing completely the electrical friction or resistance, and the current, once started, continues to flow by what we might term its own inertia. This almost incredible state of affairs is the result, solely, of the circumstance that the coil is at a temperature of 271.2 degrees below zero Centigrade, or within 1.8 degrees of the absolute zero of temperature, and the electrical resistance of the metal has ceased to exist.

Two hundred and seventy degrees below zero has, from theoretical considerations, been known to be the temperature at which all molecular motion ceases—in other words, it is the temperature which a body will have when every particle of its heat is abstracted. The rate at which the pressure of a gas decreases as it is cooled shows us that the pressure should vanish entirely if the gas were cooled to a temperature of 273 degrees below zero. Now the pressure is due to the molecular motion which we call heat, and if this motion ceases it means that we have removed all of the heat; in other words, we have brought the gas to the lowest possible temperature. On this account it has been called the absolute zero, and scientific investigators have been struggling for many years to reach this ultimate goal, for it has been a practical certainty that many of the properties of matter at ordinary temperatures will disappear, or become profoundly modified, at the bottom of the scale of temperatures.

The remarkable changes in the properties of matter which accompany a great lowering of temperature have been made more or less familiar to the general public through the well-known experiments with liquid air. At the temperature of liquid air the malleable metal lead becomes hard and brittle like cast-iron, rubber becomes so fragile that it flies to pieces like glass when struck with a hammer, while alcohol can be frozen to a solid white, and a candle made from it, which burns with a pale-blue flame when a match is applied to the wick. Yet the temperature of liquid air is nearly one hundred degrees above the absolute zero—that is to say, there is the same difference of temperature between them as exists in the case of ice and boiling water. The liquefaction of air, and the low temperature thus made available for experimental purposes, was speedily followed by the liquefaction of hydrogen by Sir James Dewar, which gave us the means of producing temperatures as low as 253 degrees below zero, or only 20 degrees absolute; but no very startling effects were observed by this advancement, and we began to wonder whether the bridging of this last small gap would, after all, lead to much that was new.

Vivid imaginations had predicted that, at the absolute zero, matter might fall to pieces and exist only as a sort of molecular dust devoid of cohesion—in other words, become infinitely brittle. These prophets appeared to be safe in making their predictions, for to push the temperature much lower seemed an impossibility.

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liquid hydrogen under reduced pressure in a vessel surrounded by liquid air. The temperature produced in this way was, however, still a dozen or fifteen degrees above the absolute zero. Were it not for a very remarkable discovery, we should have been obliged to remain satisfied with this accomplishment, at least until some new and undreamed-of method for the lowering of temperature had been devised; for liquid hydrogen has the lowest boiling-point of any common substance. In fact, many physicists were of the opinion that the limit had been reached. The discovery of helium, however, put the matter in a new light, for it was soon found that this gas had a boiling-point even lower than that of hydrogen, and the question of producing still lower temperatures resolved itself into getting a sufficient supply of the new material.

Helium was first discovered by means of the spectroscope in the atmosphere of the sun, from which it received its name. The most careful search, carried on over many years, failed to show any terrestrial substance which gave the characteristic yellow line in the spectrum, and nothing whatever was known of its character save that it must exist in the solar atmosphere. The possibility of its discovery on the earth was even doubted, for it was thought that it might be capable of existing only at the high temperature of the sun, which is some 4,000 degrees hotter than any furnace which we are able to construct. This would amount to saying that helium must be a product resulting from the high-temperature decomposition of some other element. In marked contrast to this theory is the fact now known that helium not only exists in many minerals, but also that it is present in the gases given off from certain springs, and even in the earth's atmosphere. It is formed of small quantities by the spontaneous decomposition of the element radium, this being apparently the first known case of the transmutation of an element. It can, moreover, exist at the temperature of the absolute zero. The gas was first discovered by Sir William Ramsay in the mineral cleveite, but at the present time it is so rare and costly that it is doubtful if more than half a dozen laboratories in the world are supplied with a larger quantity of the gas than would fill a child's toy balloon.

Investigations of the physical properties of helium showed that it liquefied with even greater difficulty than hydrogen, and consequently had a lower boiling-point. Here, then, beyond any doubt, was the substance by means of which a further descent could be made on the temperature scale, if only a sufficient quantity of the gas could be obtained.

The liquefaction of the gas is accomplished by means of an apparatus similar to that employed by the liquefaction of air, except that the compression pump, tubes, coils, and receiver must be absolutely gas-tight. Professor Onnes employs a pump with mercury pistons, and every joint and valve in the system of copper tubes leading from the pump to the liquefier is immersed in a bath of oil, a leak immediately manifesting its presence by small bubbles which rise through the liquid. So perfectly is the apparatus constructed that the helium can be compressed to a pressure of three thousand pounds to the square inch, passed through tubes immersed in liquid air or hydrogen, allowed to expand in the coiled tube of the liquefier, by which process a portion becomes fluid and drops into a glass vessel, while the remainder passes off through another tube and is returned to the liquefier—the process repeating itself over and over again, without the escape or loss of a single particle of the gas.

Under the pressure of the atmosphere, liquefied helium boils at a temperature of 268.6 degrees below zero, of 4.4 degrees absolute, but by reducing the pressure in the tube by means of an air-pump, Professor Onnes has succeeded in reaching an actual measured temperature of only 1.8 degrees above the absolute zero, which can be regarded as the practical attainment of the long-sought goal.

The only reliable thermometer for the measurement of very low temperatures is the so-called gas-thermometer, which indicates the degree of cold by the contraction of a gas, usually hydrogen, but in the present case a thermometer containing helium must be employed, and the gas with which it is filled must be at a very low pressure to start with.

The physicist is now provided with the means of studying the properties of matter from which practically all heat has been removed. One of the first and most interesting properties investigated by Professor Onnes was the electrical conductivity of the metals at the absolute zero. It is well known that the electrical resistance of a metal decreases as the temperature is lowered, and it has been predicted that the conductivity would become infinitely great—or, in other words, that the resistance would disappear at the absolute zero.

The conducting power of metals for electricity, according to our present theory, depends upon the presence in the metal of what are known as "free electrons," bodies much smaller than atoms and negatively charged. When the terminals of a battery are joined to a wire, the potential or electrical pressure sets these small bodies in motion, and the moving stream of electrons constitutes the current. Their motion along the wire is opposed, however, by something analogous to friction, which becomes less as we lower the temperature of the wire. This friction, or resistance, evidently depends in some way upon the molecular vibrations which constitute heat, since it becomes less and less as we abstract heat from the metal.

This discovery of the complete disappearance of the resistance of mercury made some very remarkable experiments possible. Now mercury at ordinary temperatures is, for a metal, a comparatively poor conductor, its electrical resistance being nearly fifty times as great as that of copper. If we employ a column of mercury as a conductor for carrying a given current safely, its cross-section would have to be fifty times as great as if we had used a copper wire. Nevertheless, Professor Onnes found that, at the temperature of liquid helium, a wire of frozen mercury one millimeter in diameter (about one-half the diameter of the lead of a pencil) would easily carry a current of one thousand amperes, a current sufficient to light two thousand ordinary incandescent lamps. It carried this current, moreover, without any appreciable heating, though a copper rod half an inch in diameter would be immediately melted by such a current, while a rod an inch in diameter would be heated nearly to the temperature of boiling water. This experiment showed conclusively that the electrical resistance of mercury can be decreased by cooling until it is practically zero.

If now we form a closed metallic circuit of a metal with no resistance, and start a current in it, the current should continue to flow for ever. Ten years ago—or even last year—any one contemplating the actual performance of such an experiment would have been called a dreamer, and even now that the thing has been done, it appears almost incredible.

This is the actual experiment as carried out by Professor Onnes—an experiment which is, in the opinion of the writer, the most remarkable electrical experiment ever performed, and which will for ever be regarded as one of the milestones of progress in electrical science.—*Harper's Magazine.*

THE KAISER AT HOME.

Miss Topham, who taught English to the only daughter of the German Emperor, draws, in a book just published, a real picture of the household which is dominated by a restless master. A removal to or from one of the forty Royal palaces takes place at short notice, and with whirlwind speed. "We are like the Israelites at the Passover," grumbled one lady of the Court. "We must always have our loins girt, our shoes on our feet—shoes suitable for any and every occasion, fit for walking on palace floors or down muddy roads—our staff in our hand; nobody dare relax and settle down to be comfortable." The Emperor disapproves of people who want to settle down and be comfortable. In a jolly, good-humored but none the less autocratic kind of way, he sets everybody doing something.

As regards the Crown Prince's character Miss Topham says:—"He is an ardent soldier and a typical Hohenzollern, with supreme confidence in the star of his family, and earnestly desires to live his life in his own way, to move with the times, to be a child of his century; and it is probable that with a little more experience of life, especially perhaps of that discipline of sorrow which initiates most men into a new sphere of thought, he will develop into the man the world hopes to see in him—something steadfast and strong, and perhaps a little more silent.

Consider the New Dances

Continued from Page 48.

France waltzed in the sunshine of its fictitious power. Finally, with the Corsican safe in Elba, England had time to catch her breath and in 1812 the new dance came across the channel.

Furor of Furies! If you think there has been some protest against this tango of ours just take the trouble to find out how the protests of a century ago thunder even from the printed pages of history. We have had only a little, afternoon tea disagreement by comparison with the riot they had over our staid and lamented waltz. It seems doubtful if the dance could have out-lived the storm had it not been for music. It was still a doubtful quantity when Strauss wrote that most wonderful of all waltzes, "The Blue Danube." That was enough; the waltz won and stayed as it will stay, for the most charming of all our newest steps are only modifications of it, keeping its rhythm and its gliding melody.

Through the nineteenth century dances came and went. The Quadrille, holdover from the century before, soon passed. The Cotillion or German, the Lancers, the Schottische, the Polka, the Militair, each stayed for a time as each was an expression of the decade of its origin, but they have gone. A new century is here and with it, as we might have expected if we'd only thought, its new dances.

New York, as the most cosmopolitan city of the continent has taken the lead in the new dance craze. There are over five thousand professional dancers, teachers and leaders in that city and it has sent out almost as many more to the larger centers of Canada and the United States. Everyone, old and young, is learning the new steps, and doctors, physical culturists and artists are joining to urge them on.

A few weeks ago a rather staid gentleman from Montreal was in New York on business. When I describe him as "staid" the word is used advisedly for he is one of the type that runs to quiet colored clothes and square-topped Derby hats. He had only three days in the American metropolis, and they were to be busy ones, yet I found him one morning at eleven o'clock working like a woodchopper learning new dance steps under the tutelage of an expert teacher.

Four new dances mark this worldwide revival and absorb attention almost to the exclusion of all others. They are the One-step, the Hesitation, the Maxixe (macksise or machiche as you choose to call it) and the Tango. The One-step must admit its plebeian origin for it is only the Turkey Trot with its kinks and dips and wrinkles ironed out. Into it have been introduced steps called by some the Prance, the Lame Duck and the Castle Walk. These are a series of "chasse" for which a highly syncopated time is used. As dance steps they are simplicity itself and for all their charm depend entirely upon smoothness and accent. The One-step has been called the dumping ground for all the steps that are found

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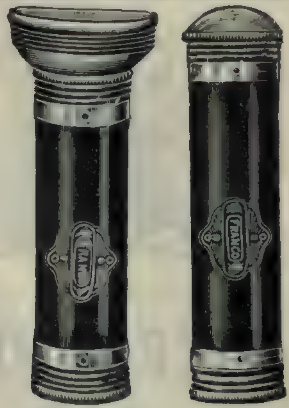

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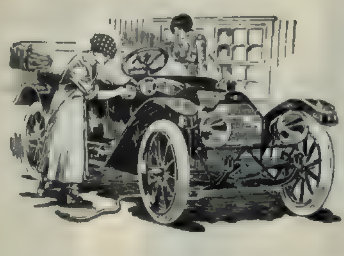

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to be misfits in the more intricate dances as the movement of standardization progresses.

The Hesitation is preeminently American. Born of America's love for syncopated time in music, it is only the old waltz in a process of evolution to fit the times. The Maxixe comes to us from Brazil and the Tango from the inland villages of the Argentine Republic. The Maxixe is in its essentials a folk dance and comes nearer to some of the old court dances than any other we have. The arm movements of this dance—which, by the way, give it all its charm and beauty, for the steps are extremely simple—suggest more courtly times. They are almost duplicates of those of the Allemande, a companion of the Gilliard, which was introduced in France and England about 1600.

The Tango comes from Argentina to us by way of Paris, and no doubt has received considerable modification en route. To trace its descent still farther back would lead us to old Spain and one of the two elemental sources of dancing. Its name comes from the Spanish word meaning to touch and its Argentine form requires consummate skill for all the movements are executed with the hands on the hips or are accompanied with snapping of the fingers, yet the dancers must preserve such rhythm of movement and perfection of pose that their bodies just touch and no more or no less. Now, in modified form and invested with the slow, smoth, languorous grace of a tropic origin it has become the most beautiful of the new dances.

Mr. Vernon Castle said one evening while a number of experts were showing how the Tango should be done, "This is the much condemned Tango. Now if anyone has any time for erotic thoughts while scheming which step is to come next and how to get into it—well they're not dancing the tango."

You know the average run of dance conversation for the last year has been something like this. She: "One, two, three, four. How do you like it?" He: "Fine, two, three, four. But it is hard." Chorus: "One two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. Courté."

One night—it was late last winter—the great ball room of a famous hotel was filled with the crowd brought together by a society charity ball. A little maid of just past sixteen was tapping her silken shod toes in impatience while her dance card passed from hand to hand in a crowd of young admirers. Presently a portly figure hove through the crowd and the disputing swains were interrupted.

"Please," she said, "won't you hurry? There's my grand-dad and I have two waltzes saved for him; he dances a most gorgeous hesitation."

And he did! Later he passed gliding as if his seventy winters were but seventeen. That is the other side of this modern dance picture.

Do you remember the comment of the old Ranee in "Kim" regarding the English, "They are a stiff-backed breed. They dance when they are grandfathers?"

In the early summer Mr. and Mrs. Castle made a whirlwind tour in the course of which they visited thirty-five cities. On their return to New York they pronounced themselves strongly for a concerted standardization movement.

In this connection Mr. Castle says:—

"When the dances are once standardized, I feel convinced that no more objections can possibly be urged against them on the grounds of impropriety, vulgarity or lack of grace and beauty, because, naturally, those who will set the standards will be the peers of their profession—persons of refinement whose aim is to uplift dancing, purify it and place it before the general public in its proper light. In a recent address by Jean Richepin before the members of the French Academy the poet protested against the vulgarization of modern dances when performed by inartistic or ignorant exponents, but he went on to point out that if centers were promptly established in every capital of the world with only the very best experts to teach the so-called new steps then before long we would have general dancing where grace and beauty and classic rhythm, to which the modern dance so naturally lends itself, would be rapidly developed and emphasized, and the ugly variations which have been the real cause of the stormy tirades of press, pulpit and public against modern dancing would soon die out and the spirit of beauty and art would then become allied to the legitimate physical need of healthy exercise and of honest enjoyment.

"After our little tour Mrs. Castle and I are more than ever convinced that the modern dance has come to stay. Of course, terpsichorean fashions will change, like everything else. There may even be revivals of the old waltz and two step, but I do not think the modern dances will ever go out altogether. And as for their being on the wane, this may be true of the East, but we found out West that the public are more eager and enthusiastic about the new dances than ever before. And the good amateur dancers are by no means confined to New York, although on the whole it must be admitted that New Yorkers know a greater variety of dances than those in other cities. In some towns we found the very word 'maxixe' smacked of something 'devilish,' even 'daringly wicked,' perhaps because people think of it as coming from Paris without pruning instead of the beautiful, gliding mazurka that it really is."

Mr. and Mrs. Murray Anderson, who are dancers of all dances new and old impartially so long as they are beautiful, believe that only time can eliminate the unlovely and ungraceful from our dancing.

"I believe that this is the way, and the only way," says Mr. Anderson, "in which dancing is ever standardized. It is just the same rule that applies to our morals and our manners, the fit survive, and age after age takes its turn in eliminating that which is unbeautiful, unnecessary and unsuitable.

"I do not believe that any teacher can say 'the dance must be danced this way, because this is the way I have worked it out'; for another may say, 'No, this is the correct technique,' while a third has still another method. That leaves us exactly where we were when we commenced. Time is the only supreme standardizer.

"The dance forms of to-day are gradually going back to the dances of the seventeenth century—the court dances. It is my belief that next season we will surely see the revival of square dances, such as the lancers, the waltz-lancers, with possibly, the hesitation waltz theme as its basis.

"I predict also Roger de Coverley—a charming old dance, while it is evident the polka, which influences the modern steps so greatly, is also due to make its bow again. So, by degrees, revivals and adaptations, we will return to the gavotte or minuet—queen of court dances."

Comfort and the Conservation of Marriage.

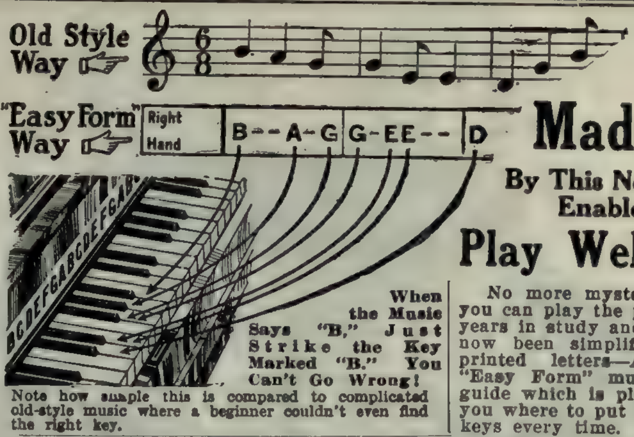
Continued from Page 44.

You will protest at his attitude and remind him of what he never said, but he will only sneer like a setter pup and go to his office without a word. He will telephone at noon and you will trail about the house with your lips trembling, feeling that everything in the world has changed for ever. You will probably have something extra for him for dinner on the principle of feeding the brute, but the brute will have a steward at the club telephone that he is dining there. The front door will bang at 1.30 a.m. and Percival will come upstairs a trifle uncertainly, but humming a snatch about its always being fine weather, and the spare room door will slam, and that's all; except that you, Arabella, will wish you had never been born now that Percival has descended to low company. That is where you will make a fool of yourself if you do.

No, no, let Percival play it out. Be very perfect, and studiously polite. Look a little better than usual—if such a thing is possible. If you went to an afternoon tea and met a few men it would help a good deal. Whatever you do don't wilt. In a day or two Percival will begin to look at you curiously. He will speak with bursts of volcanic politeness. He will touch your hand accidentally. He will ask you periodically whether there is anything you want that he can get for you, although it may be perfectly clear that there isn't. By and by he will put his hand on your shoulder and say in a brusque off-handed way that he is sorry he was rude.

Now Arabella, is your hour. Seize the opportunity and clinch it. Tell him that it will take some time to re-establish himself. Then, when he is utterly penitent and abased, suddenly relent, throw yourself in his arms and tell him that life is beautiful again. Do this anyway, even if the row was your fault; and it probably was.

And in the long run, Arabella, remember this. To keep Percival in his proper place you must depend on your wit, not on your face or figure. I know of no more



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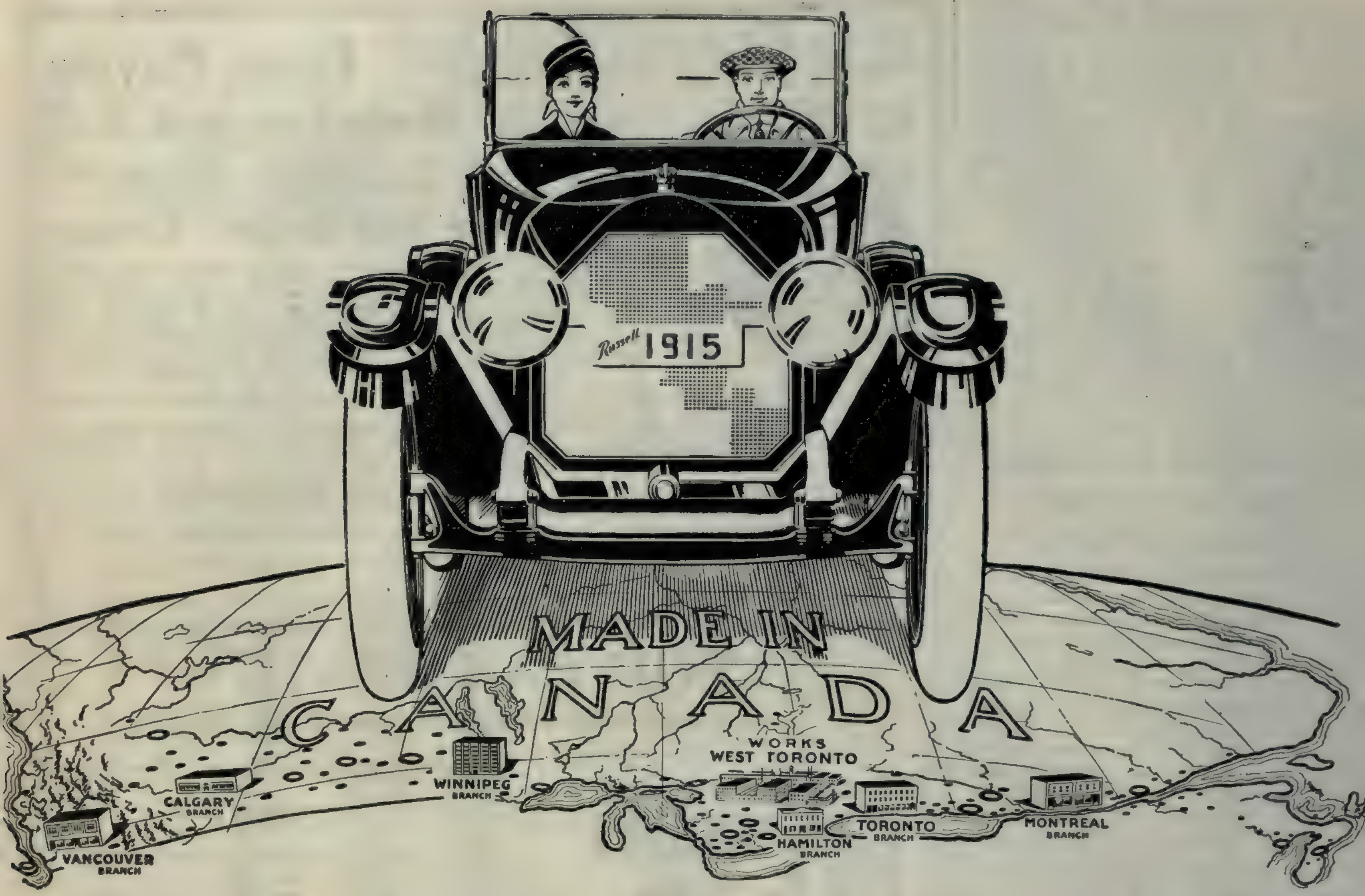

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Let us move on to that point at which you and Percival have been married exactly fifty years. Percival has changed a good deal more than you have, and this is quite natural and proper. He presents the results of your administration. If he is cranky, selfish, self-satisfied, in fact if he is small-minded, you will if you look back, be able to trace those processes that moulded him into his unsatisfactory contour. You pampered when you should have disciplined, you yielded when you should have stood fast, you scolded when you should have cajoled.

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Arabella, what are you going to do about it?

The Man of Decision

Continued from Page 46.

Get every bit of information you can on the matter under consideration, but decie even if you make mistakes.

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Don't leave open a convenient way of retreat.

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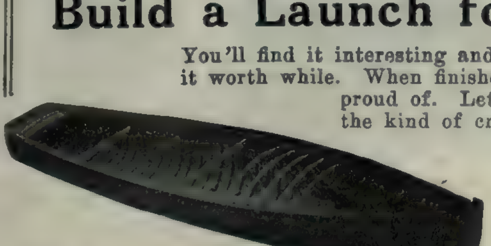

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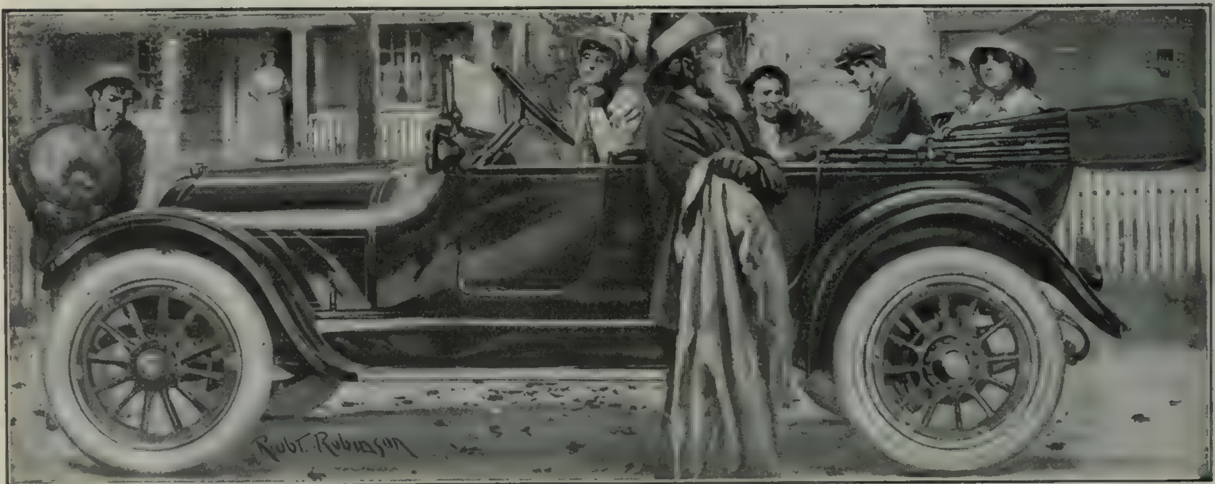

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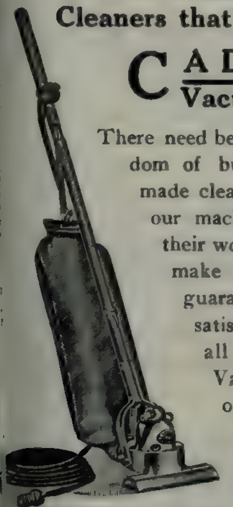

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Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 20.

lunacy. (Why is it that an actress, with just one belladonna smile, can reduce the whole masculine sex, from the college rah-rah boy to the old man, with a foot-and-a-half in the grave, to abject senility?)

Thorny Preston was something like a yard ahead of him, however. I saw Collins' heavy-lidded eyes gleam as Thorny blocked his path—and then Miss Burton turned away from Mr. Preston as coolly as though he had been a post, and caught both of Sewell Collins' hands! Thorny stood as motionless as a statue.

I knew that in another minute I would be snickering out loud, and, even as I turned my head I realized that Thorny had seen my convulsed features, and was biting his lips. Turned down for a stage-door "John," with a few dozen millions! It was—*delicious!*

Ariel Burton dismissed Sewell Collins at her dressing-room, and softly closed the door behind her. The much-millionaired Mr. Collins seated his Midas-form on a ninety-eight-cent pine chair, without a back, and stared at the door like a trained bull-dog, waiting for its mistress to reappear.

I strolled over to Madelyn Mack, who had been standing somewhat apart, alternately gazing at a group of chorus-girls, awaiting their cue, and at a trio of perspiring stage-hands, already lifting the back of the next scene into place. Apparently, she had not found the slightest interest in the happenings before Miss Burton's dressing room.

But you never can tell where Madelyn's thoughts are from the direction of her eyes. As I paused at her side, she said in a low tone, "Will you kindly give me that card which dropped from Mr. Preston's pocket?"

"What card?" I evaded.

"Don't be foolish, Nora!"

There was nothing else to do. I extended it to her with a shrug, and watched her with a little catch as she sauntered behind an unused "drop," and stood staring down at the cardboard.

Through the thin walls of the dressing-room I could hear the drone of voices—twice the tones of Ariel Burton, in a sharp, nagging key, and once the voice of the French maid, answering with a tired drag.

The door of the dressing-room opened. A white, lace-capped head appeared, two slender, black-sateen-waisted shoulders, a pair of tiny-heeled slippers, and, above them, a trim, ankle-length skirt, and a coquettish, lace-trimmed apron.

Miss Burton's French maid swept a pair of large, blue-black eyes around our group, and tripped down the stairs to the double tier of women's dressing-rooms below. She was gone perhaps two, certainly not over three, minutes. The door of the dressing-room remained closed. Evidently Miss Burton was finishing her change of costume with her own hands.

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When the maid returned, the ball-boy, with the "star's" next cue, met her as she was re-entering the dressing-room. On the stage we could hear the swish of gliding pumps, above the muffled strains of a waltz-number, and could see the changing blue and violet rays of the spot-light, shadowing the whirling forms of the DeWeese sisters, acrobatic dancers.

The maid opened the dressing-room door, nodded to the call-boy, with a flash of her black eyes—a French girl would die of ennui if she couldn't flirt!—and whisked her skirts from our gaze.

The dancers on the stage made their exit, panting. There was a lull. It was Miss Burton's turn to make her next bow to the audience.

The door of the dressing-room opened again, and the maid swept a pair of puzzled eyes in our direction.

"Mademoiselle Burton has already gone on ze stage? Oui?"

"Certainly not!" Peterson snapped.

The girl's bewilderment deepened.

"Tell her she must hurry!" the manager added.

"But, Monsieur, where ees she? She ees not in ze dressin'-room!"

"Ridiculous!" Peterson brushed past the maid's figure, and stepped into Miss Burton's littered sanctum.

Even to a novice it was apparent that the stage was unusually quiet. The call-boy appeared again, dishevelled.

"Say, Mr. Clavering can't make up lines all night Where's Miss Burton?"

Peterson's head jerked out of the dressing-room. He raised a limp hand, and beckoned as though he could not speak.

Madelyn caught his arm. "What is wrong?"

Peterson found his voice, in a curious mumble. "She is—gone—*gone!*"

The manager's knees sagged, and he gripped the wall.

"Say, Mr. Clavering can't make up lines all night!" the call-boy repeated shrilly.

Madelyn pushed past Peterson, and her eyes swept the ten-foot-square room behind him—the bird's-eye maple toilet-table, the chair before it, with the blood-red silk kimono tossed over its back, the huge trunk in the corner, the little writing desk and rocker, the long line of gowns across two sides.

There was no ceiling. The walls had been erected a height of perhaps ten feet above the stage, and an electric wire strung over them, with two hanging bulbs, one over the toilet table and another over the desk. A square Navajo rug covered the center of the floor. Despite the temporary nature of the apartment and the board walls, Miss Burton had succeeded in giving it several home-like touches.

There was but one door—that before us, through which we had seen the actress enter the room. Other form of exit was, of course, out of the question. An agile person, by standing on the trunk, *might* have scrambled over the walls, and dropped. But such a proceeding would have been in plain view of all of us.

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Peterson drew a moist hand over his eyes, and gripped Madelyn's Mack's shoulders, still in a daze.

"She's not here!"

"That is evident!" said Madelyn, impatiently.

"But we saw her come in!" Peterson was mouthing his words. "And she did not go out!"

"Quite so!" agreed Madelyn.

Peterson blinked violently, and made a gurgling sound in his throat as though he was choking.

Behind me, Sewell Collins and Thorny Preston were wedged into the doorway. The face of Collins was blanched an ash-grey, even to the little, pudgy bags under his eyes. Drops of perspiration were beading Thorny's forehead.

Over his shoulders, the French maid was peering at us with terror-widened eyes. One of her hands had caught Collins' arm, although neither appeared conscious of the fact.

Madelyn stepped toward the heavy trunk. It was not locked, and the cover swung easily back. I caught hold of one end of the upper tier of compartments, and we lifted it to the floor. Below was a mass of neatly folded gowns, dozens of them, it seemed to me, reaching clear to the top. We dumped them out reaching clear to the top. We dumped them out rather ruthlessly—but there was nothing beneath.

We stared at one another, with the same unspoken thought. It was the only possible place of concealment the room afforded! Why, it was—*uncanny!* I caught myself glancing fearfully around us, as though I, too, would be caught up into thin air, and whisked into some strange realm of the Fourth Dimension, for instance! (Wherever and whatever that is!)

I turned my bewildered eyes above us. The huge flies of the theatre, far up under the roof, were swaying lazily, perhaps twenty-five feet away. Through the intervening space there was absolutely no connection with the thin-partitioned room below.

Madelyn seized the end of the rug, jerked it back, and scrutinized the planks beneath. Peterson, still in his uncertain daze, staggered to the trunk, and tugged it aside. But the floor showed no hint of opening from wall to wall. Not a board was disturbed.

"We saw her come in!" Peterson stuttered again. "And she did not go out!"

His eyes wavered toward each of us in turn, but saw nothing but a blankness as utter as his own. He tottered to the trunk, sank down on to it—a wilted rag of a man.

The call-boy shoved his head under Thorny's arm with his staccato refrain. "I say, Mr. Clavering can't be making up lines all night!"

"Shut up!" Thorny growled.

Madelyn turned. "Has Miss Burton an understudy?"

"Of course—that is, I suppose Miss Hunt—but surely you don't mean—"

"You'd better get her—if you intend to finish the show!"

Thorny glanced at Peterson, but the

Suppose your children had their choice of homes to which to go for breakfast. And one home offered them a dish like this—Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice with cream and sugar, or mixed with any fruit. Dainty grains, flaky, crisp and tempting—eight times normal size. Grains that taste like toasted nuts.

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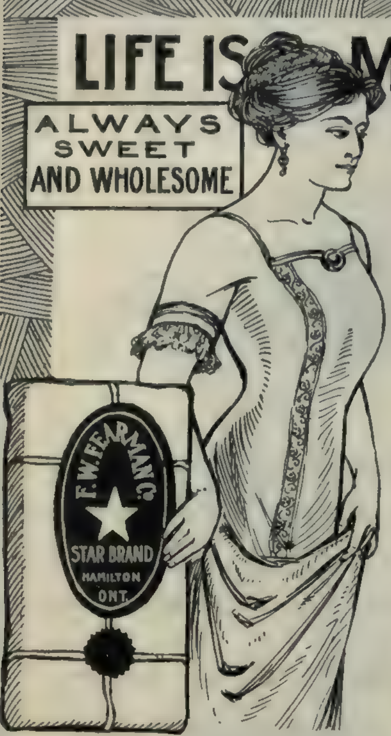

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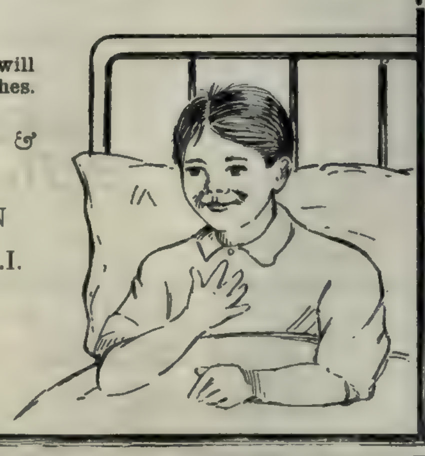

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manager was huddled back on the trunk helpless.

He whirled to the call-boy.

"Tell 'em to ring down the curtain, and bring Miss Hunt to me!"

He hesitated, stared at the crumpled figure of the manager, shrugged again. "I suppose there is nothing else for it!" He stepped back reluctantly. "I'll announce that Miss Burton is ill, that she cannot resume her role; that the play will continue with Miss Isabelle Hunt in her part!"

His shoulders stiffened (Thorny always could rise to an emergency); but he did not move. It was as though he, too, were held to the spot, like the rest of us, by the weird fascination of it all.

"For God's sake, Miss Mack, what has happened?" Thorny's voice was husky.

Madelyn was toying with a hair-brush on the toilet-table. Impulsively I stepped forward. The card that had come with Miss Burton's bouquet had fallen to the floor. The six of us, grouped in the dressing-room, formed a perfect cricle about the bit of pasteboard, with its curious, purple-edged thumb.

Suddenly I checked myself, drew back. As clearly as though Madelyn had given the spoken command that stopped my movement, I knew that she intended another hand than mine to recover the dropped card, knew that she had cast it in our midst with deliberate purpose.

Sewell Collins stirred, stooped mechanically.

"I believe this fell from your bag, Miss Mack." The pudgy lines of his features were unchanged. His heavy-lidded eyes blinked rather listlessly.

"Thanks," said Madelyn perfunctorily.

In the background, Thorny Preston's face had gone chalk-white. His right hand flashed to a side pocket of his coat, apparently felt an empty lining, and dropped to his side.

Abruptly he turned to the door, pushed it open, and, without a word to us, strode out on to the stage.

A cry cut the silence, and ended in a choke. The French maid had fallen to her knees, gasping hysterically.

III.

IT was Peterson who first spied the golden butterfly.

Crouched on the edge of the trunk, his stare had probably swept the glittering ornament on the floor a dozen times before he mustered sufficient interest to slip down from his seat and close his fingers over it.

We saw him turn it over absently. Then he raised his head with a ragged, little laugh and tossed it on to the writing desk. I picked up the ornament idly in my turn—a cunningly fashioned little affair, perhaps an inch and a half in length, representing a butterfly with wings outstretched. It was surprisingly heavy, too, with the weight of solid gold, probably a trinket from one of those exclusive Fifth Avenue shops, which make even a millionaire arch his eyebrows.

But I could see no hint of its use. Certainly it was not intended for a brooch or

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a clasp, for there was no sign of pin. I shrugged, balancing it nervously in my fingers.

There came a strained silence, broken only by the sobs of the maid. We were rather avoiding one another's eyes, most of us gazing vacantly at the floor, a curious sense of unrest, vague, elusive, in the air. I drew my shoulders together. It was —cold. And then I realized it was the chill of fear—the fear of the unseen, the unknown. And I divined that it was stealing upon all of us.

And yet a hundred feet away, a thousand shoulders were laughter-shaking at the mirth of a painted stage!

Miss Burton's understudy had probably risen to the emergency. In fact, Thorny Preston, appearing in the doorway, jerkily explained as much. I could see that his hands were clenched.

Thorny's voice trailed to a pause; he shifted his feet awkwardly. "The police—you think perhaps we ought to—why don't some of you *say* something?"

Sewell Collins raised his heavy eyebrows. "Don't you think you are—hasty? The police?" He shrugged.

"But the girl may be dying—murdered!"

"Do you charge then that Miss Burton's disappearance is not due to natural causes?"

I realized that Thorny was flushing unjustifiably; or so it seemed to me.

The strained silence fell again. Thorny paced back and forth in front of the door, showing us occasional glimpses of his face, with his lips set in a tight line. Collins fumbled in his pocket, produced a gold cigarette case, and then, remembering himself, returned it with a sigh.

We could hear the orchestra in the midst of the liveliest number on the programme. I wondered vaguely if Thorny's explanation of Ariel Burton's illness had been accepted, if rumors of the real situation had yet crept out. It was only a matter of minutes, of course, before the truth would be known—must be known.

Thorny thrust himself abruptly through the doorway. His eyes flashed around the room, and ended at Collins' morose face.

"If one of you won't call the police, I will!" His voice was sharp, challenging.

"You seem to take a great deal for granted, Mr. Preston!" Collins' eyes narrowed almost angrily.

"Don't beat about the bush, man! Say what you mean! You are afraid of the reporters, the publicity—you, whose town-painting exploits have given the newspapers copy for years!"

For a moment I though Collins would strike him. Thorny laughed in his face.

"Oh I know you are confoundedly cautious! But *I* haven't any tenderloin record to cover up! I am going to put this matter in the hands of the law without any more nonsense! You can hike for Europe in the morning, if you are afraid of the red fire!"

Collins' eyes were like burning coals under his heavy lids, and a zig-zagging vein over his forehead swelled into a purple ridge.

"Miss Burton is my promised wife!"

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His voice snapped. 'And I rather fancy that I have more interest in this matter even than you—her rejected suitor!"

"You lie!"

Peterson's bulk intervened before Thorny's crooked arm just in time. "Gentlemen, you forget yourselves!"

Thorny gripped Peterson's shoulder, pivoted him about, then lunged toward Collins' fat throat. Madelyn glided between the two as easily as though she were offering the explosive Mr. Preston a cup of tea.

"If you would really serve Miss Burton," she said quietly, "you are scarcely offering us a convincing demonstration!"

Thorny's arm dropped limply, and he breathed sharply.

"I—I beg your pardon, Miss Mack!"

Odd, isn't it, how swiftly the primitive passions can burst through the starched shirt-front of civilization—and yet how abruptly they can be checked!

Collins swept his handkerchief over his forehead.

"As I was about to say when I was interrupted, if the majority favor the police, so far from opposing the action, I will—"

Our eyes were riveted on him like a magnet. He paused, thrust the handkerchief back into his pocket.

"Pay twenty thousand dollars for the return of Miss Burton uninjured—or a similar amount for the conviction of any who have dared to offer her harm!"

It was splendidly done—no pompousness (I am bound to say that much for him!) And he was in cold earnest. The deliberate inflection of his voice could not be denied. But—twenty thousand dollars! I glanced involuntarily toward Madelyn Mack. She had picked up the golden butterfly I had dropped, and was balancing it with the same abstraction with which she had toyed with the hair-brush.

Peterson shook himself, smoothed his toupee, and glanced toward the door. He was slowly returning to his old aggressiveness. Collins' offer was at least something tangible—something more practical and earthly than spirit-abducted ladies! —and Peterson began and ended everything with the dollar mark!

"Shall I telephone headquarters?" The manager addressed the question directly to Madelyn.

"I presume you will have to—sooner or later," she said indifferently.

Peterson weighed her words silently, let his eyes circle the room again, and strode through the doorway. I imagine that he was not at all reluctant to leave!

Sewell Collins turned heavily, and walked out on to the stage in his wake. The maid was still crouched in the corner, her eyes following us like those of a frightened fawn I had once seen quivering under the lash of its keeper.

Through the wings, a zig-zagging file of chorus-girls, their rouged cheeks glaring in the near-lights, trooped past the dressing-room, staring, whispering, neck-craning. Already, it was evident that fragments of the real situation had penetrated beyond our circle.

Thorny closed the door, pushed a chair toward me, scowled at an unlighted

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cigarette in his fingers, and then gave a whistle.

I followed the direction of his stare. On the back of the door was hanging the royal purple suit in which we had last seen Ariel Burton. Even her hat was reposing on a hook, with its feathers curling lazily down.

Thorny's whistle lengthened. "Then she had changed her clothes before—"

Madelyn glanced up from the chair where she was sitting, with her back toward us, her head down.

She frowned. "Of course!"

The minutes dragged by. None of us spoke. Thorny chewed his cigarette without applying a match, tossed it away finally, and stepped out on the stage. I would have wagered he was seeking a place to smoke!—Sometimes, I wish I were a man with a fat, brown cigar to bring back my runaway nerves, instead of a woman, with a flood of tears as her only relief when the willies are playing tag up and down her spine!

Peterson should have been back. Perhaps, however, he was awaiting the police. I looked at my watch, suddenly remembering my duties as a newspaper-woman. I was half-tempted to communicate with the office, and had even taken a step toward the door, when it opened to admit Peterson, flanked on either hand by a stiffly solemn plainclothesman. Just behind them peered the lean, hatchet-face of Lieutenant Byron, with his lank form attired in—I rubbed my eyes unbelievingly—yes, an evening suit! And it fitted him! His hands, folded behind his back, as though to escape comment, were encased in white gloves, and he was limping in a pair of tight patent leathers. And this was grizzled, old Byron, the slouchiest man of the Central Office! I gasped at the metamorphosis.

Byron grinned sheepishly as he caught my eye; but the next moment his professional calm had masked his face, and he was again the inscrutable police officer.

He nodded gravely to Madelyn Mack, and she at once held out her hand. Byron was one of the very few Central Office Detectives who had a place in her esteem!

"Shall we leave" she asked briskly.

Peterson glanced awkwardly at Byron. "Certainly not!" the lieutenant said heartily. "That is—yourself. As for the others," his eyes wandered toward myself and the maid, "we are cramped here—perhaps—"

"We will all wait outside!" Madelyn broke in. "I am quite through my own humble investigation here, thank you!"

The door closed behind us. The police were officially in possession of Ariel Burton's dressing-room. My last glimpse of the apartment was of Lieutenant Byron's lean face scowling at the beveled glass of the toilet table; but whether it was at the thought of the knotty problem before him, or at the reflection of his own unusually adorned person, I don't know.

Thorny Preston had vanished, probably to some sequestered spot with his cigarette-case. Sewell Collins was leaning against the brick wall, obviously quite

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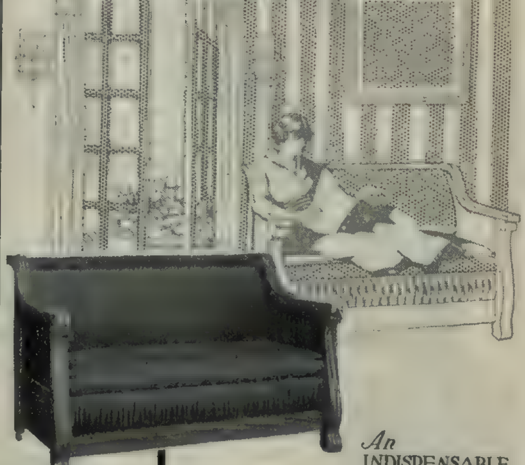

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effectually occupied with his own thoughts.

Madelyn met a half-hearted attempt of mine to open a conversation with a cold silence. It was thus we stood when the incident of Gwendolyn Calvert occurred.

From a quartet of chorus-girls, emerging from the lower dressing-roms, a little, dimpled, yellow-haired figure, in a pink, short-skirted frock, detached itself, and a pair of big, blue, innocent eyes stared at us.—How does the worldly-wise show-girl contrive to gaze out at the world with such child-like innocence?

"You are Miss Mack?"

The shy notes of the voice matched the shy wonder of the eyes.

Madelyn inclined her head.

"Miss Madelyn Mack, the detective?"

"What can I do for you?"

"I am Gwendolyn Calvert." I knew it! She was just the kind of a girl one would call Gwendolyn, or Genevieve, or Flossie!)

She glanced over her shoulder, hesitated, cleared her voice. "You don't look like such a horrible person!"

"Don't I?"

"I always imagined a woman-detective wore men's collars, thick-soled shoes, and brushed her hair back straight in a little knot!"

The girl's eyes were studying Madelyn intently. I saw now that she was neither so innocent nor so young as she appeared, in spite of her guileless eyes and the blondined ringlets dangling girlishly over her shoulder.

"I suppose when you tell things to a detective, it is a good deal like going to confessional—I mean that what you say is never told to anybody else—*never?*"

"That depends a good deal on its importance as evidence."

"Does that mean you might have to go to a stuffy court-room, and talk to a judge in a black robe, and have the horrible prosecuting attorney scowl at you, and rake up the story of your life, and read it in the papers, with a fearful snap-shot of yourself next day?"

"Perhaps not quite so bad as all that." Madelyn was smiling rather impatiently.

Gwendolyn Calvert glanced over her shoulder again, stepped closer to us until we could breathe the perfume on her bodice, and lowered her voice like a tattling child, telling secrets out of school.

"I understand that something awful has happened to Miss Burton, and—and —there is something I ought to tell you! You are sure you will protect me?"

"Yes, yes—of course!"

"Well, then, last night I heard a man threaten to kill her to-day!"

Madelyn glanced across the stage with an assumption of indifference.

"Indeed?"

"He was very much excited!" The girl raced on, evidently piqued at her failure to awaken more pronounced interest. "Told her, if she didn't marry him to-day, he would put her out of the reach of any man!"

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"And who was this interesting individual?"

"Thorny Preston!"

Madelyn's eyes still remained fixed languidly on a distant piece of scenery.

"Why do you tell me this?"

"Because I thought Mr. Preston was one of my best friends—my *best* friend—and he had promised to marry *me!* There is no man living who can double-cross little Gwendolyn—and get away with it!"

I whirled so sharply that I knocked her elbow. I could feel myself growing almost livid. Another love-tangle of Mr. Thorndyke Preston! And I had fancied myself the only woman in the world for him! Blinded fool that I had been! I could see that Madelyn was watching me out of the corner of her eye, and I tried to walk away—but I *couldn't!* I was rooted to the spot.

Gwendolyn Calvert stiffened her shoulders. "I don't know if what I have told you is of any use to you; but if Thorny Preston has brought harm to Ariel Burton, I shall never be content until he answers for it! She may have a temper like a wild-cat when she is crossed; but she was a friend to me when I would have hit the gutter if it hadn't been for her!"

Her face was very hard and cold and set. Even her blondined ringlets seemed to tingle viciously.

But I scarcely heard her, or the detailed interview that followed of Thorny's melodramatic interview with Ariel Burton at the previous day's dress-rehearsal.

I was longing for my hall-bedroom, and hard mattress, and a long, long cry in the dark—alone.

IV.

FROM the scrap-book of Nora Noraker, reporter for *The New York Bugle*, under date of January 16, 1914, being a portion of her account of the astounding disappearance of Ariel Burton, star of "The Girl from Milwaukee" musical comedy company—and the *only accurate* newspaper chronicle of the event.

(The underscoring is my own—without apologies. No, I am *not* open to any reportorial offer at the present time, regardless of salary inducements, or short hours.—N. N.)

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>
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>
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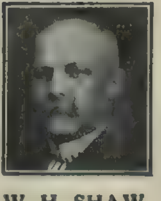
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pletely and suddenly as though the ground had closed over her. With the shutting of her door, she stepped from mortal view.

"A slight exception must be made to this statement—which tends, however, to deepen the mystery even further. For perhaps five minutes after her entrance to her room, Miss Burton's French maid attended her at her toilet, leaving her mistress half-dressed, to carry a message to Miss Wordsworth, the ingenue of the company, in regard to a slight change which Miss Burton intended to make in the manner of her entrance on the stage.

"Miss Burton was in her usual spirits, and proceeding with the details of her make-up. The maid was the last person to see the actress.

"Not more than three minutes elapsed before the servant's return, but in this period Ariel Burton disappeared as utterly as though she had—evaporated.

"From the moment of the maid's departure until her return, at least five persons were constantly before the door of the dressing-room. They are prepared to swear that no one entered or left the room, and the single door was the only possible entrance to the apartment—a portable dressing-room built on the left end of the stage.

"Furthermore, they substantiate the statement of the servant that she left her mistress in normal spirits, from the fact that, while Miss Burton was dressing, the voices of both the actress and her maid were frequently heard over the sides of the room, which is not more than ten feet in height, and without a ceiling.

"No evidence of crime has been discovered, no sign of foul play, no suggestion of tragedy—in fact, not the slightest hint that would tend to unravel any phase of the amazing problem.

"The floors and walls of the room proved absolutely intact, when search was made. And exit over the ten foot sides was out of the question, without immediate discovery from persons on the stage.

"And yet, with these facts definitely established, it was just as evident that the apartment no longer contained the actress.

"Flight, either voluntary or involuntary, seems preposterous. The most amazing part of it all lies in the bewildering fact that it appears manifestly impossible that Miss Burton could have left the room—and yet the equal conviction that when search was made, she was gone.

"The actress had faded into ether—dissolved—ceased to exist.

"The case is in the hands of Madelyn Mack, who was on the stage at the time, and Lieutenant Byron

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of the Central Office. Neither professes to have obtained the slightest explanation of the astounding occurrence.

"Sewell Collins, retired secretary of the American Steel Company, and Miss Burton's fiance, has offered a reward of twenty thousand dollars for the return of the actress uninjured—or, in the event of foul play, a similar amount for the conviction of her assailants.

"It is the largest reward of its kind on record, and yet even its unusual amount has not resulted in the least progress in the untangling of the mystery.

"It has been learned that Miss Burton and Mr. Collins were to have been quietly married the latter part of next week, although she intended remaining on the stage the remainder of the season.

"Miss Isabelle Hunt, Miss Burton's understudy, finished the performance last night, and, for the present, will retain the position of leading woman of the company."

I read over my article in *The Bugle* in the Subway. Very cold and matter-of-fact, it looked in type, and utterly stripped of all the weirdness and uncanniness which had shrouded the event last night, and which had thrilled me when I sat down to the keys of my typewriter. Now, if Edgar Allan Poe had written *The Bugle* account, he would have built a masterpiece of shivers and quivers, and would have made the most wooden reader tingle with every thrill and near-thrill.

I realized abruptly that I was not a genius!

Indeed, as I surveyed my article, the whole thing seemed absurd and ridiculous, rather than tinged with the suggestion of the supernatural that had seemed so vivid.

It sounded like the plot of a French detective story. Why—such things *couldn't* be in real life! It was well enough for a magician's illusion of the Vanishing Lady, or a trick for a spiritualistic seance, with false doors, and swinging mirrors, and subdued lights, and all that sort of thing. But we were not dealing either with magicians or spiritualists!

The next thing they would suggest would be that Ariel Burton's fairy godmother had given her an invisible cloak!

I could fancy that the whole town was snickering in its sleeve at us, and wondering whether we were confederates in some daring advertising hoax—or just plain dupes!

All of the papers, of course, mentioned, more or less sensationally, the incident of Ariel Burton's faint at the close of the first act. Most of them assigned the rather vague reason of overstrain from the tension of a "first night." None of them appeared to glimpse a deeper cause. In fact, with the climax that followed, the episode as a whole was dismissed rather lightly.

The card of the purple thumb had obviously not yet been uncovered by the newspaper probe. And it had not needed

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Madelyn's suggestion to keep my own report silent on the subject. (It had not been the first time in our curious comradeship that I had seen a "scoop" smothered from motives of expediency!)

The first editions of the evening papers had nothing to add to the early morning accounts, unless it was the shrieking announcement of *The Buzzer* that its reporter, who had called on Sewell Collins for an interview, had been seized by the collar by that much-harried gentleman, and propelled by the toe of his house-slipper to the stairs of his apartment—and that the reporter was at once filing claims for fifty thousand dollars damages to his person and spirit!

I wondered curiously how the other members of the little stage-group at the Metropolitan, who had been enmeshed in the puzzle, were viewing it over the bridge of a night's sleep; what effect the dissecting rays of the morning after had had in dissipating the sharp-tensioned atmosphere of the evening.

I was in a wretched mood. I had not reached home from the office until after two o'clock,—only newspaper, theatrical, and society women can keep such hours!—and I had gathered only four hours of distorted sleep, in spite of the bromide the bell-boy had brought me from the all-night drug store.

To be quite truthful, I couldn't escape Thorny's face, staring at me from out of the darkness, with hateful, little blondined hussies scampering all about, and the enticing, black eyes of Ariel Burton bending over it!

I had spent most of the night with the wreck of my dreams. I had never realized before how precious they were, nor how much of myself had been crying out for them to come true!

If he had only given me some hint—instead of deliberately cementing our relations!

Why, only last Sunday we had stolen away, just we two, and had trudged five miles through the Westchester snows to the "*Maison Blanc*"—the quaint, little French inn, which we had always called our own discovery—and found its doors bolted, and its chimneys cold and Madame gone, and had to stumble back to the traction without our dinner, and the memory of the fried chicken and Muscatelle we used to get aggravating our hunger. But we had laughed at it all, and Thorny had built a snow-man on the roadside and put a cigar in its mouth, and we had snow-balled each other like a couple of sky-larking kids, and he had promised me the best meal in town when we got back—and—now—*this!*

Once I even climbed out of bed, and snatched Thorny's picture from the dresser, and held a match to it; but I only let the match burn my fingers! I hadn't the courage to do anything else—and then it was the only picture I had!

When I left the car at the suburban station, with a half a mile to walk between me and "The Rosary," I was in a far from amiable mood. And the hour and a half ride in the Subway and Elevated had not improved it.

But the snap of the winter air could

not be resisted. It was as tingling as champagne.—I sometimes think that a winter wind, chilled like wine to just the right temperature, is filled with celestial nectar for the benefit of just such harassed individuals as I was!

A lifeless sun was trying half-heartedly to combat the January blasts, which shrilled in from the cold, grey ice-mirror of the river. The naked line of maples flapped their leafless arms dismally at the edge of the long yard, which terraced gently back to the Swiss chalet, which Madelyn Mack termed "The Rosary."

Its gables looked drear enough against the slate sky. The ivy masses, clinging clear to the roof, were a rusty yellow. It could not have appeared more bleak had it been set down in the hollow of the Alps, where Madelyn had found the design from which she had copied it.

I pictured the rose garden in its rear a wind-swept square of shapeless bushes —with no hint of the gay masses of June bloom that were one of Madelyn's chief delights.

It was all very sweet, and gladsome, and enchanting enough against a summery background, but in the winter—ugh! But then Madelyn possessed the eccentricities of genius—and one of these, I presume, was in remaining by the skeletons of her summer glories.

The Quaker-like figure of Susan Bolton, Madelyn Mack's only companion, opened the door almost at once.

At my first glance behind the oaken portals, I forgot the bleakness outside. From the merrily bobbing streamers of Susan's cap to the merrily dancing flames in the open hall fireplace there was a sense of welcome so penetrating that I stood stock-still, breathing it in. The very warmth of it quickened my chilled blood. I was content just to stand there, smiling foolishly—and feel the spirit of the place go dancing up and down into every crevice of my being.

Desolate? Why, the ice and the wind and the snow were just what was needed to form the setting for the picture, and make one appreciate it!

Susan Bolton pulled me, with a little, motherly tug, toward a wide, high-backed seat, heaped with the softest, cushions imaginable—and just near enough the fire to allow you to put your feet out comfortably before the crackling logs.

She was not content until she had divested me with her own hands of coat, and hat, and furs. Then, stepping back to a bubbling alcohol heater, she inverted its squat, little brass kettle, and poured me a huge cup of chocolate, so rich, and creamy, and mouth-watering that it made me gasp.

"Three lumps of sugar?" she smiled. "You see, I have a good memory, Miss Noraker!"

I glanced up from my cup—one of the hundred-and-fifty-year-old set of Delft that Madelyn Mack had brought from Amsterdam—and let my eyes rest again on Susan's beaming face.

It was one of those old-fashioned, grand-motherly faces, all smiles from the little, precise grey ringlets, peeping from

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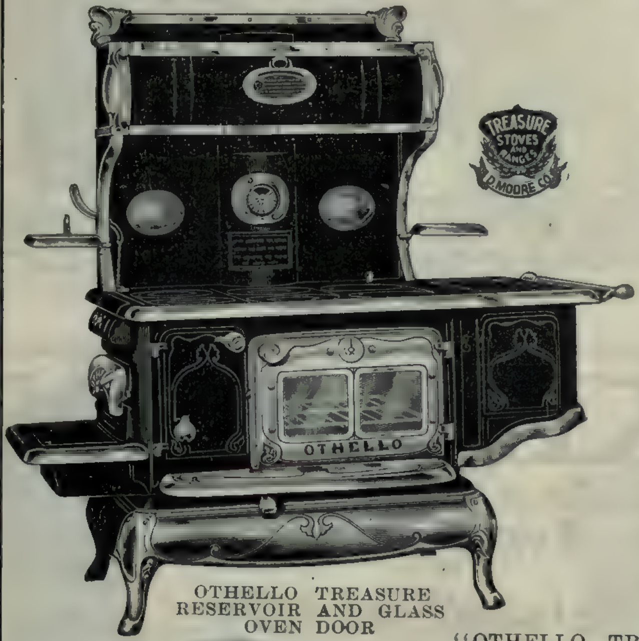

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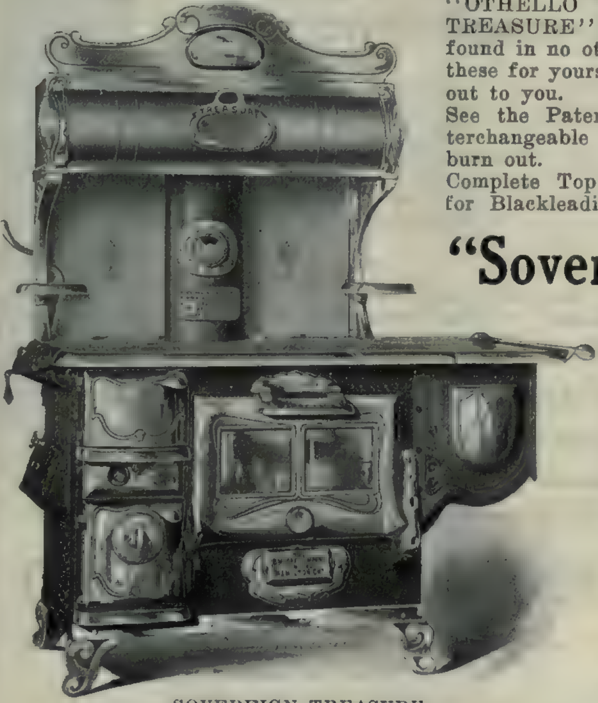

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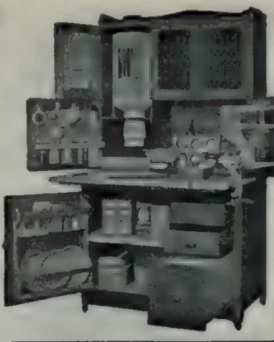

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under the frill of her cap, to the sunshiny eyes, looking as if they were wells of mother-love, deep enough to cover the whole world.

I put down my cup suddenly, sprang to my feet, and, throwing my arms around her neck, kissed her full on her astonished, cherry-red lips.

"I just couldn't help it!" I said, stepping back. "Ah—that was *good!* I have been *heart-hungry* for months, and I didn't know what for!"

She studied my face for a moment silently. Those kindly grey eyes seemed suddenly very shrewd. She laid one of her soft, white hands on my shoulder. It was like velvet.

"Nora, girl, what is it?"

My first emotion was overwhelming surprise. I stood blinking, and choking, and thinking very fast—and then, well, I found my head pillowed on her shoulder, and sobbing as I had not sobbed for years.

I guess that my feverish night had worn my nerves more than I appreciated. Anyway, I realized that I was gasping out the whole wretched story of Thorny to her; that a pair of wonderful, grey eyes were holding mine like magnets; that a cool, soft hand was caressing my cheek—and that Nora Noraker, veteran newspaper woman of twenty-eight, was pouring out her heart like a love-sick girl of sixteen!

I should have been ashamed, I suppose; but I wasn't—a bit. And then my story came to an end, and the hand on my cheek slipped down on my shoulder, and for a long moment we stood silent.

Susan gently turned me about, picked up my cup, and watched me until I drained it all.

"You feel better, don't you?"

I nodded, smiling in spite of myself.

A door at the end of the hall opened softly, and a small lithe figure, all in white, from her white buckskin shoes to her tailored, white serge skirt, and white India-silk blouse, stepped toward us, with a shaggy, brown Scotch collie at her heels, as under-sized as its mistress.

"This is the third time I have looked in on you two!" she said gaily. "Have you been to confessional, Nora?"

"Yes—to my mother-confessor," I smiled.

"And she has given you absolution? I knew she would. That is why I left you alone!"

Madelyn reached over and caressed Susan Bolton's wrinkled face, and then stooped down and patted the head of Peter the Great, the Collie.

She straightened, her mood abruptly hardening.

"I want your brain clear, Nora! I need you!" She turned. "Will you come into the den?"

Madelyn's arm slipped through mine. I glanced at her face, which scarcely reached to my shoulder, and realized that it was very tired, and worn, and that—yes, the abnormal sparkle in her eyes was too obvious!

My gaze dropped to the amethyst locket, dangling from a slender gold chain about her neck—her only ornament.

"You've been taking those horrid colaberries again!" I charged.

"Don't be absurd, Nora! I needed them! I haven't been to bed for twenty-four hours!"

"You'll go to bed for good one of these days, if you keep up on stimulants like that!"

She shrugged mearily.

"Do you happen to know whether Ariel Burton was left-handed?"

"I wish you had never made that trip to South America," I said crossly, determined not to change the subject. "Then perhaps you would never have heard of the cola stimulant!"

Madelyn sighed.

"But was she?" she persisted in her turn.

"I don't know. Why?"

Madelyn curled down on the huge jaguar-skin before the den fireplace.—I think she had an open fire in nearly every room in the chalet.

Her arms circled about her knees, and she sat staring into the red and yellow flames, without reply.

My eyes roamed around the long, high-ceilinged room, its floor and walls littered with a collection of bric-a-brac to which the four corners of the earth had contributed, for, during her long vacations, Madelyn Mack gave full play to her wanderlust, and had zig-zagged around the world a half a dozen times, always as far from the beaten paths of travel as she could penetrate. One year I had heard from her from the interior of China—it had taken three months for her dozen lines to reach me—and the next summer she had written me from the northern coast of Labrador.

But there was the touch of a woman's hand in the disorderly order of the room, in spite of the grim suggestiveness of certain of its prominent ornaments—the revolver with which the notorious Rudolph Morton had so nearly ended her life in underground Chinatown—the Indian bow-string, which had choked to death Peter Foxham—the stuffed cobra, whose fangs had come within an inch of Madelyn's arm in the Punjaub hills.

Nor was suggestion of our present problem lacking. On Madelyn's desk were the two anonymously threatenting letters that had come to Ariel Burton, each with the purple-edged outlines of a human thumb below its typewritten lines. I started somewhat as I saw that the ornament of the golden butterfly, that we had found in the dressing-room, was being used as a paper-weight for them.

Although I had read the communications when Peterson entrusted them to Madelyn the night before, I picked them up again. To a newpaper reporter, accustomed to melodramatic demands of the Black Hand as commonplaces, often not worth even a first-page position, there was nothing particularly startling in either their text or their menace. Perhaps their most curious features were that they had evidently come from a writer of a fair degree of education—and that they made no mention of money.

I quote the first letter of a dozen lines verbatim:—

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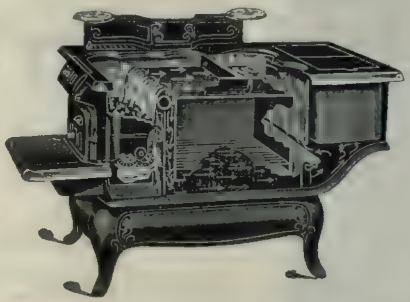

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The second communication was written from the same angle as the first, except for its concluding paragraph:

"The first performance of your new play is scheduled for Wednesday night. Unless you assure me of a favorable answer, you will never finish it alive."

A favorable answer to what? I scanned the two letters in vain for some hint of light. There was no inkling of their purpose or why they were written. And there was neither signature nor address! But for the curiously sketched outline of the human thumb, there were no marks of pen or pencil on either page. Both letters had been written by a black-ribboned typewriter. The envelopes bore the New York postmark of Madison Square Station, with dates a week apart.

When I turned, Madelyn had stepped to the telephone.

"Hello!" she called. "Is this the Lenox? Will you kindly connect me with Miss Ariel Burton's apartment? I know she's not there! Yes, her maid or her housekeeper will do."

She tapped the 'phone impatiently.

"Hello," she repeated. "Is this Miss Burton's housekeeper? This is Miss Mack—yes, Miss Madelyn Mack. I wish to ask you two questions. Was Miss Burton left-handed. . . . She was *not!* One thing more. Did she smoke cigarettes?"

Madelyn caught her breath suddenly. "You are *quite* sure she did not? Thank you." She hung up the receiver, frowning.

I stared across at her.

"Are you going to explain?"

"Explain what?"

"Those absurd questions, of course!"

"Maybe, you are right, Nora." Madelyn shrugged. "Perhaps they *were* absurd!"

I walked across the room, and then veered my queries to another angle.

"Well, how was it done?"

"How was *what* done?"

"How was Ariel Burton spirited from her dressing-room?" I snapped.

"My dear girl, there are three ways in which it could have been accomplished!" She stirred the logs in the fireplace.

"Three!" I gasped.

"But I am not going to explain until I know which of the three was used!"

I sighed resignedly. "What have you been doing all night?" I demanded.

She jerked her head towards the Circassian walnut phonograph at her shoulder.

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As a blowout and protection patch or outer boot Steel-Tire clasps are the best on earth, most compact to carry for EMERGENCY, no deterioration by age or action of oil.
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"What would you do if you didn't have all the money you could spend?" I asked cynically.

"Make more!" she responded promptly. She turned. "There is a stack of morning papers on the floor, Nora. Would you mind reading me their accounts of the case? The only article I have read is your own. If you would tone down your adjectives, you might write something worth while some day!"

I picked up the heap of folded papers submissively.

"Of course, you don't mean every word?" I laughed. "The papers have devoted as much space to the affair as to a presidential message!"

Madelyn stretched herself on the jaguar skin, her hands under her head, her eyes staring at the ceiling.

"Yes, Nora—every line, if you don't mind! I fancy I have about an hour to spare!"

She closed her eyes, and I began my task with a wry face. I had always humored her through the five years of our curious friendship.

If Madelyn found any interest, however, either in the newspaper speculations or their heavy-leaded details of what was variously termed "The Riddle of the Vanishing Lady," "The Dressing-Room Mystery," and "The Burton Enigma," she did not show it; but I found that behind her closed eyes an alert brain was following me.

"Will you read that last paragraph again?" she said suddenly.

My eyes returned to the bottom of the page of *The Herald*. It was only a paragraph of a dozen lines, shoved into an inconspicuous spot as a "filler."

> "Of the history of Miss Ariel Burton, previous to her theatrical career, little or nothing is known.
>
> "It was a year and a half ago that Peter P. Peterson introduced her to Broadway in a minor role in Thorndyke Preston's first production, 'X. Y. Z.' A series of sudden and severe illnesses of several of the female members of the company elevated her in an unusually rapid manner—and her pronounced ability retained the successive steps which she had acquired by accident.
>
> "When Mr. Preston's second play, 'Mademoiselle Satan,' was produced six months ago, she was selected as its star, and later transferred to the stellar role in 'The Girl from Milwaukee.'
>
> "Mr. Peterson knows absolutely nothing of her life previous to the morning when, after three days of waiting in his anteroom, she obtained admittance to his office in search of a position. Who her relatives are, where her home was before the New York chapter of her life, are questions which no one seems able to an-

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"Miss Burton lived alone with her French maid and housekeeper in an expensive six-room suite on Riverside Drive. The flat was rented in her stage name, and her personal mail directed to that address. Whether in private life she has ever borne any other name is not known."

"Will you cut out that paragraph for me, Nora?" asked Madelyn. "You are not too tired to go on, are you?"

"Oh, no—it is a pleasure!" I said sarcastically, extending my hand toward the remainder of the papers.

But it did not reach them.

A bell tinkled through the house, faintly, as though the hand on the button were not sure of itself.

We heard Susan's step pattering toward the door in her loose slippers, and return with a second step beside her—light and shy.

The door of the den opened. The dark, liquid eyes of Miss Burton's French maid, Jacqueline, stared at us hesitatingly.

V.

MADELYN was the first to speak. "Come in," she invited as pleasantly as though she was occupying the most decorous position, instead of lying flat on her back on a tawny leopard skin in an attitude strongly suggestive of Cleopatra reposing on the trophies of her royal huntsmen.

Jacqueline's stare widened. I could quite understand her amazement, even after her association with such an unconventional person as a Broadway musical comedy star! Madelyn drew herself up leisurely and patted her hair, perhaps to give her caller opportunity to recover her poise, perhaps to ponder the reason of her unexpected visit.—Or was it unexpected? Madelyn's next words left me staring in my turn.

"I thought you would be here by three at the latest!" she said quietly.

Jacqueline caught her breath, and I could see her fingers knot about the arms of her chair.

"But I have not received any more Purple Thumb communications," Madelyn continued.

The maid's gaze was riveted on the suddenly grave face of Miss Mack. Madelyn leaned forward.

"Don't you think you will save time if you take me into your confidence concerning what you know about Miss Burton,—that is, the things which you have not told the police?"

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I can be of service—now! If you choose to wait, it will probably be too late."

Jacqueline swept her hand over her eyes.

"Suppose you begin," suggested Madelyn briskly, "by telling me the meaning of the Purple Thumb!"

With a moan Jacqueline slipped from her chair to her knees.

"Merci, Madame, Merci! You mistake! It ees not that! It ees ze locked room I came to you about, *her* room!"

Madelyn almost roughly gripped her shoulder.

"If you are going to have hysterics, we will defer this interview until later."

Jacqueline caught a handkerchief from her sleeve, penetrating with some heavy French scent, brushed it over her face, and somewhat sullenly resumed her seat. Her shoulders were shivering as if with cold.

"That is better," said Madelyn approvingly. "And now, if you will talk calmly, we shall help one another sooner."

Jacqueline huddled back in her chair, evidently trying to collect her thoughts. In spite of her agitation, perhaps because of it, she made a striking picture in black and white, her pale features standing out hauntingly against the background of her somber gown and hair. And yet there was a curious underlying suggestion of piquancy, too, as though her French effervescence could not be entirely eliminated.—I verily believe that even in the tension of the situation, the minx never forgot that she looked well in black!

She looked up suddenly.

"It ees ze nerves, Madame! You—you must pardon. It has been one terrible nightmare—with ze door of Mademoiselle's room, ze locked door staring, staring at me all through ze night, and morning. I thought I would go mad! I won't go back! I can't go back!"

"And what has the door to do with it all?" demanded Madelyn curtly.

"Do you not know? I mean ze door of Mademoiselle's bedroom, ze rose-chamber, which no one enters but herself, no, not even I! Always, it ees locked when she is gone, with ze little key, and again when she retires. Ever it has been so since my first day."

"And it is locked now?"

"Merci, Madame, and why not? Did I not see ze key turned with my own eyes, when Mademoiselle left for ze play? But, as I watched last night, ze door seemed to speak, to call to me, to command that I should find ze little key! Always it was calling! It was as though ze Evil One, himself, was ordering that I should obey!"

"Of course you did so?" Madelyn shrugged.

"Ze good saints protect us!" gasped the maid. "Open ze rose-chamber?" Her hand sketched the sign of the cross. "That ees what I came for you to do! They say there ees no woman so wise as Madame, none so brave!"

"You are alone in Miss Burton's apartments?" asked Madelyn abruptly.

"Alone but for Martha, ze housekeeper. But Martha, she ees made of wood. She knows nothing, feels nothing!"

"She was with you last night?"

"Part of it. She had asked Mademoiselle to go to Brooklyn to see her brother who ees ill, and she did not return until late. But Martha is old and wrinkled, and twelve of the night is as twelve of

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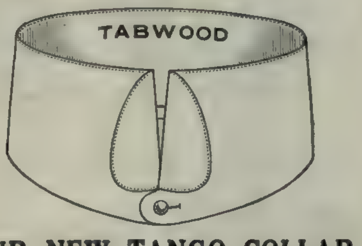

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the noon to her! Once ze police came and asked ze impossible questions and again this morning with more questions. But they are not like our gendarmes of ze boulevards! No, Madame. Red-faced and stupid they are—"

I think I saw the yellow face at the window at the same instant as Jacqueline. It was pressed against the frost-dimmed panes like a ghastly blur. Only for a flash it showed, a flash of black, boring eyes and scowling lips, and then it was gone, like a face swallowed in the fog. Madelyn's lithe figure leaped past my shoulders, and then, as she flung up the window and we peered into the yard, we were conscious of two facts.

Behind us, Jacqueline had crumpled to the floor as though felled by a physical blow. Ahead of us, across the snow-sheeted yard, a man was darting like a frightened rabbit, a slightly built man, rather under the average height, with a black felt hat crushed low over his face, and the skirts of a brown overcoat flapping about his legs. Even as we sighted him, he crashed through the winter skeleton of Madelyn's fat English hedge, and disappeared.

Madelyn sprang back from the window, her eyes gleaming.

"Quick, Nora! This is a time when minutes count!"

"You are going to follow him?"

"Don't be absurd! We have a more important call to answer! Tell Susan to attend to Miss Jacqueline. I dare say she has only fainted. And have Andrew bring my car to the door. We'll have to chance the roads. It is the quickest way we can get to town!"

On occasions, Madelyn can muster an executive ability that seems to galvanize those about her like an electric battery. Even calmly moving Susan Bolton, and her slow-thinking husband, Andrew, respond to its thrill. In something under five minutes Madelyn's car was waiting, and we were springing into it. In the den, Susan's ministrations were already bringing Jacqueline back to returning consciousness. But we did not await the final result.

"I will telephone you within the hour—an hour and a half at the latest," called Madelyn from the door. "In the meantime, I shall depend on you to keep the young woman under your eye."

"But, if she wants to leave?" protested Susan.

"Tell her she does so at her peril! And now, Andrew, get us to Riverside Drive in thirty minutes if you have to smash the car!"

"Riverside Drive!" I echoed. And then I knew. "We are going to Ariel Burton's apartments?" I cried.

"We are going to the rose-chamber and its locked door," said Madelyn as she settled herself in her seat. And that was the last word she spoke during our thirty-five minutes of zig-zagging through the crunching snow, bumping over ice-crusted ruts, and grazing crumbling ditches. Twice we skirted disaster so close that my breath stopped, but Madelyn sat buried in her robes without the slightest sign that she had noticed the fact. It was not until

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he straggling outskirts of the city grew nto close-packed blocks that she roused, nd then it was only to give the direction o Andrew. We swerved our course across he Drive, and brought up finally before he brown stone front of the Lenox apartment building, in one of whose five-thousand-dollar suites Miss Ariel Burton made her home.

Madelyn was out of the dazzlingly upholstered elevator almost before the iveried attendant opened the door at the hird floor. Miss Burton's apartment was a front corner suite, obviously one of the most expensive and desirable in the building. Madelyn's finger came away impatiently from the entrance bell. She was about to repeat her summons, when the door opened, and a rather grim-visaged woman of perhaps sixty stood staring at us.

Madelyn thrust out one of her cards and elbowed unceremoniously past her.

"You are Martha, I take it Which is Miss Burton's bedroom?"

It was a tribute to the personality of Miss Mack that no sign of protest answered her. The housekeeper fell back.

"The last room to the right!" she gasped.

A long hall extended from the front to the rear of the suite with a series of three rooms on either side. Not only the hand of wealth, but of art, was apparent even in our first swift survey. If Ariel Burton's judgment had dictated the furnishings of her home, she was quite apparently a connoisseur.

Through a blue-and-gold music-room, and a white-and-gold library and living-room combined, we made our way. In the farther wall was a door, almost concealed by overhanging tapestries. Madelyn paused, and, with a tightening of her lips, stepped forward.

"Will it have to be broken in?" I asked, startled at the hoarseness of my voice.

"Unless the lock is a patent one, I fancy I can manage."

Madelyn stooped, and caught the knob. I could hear her breath quicken as she fumbled with the handle and then bent toward the keyhole. She straightened again, and from her hand-bag produced an oddly curved bit of wire. For two or three minutes she twisted it to and fro in the lock. With a sigh of surrender she stepped back.

There was silence as she gazed at the panels reflectively.

"I'm afraid, Nora, we will have to use force after all!" She whirled toward the housekeeper. "Get the janitor and tell him to come up at once, and bring a man with him!"

The servant stumbled toward the hall. Madelyn picked up a book on the library table and toyed with it mechanically. We were rather evading one another's eyes. The suggestion of impending evil, of strange, hidden things, had fallen on the room like a blanket. I moved my gaze from the locked door, only to find it drawn back again like a magnet. In the back of my mind I saw again the picture of the hysterical French maid, heard again her gasping voice:

"But as I watched, ze door seemed to

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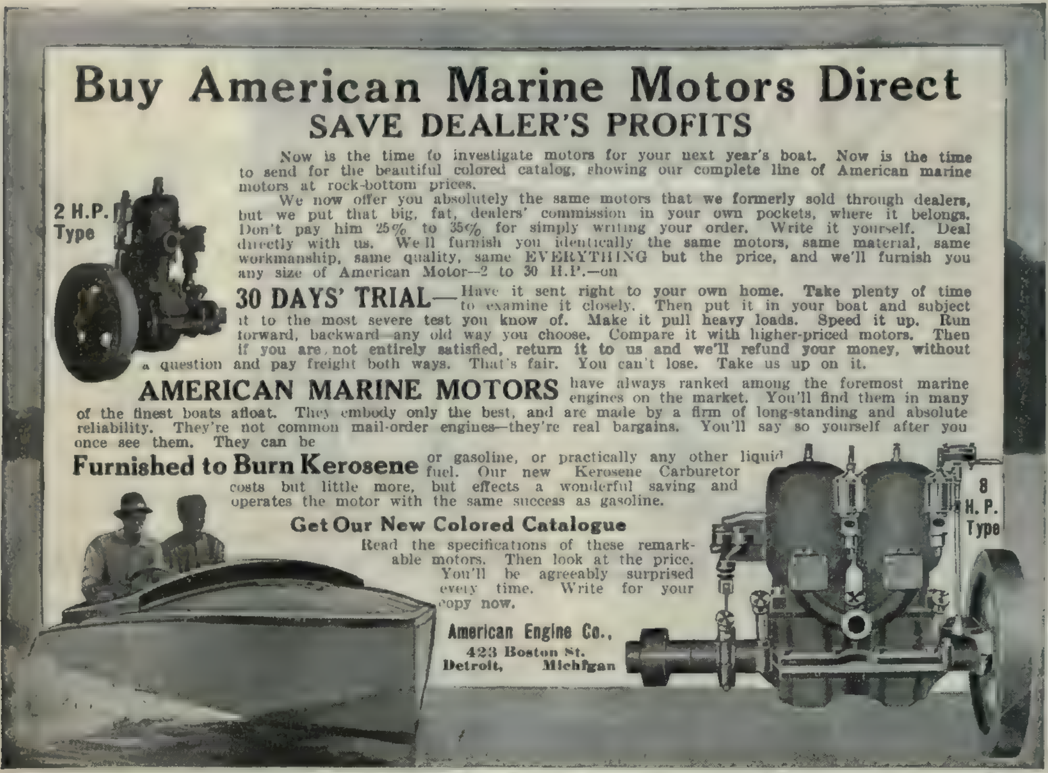

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speak, to call to me, to command that I should find ze little key! Always it was calling! It was as though the Evil One, himself, was ordering that I should obey!"

From the hall came the tramping of feet, a heavy voice. But it was not the janitor and his assistant. In the doorway Lieutenant Byron and a plainclothes man stood gazing at us inquiringly.

Madelyn stepped forward with a quick shrug of relief, and spoke a dozen crisp sentences. The lieutenant's grey eyebrows wrinkled, but he was not a man to waste questions—when the need for action was calling. With a nod to his subordinate, he swung across the floor. The two men braced themselves and then lunged together. Door-breaking is an essential part of a policeman's education!

The second onslaught was successful. The wrecked panels fell suddenly inward.

A glimpse of rose-red tinted walls, and velvet rugs, and mahogany dressing table swam before me—a silken canopied bed and Irish lace counterpane—a wonderful embroidered negligee tossed carelessly across the surface—and nothing else.

(To Be Continued.)

Off to the Wars

Continued from Page 25.

"I gave to you my word that I would not an escape make," he said slowly and with dignity.

Billy turned away from the tent and sat down on a windfall before the fire. He felt strangely subdued.

"He could of got away, and he wouldn't," he muttered. "Now, who'd a thought that of a Dutchman?"

A little later Billy went back and wakened his prisoner.

"Who were those fellows?" he demanded.

"They tell me they are from the United States, making a trip by canoes in the forest."

"Did you tell them who you were?"

"No. They did not ask."

"Did you know they would be in the States in another day?"

"Yes, so they told me."

Billy went back to his windfall and sat for a long time. At last he crawled into the tent. He let Karl keep all of the one blanket, and he did not waken him the next morning until breakfast was ready. Then his tone was comradely as he called:

"Come on, lad, and throw some of this into you. We've got a long hike to-day."

Breakfast over, Billy packed up, loaded the canoe and indicated that Karl should get in.

"Don't we make this a portage, as you say?" he asked.

"Not this morning. There's an easier way around."

All day they paddled. Not once did Billy sing "Rule Britannia." His arms worked steadily, hour after hour, but his mind was troubled. Karl had spoken the

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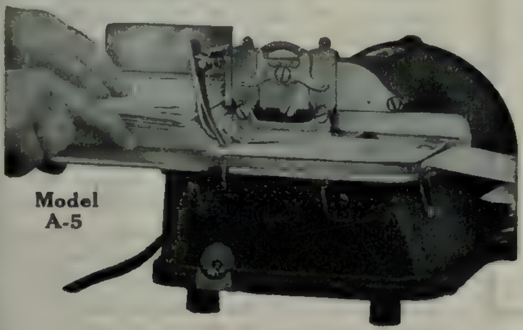

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day before of the rules of war and Billy didn't know whether he was following them. He had always thought of war as being closely linked with hatred, and he found that he could not hate a man like his prisoner. Then, at noon, he got an idea.

"I'm my own general yet awhile!" he exclaimed to Karl's mystification, and the canoe shot ahead faster than ever.

Late that afternoon they rounded a point in a large lake and saw a long line of birch bark teepees on the shore before them. Still silent, Billy turned the canoe in, and he and his prisoner got out.

"Wait a minute, Dutchy," he commanded and climbed the bank. Five minutes later he was back with an Indian.

"This is Moose-once," he explained. "He's a good Indian and he won't let you get lost. And he won't charge you too much."

"What is it you mean?" asked Karl blankly.

Billy grasped the German by the shoulder and about faced him.

"See that shore over there? That's the United States. Didn't you know you were traveling south all day to-day? Well, another half hour and you'd be where I couldn't touch you. Moose-once will take you to Tower, and you can get along from there all right because there'll be steel rails to keep you from getting lost. B'jou," and he ran down the bank to his canoe.

"But," cried Karl as Billy was about to push off. "I do not understand. I am your prisoner."

"That prisoner business is all off," explained Billy. "Don't want any prisoner."

"You mean I can—," and Karl held out his hand to grasp Billy's.

Billy smiled when he saw the expression in the other's eyes.

"You can, lad," he said. "Hurry and get started."

Karl wrung his hand excitedly.

"I can't thank you," he began.

"Thank nothing," exclaimed Billy. "I'm fighting Germany, not a German, but I'll meet you in Europe next week."

The Story of the Casgrains

Continued from Page 23.

grain. His third surviving son was Oliver Eugene to whom was bequeathed the seigniory of L'Islet. This son followed his brother, Charles, at the College of Nicolet, where he showed scholarly aptitudes, and was afterwards articled to the Hon. Louis Panet in Quebec. Like Charles, he married young, his wife being Mlle. Hortense Dionne, daughter of the Hon. Amable Dionne, also retiring to his seigniory where he took great interest in agriculture, becoming later a member of the Chamber of Agriculture. Their manor house was thrown hospitably open to all travelers passing up and down the highway and there they entertained with open-handed liberality. The seigneur

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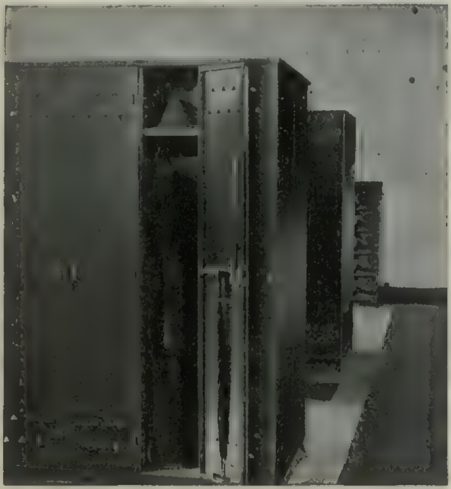

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died in 1864 and his wife in 1894, their family consisting of thirteen children.

The home life of the Casgrains seems always to have been conducive to the development of all that was best in the children. This was particularly true in the case of the family of Charles Eusebe Casgrain of Riviere-Ouelle. He himself was a man of the finest character, gentle, courteous and refined, and his wife was a fit companion for him. They brought up their children with loving care, being solicitous for their welfare both moral and spiritual. That these children became the sterling men and women that they did is testimony to the excellent upbringing of their parents.

The oldest child, who was given the same name as his father, Charles Eusebe, was born in 1825. On reaching maturity he selected the practice of medicine as his profession and to qualify himself for this calling attended McGill University in Montreal, of which he became a graduate. He was probably led to choose Detroit as the place in which to establish himself by reason of the early association of his mother's family, the Baby's, with that city. He remained there for five years, after which he removed to Sandwich and thence to Windsor, where he continued to reside up to the time of his death.

FIRST FRENCH-CANADIAN SENATOR.

Charles Eusebe Casgrain, the younger will be remembered as one of the foremost French-Canadian citizens of Western Ontario. He not only carried on an extensive practice in Windsor but took a leading part in public affairs. For many years he was a valued member of the Board of Education; for some time he was president of all the French-Canadian societies of the county of Essex, while for his services to the Roman Catholic Church he was created a Knight of the Holy Sepulchre. In 1887 he was elevated to the Senate, the first French-Canadian in Ontario to be so honored, and of course retained his seat in the Upper Chamber until his death.

The Senator from Windsor had five sons, of whom two at least have attained to considerable prominence. The Hon. T. Chase Casgrain of Montreal, whose name is well-known throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, was the eldest child. In his case the intellectual superiority as characteristic of the family early displayed itself. At the Quebec Seminary to which he was sent from his home in Ontario he won distinction as a classical student, while at Laval University where he studied law he stood at the head of his class for five years, graduating with the Dufferin Gold Medal. On being called to the bar, the young lawyer entered into partnership with Colonel Guillaume Amyot, M.P., later joining the firm of Langlois, Larue, Angers and Casgrain, of which he presently became the head. He had meanwhile been appointed professor of criminal law at Laval.

A BRILLIANT LAWYER.

Mr. Chase Casgrain's career as a lawyer has been a brilliant one from the time he was called on to act as junior counsel for the Crown at the trial of Louis Riel, right down to the present day. His election as Batonnier-General of the province in 1894 attested the high estimation in which his talents were held by the Quebec bar, while his selection as attorney-general in the De Boucherville and Taillon administrations was a further testimonial to his ability. Later on Mr. Casgrain sat for two terms in the House of Commons, being elected for Montmorency in the conservative interest. He now resides in Montreal where he occupies a prominent position both socially and in the legal profession.

SAW ACTIVE SERVICE.

A younger brother, Henri Raymond Casgrain, succeeded to his father's practice at Windsor and is now a leading citizen of that town. Dr. Casgrain holds his medical degree from Trinity University and supplemented his course at Toronto with post-graduate work at Paris and London. His standing as a medical man may be gathered from the fact that five years ago he was chosen president of the Ontario Medical Association. During the North West Rebellion he saw active service at the front and wears the medal conferred on veterans of that campaign.

The second of Charles Eusebe Casgrain's thirteen children was Philippe Baby Casgrain, who is still living at Quebec in his eighty-eighth year. This fine old French-Canadian gentleman adopted the legal profession as his calling and, after practising for a time in Quebec, was given an appointment as deputy prothonotary of the Supreme Court. Subsequently he was made clerk of the Circuit and Revision Court, a position he continues to hold. Mr. Philippe Casgrain, unlike his older brother, the Senator, was a liberal in politics and in 1872 was elected to the House of Commons for L'Islet, continuing to represent that constituency for twenty years. During this time he was twice appointed to important royal commissions of inquiry. Latterly he has taken a deep interest in historical research and is the author of at least a score of volumes dealing with interesting phases of the history of Quebec.

Mr. Philippe Casgrain is the father of several children of whom probably the most distinguished is Lt.-Col. the Hon. J. P. B. Casgrain, who was called to the Senate by Lord Minto in 1900 and was for some time chairman of its railway committee. Colonel Casgrain is by profession a civil engineer, having been chief engineer of the Montreal and Pacific Junction Railway, and he is to-day interested in several transportation companies. He is one of the members of the Ottawa Improvement Commission and a few years ago was conspicuous as a cadidate in the Montreal mayoralty campaign.

Another son, the Rev. Philippe Henri Du Perron Casgrain, who was ordained a priest three years ago, had previously a notable career as an officer of the Royal Engineers. He is a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston and served with distinction through the North West Rebellion. He then went to India

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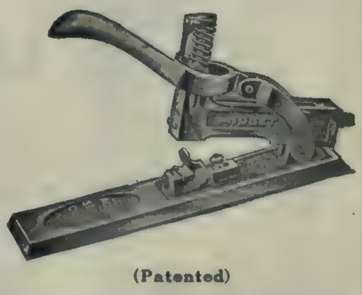

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with the Royal Engineers and was stationed there for five years during which he did some important engineering work for the government. In the South African campaign Captain Casgrain was in the thick of the fighting and several times was mentioned in despatches. Latterly he acted as military atache at the British Embassy in Japan. He is a linguist of renown having mastered several foreign languages, including Hindustani and Russian, with remarkable celerity.

THE WORK OF ABBE CASGRAIN.

Returning again to the family of Charles Eusebe Casgrain, the third son, Auguste, remained at Riviere-Ouelle and brought up a family there. The fourth was the Canadian historian, L'Abbe Henri Raymond Casgrain. This son, who was born in 1831, was ordained a priest after taking a course at the Seminary in Quebec and become a professor on the staff of his alma mater. In 1874 he gave up this work in order to devote himself to literature. He carried on valuable research work in England and France and obtained access to many hitherto inaccessible sources. This enabled him to write with authority and his works are of great value in consequence. He is remembered principally as the author of "Legendes Canadiennes" while his "Un Pelerinage au Pays d'Evangeline" was crowned by the French Academy. Abbe Casgrain was chosen president of the Royal Society of Canada in 1889.

The fifth son of Charles Eusebe Casgrain, William Theobald, became a civil engineer and settled in Milwaukee, U.S.A. The sixth, Rene, entered the Church and became the curé of Sillery. The seventh, Alfred, went to the United States and took up his residence in Tacoma, while the eighth, Hermenegilde, obtained employment in the patent office at Ottawa.

Of the five daughters of the family, three took the veil. One became the Rev. Sister Sainte Justine, provincial of the Nuns of the Congregation, Ottawa. A second became Sister Baby of the Grey Nuns, Montreal, and the third Sister Ste. Marguerite of the Nuns of the Congregation, Montreal. A fourth daughter was married to the late Hon. Sir C. A. P. Pelletier, lieutenant-governor of Quebec. Colonel Oscar Charles Casgrain Pelletier of the Canadian regular military forces, who served with such distinction in the South African War, is her son. The fifth daughter became the wife of Prime Le Moine de Montigny.

One might continue to trace the family connection to another and yet another generation. The seed of the founder of the family has been multiplied an hundredfold and has spread to all parts of the continent. Yet the story of the Casgrains has been carried far enough forward for one to appreciate something of the part the men and women of the name have played in the history of Canada. That their influence has been an elevating one, that they have contributed a positive element to the progress of the country, must be evident to all who have followed their upward course from generation to generation.

The Business Outlook

What Canada Has Done to Meet the Emergencies of War—The Dominion Must Pay Her Share, but No Fear Need Be Felt on the Score of Ability to Do So

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

Mr. Appleton maintains that the rural population of Canada are in funds—that they can buy—but for a time, under fear of war's consequences, are saving their money and economizing. But necessities they must have and by no kind of economy can wear and tear be eliminated. For two years now the breaks have been put on in Canada, and the people have economized. Store shelves are light and pocketbooks are thicker, which is a good basis, Mr. Appleton says, for more and better business.

IF it were possible to tell what will be the result of the present trouble in Europe it would be possible to outline more definitely the business trend during the next few weeks. Of the ultimate outcome of the war we have no doubt. As yet, however, it is impossible to form any conclusion as to how long the war will last. A very good sign is that the French and British War Departments are able to keep their own counsel. Their plans are not becoming common property. Even the progress made by one and a half million men on either side is not allowed to become public property. Newspapers publish a variety of despatches which do not throw much light on what is being done. Writing at the beginning of October we are led to believe by the various conflicting reports that the allies are making satisfactory progress. That, however, does not tell us how long the war will last, but the control of information suggests masterly control of the situation.

THE WORLD'S CREDIT SYSTEM.

Although much progress has been made in re-establishing credit the entire system is still in a very nervous and shaky condition. That must necessarily be the case until international trade gets back to a more normal condition. It is true that Great Britain has asserted herself as mistress of the seas, though there are still at large some German cruisers which continue to do damage. The main trade routes are, however, practically safe. But although the trade routes are open trade cannot assume normal proportions so long as the great industrial systems of Germany, France, and Belgium are in a state of utter paralysis. The exports of the United States cannot reach Germany in a normal way. Neither can the exports of Germany be sent to all parts of the world as usual. Lancashire cotton mills are running very short time and their markets are for the time being in an uncertain condition. No doubt in the course of time those markets hitherto served by Germany will be obtained either by England or the United States, and some we trust by Canada. But it usually takes months to negotiate foreign business. With the heart of international commerce represented by England and Germany in a state of paralysis the result in other countries is similar. As yet the majority of the newer countries at any rate have in effect a moratorium of some kind. Under such conditions it could not be expected that Canadian trade would be normal and that the outlook would be bright. There is, however, good reason to be quite cheerful as to the immediate outlook in our own Dominion.

THE QUESTION OF EXCHANGE.

Exchange rates about which so much has been said recently in the newspapers, are a serious factor in Canadian business. Merchants find that to settle a debt of £1 in the United Kingdom it costs practically $5. Our commercial debt abroad in the aggregate is very large, and in addition we have interest and dividend payments to meet, In October it will be necessary for Canada to furnish funds to the extent of approximately $20,000,000 for interest payments alone. Our debt abroad can be settled by sending either gold or its equivalent in merchandise. Of the latter we are sending a larger quantity than usual. But the amount we send is not great enough to influence exchange rates. We still import more than we export. Being no longer able to borrow in London to settle adverse balances against us we will have to pay sooner or later in gold. Our neighbors in the United States are in practically the same boat. Their debt to London is far greater than that of Canada. Usually they have settled their debt by selling securities and exporting cotton, corn and other products. But like Canada the United States is now importing more than she is exporting. During August our neighbors exported $110,369,114 and imported $129,767,890. For the eight months to the end of August the imports were approximately $50,000,000 less than the exports. The small favorable balance is far from being sufficient to cover the debt of the United States to other countries. In consequence adverse balances have to be met in gold. So it is with Canada. In consequence exchange rates are high and those which govern in Canada are determined at New York, the exchange centre of the North American continent.

This condition will prevail until Europe is again in a position to trade normally. Until Liverpool wants cotton from the Southern States and a great variety of other things, Canada can also look forward to tight money. Her exports are far from being adequate to meet her accruing obligations in London and elsewhere. Under existing conditions she cannot sell her I.O.U.'s except at a very low figure. Nor would the issuing of more currency, as

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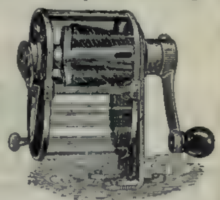

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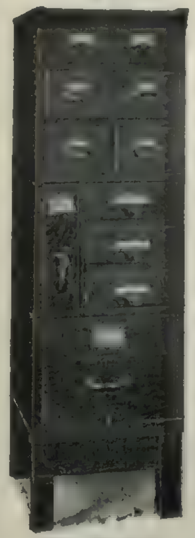

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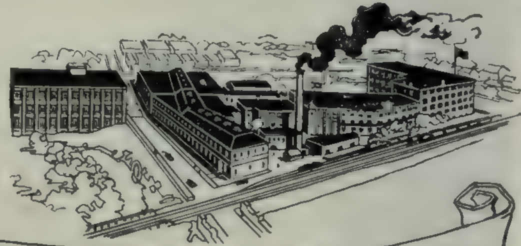

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some quacks have urged, be of any avail. Debts abroad could not be paid by them, nor could wealth at home be created by them. International debts now are settled by merchandise, gold or securities. Canada has issued so many of the last named that more is now out of the question, so the only alternative for her is to ship merchandise or gold. Both are in demand. Everyone seems bent on holding their gold hence it is hard to get and consequently expensive. That is why exchange rates are high. Canada's hope rests chiefly in her being able to retain gold sufficient to settle her obligations while the war continues, or in being able to supply its equivalent in merchandise. The latter is preferable as is being realized by patriotic Canadians who are so strenuously urging greater activity in placing more acreage under crop.

NO EASY MONEY.

The war, therefore, has far-reaching effects. What is going to happen to Canadian business depends upon what happens in the theatre of the war. Whatever the result may be we have to do our part in paying the share we have taken in it. It is not a light one. What we do, however, has to be reckoned with. The bill will have to be paid.

We are not at all anxious as to the ability of Canada to take care of the bill when it is rendered. Our business is of a kind that has to do principally with the supplying actual necessities for existence. In this respect the position of Canada compares very favorably with other countries. Our principal exports are from the fields, mines, woods and the water. Silks, satin, laces, jewelry, and the like, luxuries in war time but commodities in normal times do not figure in our products to an appreciable extent. Our products are primary requisites, the demand for which is immediately enhanced when war stagnates productive activity in any part of the world. If therefore Canada has normal luck in her chief primary industry and exerts herself as she can do, the present storm will be weathered safely. As in any storm there is need of careful piloting. There will have to be economy. We must have the cash ready to meet our obligations. The first objective should be the maintenance of our credit. It remains good comparatively speaking. Yesterday, however, we could raise money on it, today we cannot. There is a vast difference. If we cannot borrow money to build a palace we can get along in our shack. Sensible people have made up their minds to do so. It is only by this frugality that Canada can safely pass through the critical period ahead. Far better to live in a shack and pay our debts than live in a palace and be bankrupt and discredited.

EMERGENCY MEASURES.

Already the emergency measures along lines of economy have started rigorously. In some cases the rigor has taken a wrong direction. No doubt intentions were of the best. Some of the evidence of national economy has been the passing of industrial dividends which will mean a loss of income to shareholders aggregating nearly $2,000,000. By the end of the year this sum will be increased very considerably. It is better, however, to pass dividends than to discharge work people. To retain the latter as pensioners or on unproductive and unprofitable work would be more foolish than to pay high dividends. It is far better to move people from an unprofitable to a profitable industry. There may be hardships in this, but it is unavoidable. In transplanting men and women from a congenial to an uncongenial occupation there is always pain. Nevertheless the transplanting may result in increased national vigor. It is only by hitching Canadian industry, ingenuity and skill to our natural resources that we can hope to pay our debts and keep on an honest face through a calamity which war has brought upon us.

OUR HOPE LIES IN PRODUCTION.

At the commencement of October the outlook in Canada was exceedingly promising when contrasted with the outlook ahead of other countries in a similar position, or as compared with the United States. Our crops are turning out quite normal and in the West where a very large depreciation was feared the actual results are not going to be nearly so bad as anticipated. For instance wheat will reach 160,000,000 bushels and the price promises to remain fairly high. An excellent indication is that so many farmers are in a position to hold their wheat. Higher prices are expected. Although this is gambling to some extent with the future it indicates that a very large body of the farmers are not very heavily pressed by liabilities. The Western cereal crop has been somewhat disappointing, but on the other hand higher prices are being obtained for livestock, of which the output is steadily increasing. In other parts of the Dominion the crop has been, generally speaking, quite normal and prices slightly above normal. Under such conditions business should not be so very dull. Nor is it.

OUR FACTORIES.

Factories are beginning to feel the pressure of new orders. Many of them, of course, are working night and day upon supplies for the army. Aside from these orders others are coming in. Although Canadians are economical to a greater extent than usual it must not be forgotten that for two years there has been some curtailment of expenditure on unnecessaries. Storekeepers generally during that period have been very cautious in their purchases. They were induced to be cautious by the tightening of money and the gradual restriction of credit. Shelves, therefore, must be getting bare. They will have to be replenished.

"MADE IN CANADA."

Hitherto the storekeeper had the choice of many sources from which to obtain his merchandise. Now, however, he will have to procure his goods from nearer home. That our factories should therefore be feeling some demand for their output is not at all surprising. There are quite a

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number, however, whose markets to a very considerable extent were abroad, that will possibly have to run on short time indefinitely. On the whole our industrial capacity will soon be fairly well occupied, but the margin not in operation will throw out of work a certain amount of skilled labor that will have to seek employment. The present seems a favorable opportunity to adjust wages. One of the factors in advancing wages has been the high cost of living, especially high rents. There will have to be radical changes as to both. Our people will have to learn the art of living better and more economically, and to do this house rents must be revolutionized. These changes will possibly be the result or one of the results of the present crisis. In no respect is it necessary to reduce the purchasing value of wages.

OUR CREDIT REQUIREMENTS.

These readjustments will enable us to apply more of our wealth to the development of the country. During the past few years out of inflated values we have created millionaires. Some of them, however, recently may have become "deflated." But there remains to be done some house cleaning that was due before the outbreak of the war. Now that our financial and commercial system has been semi-paralysed the time may be opportune for a thorough house-cleaning. While this is going on there is not likely to be much interruption to business except that class of business which annexes wealth by scheming rather than working and which depends upon the continuous inflow of new capital. By great economy Canada may be able to devote some of her wealth to capital expenditure, but we cannot expect much in this direction for a short time. At any rate not so much as would keep those industries active which depend upon a new plant being put down, new railways constructed and new public improvements of a permament character. If we cannot do this there will be no lack of credit facilities for carrying on our chief industries. In this respect we are extremely fortunate in having a banking system that has been able to prevent any sudden and serious panic in our business life. In this respect our experience has been much happier than that of practically any other country.

WHAT OUR BANKS HAVE DONE.

Casual readers of our newspapers must have formed the impression that our banks have been sadly lacking in their duty in such a period as that through which we are passing. However, the contrary is the fact. Although business has materially slackened during the past few months the current loans of the chartered banks of Canada are practically the same as at the end of August. During September we believe, as will be shown by the bank statement when it is issued, the commercial loans will show a decided advance over those of August. Naturally there should be some expansion because of the sums required for crop-moving purposes. But on the other hand there has been a very great contraction in business. Nevertheless in times such as those

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of the present period there is a demand for credit and it has been met by the banks. Note circulation at the end of August was approximately $20,000,000 greater than at the end of July. Usually the increase in August is about $6,000,000. However, the crop was slightly earlier this year. Nevertheless at no time and in no month in previous years has there been such a marked expansion in the matter of circulation. We quote this figure to show that the banks have not been harsh as charged. While they have maintained their current loans and have issued an additional $20,000,000 in currency they have had to contend with a contraction in deposits aggregating $20,000,000. Under the circumstances this is a very cheery fact.

AT COUNTRY POINTS.

Another very cheerful circumstance is that at our country branch banks the deposits are tending upward. That is speaking generally. There are some branches where the business is all loaning and others where it is all deposits. At the present juncture, however, the amount of deposits being made at strictly rural points is quite equal in volume to that of any other year. The decline in deposits, we believe to be in the urban districts or the larger cities, that depend to a very great extent upon manufacturing. We note also that business at country points has been steadier than in the cities. It is quite true that many storekeepers hesitate to make heavy purchases because of the war. They, nevertheless, find collections coming in fairly well and that they continue to do a satisfactory volume of business. We have made extensive enquiry as to this and feel satisfied that what we say represents actual conditions. Of course at this particular season the farmers should have to their credit substantial deposits. They are from day to day marketing quantities of produce. In the West the branch banks will have large sums at the credit of elevator companies to pay for grain and the balances will gradually be transferred from the elevator companies to the farmers. So long as the farmer is hauling grain and plowing he will not bother about his liability. No one desires that he should do so. However, when the weather drives him from the land he will have after him the machine agent and the loan company agent. His balance then will rapidly disappear. But it will be found that this year his payments will be quite as good as they were in any previous year. As a matter of fact paper of some years standing has been paid this year. One of the insurance companies of Canada, with many milions loaned to farmers, states that August payments of interest and of principal are better than in the same month of last year, or of August in any year. Possibly this is because of the earlier crop. August is not a month when heavy collections are made. The actual return of the money to the larger centres does not take place until November and December. When that period is reached it will be found that the agricultural population of the Western Province has liquidated a very large proportion of its old liabilities. This year's crop has turned

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out better than anticipated. It will not, of course, suffice to clear the West of the accumulated liabilities of the past few years. But it has gone a good deal further than was generally hoped.

RESULTS OF LIQUIDATION.

Following the liquidation of the past year or two and the very limited buying that has been done by tradesmen generally, and the limited amount of selling that has been done by implement agents, we believe that within the next few months there will be a better demand from the districts upon manufacturers. Possibly the war may deter many from making purchases. The tendency of the farmer at the present time is to get along with what comfort he has, however rude, until the atmosphere clears, rather than buy lumber for a new home or luxuries for his house he is putting his money in the bank. That is the tendency at the moment. Possibly instinct foresees having to pay a war tax. But there is hope when the rural population is in the position to buy and when it is accumulating wealth, or lifting its liability. Should there be any rift in the war cloud the buying movement, we believe, will be very strong. The foundation for our belief is the ability of the Canadian population to buy. They are fortunate in being immune from the ravages of war and in having the resources from which the forces that maintain the strife are succored. Those countries which placed so much dependence on German finance and trade were the chief competitors of Canada in the world's markets. Their paralysis will be Canada's opportunity. Results may not be discernible immediately but they will nevertheless materialize in due course.

A Reversion to Type

Continued from Page 14.

held slack until sail was made, and when the line was cast off outside the lightship, helped haul it in. He was reconciled—because of that big, long, strong arm of the captain—but again forced to doubt that he had overruled the judgment of Mabel and the mate.

He was bullied a little more for a few days, and the disgruntled second mate made vague threats on occasions; but, on the whole, the first mate treated him kindly, and the men, liking him for his prowess, tutored him as they could. However knowing nothing of routine work, and almost useless aloft—though not from fear—and yet able to steer and box the compass from his yachting experience, he was kept at the wheel most of the day, and on lookout through all of his night watches on deck.

Standing at the wheel and on lookout is conducive to thought; and on this passage out Howard went into solid, searching thought into himself and his acts, looking, of course, for the reason of his plight. He found it, first in the last drink at the last dive he had entered; then because he had left the party; then because he had joined it, and finally to his mood and the cause of the mood his quarrel with Mabel Ross. And here the quest became of value. Aside from the charge of effeminacy he could not but admit that she was right, that he had been weak, lazy, careless, selfish, and heartless. And she had called him beautiful. He thought of the two red scars on his face that he would carry to his grave, and hoped that this judgment was overruled.

But it was a hard school he was going to. Wealthy, a yacht and horse owner, member of more clubs than he could name without effort, a petted, spoiled, good catch of metropolitan society, he was now a shanghaied foremast hand in a deep-water ship—worse, a farmer, a "soldier" who could not swab, scrub, paint, or run errands intelligently, the inferior of the meanest foreigner of the crew. But he learned a few things of value—to keep out of the way of moving objects, animate or inanimate; the minimum of deference with his different superiors forward and aft required to satisfy them; and he rapidly acquired an appreciation of the dry, subtle humor of forecastle discourse, and an acquaintance with the deep and genuine refinement of face and voice that comes to the roughest of men under extreme physical suffering.

In this frame of mind he was apprised one rainy day by the glances and gestures of his shipmates at work around the deck that something was coming up astern; and, on looking back, he beheld a sight that set his blood tingling. He knew her—knew her every line, corner, and curve of that pet of his, and never since her builders had delivered her had she appeared so beautiful in his eyes. She came charging along, taut and trig, black, shiny, and graceful, her bow lifting and plunging, throwing spray over her bridge and carrying a "bone-in-her-teeth" three feet high, with the black smoke of forced draught belching from her funnel, and on her bridge a feature not put there by her builders, a vicious secondary gun, such as is carried by scouts and torpedo craft. Beside this gun stood a figure in a long, yellow oilskin coat and sou'wester, and near at hand, base down on the deck, a large megaphone, a new feature, like the gun.

The captain appeared on deck, and, lounging against the after house, inspected the yacht through his glasses. The first mate joined him, and then exchanged comments. Howard, drenched by the rain, chilled and aching from his long trick at the wheel, and excited by the prospect of release, steered badly. The mate noticed the discrepancy between the compass course and the lubber's point, and looked Howard in the face, but said nothing. The captain, however, looked at the compass just as the yacht had drawn within hailing distance, and berated him soundly. But the near proximity of that long, rifled gun had wrought a psychological change in Howard. He forgot that he was a shanghaied, thrashed, and conquered victim of circumstance, and remembered that he owned that big, fast yacht on the quarter, that every man on board of her was on his pay roll, and that, dollar for dollar, she was worth more than the ship. At times such thoughts are helpful.

"You go straight to the devil," he answered. "I'm about through steering for you." Then he hailed the yacht.

"Yacht ahoy, come alongside and sink this ship if they prevent me leaving her."

"What?" thundered the captain, drawing back that mighty fist. But he did not launch it. Howard dropped the wheel, sprang toward him, and before the captain had realized that a sailor would dare assault him, he planted his fist in his solar plexus with a force that sent him reeling and gasping, momentarily deprived of breath, against the quarter bitt.

"Lay aft, here, one man, to the wheel," called the mate; then, turning to Howard, he said, softly and intensely:

"Jump. Jump quick."

But the captain was coming and Howard mounted the house. Here, on a raised platform, was a chance that he could be seen and heard on board his yacht, and he could not yet assimilate the mate's attiude. The captain, red in the face with age, followed Howard to the top of the house, and a man came running aft to he wheel, now held by the mate. The econd mate came, too, but, at the sign f the mate's raised hand, forbore to join n the conflict.

"Quickstep, ahoy" came a voice through he megaphone—a voice with the strange, woody, yet clarion tone that the megaphone gives to all voices. "You have on board that ship a man named John Howard. Produce him at once, or I will fire upon you."

Howard just caught a glimpse of the ellow-clad figure holding the megaphone; then his attention was taken by he wrathful skipper of the ship, who also paid no attention to the megaphone.

"Damn your heart and soul, you dog!" he bellowed. "You hit me, will you? Now, ake it."

But Howard did not take it. His schoolng had reduced him to the Age of Stone, where conflicts are decided by the strongst tooth, or club, claw, or brain. And trongest of these attributes in him was he brain he was endowed with, and he sed it. It was the greatest battle of his ife. There were no brass knuckles with which to contend, nothing but the fist and rip of a giant; and he soon found that, y avoiding the last there was little to ear from the first. There was a clear pace; his skill at boxing availed him; e dodged, feinted, advanced, and rereated, getting in an occasional blow on he square countenance of the skipper, nd escaping, by quick contortions, his orceful lunges. Little by little he tired im out, and when he had him purple and anting, he assumed the offensive. He truck him once heavily on the jaw, and he skipper reeled, too dazed and choked with rage to even curse him. Howard

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was momentarily deterred in the attack by the voice of the mate, shouting: "Hey, don't fire that gun! Wait a little." Then he followed with a second blow, just as a report rang out, and the skipper, with closing eyes, went down. Unmindful of the confusion following that shot, Howard sprang forward and stood over him, but the big skipper did not move.

"Overboard with you, sir," called the mate. "Over you go. They're lowering a boat. Don't make 'em fire again. They sent that shot across the bow, but they'll hit us with the next. That fellow means business."

Howard looked around. The whole ship's company was demoralized, for merchant sailors are not accustomed to gun fire.

The yacht was squarely abreast, and the yellow-clad figure was again poising the megaphone.

"Are you going to produce John Howard, or shall I fire again and again until I sink you?" came the voice through the megaphone.

"Don't fire,' 'answered the mate. "He's coming." Then to Howard: "Now, Mr. Howard, jump. The boat will pick you up."

Howard, looking squarely at him, saw a twinkle in his eye.

"I knew at the first you were all right, Mr. Howard," said the officer, "and say—I take it back. You're a man, and you can do me when I haven't the knuckles. But jump, or they'll fire again."

"Thank you," said Howard. "I appreciate that compliment."

He stepped to the monkey rail, looked back at the prostrate form of the giant he had knocked out, then, calling out a general good-by to the men, took the leap into the sea. It was a short swim to the oncoming boat; his men gathered him in, and pulled back to the gangway.

At the gangway the first mate welcomed him.

"Well, Mr. Smith, you came, didn't you?" said Howard, wringing his hand. "Where's the captain?"

"Very ill in his berth, Mr. Howard."

"Ill? What's the matter? Anything serious?"

"Nothing but nerves, I think, sir. Got to worrying over the consequences of stopping a ship on the high seas, and broke down."

"But I'm responsible. You got my bottle message, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir; Mr. Fairman got it, and referred the matter to us. He explained the situation to the skipper and me—piracy on the high seas. No one but a seaman can appreciate what that means. I weakened myself, sir, when it came to the pinch."

"You weakened. Then who had charge?"

"A passenger we brought along, sir. A friend of yours, I think."

"Where is he?" asked Howard, looking around.

"Down the after cabin, sir."

Still dripping wet, Howard descended the companion, and stumbled over a long, yellow oilskin coat dripping its share of moisture on his velvet cabin carpet. Seated at the table, with head bowed, was

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a figure crowned with a yellow sou'wester. But it was not a harmonious picture—that figure, and face, and headgear. The sou-wester did not seem fitting, and correct, adorning the quivering head of a girl, shaking and collapsing in hysterics. And Howard only realized it when a flushed and embarrassed face looked up at him. It was Mabel Ross.

"Mabel!" he exclaimed. "How—why, was it you?"

"Oh, John," she said, as she struggled to her feet, "did I kill anyone? Has the ship sunk?"

"No," he answered, taking her in his arms; "you didn't hit her."

"But I aimed right at her." The girl's big eyes opened wide in protest and doubt.

"That is why," said Howard, smiling into the eyes, "that shot went across the bows. But, Mabel, do you know what you are? You are a pirate under the law. And so am I. We are likely to be hanged, or electrocuted, or imprisoned for life. But I don't care."

"Neither do I," she answered.

Churchill—The Man at the Helm

Continued from Page 16.

up so quickly. "My boy," was the reply, "Churchill knows how to handle men." Yes that is the secret.

WINSTON THE SAILOR.

"It is not for the Admiralty to mend the times in which we live. That is a task which lies in other and better hands than mine. But the task to which the Admiralty is pledged, the task which, with the ungrudging assistance of Parliament, it can and will fulfill, is to carry this nation scathless through any time, good or bad, which may be in store."

With these words Winston laid down the swagger uniform of the Secretary of State and donned the garb appropriate to the First Lord of the Admiralty. There was much shaking of heads. Candidly, Winston was only a passable Home Secretary. It was known by those who *do* know these things that the appointment was not congenial and it was not a conspicuous success. But McKenna at the Admiralty had turned out even more of a fiasco. Winston thought that he and "Reggie" might very well change places—"very well" meaning to their mutual satisfaction. The Cabinet did not entirely approve but Winston got his way. So he became and has remained the head of the King's Navee, despite the head shaking. It has turned out that Winston Churchill was the one man for the Admiralty. Things there needed attention.

Winston took up the whole problem of how to be prepared. He determined that, because the time might come when the navy should be tested, he would ensure the result beforehand. He worked day and night and he made the man under him work day and night. He decided that there should be no more overpaid jobs and no more underpaid ones. He went af-

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ter incompetence in all forms, in all places and in all people; and he went after it hard. Ruthlessly he assailed red tape. He drove his lance of Reform swift and straight at the hydra-headed foe of Officialism in high places. The old order gave place to a new and a better. Nor was he unreasoning. He knew that, if a new broom was to sweep clean, the ground must be surveyed beforehand and the places where the unwanted gathered noted.

Of course, criticism there was in abundance. The personnel of the fleet was changed. Cries of shame. Oil fuel was introduced. Howls of derision. Other reforms got the same reception. Winston's chief critic was that fine old sea-dog Lord Charles Beresford. I remember that "Charley"—as he is familiarly styled—got up one day at St. Stephens, and slated Winston unmercifully for half an hour. It was the old and the experienced trying to chasten the new and the untried. The new and the untried rebelled. There never was a more scathing retort than that which Winston administered. "Before the noble lord gets up," he flung out, "he never knows what he is going to say. When he is up he doesn't know what he is saying. And when he sits down he doesn't know what he has said." Beresford's face, already red, went a trifle redder.

If sometimes, impulsiveness displaced wisdom, the net result is good and very good. It is due to Winston Churchill that Britain's fleet was ready in a trice to batter the Kaiser's. It is his organization of the navy that has been and is Britain's security. It is his omniscient command of the situation that is Britain's safety, so far as her navy is concerned.

Thus, the descendant of Marlborough remembers his forefather, and with the memories of Blenheim and Malplaquet pigeon-holed in his mind for constant reference, justifies his place as the Man at the Helm.

Monsieur Bill Foster

Continued from Page 11.

Let go with every damned thing you've got!"

The voice was the voice of a demi-god. But great guns drowned it; for the cruiser was dying game.

She listed ominously even as she fired, and her broadside drove low. So low that a shell meant for the transport struck the destroyer's taffrail and burst against the slight impediment, shattering the stern and filling the air with a stifling, stenching heat. Then a small shell from a quick-firer stove in her plates forward of the engines.

"All going down together," Foster called into the tower. "You did it splendidly. Now come out and swim for it."

"Thank you," replied a proud voice; "I shall stay."

Something burst close at hand. Foster's cap was knocked from his head. A trickle of blood overflowed his eyebrows.

"Here goes," he said, "for a long swim. And good-bye to a good box of tools and some decent seamen."

It was quieter when he rose from his dive, though a machine gun still rattled from the cruiser's top. He turned over on his back to watch the end of his work. But the lights had all gone. Only the little gun showed, like a red needle stabbing the dark. It looked low down. It dipped behind the destroyer's shattered deck. Then with a slight sucking sound that deck slid evenly to its own place, where no more light would ever find it. The gun ceased. There was a shouting from the sea.

Foster turned again, swimming less strongly, and feeling for the first time a pain in his head. And the cold—how cold the sea was. He ought to have taken off his boots. But the boats would be coming. "Boots and boats," ran his thoughts:

"Boots, boots, boots, boots.
Forty 'undred thousand million
Boots . . ."

Someone was lifting him out of the water, and speaking in bad French. He stood up and looked round. Man of war's boat, it appeared. They wanted to know who he was. He began to reply in English, not knowing that he did so.

"Who am I?" he said hesitantly. "Stanford of Magdalene, gated for disorderly behavior and going to be sent down. Old man won't like it. . . . That's wrong; I'm getting it all mixed up.

"Torpedo-lieutenant William Foster Stanford. . . . No! That's all done with, too.

"Where are we, anyway? Yellow Sea? Aegean? Gulf of Mexico? Too cold for any of them. Behring Straits, perhaps. No! I've got it. You're that German cruiser's boat. And I'm talking Double Dutch."

He collected himself and spoke in French, remembering that he had been addressed in that tongue; but slowly, like a man groping for half-remembered facts.

"I am Bill Foster, monsieur, wireless operator of the transport 'Touraine' . . . screened a French destroyer till dark: then slipped in and sunk the cruiser. . . . Wait, now. Where is the little admiral?

"I remember. Went down with his boat. Good head, the admiral. Only man left alive. . . . Not quite sure whether I am alive or not. . . . But would you mind telling me the name of the ship I sunk?"

"Our ship was the 'Zabern'" replied the German officer in a voice that shook with implacable hate.

Foster saw a hand raised to the place

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where a holster would be, and the officer's body bending forward in eagerness. The dimness left his brain. He heard excited voices, not very far away; and among them that of his friend, the second mate of the "Touraine." They were coming for the survivors. They would be a little too late; for the last survivor was very near his end. After all, there was no-one to care. He stiffened his bearing, feeling a little unsteady as to his legs but in spirit re-clothed with a forgotten dignity.

"Do quickly that which you have in mind. It is tiring to stand. . . ."

The officer deliberately drew his revolver.

But even as he moved something flashed up from the sea behind, something that wrapped dripping, nervous arms about the officer and strained backward with furious energy.

"To me, Monsieur Foster!" panted the apparition from the sea. Jump quickly." And the voice rose to a scream: "To the rescue, men of the 'Touraine!'"

The Englishman lurched upon the two struggling figures, knocking aside one who sought to interfere; and the three made one splash in the icy water. Foster felt the grip of a drowning man about his waist. He found a chin, and spent his last strength to force it back till the grip broke. Then he fainted.

* * *

He woke to find the morning sun warm on his hand, in a place that he slowly recognized as the captain's state-room on the "Touraine." The engines were throbbing again. A mighty chorus came faintly from the distance: it was the battle-hymn of the men of Marseilles. He felt bandages about his head. Someone standing out of sight spoke in a low voice.

"I tell you that he will be well before we land. Even now he wakes. The greatest service your authority can render, monsieur, will be to stop, if it be possible, that singing."

"I go, instantly," said the captain of the "Touraine," "to tell them that he is safe."

"Doctor," said the patient, "how did it go with the artificer who rescued me?"

"Me voici, monsieur!" The little man from Toulon spoke for himself. "I am with you, now and always."

"Thanks . . . Archimedes. Do not forget that your government has a claim on you. But what are they singing, now that the captain has told them to stop?"

"Monsieur, I believe that it is meant for 'Rule, Britannia.'"

The war is likely to have one beneficial result for the Russian people. Since its inception the sale of vodka, a strong spirit, has been practically prohibited with such striking results that its sale even after the war will, undoubtedly, be much restricted if not altogether abolished.

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Australia and the Far East

Australia's Racial Problems are Similar to Our Own in British Columbia

Australian sentiment regarding the Farther East is not appreciated or even quite understood by the people of Great Britain. In the Mother Country the door of admission is open to every stranger, irrespective of color or nationality—white or black, yellow or copper-colored; and, in so far as racial purity is concerned, the situation of the British Isles, almost in the midst of the white races of the world, enables this to be done with comparative impunity. There is no danger of an overwhelming influx of colored aliens, and the stay-at-home Briton is prone to take the view that similar conditions exist everywhere; but it is not so in Australasia. This farthest outpost of the British Empire is within easy steaming distance of the most puissant colored races in the world, and to allow them the free right of entry would mean that a handful of whites would very soon be submerged by an irresistible tide of yellow undesirables. The Caucasian element would cease to be paramount, and the country would pass into the possession of a colored race. This sentiment dates back to the earlier gold-digging days, when the Chinese competed so vigorously with the white man that the diggers of Lambing Flat drove them from the field. Then followed legislation excluding every colored alien from Australia. That stopped the influx, except that a few stowaways still evade the vigilance of the authorities; but as every ship's captain who permits a colored alien to land in Australia is fined five hundred dollars, the number is negligible. This legislation is meant to preserve the purity of the race, as well as to protect the white man from the unfair competition of a people whose standard of living is at a lower level; it is a policy which has been endorsed by every political party, and it has sunk so deeply into the national conscience that it will never be repealed except by force of arms. That is where the danger lies, for the proud Eastern races, already jealous of the trumpeted wealth of this partly unoccupied land, and thirsting for expansion, deeply resent this provocative drawing of the color-line by a people who in themselves have not the numbers or the strength sufficient to defend themselves from aggression. Their national vanity has been wounded, and sooner or later their honor will be avenged at the point of the bayonet. Australian publicists and thinkers fully realize that at the present time the supremacy of the British navy is their only safeguard. Australia is not at present strong enough to build and man a great navy or to provide an army fit to meet the disciplined troops of any Great Power, and in the meantime there is ever the Eastern shadow overhanging the land.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 34.

come to rescue you. I hope your stay on the island has not been tiresome."

"Why did you run off?" he demanded. "Now I am late at the mine and they will think I am crooked or something. I have a good mind to——"

"Get into the canoe and come with me," said Rea pleasantly.

"But why——?"

"Listen," she stopped him. "There are several things that you don't know about the Sumner mine and several things that you will learn soon. You trusted me once and I, for reasons that I will tell you later, appeared to fail you. I must ask you to take my word that it is imperative, both to you, to me, and to your employer, that you help me to get to Vermilion immediately. Will you come?"

"But Mr. Fowler," said Loblaw. "He expected me last night and will be waiting anxiously for me."

"Mr. Fowler," she said, "is on his way to Vermilion and will reach there before you do. If you wish to see him as soon as possible, you must go there."

He hesitated.

"Come," exclaimed Rea. "Let's shake hands and be friends. I'll explain a lot of things to you after we get there. You will be my friend, won't you?"

He tried to be severe, but only appeared more ungracious. Then, realizing this, he thrust out his hand and took hers in a boyish, hearty grip.

"Sure, we'll be friends!" he exclaimed, "but you gave me a lot to worry about for a while."

He took the paddle and she stepped forward to the bow.

"You won't mind paddling alone for a while?" she asked. "You see, I had no sleep last night and am very tired."

He looked at her as she curled down beneath the gunnels. Her hair was disheveled, her skirt torn and soiled. Her cheeks, which he had remembered as round and colored, were flat and white. Even as he looked she seemed to have fallen asleep.

"You rest and I'll paddle all night, if necessary," he said, forgetting for a moment whatever feeling he had held toward her in a sense of protection, of guardianship.

Rea murmured something which he did not catch. He paddled on and on in silence.

If the boy were beguiled by Rea's sweetness and helplessness, it was only a temporary spell she had woven. His busy thoughts during the solitary paddle soon supplanted the influence which had made him act against his will.

"There is something funny in this and it's something directed against Mr. Fowler," he mused. "Perhaps there is some scheme—there must be. Fowler must know about this. I'm going back to the mine. She will never know in the dark. I'll go back and turn her over to the boss."

In a big circle he swung the canoe that the girl might not be awakened. She

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slept soundly until long after it was quite dark.

At last, as he neared a shore, she sat up and looked about her.

"Where are we?" she asked sleepily.

"There is a portage here, about half a mile," he said, "and we will cross. It is a short cut to Vermilion. The mine company keeps a canoe at the other end, so that we won't have to portage this one."

He smiled to himself in the darkness, for he believed his cleverness was at last greater than that of the girl who had tricked him into a weary night and day alone on an island. He turned the canoe in to the beach where Anse had his teepee, believing that, if the girl had been to the mine, she would recognize her surroundings if landed at the dock. From the Indian's teepee to the small mining village was a trail of half a mile, that which Fowler had taken the night before. By it he could lead the girl to the superintendent's cabin before she would suspect where she was.

He beached the canoe and Rea stepped out. She felt something familiar about the place but she was too tired to give the impression a second thought.

Following Loblaw across the sand, she approached the brush that fringed the shore. It parted before her and, in the dim light, she saw a little clearing and the Indian camp. She stopped. The familiarity of the scene roused her faculties. Her nerves, strained past control, were singing under the new tension.

"You contemptible little bungler!" she cried. "You have brought me back to the mine and you promised to take me to Vermilion. I told you it would be to your interest and to that of the owner of the mine to do as I said. Now you have ruined it all, placed me in peril and aided a daring swindle. Come back to the canoe this instant and take me to Vermilion!"

Loblaw, abashed by the outburst, stood speechless.

"Come!" commanded Rea.

Before he could move or speak, the teepee flap was opened and a man stepped out into the clearing.

"If he's harmin' you, ma'am, I'll tend to him." And he strode forward.

CHAPTER XII.

"OH, George! I'm so glad!" cried Rea, as she recognized Stover's canoeman.

She hurried to him. The boy backed slowly up the trail.

"Catch him, George!" she cried. "He'll tell Fowler we're here."

George sprang toward the assayer but the youth was too fast for him and ran swiftly up the trail, George in pursuit. For five minutes Rea waited. Then George came back alone.

"Canoein' don't develop the legs, none to speak of," he explained, rather sheepishly. "The lad's too swift for me. Why, he run so fast the sound of his own footsteps ain't caught up with him yet."

"Where is Mr. Stover?" demanded Rea.

"In the teepee asleep."

"How is he?"

"He's better but he's powerful weak."

"We must get out of here at once. That boy will tell Fowler we are here and we must not be caught."

"I guess we can pull out immediate," George answered.

Rea lifted the teepee flap and entered. She saw Stover lying on a blanket and wakened him.

"Miss Sumner!" he cried when he recognized her. "Why are you back here?"

"There isn't time to tell now," Rea replied hurriedly. "Fowler will know in less than five minutes that we are here. We must leave at once."

"All right," said Stover. "Get the canoe in," he called to George. "I'm not worth much with the paddle but we can at least leave. We are lucky to have George. I haven't seen a better canoeman in the North country."

He walked slowly to the canoe, Rea beside him, the squaw, who had risen, looking after them from the teepee door.

"I am sorry to have had to leave you this morning," Rea said, "but I thought it the only thing to do."

"You were plucky to risk yourself with the Indian alone," he replied. "Most white girls have an inborn fear of an Indian, although they would be safer with one than with most white men. The squaw was kind to me and George found me soon after you left."

They were in the canoe, headed for the open lake, George in the stern, paddling swiftly and powerfully; Stover, in the bow, putting as much force into his paddle as his weakened condition would permit, and Rea sitting amidships. No one spoke, for it was a seven-hour paddle to Vermilion and Fowler might be only half a mile behind, slowly creeping up in the darkness.

In the meantime the assayer had run across the trail to Fowler's cabin, as Rea had suspected. There was a light and he burst open the door to find only the mine foreman there.

"Where is Mr. Fowler?" Loblaw asked.

"He's just gone down to the dock to start for Vermilion," replied the foreman. "He's been waiting for you all day and he's mighty sore because you didn't get here before."

The youth did not wait for more but ran out and down the road. He reached the dock as a canoe was being pushed off in the darkness.

"Mr. Fowler!" he called. "Wait!"

"Where have you been?" angrily demanded the superintendent. "You've made a fine mess of things delaying me this way. If I miss the train in the morning, you hunt for a new job."

"But, Mr. Fowler, it was not my fault. I was stranded on an island by a girl who ran off with my canoe."

"What crazy story is this? How did you get off? Swim?"

"No. She came back after me, and she's down at the Indian camp now."

"How did she get there? Swim with you?"

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ing of two people by blowing up the tunnel entrance had rasped his temper. Now the delay of the assayer had added to his irritability.

"No, I brought her here," said Loblaw. "She gave me a song and dance about it being necessary for the welfare of my employer that she get to Vermilion and asked me to take her there. I turned the canoe when she went to sleep and brought her here."

"What does she look like?" asked Fowler, puzzled and uneasy.

"She's pretty, or would be if she were dressed up, I guess," replied the assayer. "But her hair is down over her face and her clothes are torn and soiled. She has a gray wool shirt and a brown skirt and—"

"What?" gasped Fowler. "Did she tell you her name?"

"No."

"Why didn't you bring her over here?"

"She seemed to know where she was when she struck the Indian's camp and accused me of double-crossing her. Then a man stepped out of the brush and chased me half way to the mine."

"A man? What did he look like?"

"I couldn't see in the dark."

"Young fellow, are you telling me the truth or are you trying to mislead me?"

"It's the truth, Mr. Fowler. It's straight."

Fowler was silent for a moment.

"Did you get what I sent you for?" he asked suddenly.

"Yes."

"Give it here."

"I can't, Mr. Fowler. It—"

"Can't!" shrieked the superintendent. "Why can't you?"

"It was still tied to the thwart and when that man chased me I never thought of it."

Fowler pushed against the dock with his paddle.

"Quick, Hank!" he shouted to the man in the stern. "Around to the Nitchie's camp as fast as you can shove her!"

Both worked their blades and Loblaw was left alone on the dock.

As Fowler strained at the paddle his thoughts were conflicting. He could not, at first, get a clear idea of the possible situation. After a few minutes he began to reason logically.

"There can't be two girls like that up here," he thought. "She must have escaped, with that fellow. I know they didn't get out at the mouth. They—"

He stopped paddling and looked ahead. Then he began to swear steadily and fluently.

"They got through into the cave," he finally said, half aloud, "and they know. And she had been in the safe. Hank," and he turned to his canoeman, "there is a hard job for you to-night, but you'll be paid for anything you do. Understand? Anything you do."

"Anything," grunted the canoeman, with a grin.

Fowler knew his man. He did not like to put himself in the power of another but he knew that everything depended on his preventing the girl and her companion from reaching Vermilion.

To Be Continued.

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National Affairs—The Valuable Work of our Upper Chamber

By A. B. Hannay

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The Senate does not work in the limelight. It is seldom heard of except when it does something that a section of the community does not approve. Consequently it is judged not by its deeds but by what the public is prone to accept as its misdeeds. So much attention is focused on the more spectacular proceedings in the Commons that the deliberations in the Senate are not often featured in the press and the Senators themselves are not, for the most part, familiar figures in the public eye. The object of this article is to bring the Upper House a little closer to the public and to show the really useful work that is done there. To clearly present national institutions is the object of our series on National Affairs.

To the right is Senator Lougheed, the leader of the Government in the Upper House.

ABOUT their Senate Canadians have heard more and know less than of any institution which serves them. Battles waged by men to win their way to the Commons and by Governments and parties to secure and retain its control have drawn attention to the elected chamber so often that many people look upon it as the whole of Parliament. People love contest and conflict and therein lies the reason for the prominence the Commons has won and the eclipse of the Senate. To this may be added control of the purse strings of the country and the presence in the lower chamber of an overwhelming majority of the ministers. Yet in wisdom, experience and skill in law-making the Senate is more than the equal of the elected house. Its capacity for business has never been made adequate use of. The daily press with a majority of readers demanding sensations frequently has failed to spare space for serious and important matters under consideration of the Senate so that word of much of its best work has failed to reach the public.

The two Houses have equal authority. No measure can become law without the sanction of both. Though the Senate cannot initiate or amend money measures it may reject them and without its ratification they fail. In their wisdom the Fathers of Confederation created the Senate somewhat in the image and likeness of the House of Lords. Before the famous British North America Act brought Canada into constitutional existence in its present form, the pioneers had considerable experience of both elected and appointed law-makers. Neither had been found altogether satisfactory, so instead of making the choice of two evils, the makers of Canada decided to take some of each and set an appointed and an elected house to balance one another. Almost at once the Commons became the chamber where legislation originated and the Senate a place where laws were reviewed, modified and improved.

Hon. Hewitt Bostock, the Liberal leader in the Upper House.

For nearly fifty years these two houses, of common birth but different nature's have existed side by side in comparative harmony. Their important differences have been so rare as to attract great attention when they arose and from them the Senate acquired much of its distinction. The failure of the two chambers to agree upon the Naval Aid Bill is the latest conspicuous disagreement but before it there were measures which succeeded in the lower house but found the Senate cold and critical. Sometimes the adverse ruling was given by a Senate friendly to the Government of the day and sometimes by a majority in the Senate adverse to the administration; but in every case the Senate has been criticized and by some its abolition called for.

Whatever happens to the Senate it will not be extinguished. The men who established it put it upon a foundation as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. To alter its constitution or curtail its authority would require the consent of every one of the nine provinces, the approval of the Commons and of the Senate itself. Finally action would have to be taken by the Imperial Parliament in the form of an amendment to the British North America Act. The Senate might consent to a change, in fact the upper house has more than once debated the question; but that all the provinces would approve of drastic dealing with the first chamber is beyond the bounds of the possible. The Senate is the guardian of minority rights. New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island may lose representation in the House of Commons, but will always have the number of senators assigned to them when they entered confederation. This is a right which they prize and would not yield. Without their consent the Imperial Parliament would not act; so the Senate is likely to be with us for all time. History has shown how durable an institution it is. For almost half a century it

Left.—Sir Mackenzie Bowell, formerly premier; centre.—Senator Cloran of Montreal and Senator McSweeney of Moncton, N.B.; right.—Senator Wm. Mackay of Cape Breton, N.S.

has serenely ignored shafts of wit and clamor of abolitionists and during that time its membership has been enlarged on six occasions. To those who favor the abolition of the Senate it may be pointed out that the latest grievance of the administration against it is that at the last regular session the majority there would not consent to an immediate seventh enlargement.

Criticism of the Senate is a hazardous pastime, for the upper house has a sly way of turning upon its contemners and absorbing them. Sir David Mills, Sir Richard Cartwright and Sir George Ross for many years could see little use for a second chamber in Canada. Yet the Senate found use for them by making them Government leaders in its august precincts. The Hon. James McMullen, one of the fiercest opponents of the Senate, became an active and devout member of the upper house. Abuse it to-day and belong to it to-morrow, is the mental attitude toward the Senate of more than one of our present commoners.

BUSINESS EXPEDITIOUSLY HANDLED.

Perhaps the chief grievance which the lower house cherishes against its neighbor arises from the fact that the Senate sits about one-third as long as the lower house to transact an equal amount of business. To informed and unbiased observers it appears that the Senate does not take too little but rather that the Commons takes too much time in getting through with its work. It is an unusual thing for a member of the Commons to finish a speech in less than three hours. In the Senate few speeches occupy more than thirty minutes and as a rule they are quite as informing and as convincing as those delivered below. Most of the men who make them have mature experience of debate. In the Commons each member has his eyes upon his constituents and his mind upon the next election. The Senators are handicapped by neither of these considerations and they are therefore inclined to say exactly what they think rather than what they think their constituents think. Thus most senators speak seldom or briefly.

But when speaking is to be done they do it well. On the naval bill, the highways aid measure and on the tariff commission bill among the best expositions in either house were those of the Hon. James Lougheed, of Calgary, the Government's leader of the upper house. He is a man of remarkable capacity, of whom Canada knows but little. When Parliament is not in session he holds no portfolio, but when the session is on he sits in the Senate holding everyone of the fourteen portfolios of the administration. In the Senate he transacts the business of the Finance, Justice, Customs, State, Marine, Railways, Commerce, Inland Revenue, Post Office, Public Works, Militia, Interior, Agriculture and Labor departments; and does it well. His capacity is shown by the fact that for three years he has managed, with but few failures, to put the business of the Government through the upper house with a majority adverse to him. His performance has won the admiration of both friends and opponents. He has held his own with such experienced and capable leaders opposing as Sir Richard Scott, Sir Richard Cartwright, Sir George Ross and now the Hon. Hewitt Bostock.

Senator Robert Watson, the chief Liberal whip in the Senate.

The Senate is filled with men who have distinguished records in public life and whose strong characters have won places for them in the community. Thirty-six of them previously sat in the Commons. Nineteen have been members of provincial legislatures, and among the membership are men who have been federal and provincial premiers and members of both federal and provincial governments, judges, governors, farmers, bankers, manufacturers, doctors, lawyers, lumbermen and business men generally.

THE TWO SENIORS.

The two oldest men in the Senate have participated in every step of the development of Canada since Confederation and for some time before that historic union of British North America. The Hon. Charles Boucher de Boucherville, who will be ninety-three years old next May, is astonishingly alert in mind and in body. He walks with a stick, it is true, but reads without glasses and participates in many of the debates. He has been premier of his own Province of Quebec, and to-day is the only man in Canada privileged to sit in two law-making bodies, for he is also a member of the Quebec Legislative Council.

Sir Mackenzie Bowell, who will be ninety-two in December, reads with glasses but walks without a stick and is as alert as a boy with both his head and feet. He has fought in all the political battles of Canada and is still one of the aggressive debaters of the Senate, where he is listened to with the attention to which his experience entitles him.

PROMINENT SENATE PERSONALITIES.

The senior member of the Senate is the Hon. L. G. Power, who was appointed at the age of 36, and is the only surviving Mackenzie appointee. He has a capacity for lucid statement and frank exposition of views which is not excelled in either chamber. The Speaker of the Senate, Colonel, the Hon. Auguste Charles Philippe Landry, has a military record and a capacity for the nicest decision where rules of order are concerned. His rulings are regarded as masterpieces of research and refinement. Senator George T. Baird has the distinction of having helped to abolish one upper house before entering another. He was a member of the New Brunswick legislative council when it voted itself out of existence. Senator Belcourt sat over the Commons as speaker. Senator Bostock, leader of the Liberal opposition, a gentleman of high character, is the only graduate of Cambridge University, and the only English barrister that either House of Parliament can boast. Senator Boyer, a French-Canadian, makes a speech in as classic form as that by any British minister. Senator J. P. B. Casgrain is an authority upon engineering problems. Senator Philippe Auguste Choquette, who left the Commons to ascend the Quebec Superior Court bench, and left the bench to enter the Senate, speaks with fiery fluency which is the despair of imitators. Senator Cloran has something to say early and reasonably often in every debate. Senator Corby, like Senator Gordon, came to the chamber after experience in the Commons and in big business. Among other conspicuous business men are Senator Curry, who is president of twelve and director of thirty-seven industrial concerns; Senator Dennis, the proprietor of a leading Halifax newspaper; Senator Edwards, a banker, lumberman, stock raiser, cement manufacturer, an intensive reader, and one of the best informed men in the two Houses; Senator Daniel Gilmor, who succeeded his father, and who supplies most Canadian breakfast tables with coffee; Senator Jaffray, president of the Toronto *Globe*, interested deeply in mines, banks, trust companies; Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones, head of Canada's greatest implement company, of whom it is said no man in public life has a more accurate grasp of business affairs; Senator Robert Mackay, one of the leading financiers of Montreal; Senator David McKeen, who promoted the Nova Scotia coal business; Senator Wm. Roche, one of the leading business men of Halifax; Senator Peter McLaren, who holds miles of white pine in Canada and yellow pine in the United States; Col. The Hon. James Mason, the president of a chartered bank and a veteran of the North-west rebellion; Senator William Mitchell, who is in railways and coal mines to a profound depth; Senator Frank Frost, an implement manufacturer; Senator Owens, Senator Thorne and Senator Smith who are recognized factors in big business; as are also Senator Thompson and Senator Marcellin Wilson.

A snapshot of the Conservative leader in the Senate—An able parliamentarian caught "off guard."

There are capable lawyers not a few, among them being Senator Ross of Middleton, Senator Beique of Montreal, Senator Dandurand and Senator David of the same city, and Senator Kerr of Toronto, who was speaker under the Liberals, and for many years intimately associated with the Blakes, Edward and Samuel.

Senator Finlay Young, a farmer, is looked upon as a most capable parliamentarian, with an unusual amount of common sense. His efforts at management are ably seconded by Senator Watson, for many years a whip in the Commons. Senator George Taylor, who does the whipping for the Government in the Senate now, has been pronounced by no less an authority than Sir Wilfrid Laurier the most capable whip the Commons ever saw.

Senator James Ross, who is ever present and ever silent in the Senate, is the man who governed the Yukon in its early days and gave Canada a reputation throughout the world for firm and peaceful administration of turbulent and eager pioneers on far frontiers. Than Senator Rufus Pope no man can speak with greater fluency and emphasis. Senator Dom-

1.—Senator L. G. de Veber, of Lethbridge, Alta.; and Finlay M. N. Young, of Manitoba.

2.—Senator John W. Daniel, of St. John's, N.B.

3. Senator George Taylor, formerly Conservative whip in the Senate; and Senator Wm. Dennis.

ville has been a banker, a warrior and a Yukon pioneer. Senator Pascal Poirier has contributed to literature. Senator Forget governed the Northwest territories. Senator James Douglas for years was a medical missionary in India. Senator Costigan has been in one or other of the two houses of Parliament ever since confederation without missing a single day.

These are but a few of the many distinguished figures who sit in the upper chamber at Ottawa, where the atmosphere is dignified, the committee work of unequalled excellence, where gray beards are not as much the rule as popular belief assumes, where speeches are short and to the point and often wisdom votes without debate.

Measures passed in hot haste under party pressure through the lower house are subject in the Senate to calculating scrutiny which often changes their form and their very nature. The Drummond County Railway Bill, by which the Intercolonial was extended into the city of Montreal, failed to gain approval of the Senate in 1897, and the rejection of the first bill is claimed to have saved the country almost a half million dollars. That was largely the work of the adverse majority which Sir Wilfrid Laurier found facing him in the Senate when he gained power and which existed during the first four years of Liberal rule. It was the same adverse majority which turned down the bill that proposed to pay for the construction of a railway to the Yukon by gifts of gold lands from which great dredges are now wrenching precious metal.

Major Samuel Edmon St. Chapleau, clerk of the Senate and "Clerk of the Parliament."

2. Senator George Gordon, representative from Ontario.

3. Senator Lawrence G. Power, the senior member of the Senate and the last of the Mackenzie appointees.

4. Major Ernest J. Chambers, gentleman usher of the Black Rod.

5. Senator Joseph Boldeau, one of the best speakers among the French-Canadian members.

6. Senator James Donnelly, who formerly sat in the Commons for South Bruce.

Of the acts of the Senate since the Borden Government took office much has been said. The amendments made to the Highways Aid Bill, to the Branch Lines Bill and to the Naval Bill are still subjects of such strong party criticism that only time and retrospect will measure the worth of the Senate's judgments. However, there are few publishers or readers throughout Canada who do not strongly endorse the decision of the Senate some months ago that the fixing of rates upon newspapers and periodicals should not be left entirely at the discretion of any postmaster-general, but is safer, where it has always been, in the hands and under the control of both houses of Parliament. The minister who forced this issue to a vote has since retired from the Government and the question is not likely again to be raised.

Among the performances which must be placed to the credit of the Senate are the investigation of the affairs of a great mutual life insurance company which, though domiciled in the United States, did a large amount of business in Canada. That investigation was followed by inquiries into the insurance business on both sides of the international boundary by the Governments of the United States and of Canada. As a result life insurance, and especially that done by mutual companies, was put upon a more secure business footing in both countries.

A law forbidding the pollution of streams was advocated in the Senate for years by Senator Belcourt and Senator DeVeber. Their contentions found favor slowly but persistence finally won and there is now a worthy law on the Canadian statute book. The Senate has done far more than the Commons to bring to its present perfection the law which governs the inspection and annual movement to market of the Canadian wheat crop.

THE WORK IN COMMITTEE.

It is in committee that the Senate is possibly seen at its best. Seated around a table with partisan considerations banished to the background, the Senators delight to display their capacity for keen analyses upon the many private measures which come before the railway and banking committees. For years these men have been eliminating from corporation measures words designed to give special privileges more to the advantage of the interest seeking them than to the people whom parliament was created to serve. Some men have been members of the railway or the banking committee of the Senate for twenty years. They have had wide experience both of legislation and important private business. The devices of privilege seekers and tricks of words in bills for corporate power are an old and familiar story to them. Therefore a measure which may have found a prosperous passage through the legislative gauntlet of the lower house is likely to be considerably scarred in the more sophisticated committees which it meets in the precincts of the Senate.

A point which must be borne in mind in appraising the value of the Senate, is the wealth of the individual members. Practically all the Senators are men of large wealth. There is probably no member dependent on the stipend that goes with the toga for his living. The senatorial allowance is a very small consideration indeed with these men, who in most

Continued on Page 119.

The Guaranteed Ghost: By Alan Sullivan

Illustrated by Mary V. Hunter

WANTED, FOR WINTER MONTHS, OLD English house, within 100 miles of London. Must be guaranteed to be haunted. Terms not important, if entirely satisfactory. Send full information to Mrs. Elihu Perkins (of Perkinstown, Iowa), The Cecil Hotel, London.

COLONEL STUDHOPE, D.S.O., P.Q.R.S., retired, raised his eyes from his copy of the *Morning Chronicle* and stared across the breakfast table with blank amazement.

"Really, my dear, what extraordinary people Americans are! Just listen to this:" He then read out the advertisement in a full, throaty and somewhat apoplectic voice, and continued: "I have always thought they were mentally quite different from ourselves; now I am quite sure of it. The idea of any one actually wanting the unhealthy environment of a haunted house! It is quite evident that the mixture of races in America has produced an—er—an irresponsible class of people."

Eva Studhope, tall, very fair and twenty-three, leaned forward, Her eyes were twinkling, "Father! you're joking."

The colonel's brows contracted. "I regret to say I'm not. Look at it. I'm surprised to find such a respectable paper lend itself to transatlantic vagaries."

His daughter tilted the *Morning Chronicle* against the tea cosy and surveyed it with absorbed interest. Automatically she refilled her father's cup and automatically returned to her scrutiny. Moments passed. The colonel, recovering from the outrage, resumed his toast and marmalade. Presently the silence reached him across the breakfast table; also he missed the *Morning Chronicle*.

"Upon my word, Eva, you find the paper very interesting."

She nodded, looked at him curiously and remarked impersonally. "Pater, how long have you been trying to let The Beeches?"

"Why do you ask?"

"Never mind. How long?"

"It will be two years on the fifteenth," conceded the colonel with military exactness. "But you—"

"And if we don't let it by October, we close up, get rid of the servants, rent the lodge to the new curate and take rooms in Bournemouth?"

Her father nodded. The subject was distasteful. A man who had served his country for thirty-five years should not be exposed to possible penury, but that was what had overtaken the colonel. By now he almost ceased to regret that his wife had not survived the fever of the Bengal plains. He numbered the days that remained till October should dispossess him; then he set his jaw and looked pinker and chirpier and younger than ever.

"My dear," he said steadily, "I have made every effort to dispose of The Beeches. I find, unfortunately, that a later generation does not appreciate sylvan beauty. It seeks other and less refined diversion. So the only thing to do is—" He stopped abruptly and regarded the marmalade with intense resolution.

Eva's lips twitched and her eyes roved across the top of the *Chronicle*. "If this house were only haunted," she said impersonally, "we—"

"But it isn't," snapped the colonel. "The drains are perfect."

"Suppose," went on Eva impressively, bayonetting him with her exquisite, blue eyes, "Suppose that we were suddenly to discover that it was haunted!"

Her father abruptly put down his cup. "God bless my soul," he said, staring at her.

"You see," she continued, "there are several essentials that go with every properly equipped haunted house. There is the long panelled hall at the top of the main staircase. There is the secret door, and the underground passage. Do you realize, Pater, that we have at The Beeches what Mrs. Elihu Perkins would probably call the 'whole contraption'?"

The colonel grew slightly purple, and exploded: "Don't be a fool, girl!" Then he added, triumphantly, "What about the ghost?"

Eva Studhope got up and approached her father. Then she stooped over him and kissed the highest and pinkest spot on the dome of his shining skull. "If you will come into the garden for about half an hour, Pater, I will tell you more about the hereditary ghost of The Beeches than you ever dreamed of."

* * *

Two days later, Mrs. Elihu Perkins was reading letters in the sitting-room of the most expensive suite in the Cecil Hotel. She was large and good-natured. Her dress betrayed the recent acquisition of much wealth. She had restless eyes and a mind that for years had oscillated between Christian Science and vegetarianism. Of late she had been under the hypnotic spell of the Spiritualists. Just now she was poring over a letter which bore the postmark of Salisbury. Presently she raised her voice:

"I guess I've got it this time, Henry."

Someone in the next room was whistling. The whistle ceased. "What's that, Mother?"

"I guess I've got it. This seems quite complete. Come here."

Henry Perkins strolled amiably in. Whatever physical vagaries were collected in Mrs. Perkins' maternal frame had been overcome, so far as Henry was concerned, by the late Elihu. Henry in fact, presented that example of sudden reversion to type so frequently found in the children of American parents. He was tall and dark, with quizzical mouth and eyes, and an irresistible gaiety that bubbled out continuously and inconsequently. Mrs. Perkins worshipped him whenever she was not engaged in devotions to the spirits.

"Well, Mother, who is it this time, Thomas a Becket or Mary Queen of Scots?"

Mrs. Perkins flushed. "Don't be foolish. Listen to this." Then she read:

> "Dear Madam,
>
> "In answer to your advertisement, I am sure our house would suit you admirably. It is called The Beeches. We are just two miles from Salisbury, which is 80 miles from London. The house is Elizabethan, and very old. The grounds are about 10 acres. The ghost is a lady. She appears in the long hall at midnight, on the fourth Monday of every month. She is very tall, but we have never seen her face, which she keeps covered with a white cloth. She wrings her hands for a few moments and vanishes. There is a story that she is lamenting a lover who disappeared when Cromwell's armies were fighting in the south of England.
>
> "The house is open for inspection. We ask thirty pounds a month, furnished. I hope this will be satisfactory.
>
> "Yours sincerely,
> "Eva Studhope."

"The reason I like this," continued Mrs. Perkins firmly, "is on account of the ghost's habits. In practically every other offer we've had, they appeared on one of two nights. The English ones all showed up on Christmas Eve, and the Scotch ones on New Year's Eve. There's a good deal of entertaining done in Scotland that night. They drink in the New Year, and I guess that's what wakes up the ghosts. Now this one has some system and method. It's perfectly plain, and we can make all our arrangements accordingly. I guess we're booked for The Beeches. I don't know but what I'll let the Occult Society in on this."

Mrs. Perkins was above all things prompt. Eva Studhope was advised by telegram, and at noon on the following day, Henry's six-cylinder car sent the gravel flying on the drive that terminated at the front door of The Beeches, a little over two hours from London.

The colonel was extremely dignified. In his erect and immaculate portliness might have been discerned the highest interpretation of the retired officer. If there was a shade of condescension in his manner, only Eva noted it. He felt, now the hour struck, that he was doing something Olympian in surrendering an Englishman's home. Mrs. Perkins saw through him at a glance, but such were the charms of The Beeches that she capitulated on the spot. The panelled hall was what she had seen in many a dream. And the ghost—was not the ghost guaranteed by people whose

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Ghosts are inextricably interwoven with Christmas. What Yuletide celebration is complete without a ghost story; or better still, an actual experience with the supposedly supernatural? Alan Sullivan has developed the story of a ghost that pays a nocturnal visit on Christmas Eve, with the delightful humor and graphic delineation that are so characteristically his.

word it was impossible to question! Henry glanced curiously about as they went over the house, which to him really did not matter much. The roads were excellent for motoring. Once or twice he found himself staring into Eva's eyes, which immediately resolved themselves into large, calm, blue lakes, whose depth baffled him. He was distinctly relieved when the colonel said they had changed their plans, and, if The Beeches was let, would occupy the Lodge for the winter.

Henry had noted the Lodge, a hundred yards from the big house and buried in trees.

"You see," said his mother to Eva, who surveyed her gravely, "We have no ghosts in America. I guess the country's too young, and not mildewed enough. I'm lady chairman of the Perkinstown Branch of the Columbian Female Occult Association and the members just made me promise some personal experiences when I got back. Now, Colonel, if you say you've got the real thing, it's a bargain."

Colonel Studhope coughed slightly, grew a trifle red and said firmly, "We have, Mrs. Perkins, the real thing." He signalled, imploringly, to his daughter.

"If we haven't, Mrs. Perkins, you can have your money back," put in Eva, with dignity.

Henry glanced at her curiously. The color was rising in her cheeks and her eyes were bright and restless.

"I am a student of faces,' said Mrs. Perkins, with dignity, "and I see that yours are those of people who have lifted the veil. The matter is settled."

"There is just one thing," went on Eva, her voice rising a trifle uncertainly. "You must promise not to interfere with the ghost. They are not used to it, and we know they don't like it. It might never return, and then, if any other members of your society were to come over here, the charm of the place would be gone."

The new tenant shivered with delight. "How perfectly lovely. That does bring it all home. Of course I promise, and you too, Henry?"

"Of course. I won't be tempted. I'm willing to promise anything," he added coolly, with a sudden glance into Eva's eyes.

It was a matter of sincere regret to Mrs. Perkins that all this occurred on the first Monday of the month. It meant that there remained three weeks to be put in with not a thing going on. Halfway back to town, she was surprised at Henry suggesting that they move at once to The Beeches. He had developed such a joyful appreciation of London amusements that she had, as a matter of fact, been moved by secret fears that he would revolt at being buried in any country house, however memorial and haunted. Now she surveyed him with amazement.

He was at the steering wheel and his gaze was fixed studiously exactly one hundred feet ahead of the car.

"I'd like to see something of the other side of English life," he went on, with a touch of nonchalance. "We could live at the Cecil all winter and know no more of England than a bluepoint oyster. Do you suppose his royal highness the colonel will loosen up?"

His mother looked at him shrewdly, but gave no sign of newly wakened suspicions. Instead, she looked peacefully at the sliding landscape and said thoughtfully: "Whatever it is, Henry, something tells me that it's going to make a great difference. I felt almost translated this afternoon in that old place. I wish your father could have seen it, but he would have missed the radiators. I guess we'll miss them too." She put her hand on his arm. "Do you realize that we're going to line up with a real ghost?"

During the ensuing fortnight, several things might have been observed at The Beeches, but the most curious was the frequent appearance of a wheelbarrow that emerged from the back door of the Lodge, burdened with rubbish. No one regarding the shining exterior of that diminutive dwelling could have imagined such an accumulation. Another curious matter was the frequent appearance of the colonel at the same door, covered with dust and cobwebs, through which his ruddy face glowed with tempered but continuous protest. Eva, furthermore, might have been noticed, looking, as usual, distractingly beautiful, but with the added charm of subdued mirth in her large, blue eyes. The village grocer remarked with satisfaction that whereas formerly the Studhopes used three pounds of candles a week, the consumption had suddenly risen prodigiously. Over and above all this there was nothing more than usually happens when a retired colonel and his daughter move from their house across the lawn and into the Lodge.

The new tenants definitely arrived on the first Monday of the following month. They were preceded by a van containing a number of those large and massive structures known as American trunks. That evening every room in The Beeches was lighted, it being generally understood that Mrs. Perkins was bracing up for the coming ordeal.

It is without question a remarkable thing to observe how often those who are supposed to be well informed and independent, fall to the ground. Eva Studhope was forced to this conclusion in the case of Henry. He appeared at the Lodge at most unexpected moments to ask for information which often seemed trivial compared to the earnestness with which he sought it. He was curiously helpless about roads and distances. He seemed fired with the desire to scour the country, but for three days his speedometer did not register a single mile.

Eva smiled through it all, then, at the end of a cross examination about the route to Bournemouth, she said suddenly: "Why don't you go? It's only forty miles."

"Is that all?"

She nodded: "Its perfectly simple. You found your way here from London without trouble."

His lips twitched: "It's easier to get here than to leave," he said daringly.

"Mr. Perkins!"

"It would be perfectly simple if you'd come. We could be back in three hours. If you were in America you'd come."

"Oh, would I?" Her brows wrinkled.

"Yes, you would," he went on stubbornly. "And your father wouldn't mind either. Don't you trust me?" He stared at her.

Eva grew very pink. "It isn't a case of trusting you, only—only—we don't do it over here—and—I do trust you."

Henry lit a very expensive cigarette and made small and very perfect rings of smoke. "Ever been to Bournemouth?"

She shook her head.

"Like to go?"

She counted seven rings, then nodded almost imperceptibly.

"Can you be ready in half an hour?"

"Mr. Perkins," she said sweetly, "I can be ready in exactly thirty seconds."

Henry turned without a word and darted up the drive toward the stable. "And I thought the English were slow," he panted.

Half an hour later they were gliding through the exquisite aisles of the New Forest. His eyes roved from their beauty to the pink flush on the girl's cheeks. It was her first motor trip. She was in ecstasies.

About that ghost," he said suddenly.

She started, "Yes, what about it?" There was a quaver in her voice.

"Have you seen it often?"

Eva turned. She was apparently lost in the charms of the New Forest. He could only see the back of her head. "Yes, often," she answered slowly.

"What is she like?" persisted Henry, throttling down his engine.

"She's—oh—she's tall and fair. That is, she would be fair, if she weren't so ghastly white."

"Is she beautiful?"

Eva hesitated. "Some people might call her that. You see it's very hard to tell, because she generally has part of her face covered."

Henry looked at her steadily. "Does she frighten you now?"

"N-o-o, not exactly; she makes me feel queer."

"And she's lamenting her lover—that's what you said in your letter?"

Eva nodded. "Yes, I know I said that. It's either that or else she's lamenting that she never had one. We got both stories—and—and—I hope you don't expect us to prove it, because it's so hard to get perfectly reliable information about a ghost."

Henry chuckled. "Of course not. I think," he added slowly, "that you're doing mighty well as it is."

She glanced at him suddenly. "And she will appear—let me see—next Monday night?"

Eva gulped. "She will," she said firmly.

And though that was all he said on that particular subject, Eva Studhope, when she climbed into bed after one of the most delightful days of her life, lay for hours staring at the moonlit ceiling, and bombarding herself with innumerable unsatisfactory queries.

At five minutes before midnight the long panelled hall at The Beeches stretched very silent in the glimmer that came through the great window half-way up the staircase. At the far end was a very short turn that led to the blue bedroom, so that, from the stairway, or indeed from almost any part of the hall, the door into that particular room was concealed. Mrs. Perkins had the red room, the first on the right. The one opposite was Henry's.

At three minutes to twelve, a very slight creaking came from the room on the right. Mrs. Perkins' door opened slightly and she emitted an awe-struck whisper.

"Are you there, Henry?"

The opposite door gave a subdued scrape, and Henry's head protruded.

"Yes, Mother, all right. Three minutes more."

"Isn't it marvelous to—oh—what was that?"

"Be quiet, Mother. It was only a rat," hissed Henry.

Mrs. Perkins was stricken with fear: "Mercy, who'd have thought!"

"Steady, Mother, steady," breathed a voice. "You'll spoil it all."

Mrs. Perkins braced her palpitating spirit. The moon slid behind a cloud and only the faintest gleam came through the great window. The far end of the hall was invisible. A thousand little whispers of the night became audible, and the old house seemed in a moment tenanted by something more than memories.

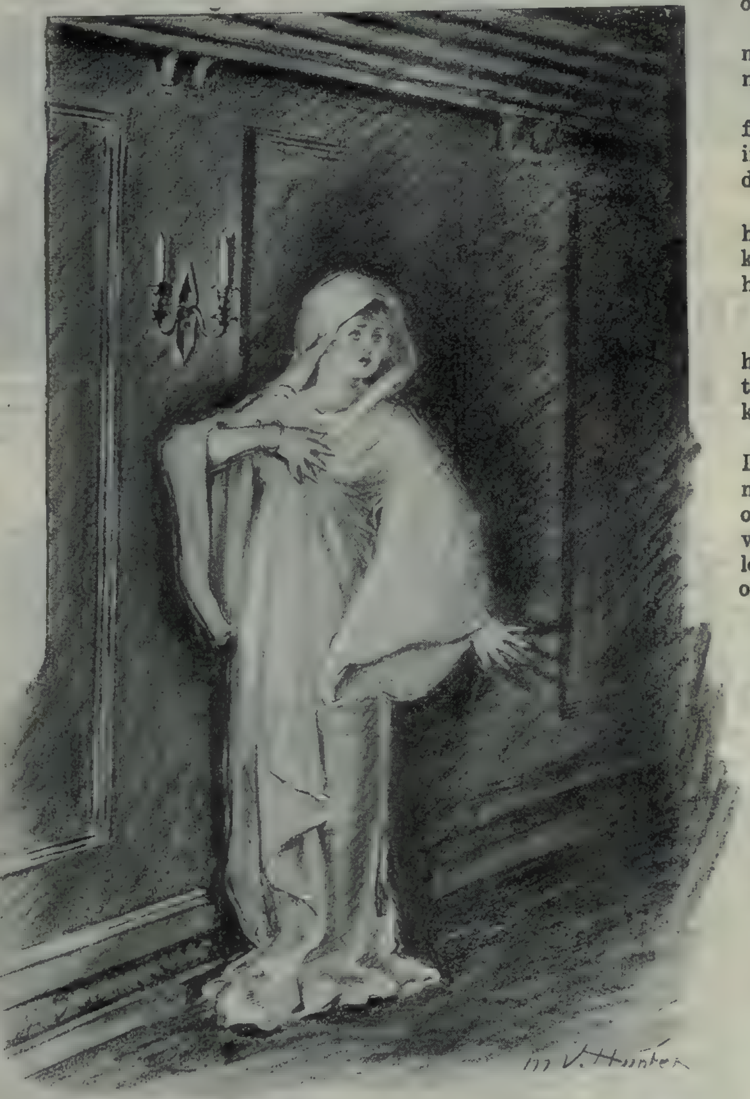
Presently at the far end of the hall came the faintest of faint sounds. Henry gulped, caught his breath and opened his door a fraction wider. Then very slowly, near the door of the red room, a something became barely perceptible and very gradually took on a pale distinction from the surrounding shadows. He gripped the door knob and stared till his eyeballs burned. In another moment the something had assumed the shape of a human figure draped in sheerest white. It seemed to float rather than walk toward him. Out of the shadows it grew, until quite clearly he discerned the tall, slim figure of a girl. The face he could not see. It was half covered with a fold of the robe, held against it by a small hand, ghostly white. It was not the pallor of death, but rather as if human flesh had been transformed into some transparent marble, beneath which life still existed.

He felt a prickling of the skin and a weakness in the knees. Across the hall he could hear stertorous breathing from the lady chairman of the Perkinstown Branch of the Columbian Female Occult Society.

Just as it drew opposite his door, the figure stood, hesitated and turned. Both hands went out in a gesture of infinite suffering, as if petitioning some obdurate deity. Then with slow and stately progress it glided back into the darkness from which it came. It did not seem to disappear, so much as to be gently merged into indistinction.

The next moment came a heavy thud and sound of choking from Mrs. Perkins' room.

Henry dashed across and found his mother in a crumpled heap on the floor. Presently she shuddered, and gazed fearfully about.



At the same moment came a click from the small table and a blinding flash of light that pierced every cranny of the hall. In this glare he caught a glimpse of a chalk-white face, wide blue eyes and outstretched hands.

"Henry," she gasped, "Henry, did you see her?"

"Yes, of course, I did," he said uncomfortably. "Now you get into bed and I'll hold your hand till you're asleep."

If, for the next hour or two Henry Perkins could have been observed, he would have been seen patting his mother's fat and twitching hand and staring into the gloom with a most puzzled expression on his handsome face. Just as Mrs. Perkins dropped off into a fitful slumber, this expression changed into one of quizzical mirth and he stole across to his own room.

Morning dawned as they only can in the south of England. At exactly half-past nine he met Eva Studhope on his way to the village.

"Well," he remarked cheerfully, "it was a great success."

"Was it?" She looked shyly at him.

"Yes, sharp on time. A beautiful ghost! Exquisite figure! Mother fainted. Everything bang up to contract terms."

"I'm so glad she's satisfied." Eva's cheeks were pink.

"Satisfied! That's no word for it. She's cabling this morning. I say," he added slowly, "that ghost reminds me of someone I can't place."

"Ghosts often do," she remarked airily. "That's what makes them so interesting."

"Is there anyone in your family who went around looking for a lover?" he said suddenly.

A gleam flickered through her eyes. "No one that I know of — you see —" she hesitated.

"Yes?"

"The girls of our family have never been reduced to that. Good morning, Mr. Perkins," she said proudly.

The month that ensued was December and a certain atmosphere of imminence hung over The Beeches. The colonel was palpably agitated. He lost, to a large degree, that air of decision which should hang, like a cloak, round every retired officer. Eva was more than usually evasive. She capitulated several times to the invitation of the motor car, but was palpably absent-minded. Henry noted all this with wise, observant eyes. His mother was too engrossed in recording her experiences to be conscious of anything unusual.

It was in the car, with Eva at his left elbow, that Henry made a startling discovery. So startling was it that he slowed down till the machine only crawled.

"By Jupiter," he said explosively.

She glanced at him quizzically. "That's a planet, isn't it."

"No. It's an extraordinary co-incidence."

"What is?"

"That the fourth Monday in December will be Christmas Eve."

"I don't think that's very extraordinary. It will be again in three or four years."

Their eyes met and the color flashed to her cheeks. "I'm thinking of the ghost," said Henry thoughtfully.

"The ghost would be flattered," she answered daringly. "However, she would be wise not to take it very seriously."

"Why."

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Girls' Club at St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, showing club in session and rooms.

The Down-Town Church *and* the Working Girl

By HENRY GRANTLAND

A CLERGYMAN looked out of his study window one day and saw two girls sitting on the grass in a corner of the church grounds eating luncheon out of a paper bag. His gaze moved on until it rested on the big church building itself with its empty halls and parlors and great deserted auditorium. It passed still further and held for a moment on the rows of one-time fashionable private residences, now turned into boarding-houses, that filled the church neighborhood. And then it went soaring away from the world of the concrete and the visible into the realm of the visionary and there fastened upon an idea.

That was some years ago and the hand of time has wrought its changes on church and neighborhood and the man who looked out of the window and caught the idea. But the vision has become the reality and instead of the empty rooms and corridors that were only in use on Sundays and occasionally on a week-day evenings, there are now to be found comfortable rest rooms and bright lunch rooms whence every noontide come the sound of many young voices and the appetizing odor of well-cooked food.

Perhaps when Dr. Armstrong, who was then the minister of the Metropolitan Church in Toronto, noticed the girls lunching in the church grounds, his inspiration went no further than to offer them the seclusion and the conveniences of the church parlors. That in itself was surely radical enough. Hitherto church parlors and in fact all church equipment had been devoted pretty much, deny it as one may, to selfish ends or at best to the needs of the church's own organizations. At other times it went to waste, unused for long hours, a thorough-going economic loss.

To throw open these rooms and this equipment for the use of the girls from office, shop and factory, who were accustomed to bring their lunches with them in the morning and eat them where they could or else patronize crowded tea rooms, was a generous and a Christ-like act. It made the church at once a practical helper in the world's work and gave it a hold on the young people.

The passing years have transformed this and many other city churches materially. Erected originally when populations were very much smaller, they were veritable family churches. Their congregations lived in the neighborhood, walked to the services and attended twice every Sunday. Their Sabbath schools were filled with the children of church members and their various organizations were carried on by and for their own people.

But in process of time the gradually expanding commercial interests of the large cities, with their rapidly growing population, drove away the old residents from the vicinity of what have come to be called the downtown churches and sent them to seek newer and more modern homes in the outskirts. The fashionable suburbs came into being, whither the more well-to-do citizens flocked, leaving their old homes to be torn down to make way for office buildings or to be converted into tenements or boarding-houses.

Some of the church members, it is true, retained their connection with their former church home, but reduced that connection to an attendance once a Sunday. Others transferred their membership to other and more convenient congregations. To such an extent were some of the downtown churches denuded of members that they had to be closed entirely, while those that remained were brought face to face with a problem, the very possibility of which never entered the heads of those who had erected the buildings.

Concurrently with this far-reaching change in conditions, there has been developing what may be termed the social service conscience. Years ago when these self-same downtown churches were filled from Sunday to Sunday with complacent, well-dressed citizens and their families, the preaching never wandered very far away from an exposition of the love of God and the individual's duty towards his creator.

As the stranger and the homeless began to increase in numbers with the growth of the city and by degrees to take the place of the old resident members in the church pews, especially at the evening service, a new note began to be struck from the pulpit. Complementary to the love of God and flowing from it, there was to be the love of one's neighbor. Little need had there been for proclaiming this need when everyone knew everyone else; but as soon as the houses around the church began to fill up with strangers, the precept of the Master at once took on a new significance. The homeless ones of the great city, who dwelt in the boarding-houses and hotels of the district, these had become in a very real sense the Church's neighbors. To love them, meant to serve them, and in this service was to be found a partial solution of the downtown church problem.

So, churches like the Metropolitan, St. James, and St. Andrew's, the downtown strongholds in Toronto of three great denominations changed by the passing years from family churches into strangers' churches, are seeking in social service to fulfil the high functions to which they have been called. And as one aspect of their work, what they are doing for the comfort and the well-being of the working girl, who spends the hours of every business day almost within the church's shadow, is worthy of all commendation.

LUNCHEONS ARE PROVIDED.

In the case of the Metropolitan Church, from inviting the girls to make use of the church parlors at the noon hour, to providing luncheons for them, was but a step. Rooms were set apart for their use and in them every day of the week except Saturday and Sunday, stenographers, clerks and bookkeepers from the neighboring shops and offices to the number of two hundred, are provided with an appetizing meal and supplied with facilities for rest and recreation.

Of necessity there is an organization to give cohesion to the work. Those who are privileged to enjoy the service are the members of the Metropolitan Business Girls' Club. They must enter the club in a formal way and must obey its rules and regulations. A fee of trifling amount is exacted, while for the luncheon a sum is charged that will cover expenses. No denominational qualification is required and members of any church may enter the club.

MANSE IS USED.

After the Metropolitan Club had been established and had been proved a success, a similar undertaking was attempted at St. Andrew's Church, where the manse building to the rear of the church edifice had just been converted into a church house. Willing workers set to work to raise funds to furnish rooms in the house for the purpose and presently a St. Andrew's Church Business Girl's Club was formed, with a similar organization to that at the Metropolitan Church.

Here again great success attended the efforts of those who had promoted the scheme. Starting out with a daily attendance of fifteen, there are now over two hundred young women obtaining luncheon at the Club rooms every day. They are all members of the St. Andrew's Church Business Girl's Club, to the exchequer of which each contributes a fee of ten cents a month. As at the Metropolitan so here, no denominational test is required and new members are admitted on the nomination of two old members, though the accommodation has now become so inadequate that a waiting list has been established.

Views of rooms used for girls' clubs at Metropolitan Church, Toronto.

A connection between the clubs and the church itself is formed through the voluntary services of young ladies of the congregation, who assist in turn at the luncheons. Thus at St. Andrew's two young ladies volunteer for service once every two weeks, which means that at least twenty of these young women assist in the work. In addition to them there are hired workers who come in every day for the cooking and dishwashing, while a deaconess superintends the whole undertaking.

In order to facilitate the serving of meals, the lunches are arranged on trays and handed out to the girls as they enter. Each carries her tray to a table, eats her lunch and passes back the tray to the kitchen, leaving her place at the table in readiness for the next member. In this way no assistance, beyond that needed in the kitchen, is required and the two hundred girls who come in between 11.45 and 1.30 are not delayed in getting served.

Meals are identical each day. That is, the menu is the same for all. In winter it includes soup, a scalloped dish, dessert, bread and butter and tea, while in summer a salad takes the place of the soup. For this excellent lunch, the charge is only 12½ cents or eight lunches for a dollar, and even at that the club has a surplus. Enough money is taken in to pay for the food and help, the gas for cooking and incidental expenses of management, with sufficient over to enable the Club to pay a small sum to the church managers by way of voluntary rental of the premises.

A NOON-HOUR ADDRESS.

An effort was made in both clubs to have a weekly noon-hour address. In the case of St. Andrew's, this was dropped because it was difficult for the girls to spare the time. At the Metropolitan, however, it has been continued and every Tuesday during the winter months some speaker, often the minister of the church, gives a short informal talk on some helpful subject while the girls are eating their lunch.

The two clubs differ also in another respect. At St. Andrew's all notion of making the club anything but a lunching club was early abandoned. It was recognized that none of the young women who belonged to it, lived in the vicinity of the church, that nearly all of them were members of other congregations and that their spiritual needs were being looked after elsewhere. For this reason, evening meetings were dropped and now the only formal gathering is when the annual meeting is called.

The Metropolitan Club on the other hand holds a quarterly meeting, which takes place in the evening. It has been made the opportunity for the club members to do a little social service work on their own account. Usually gifts of food or clothing are made which are distributed among the needy poor of the district; sometimes a banquet is arranged for poor boys and girls. Besides this home missionary work, the club has been raising money for the purpose of sending a missionary to the foreign field. Thus the idea of service is carried a step further.

The St. Andrew's girls have not done any practical work of this kind but they have available the funds that are raised from fees. This money is their own to be disposed of by vote of the club and in the past it has been devoted generously to charitable purposes. Various poor funds have received support from them.

LIBRARY FOR GIRLS.

A library is a feature that has proved popular at St. Andrew's. Over three hundred books are now on the shelves and these may be taken out daily by such members as ask for them. One of the ladies of the congregation is usually in charge, forming thereby another link between the club and the church. There are also magazines and papers in one of the rooms with tables for correspondence and a supply of club note-

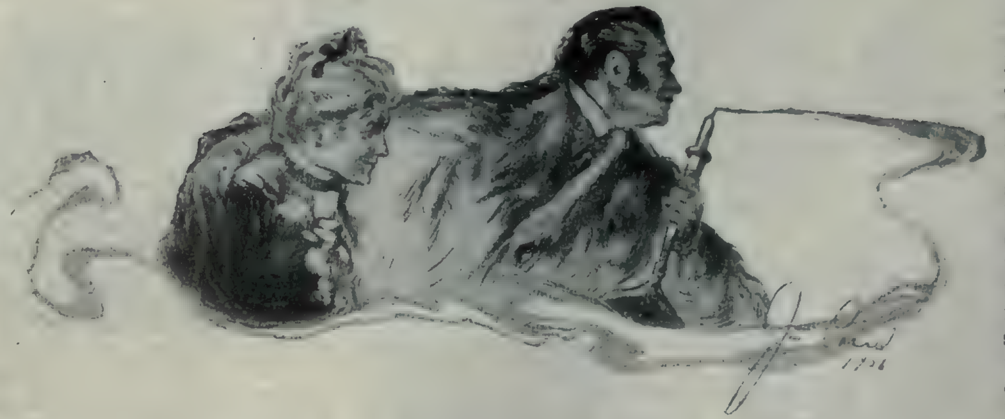
Continued on Page 124.

The Little Gray Lady:

By F. HOPKINSON SMITH

Author of "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," "The Fortunes of Oliver Horn," Etc.

Illustrated by JOHN CASSEL



ONCE in a while there come to me out of the long ago fragments of a story I have not thought of for years — one that has been hidden in the dim lumber room of my brain where I store my bygone memories.

These fragments thrust themselves out of the past as do the cuffs of an old-fashioned coat, the flutings of a flounce, or the lacings of a bodice from out a quickly opened bureau drawer. Only when you follow the cuff along the sleeve to the broad shoulder; smooth out the crushed frill that swayed about her form, and trace the silken thread to the waist it tightened, can you determine the fashion of the day in which they were worn.

And with the rummaging of this lumber room come the odors: dry smells from musty old trunks packed with bundles of faded letters and worthless deeds tied with red tape; musty smells from dust-covered chests, iron bound, holding moldy books, their backs loose; pungent smells from cracked wardrobes stuffed with moth-eaten hunting coats, riding trousers, and high boots with rusty spurs—cross-country riders these roysterers and gamesters—a sorry lot, no doubt.

Or perhaps it is an old bow-legged high-boy—its clubfeet slippered on easy rollers—the kind with deep drawers kept awake by rattling brass handles, its outside veneer so highly polished that you are quite sure it must have been brought up in some distinguished family. The scent of old lavender and spiced rose leaves, and a stick or two of white orris root, haunt this relic: my lady's long white mitts—they reach from her dainty knuckles quite to her elbow. And so must her cobwebbed silk stockings and the filmy kerchief she folds across her bosom.

It is the kind of a drawer that I am opening now—one belonging to the Little Gray Lady.

As I look through its contents my eyes resting on the finger of a glove, the end of a lace scarf, and the handle of an old fan, my mind goes back to the last time she wore them. Then I begin turning everything upside down, lifting the corner of this incident, prying under that bit of talk, recalling what he said and who told of it (I shall have the whole drawer empty before I get through), and whose fault it was that the match was broken off, and why she, of all women in the world, should have remained single all those years. Why, too, she should have lost her identity, so to speak, and become the Little Gray Lady.

And yet no sobriquet could better express her personality: She was little—a dainty, elf-like littleness, with tiny feet and wee hands; she was gray—a soft, silver gray—too gray for her forty years (and this fragment begins when she was forty); and she was a lady in every beat of her warm heart; in every pressure of her white hand; in her voice, speech—in all her thoughts and movements.

She lived in the quaintest of old houses fronted by a brick path bordered with fragrant box, which led up to an old-fashioned porch, its door brightened by a brass knocker. This, together with the knobs, steps, and slits of windows on each side of the door, was kept scrupulously clean by old Margaret, who had lived with her for years.

But it is her personality and not her surroundings that lingers in my memory. No one ever heard anything sweeter than her voice; and nobody ever looked into a lovelier face, even if there were little hollows in the cheeks and shy, fanlike wrinkles lurking about the corners of her lambent brown eyes. Nor did her gray hair mar her beauty. It was not old, dry, and withered—a wispy gray. (That is not the way it happened.) It was a new, all-of-a-sudden gray, and in less than a week—so Margaret once told me—bleaching its brown gold to silver. But the gloss remained, and so did the richness of the folds, and the wealth and weight of it.

Inside the green-painted door with its white trim and brass knocker and knobs there was a narrow hall hung with old portraits, opening into a room literally all fire-place. Here there were gouty sofas, and five or six big easy chairs ranged in a half circle, with arms held out as if begging somebody to sit in them; and here, too, was an embroidered worsted fire screen that slid up and down a standard, to shield one's face from the blazing logs; and there were queer tables and old-gold curtains looped back with brass rosettes—ears really—behind which the tresses of the parted curtains were tucked; and there were more old portraits in dingy frames, and samplers under glass, and a rug which some aunt had made with her own hands from odds and ends; and a huge workbasket spilling worsteds, and last, and by no manner of means least, a big chintz-covered rocking chair, the little lady's very own—its thin ankles and splay feet hidden by a modest frill. There were all these things and a lot more—and yet I still maintain that the room was just one big fireplace. Not alone because of its size (and it certainly was big. Many a doubting curly head, losing its faith in Santa Claus, has crawled behind the old firedogs, the child's fingers tight about the Little Gray Lady's, and been told to look up into the blue—a lesson never forgotten all their lives) but because of the wonderful and never told forgotten things which constantly took place before its blazing embers.

For this fireplace was the Little Gray Lady's altar. Here she dispensed wisdom and cheer and love. Everybody in Pomford Village had sat in one or the other of the chairs grouped about it and had poured out their hearts to her. All sorts of pourings: love affairs, for instance, that were hopeless until she would take the girl's hand in her own and smooth out the tangle; to say nothing of bickerings behind closed doors, with two lives pulling apart until her dear arms brought them together.

But all this is only the outside of the old mahogany high-boy with its meerschaum-pipe polish, spraddling legs, and rattling handles.

Now for the Little Gray Lady's own particular drawer.

* * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Kate Dayton, one of Pomford's pretty girls, had found the Little Gray Lady sitting alone before the fire gazing into the ashes, her small frame almost hidden in the roomy chair. The winter twilight had long since settled and only the flickering blaze of the logs and the dim glow from one lone candle illumined the room. This, strange to say, was placed on a table in a corner where its rays shed but little light in the room.

"Oh! Cousin Annie," moaned Kate (everybody in Pomford who got close enough to touch the Little Gray Lady's hand called her "Cousin Annie"—it was only the outside world who knew her by her sobriquet), "I didn't mean anything. Mark came in just at the wrong minute, and—and—" The poor girl's tears smothered the rest.

"Don't let him go, dearie," came the answer, when she had heard the whole story, the girl on her knees, her head in her lap, and wee hands stroking the fluff of golden hair disheveled in her grief.

"Oh, but he won't stay!" moaned Kate. "He says he is going to Rio—way out to South America to join his Uncle Harry."

"He won't go, dearie—not if you tell him the truth and make him tell you the truth. Don't let your pride come in; don't beat around the bush nor make believe you are hurt or misunderstood, or that you don't care. You do care. Better be a little humble now than humble all your life. It only takes a word. Hold out your hand and say: 'I'm sorry, Mark—please forgive me.' If he loves you—and he does—"

The girl raised her head: "Oh! Cousin Annie! How do you know?"

She laughed gently. "Because he was here, dearie, half an hour ago and told me so. He thought you owed him the dance, and he was a little jealous of Tom."

"But Tom had asked me—"

"Yes—and so had Mark—"

"Yes—but he had no right—" She was up in arms again: she wouldn't—she couldn't—and again an outburst of tears choked her words.

The Little Gray Lady had known Kate's mother, now dead, and what might have happened but for a timely word—and she knew to her own sorrow what had happened for want of one. Kate and Mark should not repeat that experience if she could help it. She had saved the mother in the days gone by just such a word. She would save the daughter in the same way. And the two were just alike—same slight, girlish figure; same blond hair and blue eyes, same expression, and the same impetuous, high-strung temperament. "If that child's own mother walked in this minute I couldn't tell 'em apart, they do favor one another so," old Margaret had told her mistress when she opened the door for the girl, and she was right. Pomford village was full of these hereditary likenesses. Mark Dabney, whom all the present trouble was about, was so like his father at his age that his Uncle Harry had picked Mark out on a crowded dock when the lad had visited him in Rio the year before, although he had not seen the boy's father for twenty years—so strong was the family likeness.

If there was to be a quarrel it must not be between the Dabneys and the Daytons, of all families. There had been suffering enough in the old days.

"Listen, dearie," she said in her gentle, crooning tone, patting the girl's cheek as she talked. "A quarrel where there is no love is soon forgotten, but a difference when both love may, if not quickly healed, leave a scar that will last through life."

"There are as good fish in the sea as were ever caught," cried the girl in sheer bravado, brushing away her tears.

"Don't believe it, dearie—and don't ever say it. That has wrecked more lives than you know. That is what I once knew a girl to say—a girl just about your age—"

"But she found somebody else, and that's just what I am going to do. I'm not going to have Mark read me a lecture every time I want to do something he doesn't like. Didn't your girl find somebody else?"

"No—never. She is still unmarried."

"Yes—but it wasn't her fault, was it?"

"Yes—although she did not know it at the time. She opened a door suddenly and found her lover alone with another girl. The two had stolen off together where they would not be interrupted. He was pleading for his college friend—straightening out just some such foolish quarrel as you have had with Mark—but the girl would not understand; nor did she know the truth until a year afterwards. Then it was too late."

The Little Gray Lady stopped, lifted her hand from the girl's head, and turned her face toward the now dying fire.

"And what became of him?" asked the girl in a hushed voice, as if she dared not awaken the memory.

"He went away and she has never seen him since."

For some minutes there was silence, then Kate said in a braver tone:

"And he married somebody else?"

"No."

"Well, then, she died?"

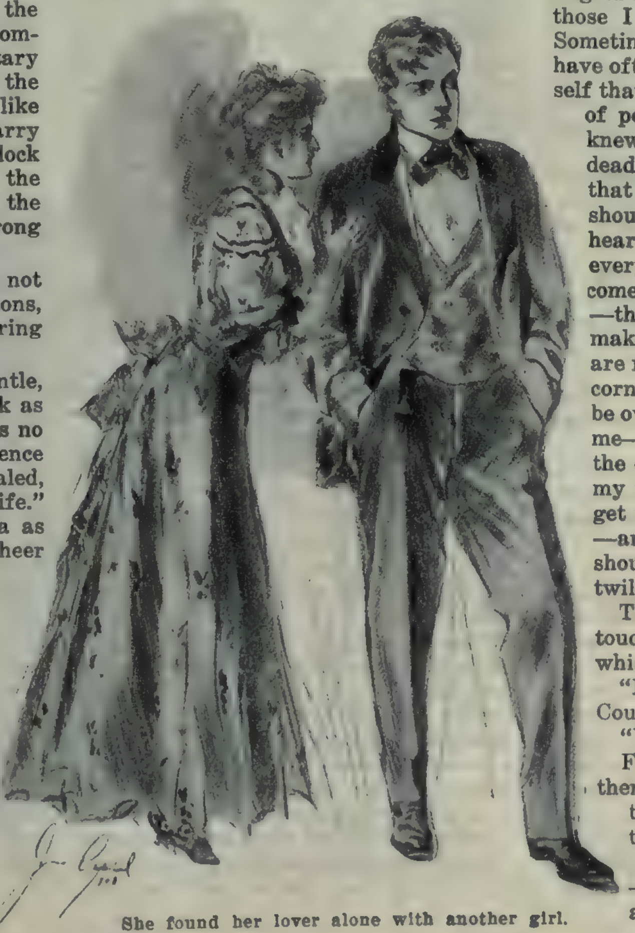
"No."

The Little Lady had not moved, nor had she taken her eyes from the blaze. She seemed to be addressing some invisible body who could hear and understand. The girl felt its influence and a tremor ran through her. The fitful blaze casting weird shadows helped this feeling. At last, with an effort, she asked:

"You say you know them both, Cousin Annie?"

"Yes—he was my dear friend. I was just thinking of him when you came in."

The charred logs broke into a heap of coals; the blaze flickered and died. But for the lone candle in the corner the room would have been in total darkness.



She found her lover alone with another girl.

"Shall I light another candle, Cousin Annie?" shivered the girl, "or bring that one nearer?"

"No, it's Christmas Eve, and I only light one candle on Christmas Eve."

"But what's one candle Why, father has the whole house as bright as day and every fire blazing." The girl sprang to her feet and stepped nearer the hearth. She would be less nervous, she thought, if she moved about, and then the warmth of the fire was somehow reassuring. "Please let me light them all, Cousin Annie," she pleaded, reaching out her hand toward a cluster in an old-fashioned candelabra—"and if there aren't enough I'll get more from Margaret."

"No, no—one will do. It is an old custom of mine; I've done it for twenty years."

"But don't you love Christmas?" Kate argued, her nervousness increasing. The ghostly light and the note of pain in her companion's voice were strangely affecting.

The Little Gray Lady leaned forward in her chair and looked long and steadily at the heap of smoldering ashes; then she answered slowly, each word vibrating with the memory of some hidden sorrow: "I've had mine, dearie."

"But you can have some more," urged Kate.

"Not like those that have gone before, dearie—no, not like those."

Something in the tones of her voice and quick droop of the dear head stirred the girl to her depths. Sinking to her knees she hid her face in the Little Lady's lap.

"And you sit here in the dark with only one candle?" she whispered.

"Yes, always," she answered, her fingers stroking the fair hair. "I can see those I have loved better in the dark. Sometimes the room is full of people; I have often to strain my eyes to assure myself that the door is really shut. All sorts of people come—the girls and boys I knew when I was young. Some are dead; some are far away; some so near that should I open the window and shout their names many of them could hear. There are fewer above ground every year—but I welcome all who come. It's the old maid's hour, you know—this twilight hour. The wives are making ready the supper; the children are romping; lovers are together in the corner where they can whisper and not be overheard. But none of this disturbs me—no big man bursts in, letting in the cold. I have my chair, my candle, my thoughts, and my fire. When you get to be my age, Kate, and live alone—and you might, dearie, if Mark should leave you—you will love these twilight hours, too."

The girl reached up her hands and touched the Little Gray Lady's cheek, whispering:

"But aren't you very, *very* lonely, Cousin Annie?"

"Yes, sometimes."

For a moment Kate remained silent, then she asked in a faltering voice through which ran a note almost of terror:

"Do you think I will ever be like—like—that is—I will ever be—all alone?"

"I don't know, dearie. No one can ever tell what will happen. I never thought twenty years ago I would be all alone—but I am."

The girl raised her head, and with a cry of pain threw her arms around the Little Gray Lady's neck:

"Oh, no!—no! I can't bear it!" she sobbed. "I'll tell Mark! I'll send for him now—to-night—before I go to bed!"

II.

IT was not until Kate Dayton reached her father's gate that the spell wrought by the flickering firelight and the dim glow of the ghostly candle wore off. The crisp air of the winter night—for it was now quite dark—had helped, but the sight of Mark's waiting figure striding along the snow-covered path to her home, and his manly, outspoken apology, 'Please forgive me, Kate, I made an awful fool of myself," followed by her joyous refrain, "Oh, Mark! I've been so wretched!" had done more. It had all come just as Cousin Annie had said; there had been neither pride nor anger. Only the Little Gray Lady's *timely word*.

But if the spell was broken the pathetic figure of the dear woman, her eyes fixed on the dying embers, still lingered in Kate's mind.

"Oh, Mark, it is so pitiful to see her!—and I got so frightened; the whole room seemed filled with ghosts. Christmas seems her loneliest time. She won't have but one candle lighted, and she sits and mopes in the dark. Oh, it's dreadful! I tried to cheer her up, but she says she likes to sit in the dark, because then all the dead people she loves can come to her. Can't we do something to make her happy? She is so lovely, and she is so little, and she is so dear!"

They had entered the house, now a blaze of light. Kate's father was standing on the hearth rug, his back to a great fireplace filled with roaring logs.

"Where have you two gadabouts been?" he laughed merrily. "What do you mean by staying out this late? Don't you know it's Christmas Eve?"

"We've been to see Cousin Annie, daddy; and it would make your heart ache to look at her! She's there all alone. Can't you go down and bring her up here?"

"Yes, I could, but she wouldn't come, not on Christmas Eve. Did she have her candle burning?"

"Yes, just one poor little miserable candle that hardly gave any light at all."

"And it was in the corner on a little table?"

"Yes, all by itself."

"Poor dear, she always lights it. She's lighted it for almost twenty years."

"Is it for somebody she loved who died?"

"No—it's for somebody she loved who is alive, but who never came back and won't."

He studied them both for a moment, as if in doubt, then he added in a determined voice, motioning them to a seat beside him:

"It is about time you two children heard the story straight, for it concerns you both, so I'll tell you. Your Uncle Harry, Mark, is the man who never came back and won't. He was just your age at the time. He and Annie were to be married in a few months, then everything went to smash. And it was your mother, Kate, who was the innocent cause of his exile. Harry, who was the best friend I had in the world, tried to put in a good word for me—this was before I and your mother were engaged—and Annie, coming in and finding them, got it all crooked. Instead of waiting until Harry could explain, she flared up and off he went. Her hair turned white in a week when she found out how she had misjudged him, but it was too late then—Harry wouldn't come back, and he never will. When he told you, Mark, last year in Rio that he was coming home Christmas I knew he'd change his mind just as soon as you left him, and he did. Queer boy, Harry. Once he gets an idea in his head it sticks there. He was that way when he was a boy. He'll never come back as long as Annie lives, and that means never."

He stopped a moment, spread his fingers to the blazing logs, and then with a smile on his face, said: "If ever I catch you two young turtledoves making such fools of yourselves, I'll turn you both outdoors,' 'and again his hearty laugh rang through the cheery room.

The girl instinctively leaned closer to her lover. She had heard some part of the story before—in fact, both of them had, but never in its entirety. Her heart went out to the Little Gray Lady all the more.

Mark now spoke up. He, too, had had an hour of his own with the Little Gray Lady, and the obligation still remained unsettled.

"Well, if she won't come up here and have Christmas with us," he cried, "why can't we go down there and have Christmas with her? Let's surprise her, Kate; let's clean out all those dead people. I know she sits in the dark and imagines they all come back, for I've seen her that way many a time when I drop in on her in the late afternoon. Let's show her they're alive."

Kate started up and caught Mark's arm. "Oh, Mark! I have it!" she whispered, "and we will—yes—that will be the very thing," and so with more mumblings and mutterings, not one word of which could her father hear, the two raced upstairs to the top of the house and the garret.

Two hours later a group of young people led by Mark Dabney trooped out of Kate's gate and turned down the Little Gray Lady's street. Most of them wore long cloaks and were muffled in thick veils.

They were talking in low tones, glancing from side to side, as if fearing to be seen. The moon had gone under a cloud, but the light of the stars, aided by an isolated street lamp showed them the way. So careful were they to conceal their identity that the whole party—there were six in all—would dart into an open gate, crouching behind the snow-laden hedge to avoid even a single passer-by. Only once were they in any danger, and that was when a sleigh gliding by stopped in front of them, the driver calling out in a voice which sounded twice as loud in the white stillness: "Where's Mr. Dabney's new house?" (evidently a stranger, for the town pump was not better known). No one else saw them until they reached the Little Gray Lady's porch.

Kate crept up first, followed by Mark, and peered in. So far as she could see everything was just as she had left it.

"The candle is still burning, Mark, and she's put more wood on the fire. But I can't find her. Oh, yes—there she is—in her big chair—you can just see the top of her head and her hand. Hush! don't one of you breathe. Now, listen girls! Mark and I will tiptoe in first—the front door is never fastened—and if she is asleep—and I think she is—we will all crouch down behind her until she wakes up."

"And another thing," whispered Mark from behind his hand—"everybody must drop their coats and things in the hall, so we can surprise her all at once."

The strange procession tiptoed in and arranged itself behind the Little Gray Lady's chair. Kate was dressed in her mother's wedding gown, flaring poke bonnet, and long, faded gloves clear to her shoulder; Mark had on a blue coat with brass buttons, a buff waistcoat, and black stock, the two points of the high collar pinching his ruddy cheeks—the same dress his father and Uncle Harry had worn and all the young bloods of their day, for that matter. The others were in their grandmother's or grandfather's short and long clothes, Tom Fields sporting a tight-sleeved, high-collared coat, silk embroidered waistcoat, and pumps.

Kate crept up behind her chair, but Mark moved to the fireplace and rested his elbow on the mantel, so that he would be in full view when the Little Gray Lady awoke.

At last her eyes opened, but she made no outcry, nor did she move, except to lift her head as does a fawn startled by some sudden light, her wondering eyes drinking in the apparition. Mark, hardly breathing, stood like a statue, but Kate, bending closer, heard her catch her breath with a long, indrawn sigh, and next the half-audible words: "No—it isn't so—How foolish I am—" Then there came softly: "Harry—" and again in almost a whisper—as if hope had died in her heart—"Harry—"

Kate, half frightened, sprang forward and flung her arms around the Little Gray Lady.

"Why, don't you know him? It's Mark, Cousin Annie, and here's Tom and Nanny Fields, and everybody, and we're going to light all the candles—every one of them, and make an awful big fire—and have a real, real Christmas."

The Little Gray Lady was awake now.

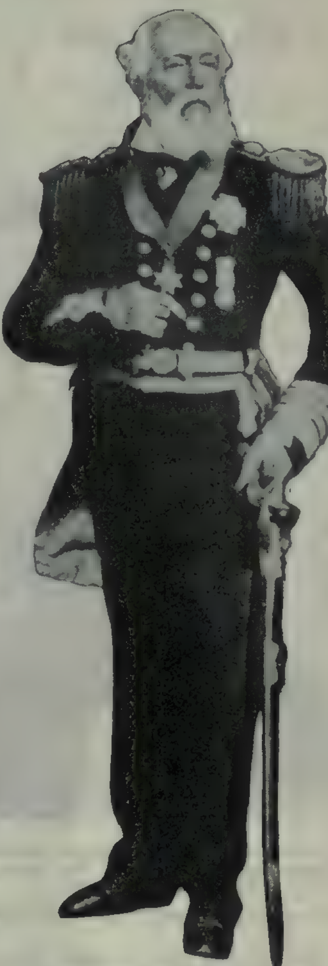
"Oh! you scared me so" she cried, rising to her feet, rubbing her eyes. "You foolish children! I must have been asleep—yes, I know I was!" She greeted them all, talking and entering into their fun, the spirit of hospitality now hers, saying over and over again how glad she was they came, kissing one and another; tell-

Continued on Page 119.

Canadian-born Admirals in the Navy

By W. A. Craick

EDITOR'S NOTE.—With the British fleet figuring as the dominant factor in the gigantic struggle now being waged—the factor that will play the biggest part in beating the War Lord to his knees—it is gratifying to Canadians to know that native sons of the Dominion have played a prominent part in the upbuilding of that great navy. The accompanying article sketches briefly the careers of twelve Canadian-born sailors who attained to the high rank of admiral. Scores of other Canadians have served in the navy with distinction without attaining that title; and, of course, no estimate can be made of the large number who have served in the ranks. Altogether Canada has contributed her quota of sons to the navy and has shared in the glory of past successes.

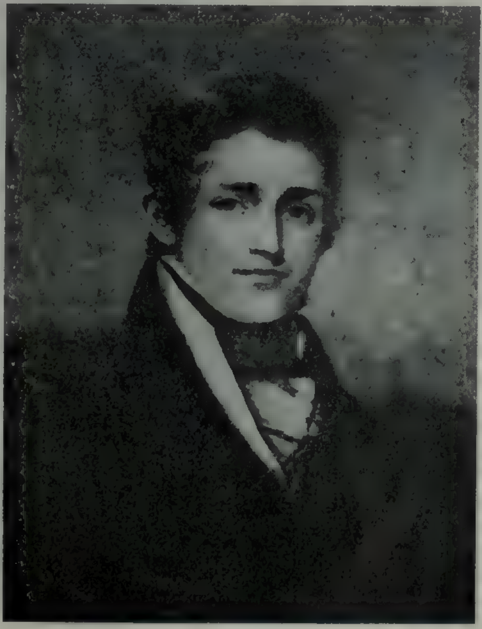


Admiral Sir Provo Wallis.

THAT there have been at least twelve Canadian-born admirals in the British navy within the past one hundred years, is a piece of information that will probably come as a surprise to many readers. Despite the immense amount of discussion of late regarding Canada's naval policy and the forced attention which has been directed to naval affairs by the stupendous events of the past few months, there is much ignorance abroad as to the part that natives of this country have already played in the defence of the Empire by sea. One may happen to be familiar with the names of two or three Canadians who have risen to flag rank in the Royal navy, but to be aware that the number extends to twelve, and possibly more, is not a matter of very general knowledge.

Two circumstances have made it difficult to keep track of the Canadian-born officers in the navy. In the case of the older ones, men who were born in the latter part of the eighteenth century, they were practically all the sons of Englishmen who had only just settled in the country. To a certain extent therefore they were not thorough-going natives of the soil and their birth in Canada might even be considered as more or less of an accident. At the same time there can be no valid reason for saying that they were not Canadians, since they were not only born here but spent their early years in this country.

Again, the necessity for entering the naval service at a very tender age, separated the lads from home ties when they were quite young. They did not grow to manhood in Canada and the fact of their Canadian birth was soon lost track of by their contemporaries. There was nothing to emphasize or perpetuate their connection with the colony and none of them ever returned to settle here, after completing active service, with the possible exception of Admiral W. F. Owen. For both these reasons, no Canadian tradition ever grew up around them and they have passed away, remembered only for their gallant deeds as British officers.



Lieutenant Provo Wallis, at the time of his victorious entry into Halifax Harbor.

The careers of the adventurous twelve extend from the period of the Napoleonic Wars right down to the present day and include many thrilling experiences in all parts of the world. The twelve have among them witnessed a complete revolution in the methods of naval warfare. They have seen the wooden sailing ship superseded by the steam-driven armorclad man-of-war, guns developed from small dimensions to enormous proportions and the whole character of the service changed.

THE DEAN OF NATIVE ADMIRALS.

The oldest of the twelve was evidently Admiral Sir Edward Campbell Rich Owen. In the year 1767 a grant of the Island of Campobello, then a part of the province of Nova Scotia, but now incorporated in the province of New Brunswick, was made to Lieut. William Owen of the Royal navy, who agreed in return to place settlers on the island. This he did three years later, arriving himself with quite a following and establishing himself there. The year following a son was born to him who became eventually the first of the Canadian admirals.

Edward Campbell Rich Owen seemed destined for a naval career almost from the cradle, for at the tender age of four years he was borne on the books of the *Enterprize* in the Mediterranean and after that for a number of years on the books of various ships in the West Indies. However, his actual entry into the service was not made until he was fifteen when he was placed on board the *Culloden* on the Home Station.

OUTWITTING "BONEY."

Admiral Owen's chief title to fame lay in the splendid work he did as a captain in assisting to foil the plans of Napoleon to transfer troops across the British Channel. He was a most efficient naval scout, daring and resourceful, and to him the British admirals of the time owed that accurate knowledge of the French coast that enabled them to plan expeditions against inshore squadrons of the French fleet and the land batteries. On one occasion Napoleon was himself an eye-witness of a successful attack made by Captain Owen, in command of a squadron of British ships, on a division of his great flotilla and was greatly chagrined at the outcome.

Great honors were in store for the Campobello boy and he rose to the highest rank in the navy, with a knighthood to his credit besides. He saw much active service and was in supreme command of the Mediterranean Station from 1841-45. His death occurred in 1849.

Admiral Owen had a younger brother, born in 1774, who also rose to be an ad-

Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who was successively commander-in-chief in the East Indies, the Mediterranean and the Nore.

miral. His talents seem to have been of a different character. While the elder Owen was a fighter and strategist, the younger brother was more of a scientist. This does not mean that he did not see active service. As a matter of fact he passed through some very thrilling experiences and was for two years a prisoner of the French. But his title to fame rests on the exploratory and survey work he did in little-known parts of the world. Much of this is recorded in a voluminous book of which he was the author, entitled, "Narrative of Voyages to Explore the Shores of Africa, Arabia and Madagascar in H.M. Ships *Leven* and *Barracouta*." He was appointed vice-admiral in 1854, retiring the following year on a pension, and he died in St. John N.B., in 1857.

It is interesting to know that the connection of the Owen family with the Island of Campobello was to be a lasting one. For more than a century the title to the island continued with them and there are still Owens there. It is said that the grant to Lieut. Owen, the father of the two admirals, was the only one in New Brunswick that fulfilled its original intention of establishing a system of landlordism such as exists in the Old Country.

THE TWO WESTPHALS.

Strange to say the third and fourth of the Canadian admirals in point of age were also brothers, the two Westphals, of Preston, Nova Scotia. Their father, George Westphal, was a retired German officer who had come to settle under the British flag in the new world. He was of Hanoverian descent, his ancestors being the Counts von Westphal, persons of some note in their own country. It is also said that his uncle had been tutor to the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria, which may perhaps account for the fact that his sons entered the Royal navy under that Prince's auspices.

The eldest son, Philip, was born in the year 1872. His early boyhood was spent among the green woods and by the broad lakes of Preston and then at twelve years of age he entered the navy as a first-class volunteer. From then until 1815 he passed through a succession of adventures in all parts of the world that were perhaps only to be equalled by the even more exciting experiences of his younger brother. However, despite signal services, Philip Westphal seems never to have obtained the favor of the Admiralty, and it was long before his claim to recognition was rewarded. He did not become a captain until 1830 and did not gain flag rank until 1856. Retiring in 1856 he continued to reside in the Isle of Wight until his death in 1880, at the advanced age of ninety-eight years.

George Augustus Westphal, three years the junior of Philip, succeeded in obtaining many honors during his long and distinguished career. Like his brother, he entered the navy under the auspices of the Duke of Kent. For a time he served on the North American station and was then transferred to the *Victory*, the flagship of Lord Nelson. On her he fought in the Battle of Trafalgar and was severely wounded, being placed beside his wounded chief in the cockpit and witnessing his death. After this he experienced many years of active service, taking part in over a hundred engagements, being severely wounded three times and being eight times gazetted for signal service against the enemy.

The younger Westphal attained the rank of admiral in 1819, being then only thirty-four years of age and was knighted a few years after. At his death in his ninetieth year he was the last surviving officer who had been with Nelson at Trafalgar.

THE CAREER OF ADMIRAL WALLIS.

The fifth, and perhaps the most famous of the Canadian admirals, was Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, who rose to be an admiral of the fleet, the highest rank in the navy. Sir Provo was a native of Halifax, Nova Scotia, his father being chief clerk of the naval commissioner at the depot at that port. The naval tradition evidently ran in the family for Sir Provo's grandfather was also connected with the navy. He was a ship's carpenter and saw active service in the Seven Years' War. Later he became carpenter on the *Eagle*, the flagship of Lord Howe in North American waters and was appointed in 1778 master-shipwright of the naval yard at New York. After the peace he was transferred to Halifax, where his family evidently settled.

The future admiral was born in 1791. During his school days he was borne on the books of several different ships on the Halifax station. His actual entry into the navy was made in 1803 when he became a midshipman aboard the *Cleopatra*. He had not been long at sea when this ship

Admiral John Denison, a member of the famous Denison family of Toronto.

was taken by a French frigate but it was soon after recaptured and the incident terminated satisfactorily.

Between 1804 and 1812 Wallis rose to be a second lieutenant, seeing service on a number of men-of-war. The latter year found him appointed under Captain Broke to the famous *Shannon* and it was he who brought the ship with its prize, the *Chesapeake,* into Halifax harbor after the memorable naval duel on June 1st, 1813. For the part he played in this gallant action he was promoted to be a commander and on returning to England he was given his first ship, the *Snipe.*

The rest of Admiral Wallis' naval career, while lacking the picturesque elements of his earlier days, was yet filled with activity. He saw service in all parts of the world, commanded numerous men-of-war and gradually rose from rank to rank until in 1877 he had become admiral of the fleet. On reaching the rank of vice-admiral in 1857, he was retired from active service, though it is interesting to know that by a special clause in the Childers' retirement scheme of 1870, his name was continued on the active list along with all the old officers, who had commanded a ship during the French War. The few days that he had been in command of the *Shannon* brought him within this rule.

A FAMOUS NAVIGATOR.

The last of what may be termed the eighteenth century group of Canadian admirals was Sir Edward Belcher. Sir Edward was the second son of the Hon. Andrew Belcher, member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, and was born at Halifax in 1799. He is to be remembered principally for his contributions to the science of navigation. Entering the navy at the age of thirteen, he took part in the defence of Gaeta and participated in the Battle of Algiers. For some time after he followed the usual course of changes from station to station, meanwhile attracting the attention of the authorities by his scientific attainments. When the expedition under Captain Beechy was fitted out to seek a north-west passage from the Behring Sea, Lieut. Belcher was chosen to accompany him. In this voyage of three years and a half, extending over seventy-three thousand miles, a large number of islands and strategic stations were taken possession of. For his work on this expedition Lieut. Belcher was promoted to be a commander.

He later saw active service in the China War and for his work there was knighted. A few years later saw him advanced to the rank of vice-admiral. He was the author of several books, notably, "A Narrative of a Voyage Around the World," while his "Treatise on Nautical Surveying" was for long recognized as one of the ablest works on that subject.

ADMIRALS OF PRESENT DAY.

After a gap of nearly fifty years, during which apparently there were no future admirals born in Canada, the next officer in the list appears. This was Admiral Archibald Douglas, whose death occurred last year. He was born at Quebec in 1842, his father being a physician in the ancient capital. Entering the navy in 1856 on the nomination of the Governor-General, he was for some time stationed on the West Coast of Africa where he helped in the suppression of the slave trade. He was then moved to the North American station and during the Fenian Raid was in command of a gunboat on the Great Lakes. His aptitude was towards expert marksmanship in gunnery practice and on his return to England he was made senior staff officer of the *Cambridge,* the gunnery schoolship at Devonport.

Admiral Sir Archibald Douglas. "He was one of the modern navy's big men."

For two years after this he was director of the Imperial Japanese Naval College at Yedo, having been selected by the Admiralty as commander of the Naval Mission to instruct the Japanese navy. Later it was in the natural order of things that he should be appointed vice-president of the Ordnance Committee at the Admiralty and then second sea lord under Mr. Goschen in Lord Salisbury's third administration.

Sir Archibald obtained flag rank in 1895 and rose to be a full admiral ten years later, retiring in 1907. He was one of the modern navy's big men and to him must be attributed much of the efficiency which the navy enjoys in gunnery to-day. Many honors were conferred upon him during his later years.

A brother officer, whose death was also recorded recently, was Admiral Sir Charles Drury, who was born at Rothesay, N.B., in 1846. He entered the Royal navy when thirteen and saw fifty-two years continuous service. As an admiral he was successively commander-in-chief in the East Indies, the Mediterranean and at the Nore. Like Admiral Douglas he was for a time Second Lord of the Admiralty and like him he was honored on many occasions with titles and decorations.

THREE ADMIRALS LIVING.

Rear-Admiral Daniel McNab Riddel, the next Canadian-born admiral on the list, is the senior of the three living admirals from the Dominion. He was born in Hamilton, Ont., in 1848, entering the navy in 1861. He has seen service on every station and was in action on board the *Himalaya* during the Zulu War. During the Venezuelan trouble he rendered important services, being then commander of the *Renown* on the North American station. He is now on the reserve list and resides in England.

Admiral John Denison, whose retirement was announced last year, belongs to the famous Denison family of Toronto and is the only member of the family who has so far obtained distinction in the navy, all the others being military men. He entered the navy at the usual early age and rose through all the ranks to be a full admiral. During his career he has been employed on many important and responsible missions, though it has never been his fortune to be in action. He was for some time in command of the Royal yacht *Victoria and Albert,* and in close attendance on the late Queen Victoria.

HEAD OF NAVAL SERVICE.

Admiral Charles Edmund Kingsmill, by virtue of his present office as director of Canada's naval service, is a tolerably familiar figure to Canadians. He was born in Guelph where his father was a county court judge and entered the Royal navy from the *Britannia* training ship in 1870. He saw service on all the navy stations and rose to the rank of rear-admiral in 1908, when he retired to take up the work of organizing a naval service in Canada. As an officer of the Royal navy he commanded several of the finest ships in the fleet.

The twelfth Canadian admiral was the late Edward Percy Ashe, whose death occurred a few months ago. He belongs to Quebec, his father having been superintendent of the Quebec Observatory. His career like those of Admirals Denison, Riddel and Kingsmill was a worthy one. Like them he worked his way up steadily, served his Sovereign faithfully and was rewarded with well-earned promotions. He became a rear-admiral in 1908.

The twelve men mentioned rank with the very best in the history of the navy and Canadians may well be proud of their prowess.

Adventures of Madelyn Mack: Detective

By HUGH C. WEIR

5—The Purple Thumb

(Continued)

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

Ariel Burton, musical comedy star, disappears from her dressing room after receiving notes warning her that she would never finish her first performance of a new piece she was starring in, the communications being signed with a purple thumb mark. Her disappearance cannot be explained, as the door of the dressing-room had been closely watched and there were no other exits. A chorus girl gives information that tends to throw suspicion on the author of the piece, Thorndyke Preston. Madelyn Mack is called to handle the case and by a coincidence Miss Noraker, who accompanies her on all work, is a very near friend of Preston's. Jacqueline, the French maid of the actress, calls on Madelyn Mack and advises her to search Miss Burton's rose chamber that night. The conversation is interrupted by the appearance of a face at the window. The intruder escapes. A visit is made to the apartments of the actress and the rose-chamber is broken into. It is found empty.

VI.

THIS was our first swift impression like the flash of a stereopticon slide on a blank canvas.

And then Madelyn's slight, black-gowned figure was darting across the room. The pink-shaded silken draperies, concealing the opposite door, were still swaying from the impact of the fleeing figure that had dashed through them almost at the moment of our entrance.

Madelyn tore aside the draperies, caught the knob. The routed occupant of the rose-chamber had turned the key!

Lieutenant Byron brushed her aside, hurled himself against the panels. The plain-clothes man joined him in the second assault. In the din of the wreckage, we sprang over the falling door into a rear corridor, ending in a winding flight of back stairs, obviously for the servants' use.

As we rushed to the stairs, a girlish, blue-skirted figure, with a loosened coil of blonde hair, under a white fur toque, whisked from the landing below. When we reached the second floor corridor it was empty.

Six locked doors confronted us—and the last flight of the stairs. A glance was sufficient to eliminate this latter exit. The girl in blue had found haven behind one of the series of doors. Lieutenant Byron's knuckles beat an angry summons on each in turn. An icy-faced butler, and a maid-servant, holding a curling-iron to her scanty bangs, replied to two of the calls with a wonderment too obvious to be counterfeited. Silence answered at the remaining four panels. A continuation of our strenuous tactics above was, of course, out of the question. For the time, at least, we were balked.

Lieutenant Byron's curt order to his assistant to watch the lower entrance, and to telephone headquarters for a second man at the other side of the building, was more of a formality than a hope. The Lenox probably contained a dozen blonde women of girlish figures.

We made a gloomy quartette as we retraced the path of our precipitate chase. I think Lieutenant Byron took the escape of our quarry as a personal affront. There was a suggestion of grimness even in the measured tread of his steps as we came again to the splintered door, and to the gaping figure of the housekeeper, still staring as though she had not changed a muscle since she had seen us disappear.

I caught Madelyn's arm as the lieutenant tugged at the door. She smiled quizzically at the question in my eyes, with a finger to her lips. I had not been alone, then, in my recognition of Miss Gwendolyn Calvert as she plunged down the back stairs!

I shrugged helplessly, as Lieutenant Byron leaned the wrecked door against the wall. What had brought our garrulous, chorus-girl friend to the chamber of Ariel Burton? What motive had inspired her wild flight before our approach? I was floundering in a mental quagmire. Most emphatically our riddle was deepening rather than clearing.

The lieutenant brought the matter-of-fact element back to the situation with a movement typical of the unemotional police-angle of view. Striding across the room, he jerked up the half-lowered window shades to their full height.

Madelyn had paused by the side of the bed, her gaze slowly digesting the details of the chamber. Now, with the flood of light, we could see that its luxury was not so heavy nor so glaring as to smother its suggestion of cosy cheeriness. It was just such a nook as I had occasionally allowed myself to dream of in my fanciful moments.

It was with something like a start that I found my thoughts circling back to the cloud of presentment that had shadowed us as the police shoulders forced an entrance for us. Soberly I tried to diagnose its cause. And then, quite suddenly it came to me that none of us would have been surprised if the room had shown us the trail of tragedy—if the chamber had revealed the murdered body of Ariel Burton!

The curt interrogations of Lieutenant Byron interrupted my thoughts.

"The back hall, then, was the only means by which an intruder could have entered Miss Burton's room?" he snapped at the housekeeper.

"Yes, sir!" she returned dully. "I have been here since last night, that is, in the other part of the flat. I never had a key to Miss Burton's own chamber. I—I hope you don't think, sir, that I — "

The lieutenant bent over the lock of the rear door. Even from a distance, I could see that it was of the same peculiar pattern as the first lock which had balked Madelyn — a peculiar design which few experts could have forced. And there were no signs that it *had* been forced!

There came a lull as we slowly filed back to Miss Burton's white-and-gold living room. In one corner bulked a heavy, square theatrical trunk, plastered with criss-crossing labels, jarringly conspicuous against the luxurious background.

"Miss Burton's trunk, the one she sent from the theatre last night," explained the housekeeper, in answer to Madelyn's inquiring glance.

I stared as I recalled the two men staggering from the dressing-room with their burden shortly before the star had made her appearance for the second act.

"Oh, we have examined it thoroughly, Miss Mack!" said the lieutenant with a flash, as Madelyn tapped its edge. "If you are trying to connect it with the case, though," he added with a laugh, "I am afraid you have struck a blind lead! Your own evidence shows that Miss Burton was in the theatre long after the trunk had left!"

Madelyn smiled faintly. "And you will find my evidence quite correct! Our vanished friend was not hidden in the trunk, I assure you!" There was a hint of suppressed raillery in her voice.

"You examined it anyway, notwithstanding my testimony!"

"That was one of the first things I did when I reached the flat last night. It was filled with gowns enough to stock a store. There wasn't a quarter inch of space left! Lord, Miss Mack, that woman certainly does have clothes! If Mrs. Byron ever sighted the contents of that trunk, I couldn't get her away with a yoke of oxen. If you want to take a look yourself — "

"No, thank you." With an air of detachment, Madelyn turned to a telephone in the opposite corner.

A book-strewn stand was drawn up before a grate of gas-logs at the side of one of those fat, old-fashioned arm-chairs, which seem a constant invitation to procrastination. It was my own particular Nemesis which led me at this juncture to the stand, and a magazine turned down in the center. An illustrated article on "Successful American Playwrights" rewarded my curiosity. From the very first page the face of Thorny Preston grinned up at me. It was the same picture he had given me, the snap-shot made during an October afternoon gallop the autumn before. Underneath was the staring caption:

"This picture was taken by Miss Ariel Burton, the leading lady, who has scored such a pronounced success in Mr. Preston's productions."

I flung the magazine savagely back, conscious that Lieutenant Byron was staring at me. I could understand now why Mr. Preston had called it his favorite picture! Doubtless there was a presentation copy in the most intimate corner of his own room, more than likely with some such inscription as, "Lovingly Yours, Ariel!"

A gradual deepening in the tension of the room made itself felt even through my bitterness. Madelyn was still at the telephone. She was see-sawing the hook of the receiver savagely.

"There must be a mistake, Central! You are sure you have the number right? And there is no answer?"

Madelyn whirled from the instrument.

"Ring the elevator, Nora! Quick! If we are too late—" She broke off, her nails cutting into her palms, and then burst out again, "If they have dared to injure so much as a hair of her head, I call you to witness that I shall make them pay—pay dearly! Oh, I have been blind, blind!"

Lieutenant Byron gripped her arm.

"Calm yourself, Miss Mack! What is it?"

Madelyn darted after me.

"It means," she flung back, "that I have fallen for the first simple bait dangled before my eyes! And I call myself a detective!"

One glance at Madelyn's face sent Andrew jumping toward the crank-shaft. Madelyn sprang into the car, and then leaped to her feet again.

"Are your fingers made of wood, man? Susan—Susan, your wife, is in peril!"

Andrew fell back, choking.

"God, Miss Mack! What — what is it?"

"I don't know! That's the worst!"

A sullen chugging broke from the engine. Andrew jumped to the wheel, the car swerved sharply, and we were dashing down the frozen pavement of the Drive.

I clutched Madelyn's shoulders as we grazed a taxicab and passed it, with the driver cursing after us.

"Is it the yellow-faced man we saw at the window?"

Madelyn glared.

"Nora, I believe you have been as blind as I was! Can't you see yet the game Jacqueline was playing? Haven't your eyes been opened to the wild-goose chase she gave us — and its purpose?"

"No," I said glumly, "they haven't!"

"Then," retorted Madelyn, with a touch of grimness, "your eye-opening will have to wait!"

And she dropped the conversation. Occasionally I stole a glance at her slight, drawn-faced figure; but there was no further hint of confidences — or apprehensions. There are times when Madelyn's silence is glacial!

I huddled back in the robes and closed my eyes in an effort to concentrate on the kaleidoscope of the past three hours. And then I opened them in the hope that the sun would dispel something of my mental daze. Jacqueline's visit — her terror-stricken story — the yellow face at the window — our dash to the Lenox — the assault on the locked door — the intruder in the rose-chamber — our unsuccessful pursuit — and now this last climax! And apparently we were drifting farther and farther from the heart of the riddle!

With a reckless disregard of skidding, Andrew whirled the car into the snow-crusted driveway of "The Rosary." We made a dishevelled trio as we plunged into the long front hall, already darkened by the late afternoon shadows. A dying log in the grate fell apart with a crackle of sparks — and then, in the circle of its momentary radiance, we saw that which told us our wild ride had not been for nothing.

Madelyn had Susan's head in her lap before Andrew and I could cross the room. From the position of her body, it was evident that the housekeeper had slipped down from a rocker, drawn into the glow of the fire. A stocking, wrapped about an old-fashioned darning-gourd, lay on the floor at her side. Around her hung the odor of chloroform.

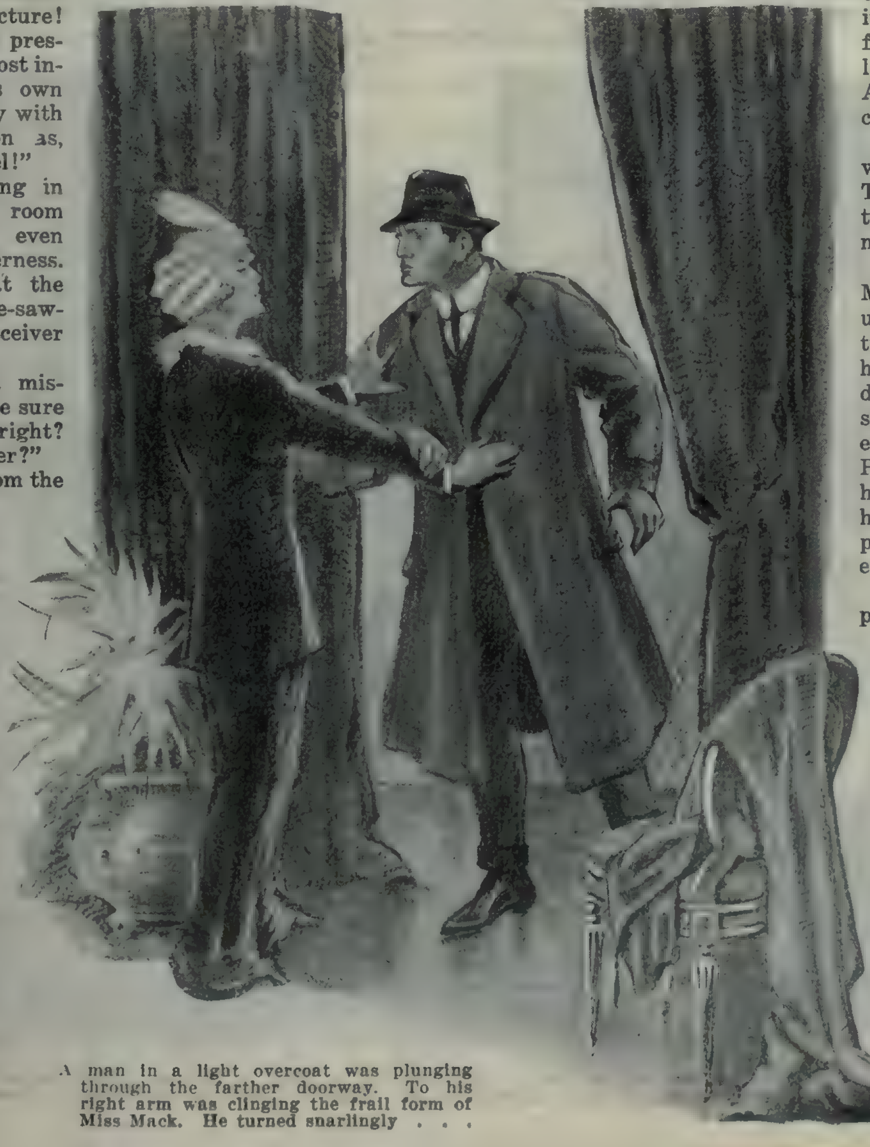
Madelyn's curt order for water was not necessary. The bluish lips were already twitching, as Andrew's match caught the hall gas.

With a sigh of relief, Madelyn thrust a cushion under Susan's head, motioned Andrew to remain at her side, and darted into the den. In the doorway we stumbled over the second evidence of the drug-trail. Peter the Great lay stiffly on his side, breathing with a heaviness which, it was apparent, nothing for the present could break.

In the room, beyond the purpose of the chloroform assailant was obvious. An impatient hand had torn open drawers, and file cases, strewn the floor with papers, and even jerked pictures from the walls and books from their shelves. A desperate search had been made of Miss Mack's sanctum for—what?

Madelyn's lips tightened as her hand reached into her waist and produced a long, unsealed envelope.

"I had thought Miss Jacqueline *might* be interested in the



A man in a light overcoat was plunging through the farther doorway. To his right arm was clinging the frail form of Miss Mack. He turned snarlingly . . .

letters of the Purple Thumb—but I didn't fancy her interest was so deep!"

She surveyed the littered room with a shrug.

"On the whole, I should say, though, that she has rather overbalanced the damage to my papers by the service she has rendered me!"

"Service!" I cried.

Madelyn shrugged again.

"I fear I had not been giving the Purple Thumb its proper importance in our little tangle!"

VII

SUSAN BOLTON'S story, when a half hour later saw the haze of the drug somewhat diminished, was the narration of an absolutely simple stratagem. Melodramatic features in Miss Jacqueline's methods were signally lacking.

Recovering from her swoon shortly after our departure, the maid had gratefully accepted Susan's suggestion of a cup of chocolate. The hospitality gave her an opportunity which she used to swift advantage. As Susan returned the emptied cup to the stand, a pair of lithe arms encircled her neck. For a moment, she had a glimpse of a soaked sponge and a pair of dark eyes. The drugging of Peter the Great had probably been accomplished quite as easily. It was an hour after Susan's recovery that he staggered dazedly back to his favorite rug in the den.

I have often wondered since if that first scene in our drama toward which unconsciously we were already rushing, would have been quite the same had Jacqueline, the burglarious, given the canine bodyguard of "The Rosary" a fatal whiff of her drugged sponge — if, for instance, Madelyn would have centred her last, supreme risk in that life-or-death climax with the same readiness! It was obvious, at once, that our crafty visitor had made a clueless retreat. Doubtless she had taken her time in her futile search, perhaps made an unconcerned departure through the front door!

Nor was there further trail of the prowler of the yellow face. The shadows had already veiled the trail of his footsteps across the snow when Madelyn circled her flashlight from the window where we had glimpsed his blurred features. There was evidence in plenty to show where he had stood. Evidently he had maintained his vigil for some minutes before discovery, but there were no signs of returning steps, either here, or elsewhere in the yard, although we rounded the chalet twice.

On our return from our fruitless exploration, Madelyn cleared her desk with a rather ruthless sweep, rummaged for a magnifying lens, and produced again the two letters of the Purple Thumb. For a silent ten minutes she studied them.

"Have you noticed anything distinctive about these documents, Nora?" she asked abruptly. "Anything, for instance, which would induce a person to adopt desperate tactics to gain their possession?"

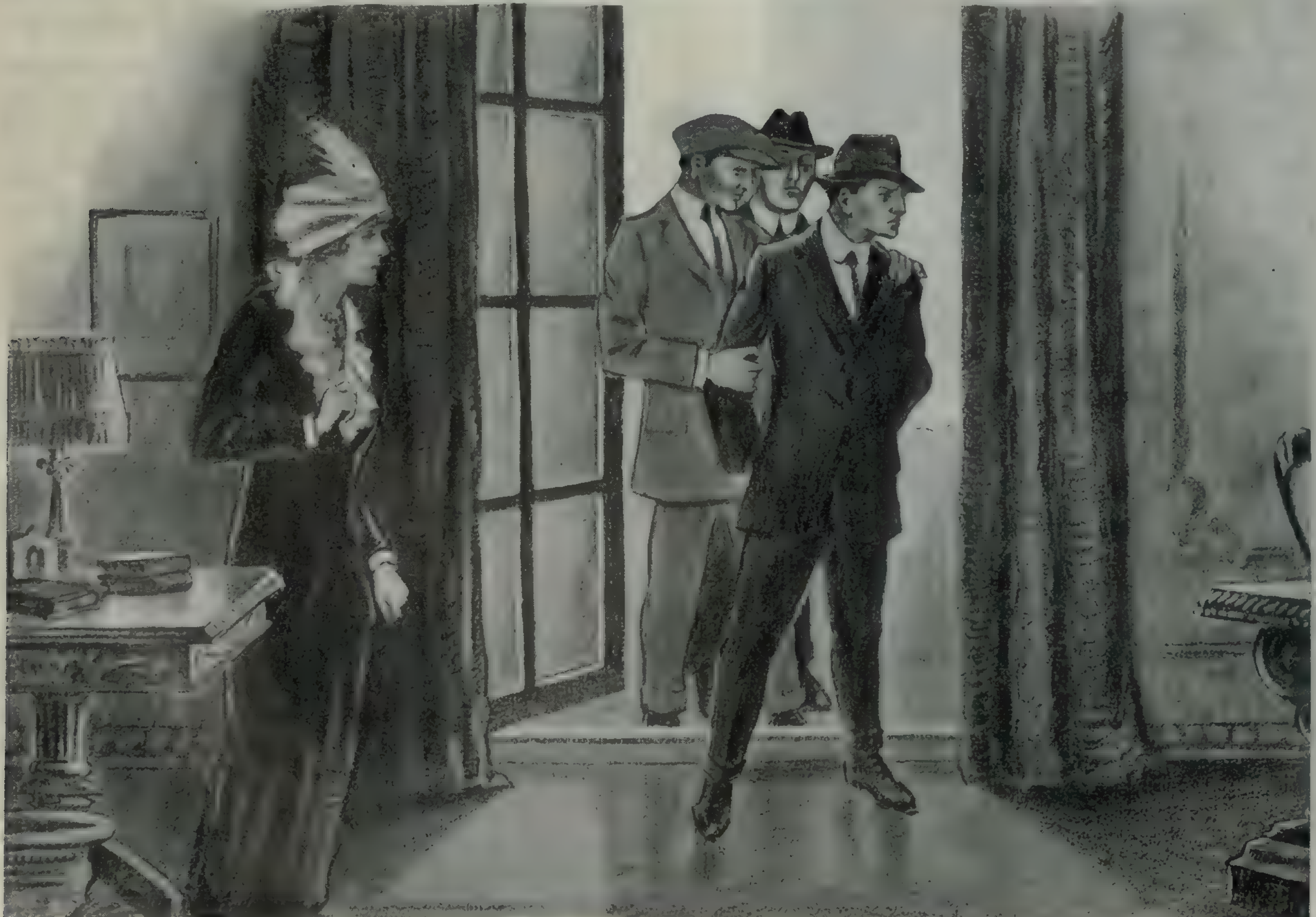
I shook my head doubtfully.

"The police receive a score of such communications every day."

Madelyn leaned back, the tips of her fingers musingly together.

"And yet we face two decidedly puzzling details. The letters give no hint of signature or address, although the writer emphatically expects an answer. And Miss Burton told a palpable untruth when she declared she had received no others, unless, unless —"

"Suppose we begin at the outset of today's events, and recall them in their proper sequence," she broke off. "We have first Jacqueline's visit. We know now that its purpose was to lure me away, obviously that a search might be made of my papers. For what? Plainly for Miss Burton's letters, since they are the only documents I possess bearing on the case. And yet, so far as we have been able to see, the letters contain nothing to warrant such an effort. There remain then, two conclusions: the communications possess a hidden message which we have not yet discovered, or their point is supplemented in some other fashion. In either event, we have not found their true significance — *and it was not intended that we should!*



Senor Sebastian Amador crashed back under the impetus of her body into the arms of two men in black derbies, who might have been twin brothers of Lieutenant Byron's "plain-clothes," satellite, as they bobbed up from the window-sill. There came the click of

"But it is equally evident that, if we are in ignorance of their concealed meaning, there are several who have a closer knowledge. There is the maid, Jacqueline, the yellow-faced gentleman at the window, and finally, the show-girl, Gwendolyn Calvert. And, I should say, each is acting independently of the others. We have then three distinct lines of convergence. That is our most hopeful fact, Nora. Those lines are *bound* to meet, sooner or later!"

'Then one of those factors must have been instrumental in Miss Burton's disappearance!" I broke in.

"You are assuming too much!" said Madelyn testily. "You forget that Miss Burton's vanishing could have been voluntary as well as involuntary. Grant that there were certain menacing elements directed against her, elements which may even have conspired for her removal. They may have been sucessful in their purpose—or they may have failed. Miss Burton may have disappeared of her own accord—to elude them!

"And in that event—"

"Her escape has been successful, so successful that the forces she has evaded are as interested in finding her as we are!"

"And they are seeking to destroy the letters of the Purple Thumb because they contain a clue to their purpose!" I interjected.

"Perhaps!" said Madelyn drily. "And perhaps there is another explanation. Miss Jacqueline may have been acting not for the writer—but for the recipient! If Ariel Burton disappeared of her own accord, you must remember that she disappeared from her friends, as well as from her enemies—and she may not desire either to locate her!"

I stared. "Then the letters—" I burst out.

"Contain a guide to the solution of the riddle, which we have not yet found," answered Madelyn wearily. She turned. "Nora, will you kindly start the phonograph for me? Put on the ballet music from 'Faust.' Thank you! I believe you have your article yet to write for *The Bugle*, haven't you? You will find a comfortable table and an excellent light in the living-room!"

"Which means bluntly—" I retorted.

"That I want to be alone for the next hour!"

I found that Susan had been assisted up to her own chamber. The living-room was deserted. I drew a chair to its table, moved a pad of paper over to my elbow, and then sat uncertainly, tapping my fountain pen. From the closed door of Madelyn's den rippled the ballet strains of "Faust," a pause, and then the melody continuing. Madelyn had evidently started the record over again. With an effort, I tried to throw off the suggestion that persisted in intruding into my thoughts. Miss Mack had enumerated three persons interested in the riddle of the Purple Thumb. She had overlooked a fourth. Had she forgotten Thorny Preston—and the card in the white orchids?

It was seven when I finished my last paragraph. I glanced up with a sigh to see Madelyn facing me, with hat and coat on.

"It is twenty minutes over the hour I mentioned. Are you ready for another trip to town?"

"Where, this time?" I demanded. "Dinner?"

"Perhaps," she returned drily.

At the door, she turned back and dropped into her pocket an object that gleamed coldly in the light. Most emphatically it was a curious dinner that called for the accompaniment of a revolver!

As we settled into a seat in the subway-train, Madelyn spread out a copy of *The Bugle* which she drew from her bag, and her face disappeared behind its pages. I stared through the window for perhaps ten minutes, and then I broke the silence with an ironical grin.

"You seem to find an absorbing interest in the newspaper accounts of the case, Miss Mack!"

"Do you think so?" Madelyn said pleasantly, without lifting her eyes.

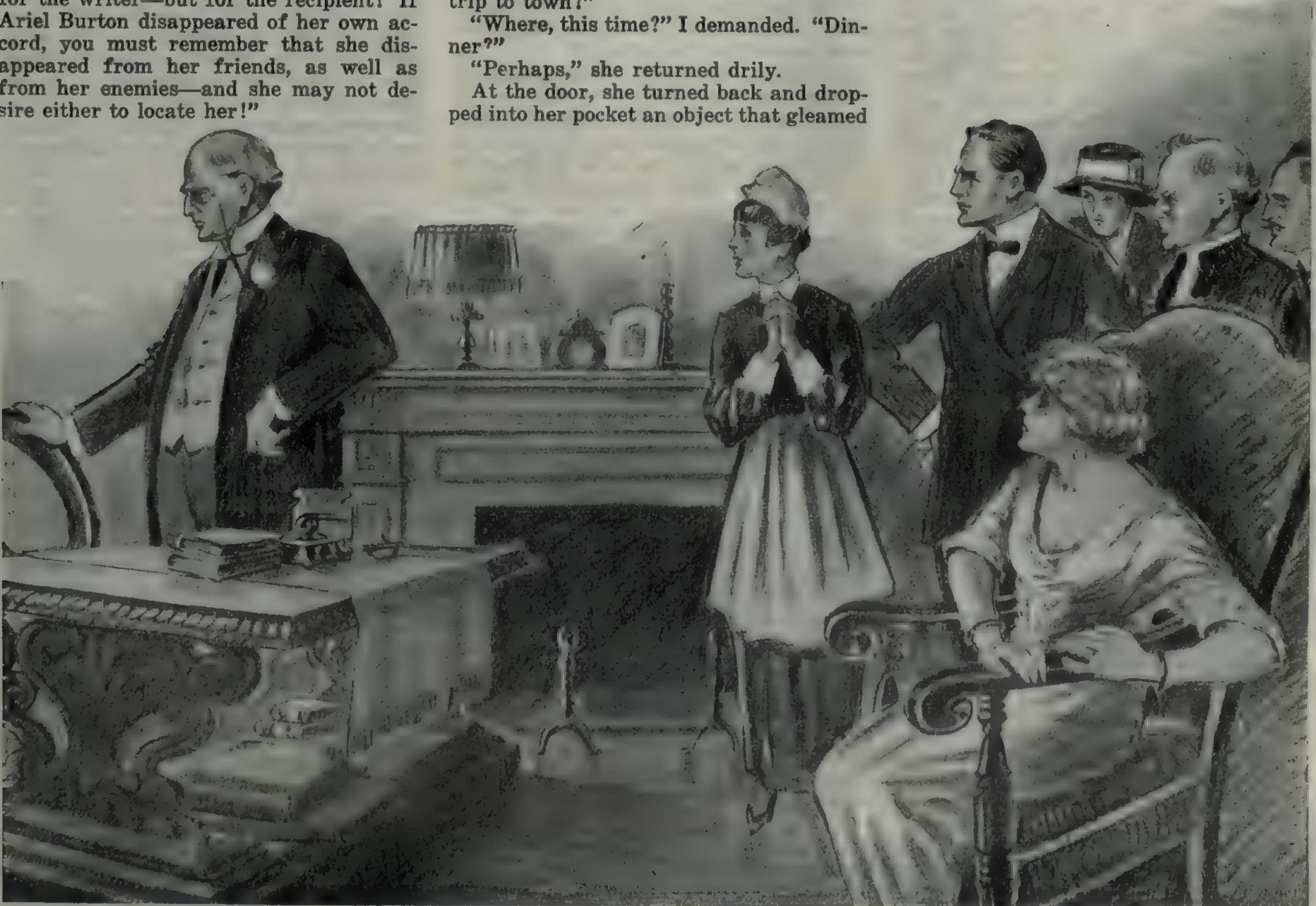
I leaned closer. And then I saw that the date of the paper was more than a week before!

Madelyn's gaze met mine with a provoking gleam as I leaned back. She was actually chuckling at me!

"Are you interested in psychology, Nora? Then here is a little problem that may help to relieve the tedium of our ride. What is the natural channel of communication of a blackmailer, not educated up to a cipher, and yet who wishes to keep his point of attack in the background?"

I opened my lips to protest, but Madelyn had again retreated behind the paper. On the whole, I was not surprised when we left the Subway in the neighborhood of the Lenox—but the fashionable apartment building was not our immediate destination.

Madelyn turned into a quiet-fronted residence hotel on one of the cross streets



handcuffs as the revolver clattered to the floor. The foremost of the two detectives touched his hat to Lieutenant Byron.

near upper Broadway, and approached the desk with an air of business-like briskness.

"I believe that Mr. Sebastian Amador is registered here. Will you kindly tell him that the lady he is expecting has arrived?"

The clerk ran a finger over the bookkeeper's day-book.

"Mr. Amador paid his bill and left an hour ago, madam."

Madelyn caught her breath.

"Did he leave a forwarding address?"

The clerk consulted a slip at his elbow.

"I find none, madam."

Before the sentence was completed, Madelyn was dragging me into the street. As she darted through the doorway she sighted a taxicab at the curb.

"The Lenox!" she flung to the driver, and pushed me into a seat as we swerved toward the river.

I subsided against the cushions as we sped across Broadway, grazing the end of a clanging surface car with hardly a foot to spare.

"And who is Sebastian Amador?" I gasped, finding my breath.

"The gentleman who paid us a call this afternoon," she snapped, "but who was in too much of a hurry to come in!"

A bump in the pavement threw us against the side of the car.

"Why the Lenox now?" I jerked out.

"Because I must know at once whether Ariel Burton disappeared of her own volition,—and, if so whether the danger she eluded is still threatening her!"

A curious exhilaration was sweeping through my blood. It was the wild throb of the man-chase. Again I could see the blurred, yellow face at the window, the fainting form of the French maid. What sinister trail were we following, and where would it end? Had Miss Mack read the message of the Purple Thumb? And what had it told her?

With an order to the chauffeur to wait, Madelyn sprang across the walk toward the brown-stone front of the Lenox, only slightly slackening her steps as we passed into the marble and gilt splendor of its hall. Martha answered our bell with a swift change of expression, ludicrous under other circumstances. It was as though she viewed our arrival as the forerunner of another climax like that of the afternoon.

It was easy enough to see, as we passed in the white-and-gold living-room, that the housekeeper was regarding us with scant favor. Her suspicion almost turned to open protest with Madelyn's first action.

Darting across the rom, Miss Mack pressed the electric switch in the wall and plunged us into darkness.

'That is better!" she said. "And now, Martha, will you kindly extinguish the other lights?"

The housekeeper bridled.

"Really, ma'am, You—"

"Are you going to do as I ask you?" snapped Madelyn. The superior will won. A moment later, Miss Burton's flat showed no signs of occupancy. As the lights of the hall disappeared, Madelyn's electric search-lamp sent a flickering circle into the shadows of the living-room, swerved across the apartment, and focused on the gaunt bulk of the theatrical trunk in the corner.

"By the way, Martha, I believe you told me this afternoon that Miss Burton is right-handed. She had trained, herself, however, to use *either* hand on occasion, had she not?"

"Why, er, come to think of it, ma'am, she had. Why do you ask?"

Madelyn made no answer, as she thrust the tube of the flashlight into my hands.

"I'll leave the illumination with you, Nora. I can manage our next task more expeditiously than you can!"

Thrusting back the heavy trunk-cover, she began a ruthless removal of the close-packed garments within. I could hear Martha's unheeded protest as the finery of one of the most expensive theatrical wardrobes on Broadway was sent into a pell-mell heap on the floor. Paris and London gowns followed flimsy negligees and lingerie with a reckless disregard of damage.

There came a gradual slackening in the whirl of silken lace, more and more apparent, and then a low, quick gasp of elation.

I slanted the light down over Madelyn's shoulder, my breath quivering. What discovery had inspired Miss Mack's gasp of sudden triumph?

Over the edge of the trunk my light lowered, down the riveted sides on to—the smoothly cleared bottom, as barren as a clean-swept platter. Blank emptiness. That was all!

I gasped in my turn at the anti-climax.

"We have unraveled one phase of the riddle, Nora! Ariel Burton's disappearance was entirely voluntary!"

I stared at Madelyn's shadowy face.

"But there was nothing in the trunk!" I protested. "Absolutely nothing—except clothes! Besides, you, yourself, said that Miss Burton didn't vanish in the trunk!"

"And I was right! She didn't!" Madelyn returned crisply. "But that isn't the vital point. Ariel Burton disappeared to escape a fate that was almost upon her. And the menace, from which she slipped, *still exists!*"

A steel-muscled arm darted over my shoulder, gripping my hand and the tube of the flashlight. The yellow circle dancing across the bottom of the trunk snapped into darkness. And then, as I realized that the arm belonged to Madelyn, I caught the sound of footsteps through the doorway beyond, the hiss of hoarse breathing—and knew that we were no longer alone in the shadows.

The invasion of the rose-chamber was being repeated. Dimly, through the portiers, I saw a bead of light. Ours was not the only searchlight in Ariel Burton's apartments that night.

Madelyn's arm over my shoulder drew back. I could feel her body quiver with suppressed tension, and then she was worming her way across the floor, her black-gowned figure blotted out by the darkness. I caught a flash of her hand at a corner of the portieres; but it was only a flash. At the same instant, the searchlight in the other room splintered to the floor to the accompaniment of a woman's scream, that was not Madelyn's. There was a scuffling of feet, a guttural, foreign-sounding oath, and, at the end, the bark of a revolver, like the yelp of a kicked dog.

I dashed across the living-room, throwing back the portieres in a kind of frenzy. A glare of light struck my eyes. Some one had found the electric switch, and made use of it. I saw that I had come in time for only the tag end of the drama in the dark.

A man in a light overcoat and black felt hat was plunging through the farther doorway into the rear hall. To his right arm was clinging the frail form of Miss Mack. He turned snarlingly, revealing a pair of close-set, gleaming eyes and, below them, the yellow face that had peered at us through the window of '"The Rosary!"

For an instant the two swayed, and then Madelyn was flung back against a chair, and the skirts of the overcoat disappeared like a brownish streak. Before I could reach her side, Madelyn was springing into the hall in unshaken pursuit.

It was then that I became aware of another occupant of the room. A dishevelled young man in evening clothes was leaning dazedly against the opposite wall. On the tip of his ear twisted a thread of blood like a red raveling.

"The beggar almost winged me!" gasped Thorny Preston, half turning. "Another fraction of an inch—"

His sentence dwindled in the middle as he recognized me. For a moment we stood staring at one another. I knew that my face had gone white, and that I was reaching out mechanically to find something to steady myself, as though the feel of a solid surface under my hand would steady also the whirl of my thoughts. Thorny Preston added to the marauders of Ariel Burton's apartments! Thorney Preston one of the prowlers of the rose-chamber, in search of—what?

And then he put an end to my speculations by lurching forward into a chair, and fainting almost literally in my arms. And being human—and a woman—everything promptly fled from my universe except the trickle of blood on his neck and his closed eyes.

His swoon, however, was not so serious as its dramatic nature might have warranted. Even before the water, which Martha brought in sort of submissive terror, reached me, his eyes were fluttering. As I pressed the glass to his lips, Madelyn stepped back from the corridor.

"We have lost our birds again! Twice now."

Thorny sat up weakly in his chair. Madelyn's eyes narrowed on his face.

"As an amateur burglar, Mr. Preston, I should advise you to make sure next time that you are not shadowed—particularly by a gentleman of Spanish blood! I should have associated a knife, however, rather than a gun with Senor Amador!"

"Amador?"

"Amador?"

Thorney's eyes gleamed, and he made a movement to rise: Madelyn pushed him back.

"I scarcely think there is occasion for hurry! I fancy you will find Miss Calvert has made a secure retreat!"

Continued on Page 90.

Some Canadian Women in Business

Remarkable Successes Scored in Many and Varied Enterprises

By MADGE MacBETH

Fourth Article of Series.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The series of articles on Canadian women which began some months ago is finding high favor with MacLean readers. With the present article one of the most interesting phases of the series is reached. In Canada women are playing a prominent part in business, their activities extending to practically all lines of enterprise. From the presidency of a manufacturing plant to the management of a small tea room, women are appearing in successful business roles. In the accompanying article, Madge Macbeth tells how a few have managed to attain success; and why they have.

Miss Celia J. Mansfield.

Miss Evelyn B. Gibson.

IT is probable that half of those who read this title will ask themselves what is meant by "business." Must a business woman necessarily hang out a shingle, ensconce herself behind a desk or counter, and with tense hand on the lever of that business, regulate its beats from ten to five, daily? Or, is the business woman any one upon whom the great money-making octopus has laid its tentacles?

Neither!

The business woman of this article is the woman who has forged ahead beyond the dead level of others of her sex, and has done upon her own initiative what they had not the courage or the sense to do; she is either her own boss, as the vernacular has it, or so valuable a salaried employee that she virtually "rules the roost." She is one of the high-grade women who go to the shop or office every morning, determined to succeed, to give their best to the business; she is one to be entrusted with business secrets, who understands business details; she is one who does not rely upon the personal equation, upon her feminine attractiveness to win, where plainer women would fail; she is one who counts *merit* highest, and in turn is counted high. In short, this article deals with women who elevate the business world, morally and socially, whose ambitions are stronger than their pleasures—rather, whose ambition is their pleasure, and whose slogan is "business first."

There are many Canadian women who have made a remarkable success of business; and the range of enterprises in which they have engaged is extremely varied running all the way from the actual management of large organizations, to the handling of stores and tea rooms. In the first category we find Mrs. H. D. Warren, of Toronto, the president of one of the largest industrial concerns in the Queen City. In other branches of enterprise there are many examples which can be quoted to prove the fitness of Canadian women for participation in the grind of business.

WOMEN IN REAL ESTATE.

Canada, as we all know (and some of us to our cost) lends itself to speculation in real estate, especially Western Canada. We have a very successful woman real estate broker in the East, Mrs. Simpson, of Montreal, and there are probably a few others, but in the West, there are several.

One of the best known is a Winnipeg girl—Miss Evelyn B. Gibson, at whom we point an especially proud finger. She is a happy combination of all that a narrow-minded man expects of a woman, and she is a keen business woman as well. As one lady remarked, when confronted by this surprising young broker: "Why, you are just an ordinary girl!"

Miss Gibson moved to Winnipeg when a small child, and unconsciously learned the value of her adopted province, as the years slipped by. She started upon her public career by teaching under local license, but this grew monotonous, and she abandoned it for photography.

But from photography to real estate is a far cry, one naturally says. Not so very far, according to Miss Gibson.

"If I could sell people photographs, which are a luxury," she said, "I thought I certainly could sell them real estate which is a necessity."

Beside which, there was a lure about the buying and selling of land she could not resist. It was in the very atmosphere.

She rented a small office on Portage avenue, a block from her present one in the Sterling Bank Building; and the new must look down on the old with affectionately reminiscent eyes, at times. For although, Miss Gibson was spared the weeks of discouraging inactivity which seem to form the initial stages of so many successful careers, she was not the well-known broker then that she is now by any manner of means.

She bought and sold on commission, at first, for she had very little capital. This was bolstered up, however, by an intimate knowledge of the country and a faith in the West. She wisely invested her commissions and the results have been good. She gives the warmest thanks to the press, attributing much of her success to that medium. A few days after hanging out her sign, newspaper people came to interview her, thinking her venture a new and remunerative subject for "copy," and gave her wide publicity.

"Before I knew it," she says, "I was really in business. Enquiries came from all parts of the world and I owe a large portion of my success to this fact."

However, no one can deny that a large amount of commercial ability must accompany interviews from the press! The community must be watched with minuteness and the finger must be kept on the pulse of the constantly fluctuating market. A lot must wear an individual look to the real estate broker, who appraises it from day to day as one would a horse or any other saleable property. Beside which, the successful broker must be a keen student of human nature; she must think and act quickly, deciding which lot or house will be a probable "buy" for a certain client, and which will be of no in-

Miss Mary Grant.

terest and consequently a waste of time to show.

I don't know how the four secluded walls of a home, could have improved Miss Gibson, for she has acquired no raucous masculinity of manner or speech; rather, she places a pleasing mark of femininity on all her dealings. And although she began to compete with men in a field which had been considered theirs exclusively, she found no resentment against her but a kindly interest in her, and assistance from totally unexpected sources.

"I think," she says, "that success in real estate is not due to the fact that you are a man or a woman, but to *the goods you sell.* In many cases, the people that I correspond with, in mail-order business, address their letters to 'E. B. Gibson, Esq.' "

CELIA MANSFIELD—COURT REPORTER.

If one has any sort of business acquaintance in Vancouver, one knows Miss Celia J. Mansfield, whose neat card announces that she is "Court Reporter." The story of her business success should act as a strong stimulant to any woman who longs to venture upon a business career, and still lacks just sufficient courage to enable her to make the plunge.

Miss Mansfield was born in a small town in which there was not even a high school. Practically, her school days began and ended in a "district school." What she learned over and above the three R's, was at the expense of play; she studied a little with her teacher after hours. Being the sort of person to whom work had no terrors, she decided to learn shorthand, although there were but two months in which to do this, owing to the short stay of the only available teacher. But by diligent application and several lessons a week, the course was creditably finished.

She moved to Western Canada where two brothers lived (in the Kootenay district) and kept house for one of them. As so many brothers will, he married, and thus allowed his sister freedom to follow her natural bent. She had wanted all along to take a stenographer's position, but had not been able. Now, she applied to a certain gentleman—a lawyer—who bluntly assured her, that "he did not like beginners." Undaunted, she persuaded him to try her, and learned her work rapidly. So satisfactory a beginner was she, that she stayed in that position four years. After about six months in the office, Miss Mansfield began to take court cases, there being no regular court reporter in the town. Soon, though, she acquired speed and with speed came the conviction that she had found her calling. At the end of the four years referred to, an important case came up in Cranbrook, and several prominent lawyers from the coast appeared in connection with it. Miss Mansfield did some extra work for one of the most prominent—Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper—and was assured that if she ever needed his assistance, she might have it. Not long afterward this assurance took effect, and she was installed in Sir Charles' Vancouver office as head stenographer. The work was pleasant and not nearly so difficult as that to which she had been accustomed, but the call of ambition was too insistent, and after about a year Miss Mansfield decided to open an office of her own.

She had for this purpose a capital of ninety dollars, and an unquenchable faith in the approval of the gods.

At the end of seven months she was able to buy out one of her competitors, and move her office to the vantage point of two converging business streets. She did an enormous amount of reporting on the side—commissions, arbitrations and examinations, but not in the regular courts. She made a specialty of legal work, and handled extra work from a number of law offices.

A little more than two years ago, she joined the court reporting staff, but did not give up her office, and only did reporting when not busy with her own outside work. This summer brought about a change in Miss Mansfield's work, however, and she gave up her position as above outlined, to take that of County Court reporter. As there are three County Courts in Vancouver, she is never without that sort of work, all the while, bear in mind, keeping her office running, and doing outside reporting, too.

"I like court reporting best of any kind of work," she says, "not only because it pays well, but because it is difficult and interesting. I have made as high as $100 a day, when selling extra copies to lawyers, here.

Look over this calendar of a busy business woman's day:

Punctually at nine—punctuality, by the way being almost a sort of religion to Miss Mansfield—punctually at nine, she arrives at the office, looks over mail attends to telephone calls and so on. Likely she is called to court at ten and there takes shorthand notes until one. She has lunch in her private office, where there is an electric cooker, which the office girls may use, also, if they wish. If nothing important engages her in the office, she takes a brisk walk until required back at court where she stays until five. Home to dinner and back in the office at night, finishing up, by dictating her notes to an assistant, who is paid by the page.

Or should she not be required on a case, she works at the usual dictation, or is called out, or goes over accounts (always an absorbing pastime, you know). If work should be deadly slack, she does fancy work!

For a long time she had charge of the B.-P. Girl Guides, having started this second troop in Canada. She was appointed honorary secretary and last year had twenty girls out camping with her, teaching them all manner of outdoor sports. This energetic woman walks two and a half miles to her office every day, and sometimes twice, is a crank about cold baths, fresh air, and Nature! At the same time she is a home body, thoroughly understanding how best to turn yesterday's roast to account. When asked why she was successful, she replied:

"I am only an ordinary sort of person, you know, with an ordinary brain and a limited education—except through experience. I am successful because I determined to win out, and because I love success."

THE WORK OF MISS MACKENZIE.

A high-salaried, and a nationally famous, woman is Miss Mary Ard. Mackenzie—chief lady superintendent of the Victorian Order of Nurses for Canada, to quote her unabridged title. Miss Mackenzie might come under the category of professional women, but as her business and executive ability are so conspicuous, we place her here. Graduating from the University of Toronto, she taught school, plain school, for a number of years, while "shaping her career." Then, she entered the Massachusetts General Hospital to train as a nurse. Her course finished, she stayed on as head nurse of one of the wards, there, until she was offered the post of superintendent of a hospital for women, also in Boston. Miss Mackenzie's

Miss May Loucks.

next move was to the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital in Concord, where she went as superintendent and the next step in this continual rise was to the Brooklyn Hospital—still as superintendent.

At this point her rigorous self-training took a new turn; she went to Washington to enter the district nurse's work. Then, although she frankly confessed to disliking it, she went in for private nursing. It cannot fail to impress one that Miss Mackenzie left no stone unturned by which she might gain knowledge and experience. She covered the nursing field with a thoroughness and breadth rarely encountered, and when her application for the chief superintendent's position (of the V.O.) was received, it was obvious that she was the woman for the work.

The appointment was made in 1908.

Before describing just why Miss Mackenzie is so eminently fitted for her post, or what her immense scope of work entails, a brief summary of the order's history should be set forth.

The Victorian Order is now in its eighteenth year, being founded as a Diamond Jubilee Memorial to our beloved Queen Victoria. The idea was that of a well-known philanthropist, Lady Aberdeen, who was then living at Government House. A Royal charter was granted, the chief objects of the order being:

1. To supply nurses, thoroughly trained in hospital and district nursing and subject to one central authority, for the nursing of the sick who are otherwise unable to obtain trained nursing in their homes, both in town and country districts.
2. To bring local associations for supplying district nurses into association by affiliation with the order which bears her Majesty's name, and to afford pecuniary or other assistance to such local associations.
3. To maintain, as a first necessity, a high standard of efficiency for all district nursing; and
4. To assist in providing small cottage hospitals or homes.

There are those admirers who think Miss Mackenzie is little short of inspired to accomplish all she does in the organizing and overseeing of the order. To understand her work, even partially, it must be remembered that she makes a tour of inspection from Cape Breton to Salt Island once a year. From the Cobalt country, New Liskeard, out through the foothills, and the Caribou land, she travels with a stop of one night here, an afternoon there, a week farther on—all through the twelve months. Inspection means going over nurses' books, going over nurses' territory, meeting local committees who always have something to report and discuss, permitting or refusing the services of new nurses, for although they are recommended by local bodies, no nurse is admitted to the order without having received Miss Mackenzie's personal approval. Considering that seventy were admitted in one year, it will be understood that even the considering of the question of applicants is a task in itself. Also in one year, the chief superintendent made sixty-two visits of inspection and twenty-six of organization. This year the number of both will probably exceed the figures given, as each year new branches are opened and a larger territory has to be covered. In a center like Montreal, for instance, Miss Mackenzie was obliged to accompany each of the seventy nurses on her round of visits. Vancouver at the other end of the line, and one of the four training stations for nurses, not only demanded her inspection of the method of each individual nurse, but demanded several lectures. This added duty, however, is not confined to Vancouver; in many places throughout her annual visit, Miss Mackenzie lectures on a variety of topics, all of which, naturally, bear on the subject uppermost in her mind—The Victorian Order.

In connection with the tours of inspection, the order found it necessary to relieve Miss Mackenzie, somewhat, and appointed an assistant, who also makes an annual visit, and does an enormous amount of detail work, leaving the chief superintendent more time to devote to the organizing part of her duties.

Two views of Celia J. Mansfield, of Vancouver.

To say that she is enthusiastic about the work expresses it but mildly; one-night stands, indifferent accommodation, constant moving hold no terrors for her. She loves it, and that is clearly one reason why she has been so successful.

A PRODIGIOUS TWO YEARS' GROWTH.

The Old Curiosity Shop is in Ottawa but its fame and its resources have spread far beyond the confines of the Capital City. It is the sole property of Miss May Loucks and as a business venture it is two years young.

Miss Loucks has always leaned toward art; as a painter of miniatures and less valuable works, she was very highly praised. But she did not grow particularly wealthy or famous at it. So she gave it up and turned her talent into broader fields. Who can say just how The Idea started? For in the idea, alone, lies half of her success. Was it because in collecting rare old bits of furniture, china, tapestry and the like for herself, she saw the possibility of selling these things to others? Was it because she realized that nowhere in the Dominion is there such a shop, that she had the courage to embark upon a costly venture, the failure of which would have swept away a good many years' savings? She says she doesn't know how it all came about; she simply did it!

Taking all her spare pennies, Miss Loucks went abroad and brought back what she thought would be sufficient "stock" to carry her over a year. She rented two rooms in a central locality, arranged them so that they had the appearance of a beautiful salon, and opened her doors. She was not suffered to remain long in suspense as to whether or not the business would be a success. People crowded to the Old Curiosity Shop, from the very first, and "bought alarmingly," as she put it.

You see, there is the sort of person to whom an antique is not worth a farthing unless they, themselves, have discovered it. There is another sort, however—and they form the majority—who are content to allow some one else to poke about musty old shops, and who merely wish to *possess* the treasures found there. With the latter sort, Miss Loucks has largely to deal. One has only to walk into her rooms and choose; there is no need to wipe a year's collection of dust from an article to find out whether it is mahogany or rosewood. Everything is polished and gleaming; everything is boldly marked with a readable price tag. Instead of the cryptic letters a-r-x-4, one can see that a table is $15, or a tray $22. One is spared the necessity of having a shadow follow one about, a shadow with an alert look, waiting for signs of purchase. Miss Loucks has always endeavored to make it abundantly clear, that she invites inspection of her things. She is glad to have people come in and look about — even if they have no idea of ever buying anything.

From two rooms, somewhat inadequate for her needs, she moved into one of the largest office buildings in Ottawa, where she had a suite laid out and decorated exactly as she wanted it.

To give an idea of the need for just such a place as Miss Loucks' shop it might be stated that even in this calamitous financial crisis, her business is not greatly affected. Indeed, her October sales this year exceeded those of the year previous.

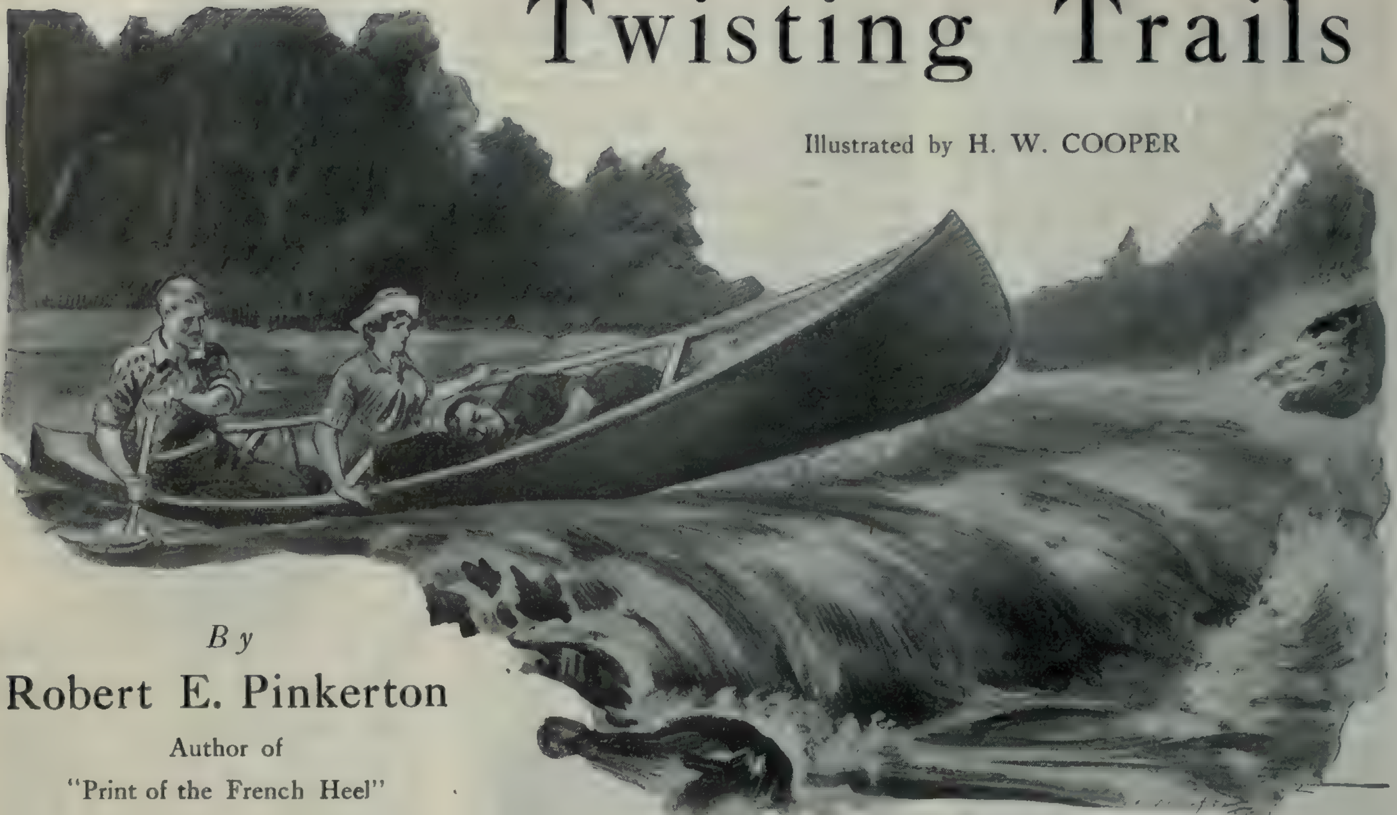
A CAPABLE OFFICIAL.

Miss Mary Grant is clerk and treasurer of the township of London in the county of Middlesex, filling with great capacity a post that is generally believed to be the sole prerogative of men. Her father,

Continued on Page 104.

Twisting Trails

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



Then the canoe reared high, shot forward and leaped into a smother of foam and spray.

By

Robert E. Pinkerton

Author of

"Print of the French Heel"

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

Sumner is the owner of the Whisky Jack mine. Heatley, a mining expert with his family, is making a trip through the mine district and is to send Sumner a report as to the mine's value. Upon this report depends Sumner's whole financial stability. Sumner's daughter, Helen, who is in love with a man of whom her father disapproves, accompanies the Heatleys, and a chance traveling acquaintance whom they meet, a Miss Rea Straine, also makes one of their party for the journey into the interior. She is mistaken for Helen and kidnapped by Milford, a woodsman, at the instigation of Mark Fowler, whom Sumner had appointed manager of the mine, and who turns out to be of bad reputation. Sumner receives a wire from Heatley saying Helen has disappeared. He concludes this is Fowler's work who for some reason wishes to prevent Heatley sending a report on the mine, and he wires James Stover, a friend, to search for Helen. Rea Straine makes no effort to escape though she becomes uneasy at the conduct of Milford, who drinks heavily. In the course of an altercation with his Indian wife, Milford kills her. Rea then secures a canoe and escapes, meeting a young college graduate who is employed at the Whisky Jack mine and is returning with confidential letters for Fowler that he has secured off a passing train. She manages to give Loblaw, the graduate, the slip leaving him stranded on another island and going off with his canoe and the papers. She then return's to Milford's Island and meets a geological surveyor who has put in for the night. Milford becomes drunk and Rea begs the surveyor to take her to the Whisky Jack mine. He consents and they reach the landing. Rea requests her companion to wait and disappears in the darkness. Evidently well acquainted with the location of the buildings she makes her way to Fowler's cabin where she picks the lock of his safe and abstracts a packet of papers. The surveyor, who turns out to be Stover, warns her of Fowler's approach. Rea passes herself off as Helen Sumner and Fowler agrees to let her have his cabin for the night. He then departs to arrange with an Indian guide to further delay her journey from the mine. Stover who takes Rea for Helen Sumner reappears and begs her to depart with him before Fowler's return. Fowler follows them and a shot fired by him hits Stover. The fugitives then take refuge in a cavern the entrance of which Fowler blows in, thereby making them prisoners. They escape through a rear passage and find a cavern where gold ore is stored. Rea and Stover get away in a canoe and are followed by Fowler who learns that they have escaped after all.

CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*

THEY rounded a point and Fowler signaled Hank to stop paddling. In the distance they heard, faintly, the sound of a paddle striking a gunwale. Soon they heard it again.

"We've got to catch that canoe, Hank," said Fowler, beginning to paddle, "but we've got to stop at the Indian's first."

Hank ran his canoe onto the beach beside Loblaw's craft. Fowler reached over and unfastened the little leather case from the forward thwart. In an instant he had it open and then he began cursing. "She tricked him, too," he said. "And I thought she was a little fool. She—she's not Sumner's daughter. Quick, Hank. Shove off."

For four miles there was a course across the open lake. Then it turned up a long arm, from which the river, tumbling through a gorge, took them on to the next lake, at the far end of which was the Vermilion River and the town.

"We've got to catch them at the portage, Hank," Fowler puffed, as they turned into the arm. "Think we can make it?"

Hank stopped paddling a moment. More distinctly they heard the occasional click of a paddle against the gunwale.

"We'll make it," Hank answered, beginning again to ply his blade.

Fowler was not the most expert of canoemen, and the speed told on him. Half way down the arm he stopped for breath.

"We'll make it," said Hank, paddling steadily on. "Take a rest."

Fifteen minutes after the start, George had told his companions that a canoe was following. Stover, paddling to the limit of his strength, could go no faster but George fairly lifted the craft over the water with the power of his arms and back.

Across the big stretch they raced silently. As they turned down into the arm, Rea, in the middle of the canoe, saw Stover waver in his stroke. His recovery was slower and the canoe was not jumping ahead so swiftly. George, stopping for a moment, announced that their pursuers were gaining.

"What's the use?" he asked Stover. "We got to stop for the portage, and they'll get us there. Save yourself and we'll fight it out with them."

"But we must get to the portage first," gasped Stover.

He put new strength into his stroke but he soon faltered again. Half a mile from the portage the girl could plainly hear the paddles of their pursuers. Stover also heard. He gave a final spurt, only to waver suddenly and then tumble backward into Rea's lap. She splashed water onto his face but he did not revive.

George pushed the canoe on more swiftly than before. His strength seemed equal to any speed. He, too, heard the canoe behind them and his mind was active in devising some means of escape.

"Miss Sumner," he whispered suddenly. "There is one chance. Will you take it?"

CHAPTER XIII.

REA looked ahead in the moonlight, which now had become strong enough to permit her to see that the narrow arm down which they had been fleeing was converging, that the hills on either side were closer and becoming more steep and rugged.

Without asking, the girl knew the chance George proposed taking. She could hear the rumbling roar of the water in the gorge ahead, and she trembled as the sound of it grew louder.

"Have you ever done it?" she asked.

George smiled in the darkness behind her. Evidently she had never heard of Bock-i-tay rapids, so named by the Indians because they seemed so hungry for victims. The summer before, when George saw them first, and heard stories about them, he became possessed by a desire to run that quarter-mile stretch of tumbling, boiling, lashing, gripping, swirling water. He had learned that no one ever had run them, that no one ever considered running them. The pitch was too great, the current too strong, the boulders too many. There was a legend that two men had tried them once, many years before, and that their bodies had never been found.

But George, like a few canoemen of the North country, had an imagination. He also resented the superiority of anything, or any man and, from the first time he had seen the rapids, they had been a challenge to him. He had passed them often with Stover the summer before and, when their work was nearly completed, he arose from the lunch dish-washing at the upper end of the portage one day and announced that he was going to run the load through.

Stover demurred, for he wanted to get to Vermilion, and he had often heard of the Bock-i-tay. But he also had great faith in his canoeman and he knew and understood George and realized every time they had made the portage that the woodsman chafed beneath his heavy load and growled at the white water that swirled and tumbled beside the portage trail.

And, because he knew such men, and understood them, men of another type than himself, he had said yes.

George ran the rapids, while Stover walked across. There was a little water in the canoe, and the packs were wet with spray, but that was all. So, when Rea asked if he had run them, the canoeman answered:

"I run 'em once, but it was daylight, of course. I studied 'em a lot before I did it and, while there's some nasty places, I think we can make it, with luck."

He was paddling steadily on toward the dark shadow of the gorge and the roar of the water. Rea thought quickly. Fowler undoubtedly was armed and he must have some one with him. With those two packages in the front of her shirt as a motive, he probably would not hesitate in anything. It would be George against two of them; and what right had she to endanger Stover and his canoeman further?

She was tired, afraid. Her courage had been vanishing in the long race across the lake and down the arm. The click of paddles, always nearer, in the darkness behind her, was the most ominous sound she had ever heard.

George ceased paddling and let the canoe drift. They were near the first pitch. They could see the white water where the first curl came, gleaming threateningly in the moonlight. Rea wanted to scream and then she heard voices in the darkness behind her. Anyhow, what did it matter one way or the other? And she was so tired. Stover's head lay in her lap and she stroked his hair back from his forehead unconsciously.

"All right, George, it's the only chance."

The canoe sprang forward instantly.

"I like to have lots of speed when I hit 'em," he whispered.

The white curl came nearer as current and paddle carried them ahead. Against the dark background of the gorge's deep shadow, the white water stretched like a ghastly, hungry, fanged mouth.

"George, are you sure we can do it?" Rea screamed.

"It's too late to turn back anyhow," he grunted between strokes, as he shot the canoe straight into the center of the white water.

Rea felt the craft leap under her, heard the swish and swirl of water at her side. The next moment she was in the midst of it. Spray struck her face. Water slopped over into her lap and onto Stover.

The canoe raced on, careening, pitching, twisting. Once she felt it slacken as an eddy gripped it and, through the little shocks and quivers communicated to her through the frame of the craft, she knew the great efforts the man behind her was making.

Then, suddenly, came a moment of comparative calm. The roar dropped behind them and they raced on evenly, smoothly.

"Oh, George!" gasped Rea, in relief.

Then the canoe reared high, shot forward and leaped into a smother of foam and spray. Rea screamed but, in the noise of the crashing water, the sound barely reached George in the stern. Nor would he have heard it otherwise. He knew he had struck the worst of the rapids and that what had gone before was child's work compared with what lay ahead of him. The moonlight made the dancing, racing water deceptive and twice nearly brought disaster because of the shadows.

The river turned and they shot straight at the black, grim wall of the gorge, only to be caught in an eddy and swirled out into midstream and then on down again. It was on catching this eddy at the right place and the right moment that made for success or failure in the effort. George, because of the shadow beneath the cliff, was forced to guess.

But the intuition of the born canoeman aided him and, as they shot out from under the rocky wall and sped down stream in the pitching, tossing back lash of the final stretch, he gave a sharp, low yelp. The next moment they were out on the lake. In five minutes the shore was only a dark line behind them, the rapids a low rumble, fast becoming a murmur, as they went on through the darkness toward Vermilion.

At that moment Fowler and his canoeman were standing at the upper end of the portage.

"You're sure they couldn't make it?" asked the mining man.

"Sure?" laughed Hank. "No one ever run old Bock-i-tay and lived. Two fellows tried it once, a long while ago, I've heard. And they never even found the bodies."

"Didn't find the bodies!" cried Fowler excitedly. "Won't these bodies come up?"

"Might, but I doubt it. Indians say no one ever comes up that goes down in the lake beyond."

Fowler hurried to their canoe and grasped one end.

"Hurry," he commanded. "Take hold and let's get across. We've got to get the bodies. Maybe one of them didn't go down, held onto the canoe or something."

Hank, grumbling that there was no possibility of such a thing happening, lifted the other end of the canoe and they stumbled across the rough portage in the darkness.

"Paddle out there where the current would have taken a canoe," Fowler said, as they embarked again.

Until daylight they went back and forth but without result.

"That breeze would have taken a canoe out across the lake, toward that big bay," Hank said, after an hour. "If it floated high, it would travel fast. There's no chance of finding anything here."

At daylight nothing was seen floating on the surface of the water. Fowler turned to the canoeman in a panic.

"Isn't there a chance of their having got through?"

They were near the portage and Hank silently turned the canoe toward shore.

"Come and see for yourself," he said, as he stepped out.

He led Fowler up the trail and across to the edge of the gorge. The mining man looked down and was convinced.

"They never could," he said.

But, as they paddled on toward Vermilion, the doubts came back.

“Can you get down the line to that way station below town from here?” he asked suddenly.

“I guess so.”

“Take me there.”

Hank didn't like the extra six miles of paddling, and he turned the canoe silently. Two hours later they reached the station. The eastbound passenger was just pulling in to wait for a tardy freight. Fowler ran up the embankment from the lake and entered the smoking car. The train got under way, leaving a tired, wondering canoeman standing beside his craft.

CHAPTER XIV.

JUST before the sun rose, George turned his canoe into the river bank at Vermilion. Rea leaned back against a thwart, asleep. Stover, weak, dazed, but comfortable, for his head rested in the girl's lap, got slowly to his feet.

“It's too bad to waken her,” he said as George pulled up the canoe. “But she can get to bed and sleep the rest of the day.”

He shook her shoulder gently and Rea opened her eyes.

“Where are we?” she asked drowsily.

“At Vermilion. Come. You can get to bed and sleep as long as you wish. That will be the first thing we do. The next will be to wire your father.”

Her head would have fallen back again had he not held it. He shook her and she arose stiffly. The three walked slowly up the trail from the river to the little group of buildings which comprised the town.

No one was up, though the sun was just sending its first rays through the windows. They found the front door of the hotel unlocked and entered.

“I'll get her a room,” offered George as he went up-stairs

He opened several doors, only to find the rooms occupied. At last he saw the smooth covers of a bed and returned to pilot Rea to it.

“Good night,” she smiled, sleepily to Stover. “Tell the hotel man that I am not to be wakened before noon on any consideration. Make him understand that. But I don't believe anyone could waken me.”

George accompanied Stover to the station, where he intended to send a message announcing that his task had been completed. A freight train was pulling in, a train with a passenger coach at the end. “That's the local,” said George, as they neared the station.

The passenger coach had just come to a stop beside the little building when they reached the short platform. A man jumped from the car steps and looked about him.

Then he saw Stover and the canoeman.

“Jim, Jim!” he cried. “Did you find her?”

“Yes, she's in the hotel asleep,” answered the younger man. “We just got in, Mr. Sumner, and we're played out. I was just going to wire you and then go to bed. This is George Applebee, Mr. Sumner. If it hadn't been for him, we never would have reached here.”

Mr. Sumner shook hands with the canoeman and thanked him.

“I guess it's Miss Sumner as has the nerve,” evaded the embarrassed George. “She—she's a moose of a girl, sir,” and he blushed as he made the compliment as strong as he knew.

“I must see her!” exclaimed the mine-owner, pulling Stover toward the hotel, and then, as they walked, he asked question after question. Where was Fowler? Had he been the kidnapper? Was Helen hurt? Did they have any evidence against the mine manager? Where was Heatley and his wife?

“I never thought of Heatley!” exclaimed Stover, who was trying, in his weakened condition, to keep pace with the excited father. “We must get word to him at once. We didn't come by his camp on our way down last night.”

Ben Hogan was in the office when they entered.

“What room has she?” asked Mr. Sumner. “I must see her at once.”

“Please, Mr. Sumner, let her sleep,” begged Stover. “You don't know what that girl has been through. Two nights without a wink, and traveling and excitement all the time. She's worn out.”

But the mining man was insistent and they were still arguing when the hotel door opened and the operator from the station entered.

“Any one here named Sumner?” he asked of Hogan.

The hotelman nodded toward the group at the foot of the stairs.

“Telegram for E. G. Sumner.”

The mine owner reached for the message and tore open the envelope.

“Stover!” he cried, after a quick glance. “Are you crazy—or are you?” and he turned to the operator.

“No,” retorted the man from the station. “That message came an hour ago. This is the first chance I've had to get over here with it.”

But Mr. Sumner was not listening. He re-read the message and then handed it to Stover. The young man read:

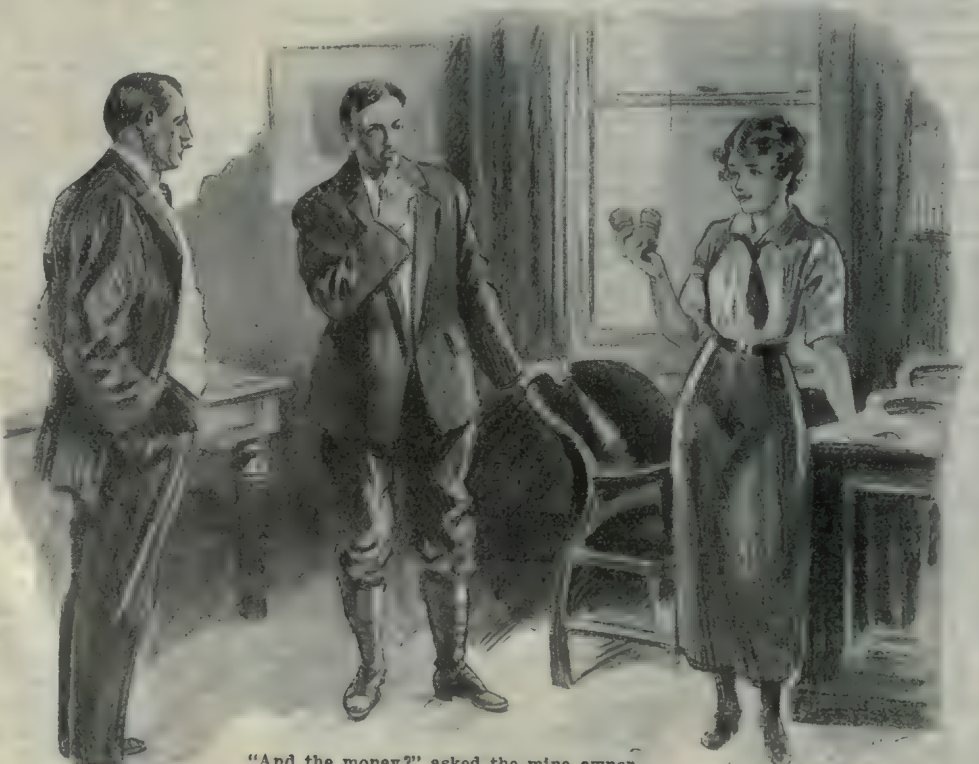
> “Dear father: Jerry and I married, Port Arthur, Tuesday. Just arrived Toronto to find you hadn't received my message. Sorry it caused such a rumpus but we wired from Port Arthur. Please forgive us and say all is well. Jerry is the best man in the world. Helen.”

Stover looked blankly at Mr. Sumner.

“But,” he gasped, “the girl upstairs said she was Helen Sumner, that she was kidnapped by Fowler. Who is she?”

“You know more about it than I do,” retorted Sumner. “Where did you find her?”

“I rescued her from a woodsman Fowler had employed to get her out of the way,” Stover explained. “Fowler thought she was your daughter. He tried to kill us both. She knew all about your business, or seemed to, and has been risking her life in your interests. Once I thought we were both done for. She is a brick, whoever she is, and has more nerve and brains than any girl I ever saw.”



“And the money?” asked the mine owner. She pulled out two packages. . . . “The wrappers seem to be undisturbed,” she said.

They had gone outside onto the narrow little veranda in front of the hotel. Mr. Sumner insisted that the girl be wakened at once, but Stover refused to permit it.

“But Helen!” exclaimed Mr. Sumner. “How did she get to Port Arthur? That young Forbes must have met her up here by appointment and run away with her from Heatley's camp.”

“That probably explains it,” agreed Stover, “but how did Fowler get the wrong girl? Maybe the hotelman knows.”

They both

Continued on Page 110.

Making a Boy to Put on the Market

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A man's success in life depends on his training. It is impossible to achieve success without harnessing one's faculties and talents to the course which will bring success. Dr. Marden's article is a powerful appeal for a more enlightened form of education for the young—a process of development which will train the youthful faculties to achieve things as well as thoughts. He gets to the roots of the greatest problem facing the human race to-day—providing for the efficiency of future races.

"IT is a mistake to take a boy out of life to educate him for life."

"Go on Sonny, git all de learnin' you can, but you wants to be kayful 'bout one t'ng; you doesn't wanter get mo' knowledge dan you has intelligence ter manage it."

"What are you doing?" said a teacher to a pupil who had closed his book and was resting his head in his hands. "I was only thinking," replied the boy. "Stop it at once," said the teacher, "and open your book."

This is the way many teachers look upon education, the value of which they measure largely by the amount which the scholar can get into his head out of a book. But the light is being turned upon our educational institutions to-day as never before. We are finding that the curriculum of the scholar does not fit the needs of the hour. We demand a more practical learning, knowledge that can be applied to every-day life.

What if a college or educational institution had this practical sign hung over the door: "Making a boy to put on the market!"

The great question which confronts you in the practical world is: "What can I do with what I know?" Can you transmute your knowledge into power? The ability to read a Latin diploma is not a test of true education; a stuffed memory does not make an educated man. The knowledge that can be utilized, that can be transmuted into power, constitutes the only education worthy of the name. There are thousands of educated men and women in this country, who are loaded down with knowledge that they have never been able to utilize, to make available for working purposes.

Many students who stand high in school and college prove but sorry bunglers when they come to earn their own living. Graduates who can conjugate Greek verbs glibly, who can write a creditable essay in several languages, who have obtained a good percentage in all their studies, often feel utterly lost when they are called upon to reduce their theories to practical terms. Scores of brilliant impracticals, who impress people as knowing a great deal, never accomplish anything.

We meet them everywhere: college graduates as conductors and motormen on street cars; perpetual clerks, with no chance of promotion; writers of occasional squibs for the newspapers; or hangers-on in society, who have no strength to rise in the world, because they have not digested and assimilated the knowledge they have gained.

The world is full of ten-talent people who fail or never get out of mediocrity. For what good is knowledge, a head full of theories and facts, if they are not practically available? If a man cannot do things his knowledge is of no value. There is no demand for ability which cannot be applied effectively. Everywhere we see the one-talent man leaving the ten-talent man away in the rear simply because the former has learned to apply practically his one talent, and to make the most of it.

What a humiliation it must be for an educated, talented man, but impractical, to see his schoolmates who were actually regarded as dunces, as stupid blockheads, at school and college, forge away ahead of him in the practical affairs of life!

THE LIMITATIONS OF MEMORY.

Many a king on the college campus turns out to be a pigmy in the world of action. The requirements for a diploma are based largely upon the student's ability to answer a certain percentage of the questions on the examination papers. A good memory alone, with but comparatively little aid from other mental faculties, will almost pass this test, and yet the memory is the lowest faculty of the brain.

Memory has no power of logical reasoning, no ability to reflect, to analyze or to draw conclusions. Its office is simply to hold what is passed to it. It is a reservoir which stores knowledge until called for by the other faculties. Many a retentive memory has won a diploma long before the other mental faculties arrived.

A boy with a good memory may get through college with comparatively little study. He may remember a great deal, and yet have a poor education in comparison with the dull, stupid boy, who has had hard work to pass his examinations because of a poor memory, and yet may be twice as well educated as the boy who has out-ranked him ten to one.

College is really a grindstone for the sharpening of the faculties we bring to it. College does not change the quality of the material which the boy brings thither. It merely makes it more shapely; it polishes it. If a boy brings a putty brain to college, he takes a putty brain away with him when he leaves; if he brings silver, he carries away silver; if gold, he will take away gold.

ALL-OVER EDUCATION.

Many people have an idea that an education is confined to the brain, but a really educated man is educated all over. No man is educated, no matter how much he knows, whose muscles, nerves, sensibilities, whose tastes, aspirations, sentiments, are not educated.

The marvelous development of the powers of feeling that have been brought out in Helen Keller's wonderful education has given us a new glimpse into the possibilities of real education.

At an American Beauty Rose show in New York Helen Keller won the prize. Through her delicacy of touch, Miss Keller could follow the development of the rose to perfection. What a wonderful object lesson in the possibilities inherent in the sense of touch! What marvelous things the fingers can tell us! Surely their wisdom comes from the development of gray matter in the nerves of the finger tips, proving that we think, not only with our brain, but all over the body. Think of the possibility not only of detecting different colors but different shades, by the delicate sense of touch alone. Think of a deaf, dumb, and blind person reading the character of someone in the same room with them. By whatever method the human mind has been developed, no one has ever reached the limit of his possibilities. We have just scratched the surface of the possible educational development of a human being.

The tremendous educative possibilities in the child's eyes alone, in the development of his powers of observation, we have not yet begun to realize. Instead of poring over books and memorizing things, children should be sent out of doors and trained to see, to observe with accuracy. What a splendid discipline children would get from being turned loose in the country in the spring, just to study the things that are coming to life—the buds, the flowers, the grasshoppers, the butterflies, and the various insects and animals. Then they would come to the school and describe what they had seen, and the teacher would enlarge their knowledge upon these subjects, by easy steps awakening the curiosity so that they could easily be led into scientific knowledge of nature.

CONQUERING ENVIRONMENT.

Children should be taught to conquer the things in their environment. It is a modern notion that education comes largely from books. Education consists in knowledge of people and things. There are marvelous possibilities in natural science, and children could absorb information without really knowing they were studying. Their knowledge would come in as interesting a way as their play.

The boy chafes under the grinding monotony of his studies for which he cannot see any special use. He does not see the use of being shut up in a close schoolhouse on a beautiful spring day, when the miracle of nature is going on outside, when the birds and flowers and sun and every growing thing is beckoning him to come out and play. What use is it to tell him that when he becomes a man and goes into business these hard problems in arithmetic and algebra will be of great value to him?

I often wonder that the youth has sufficient self-control, and power of application and good judgment and good sense, to hold himself to a task which is nearly all focused in the future and which does not mean much of anything to him to-day. The boy wants to play; he wants to have a good time. Is it any wonder that so many youths grow up to hate their studies and to hate books and school?

WILL STUDY LIFE.

The time will come when all normal children will love to study because they will study life, be educated from life. They will remember things by seeing them done and by doing them. They will study business in business houses, in stores, in factories. They will study the actual processes instead of descriptions of them in books. The boy of the future will be taken into the machine shops, the foundries, to watch the development of the ore through all its processes until it becomes iron and steel. He will trace the manufactured cotton cloth from the cotton field until it becomes calico in the factory ready to sell. He will study the processes of silk manufacture from the cocoons to the bolt of silk on the shelf in the store. He will study law in the making at the Legislative Halls of State and Federal Government, where he will also get his political economy.

A normal child brings to the school an inquiring mind, a great curiosity; and early he begins to develop self-help, independence, self-reliance, and enthusiasm. But instead of encouraging these and other qualities in the pupil, the teachers reverse the process and begin to stuff the mind—putting things in, instead of calling them out. This stops the normal, outflowing current from the child's mind and he forms the habit of absorbing. The brain becomes a sponge. The result is that the *timbre* of the child's mind is not strengthened, toughened. He does not develop the stamina which comes from self-help, from initiative.

KNOWLEDGE FROM A LADLE.

If you wonder why institutions which prepare people to succeed should leave so many in such a helpless condition, it may well be that they do not discriminate between knowledge and education. Our children and youths are educated in just about the way we bring up babies. The teacher first feeds them a little at a time with a teaspoon; then she gives them more with a larger spoon, and, as they advance, she feeds knowledge to them with a ladle. It is always shoveling something into them from the outside, instead of calling out the faculties, gently exercising them, strengthening the individual strands of the mental fibre until the mind becomes strong and vigorous to grapple with great ideas and difficult problems.

The whole process of education to-day is packing something into the mind, when it ought to be just the reverse. We chisel off the corners of the child's individuality and shape him to the conventional model, when his individuality should be respected and should be kept intact.

The average youth pays for his education at the cost of the most striking things in his personality. He becomes like all the other pupils, because he is run through a similar mold.

NO SET SCHEDULE.

The natural, easiest entrance to a child's mind is through his curiosity. Mrs. Macy (who was Miss Sullivan) says that this was the secret of Helen Keller's training. She never had set hours for the taking up of particular studies. It was not arithmetic at nine o'clock; geography at ten; history at eleven. Miss Keller's natural curiosity was her teacher's guide. Whatever her pupil was particularly interested in at the time, she followed out, and the moment her mind began to tire, they stopped and took up something else.

If children were trained along the line of their natural curiosity, of their bent; if their questions were intelligently answered; if they were allowed to take up the studies in which they were greatly interested, children would not, as now, hate school and hate books, because they are forced to study against their inclination.

What should we think of an author who would make out a schedule for the day of the things he would write about? At nine o'clock he would write about political economy; at eleven o'clock, history. Or, Monday he would take up this, on Tuesday that. You would call such a method ridiculous. An author must follow his inspiration. When he is all keyed up on a subject, when his mind is alive and his very being permeated with his theme, then he feels that he must write upon it, that is the subject for him to concentrate upon, and it would be suicide for him to say: "Well, I would like to write on this subject, but it is not according to my schedule, so I will put it off until tomorrow."

In the same way something in natural history may be particularly interesting the child; he is full of the subject, his curiosity is aroused, and he wants to know more about it. This is the teacher's opportunity to develop the child's mind along that line when he is in the mood. It will be a delight to him then. Perhaps at another time it would be irksome drudgery to force the mind upon that subject, for he will not be interested in it.

Mrs. Macy says that all Helen Keller's education, up to the time she entered Radcliffe College, was achieved through spontaneous interest. When the pursuit of the subject was a real delight to her, she not only learned much more in a given time, but her mind did not tire so easily as when forced, and the knowledge would remain much longer in her memory; for that which we remember with delight we recall at longer intervals with greater ease and greater pleasure.

The greatest work of the teacher is to arouse an interest in the pupil, and to take advantage of his curiosity in teaching him to think things out for himself, to reflect upon them. Such is life knowledge, while what is forced into a child's mind is as knowledge that is dead; it is a burden upon the mind.

Our great resources, our hidden powers and possibilities, are locked up in our sub-consciousness, and they are only awakened and aroused by our objective demands. We have learned from experience, especially in great emergencies, that when we make a tremendous call upon the *great within*

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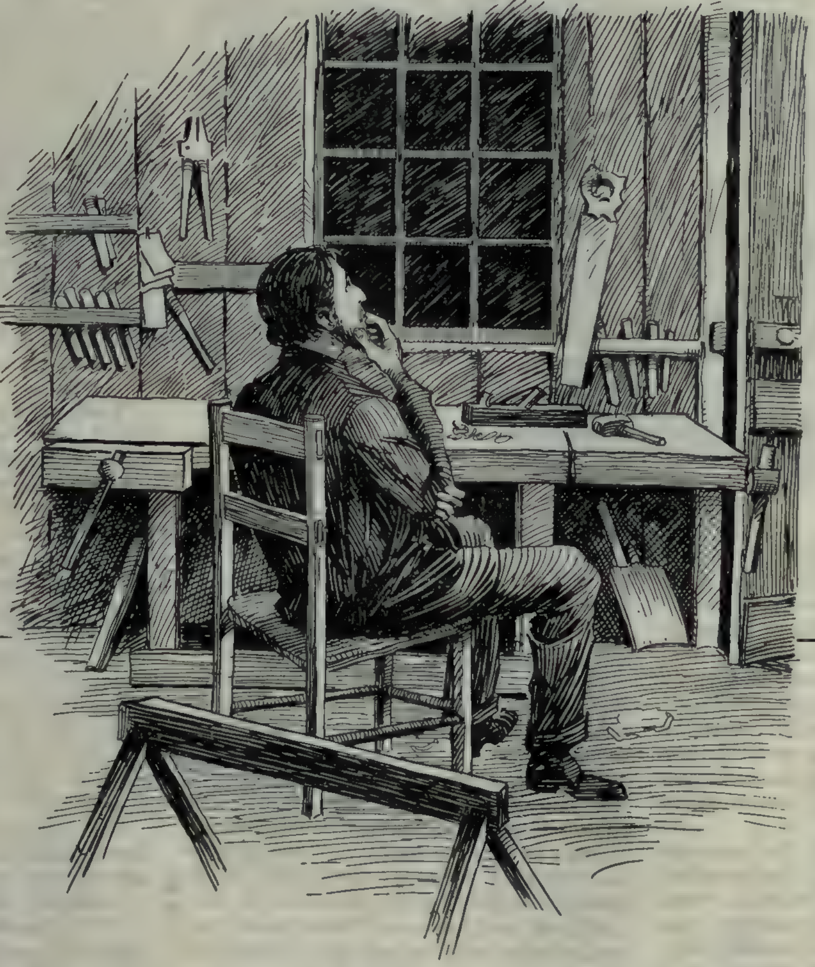
The MAGNATE'S INSPIRATION
OR THE 2000TH CHRISTMAS

By Harris Merton Lyon

A Christmas Fantasy



As he sat there on Christmas Eve, at eleven o'clock, his brain seemed bursting with great thoughts.

> That I spent, that I had;
> That I gave, that I have;
> That I left, that I lost.
>
> —Robert Byrkes

IT was eleven o'clock of a cold Christmas Eve in the year 1999. In the little old tumble-down carpenter shop of meek old Meyer Abrams, back in a ramshackle court-yard of the Ghetto, sat the strange young. Jew, alone. All up and down Baxter street the wretched winter wind howled along, slamming the creaky tenement shutters; and the drizzling sleet pelted the roof tops and the gutters cruelly and incessantly. It was very cold in the old carpenter's shop, a lean-to shanty without a stove in it, but the young apprentice sat in silence, heedless of the icy chill, his eyes staring straight ahead of him. He was worn out, sad, nervous, and hungry, there amidst the dead shavings and the planes and the saws, the gimlets, braces, and bits. Every now and then he would pass his hand tremulously across his forehead, or stroke his youthful, silky beard. Nobody in Baxter street, in the whole East Side of the great city of New York—not even old Meyer Abrams himself—knew from what country the young Jew with the weird, staring eyes had come.

"Are you lately landed?" Abrams had asked him quizzically when he had wanted work.

"Yes." But he would not tell the name of his country.

"What do men call you?" the old carpenter had demanded.

"Some men in my country once insisted that my name was—Josephson. That name will do me now."

"A revolutionist," thought Meyer, and He was a good carpenter, all that the old master demanded of him, but his mind shrugged his shoulders.
seemed to be fixed on other things. For five weeks he had scarcely tasted food, and at night, when the other Jews sat about the cafes arguing hotly over anarchy and government, or stayed in their houses with their children tumbling noisily about them, the young immigrant preferred to sit alone in Abram's dingy, cheerless shop, gnawing his nails and thinking, his long legs outspread, his head thrown back, his dreamy eyes fixed on the ceiling. Why he would eat no food, nobody knew. It is said that men with great intentions need little earthly help; that they live on something strong within them; that they even radiate some of this strength to carry everybody they meet along with them. Their eyes glow; a mysterious force comes out of them. Their nerves vibrate, and a marvelous power goes into everything they do. Josephson, the young Jew, was this sort of a man.

As he sat there on Christmas Eve, at eleven o'clock, his brain seemed bursting with great thoughts. He quivered and shook with the intensity of his feeling, and in the dimness of the old shop a glow seemed to stand around his hair, like the glow around a sick woman's head when the pain of her suffering is exceedingly great. And all the while, as he thought, his eyes stared—unseeing, abstracted—up at the hoops and boards which lay along beneath the ceiling of the shop. He was a man hypnotized by an idea vaster, more profound than himself.

At midnight, the old church bell halfway across the frozen city boomed its hollow messages of the great new day. By ruddy fires, over cups of cheer, the millions of people laughed, looked into each other's eyes, and were happy, sheltered within warm walls that shut out the grim, cutting winter. The whole city, where the city was rich, lolled in comfort indoors and sang songs to the coming Christmas.

But as the young Jew wrapped his long coat about him and strode out through the bitter Ghetto, he passed tenement after tenement where the starving poor shuddered in their chilly, bare rooms. There was no merriment there, only curses at the rich of the land. For in 1999 the rich were very rich and the poor were very poor; and the poor had no faith in anything, because they had been so often deceived. Long ago the rich had been rich because they had held the trust of the people; now they held only all the gold in the nation.

And the strange young Jew, as he passed along, nodded at the dismal tenements and said, over and over to himself: "That is why I am here; that is why I am here!"

At Sixth avenue he took an elevated train to One Hundred and Fifty-fifth street. There he got out and boarded a railroad train. It was the last one to leave New York City that night, and its destination was the Pocantico Hills country to the north.

Before it was two o'clock, Josephson found himself alone in a deserted railway station and among the hills. He knew no directions, but he had vaguely a sense of where he wanted to go. So he buttoned his long coat more tightly about him and struck out down a road through a wood. In the summer time the wood was made up of chestnut trees, but to-night they were gaunt gallows casting hail upon his shoulders. The fearful wind kept freezing him as he stumbled weakly along. The lonely horror of the winter night traveled at his heels, enveloped him, misled him over icy hills and hollows. Yet he kept on and on. He had no fear He did not feel the cold.

The sleet softened suddenly to a chill rain and soaked his greatcoat through. The frigid gale bit clear to his bones, and made his teeth shake; yet a strange fever came into his veins and kept him miraculously warm. He fell and crawled and groped and strode along, over the shivering grass, the dead bleak leaves, the frost-bound stones, always in the direction he sought, always toward the great house with its wide-flung pavilions, back among its pine trees on the crest of one of those tumbling hills.

On this miraculous night the immense house, all lighted up, shone like another miracle. Its turrets and cupolas were dark, but the glass conservatories, the broad verandas, the lofty-ceilinged vestibules and rooms scattered their yellow radiance through the midnight darkness like some fairy palace blazing with jewels and lanterns.

The young Jew silently and humbly crossed the wide stretches of lawn and stood before one of the French windows of the flower room. He turned the knob and walked into the empty glare of light. From room to deserted room he passed until at length he came to the library. Here he pushed another door open and stood motionless on the threshold.

In a high-backed leathern chair before a crackling log sat an old man alone, smoking a cigar. In all that house, save for the servants, the old man was alone. For twenty years, forty years, he had been alone; and on Christmas Eve he always sat thus, late into the night, smoking and thinking before his fire. A certain birthnight, too, and a certain wedding night he celebrated in this fashion. The rest of the time he worked and gathered up money. For he was the richest man in the United States, and the most powerful.

The young Jew fixed his great, sorrowful eyes upon the old man; but the old man, lost in thought, stared into the fire. He was a hale old man made of strong fiber, with great shoulders and sturdy chest, long arms, a big, magnificent head all covered with gray hair, and a gray beard. His eyes shone clear. His cheeks were ruddy. Life tingled in him as in a mountain brook. Yet when he thought deeply, as now, a softness spread over his face and his fiery eyes slumbered.

The young Jew looked at the old man's face strangely, and moved his lips as if talking to himself. Then, between the two men a sudden consciousness leaped, a silent thought in the brain of each, like an incommunicable song, so that, in a moment, the old man lifted his head and stared.

"I am here," said the young Jew.

"Look at that man," murmured the millionaire. But it did not seem odd that he should be there.

"I must speak to you," said the Jew.

And the old man passed his firm hand over his eyes as if in a dream, and answered:

"Come to the fire—you. Take off your coat, for you must be cold."

"Cold? What is cold? I am not cold," answered the other, in a poignant voice. Then he said: "I see you are thinking. That is good; for you must think still more."

There was that in the wanderer's face which made the millionaire curious. So he said:

"Who are you, young man?"

And the other replied: "I am the man who must make you think still more."

The old man looked at him more closely, intently. "You have come to ask charity on Christmas Eve," he declared. "Well, you shall have it."

"Yes," said the young man simply; "I shall have it," and he drew off his coat and stood upright, facing the millionaire. "Listen to me," he went on. "When trees and running streams and little seeds think, it is time for you also to think. But I will tell you, you must think as they do—charitably and generously toward all the people on earth. Behold, old man, you are the richest man in the land. You own running waters, transportations, harvests, the materials with which men build even their houses. You own everything inside and outside the law—everything which one man can own. When people no longer trusted your pieces of paper, the gilded front of your wealth, you took up the gold of the country. Do you know that men and women and little children are starving to death because of these things? Because of you? You enjoy your bread and meat with relish. Do you know that men are starving?"

The old man smiled. "A Socialist," he murmured.

And the young Jew smiled, but his smile was somehow different. "This is why I am here to-night. You are an old man now and are soon to die." The old man shrugged his shoulders as if that did not matter. "But it is not yet too late for you to begin. There is a chance to save you yet, and make you what you ought to be in this world."

And the other asked: "Are you a madman?"

"No. You are the madman of us two. You have a chance to become sane again. But it must come from you. All from you, from the heart out. There is a spirit inside you which for forty years has been hard and cruel and bitter. Now it is Christmas time, and that spirit must be softened and made sweet. There is no other way to gain what I want. For though I could look into your eyes a long time and you would do what I tell you to, that is not enough. That would not be *you* who was doing it, but something outside of you. From a bubbling heart of pure good will, from the inside, must your charity come."

As he spoke, the young Jew came over and laid his hand on the other's shoulder, looking with wide eyes straight into the other's eyes, whereat a fascination and a fervor came from the Jew. A queer, dazing, insistent power poured along his steady gaze. The old millionaire met it sternly, but the young man's eyes thrilled him in his old heart.

"You are a hypnotist," cried out the millionaire.

"I am a hypnotist. I am other things, too. I fast, and can coax the white soul from your body. I can make trees walk and the hills vocal. I can bring back the blue spirits of the dead. But these things do not matter. I came here to-night to change your soul and make it sweet, so that your charity will be real charity. Why did I select you? Because you are potential—you are that one man who holds the most power in his hands. Through you I must work. Or, it is better to say, through you must your new self work. And it is not loose charity I ask of you, the deadly giving away of wealth for nothing. No. Your charity shall be practical."

Now the old man was amazed at the Jew's attitude and, though he felt himself struggling in a dream, he opened his lips and asked:

"Why should I say 'yes' to you?" And the other spoke to him softly, but his tone filled the whole room.

"Why should you not? What do you live for? Think well before you answer."

"I live to work; I work hard," the old man replied.

But the Jew said: "What does your work give you?"

And the other answered proudly: "My work gives me power."

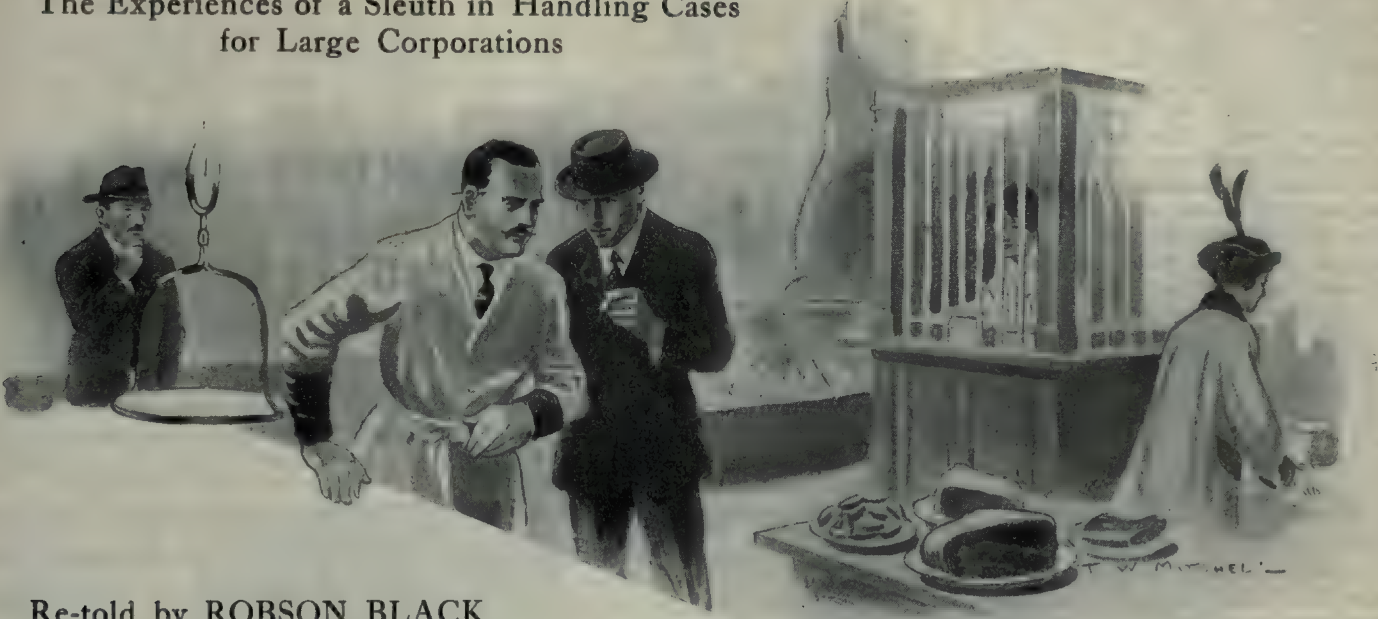
Then the young Jew raised his hand and pointed out the window. "You hear that gale out there, and you talk of power? Power? That wind could manifold itself and break your bones. You hear that rain? That rain could rise and drown you, and you could not flee. Do not talk to me of power, for the only power you have is as a man among men. There are other powers which make that power seem as a perfume and soft music. Now, tell me, why do you work?"

"Because the work compels me. Because I have nothing else to do. Many men and women are like me. I have nothing else to care for." And he told how he was all alone, for his wife and daughter had died, and he added: "Why do I

Continued on Page 74.

Big Business and the Private Detective

The Experiences of a Sleuth in Handling Cases for Large Corporations



Re-told by ROBSON BLACK

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

Direct to the head salesman he went, and for a few moments spoke in confidential tones. Afterwards he rejoined me, thrusting a wad of bills into his pocket.

EVERY large corporation has its special ailment. The bigger and more complicated the business machine, the greater the liability to mischievous symptoms. However elaborate the wall against disloyalty and deception, men and women will be found here and there cunning enough and wilful enough to circumvent it.

To secret roguery the one antidote is secret discovery. The employee clever enough to rob his boss for five years cannot be brought to time by raising a semaphore or sounding a gong. Suspicion sends no man to prison. *Proof does.* The success of the private detective, therefore, in breaking up conspiracies and destroying nests of graft is in patiently assembling and coordinating the wisps of *proof* upon which a judge and jury may base a finding.

Secret service is the protector of the honest employee. Because one thief continues unmarked in a factory of a hundred men, the stigma of thievery is the portion of all; when we place the shackles of Law upon a culprit, we *unlock them,* so to speak, on all his fellow workers.

In twenty years of a detective's life in Canada, I have investigated hundreds of 'mysteries' and conspiracies for individuals and corporations, but chiefly the latter. We are given to the belief that our daily newspapers mirror about all the sinister happenings that a healthy community can withstand. When I say that the daily newspapers never come within earshot of a twentieth of the 'great stories' developing in and about our busiest streets, our offices, and factories and farms every week of the year, I feel certain of the corroboration of my fellow detectives in the private and public services of the Dominion.

A short time ago a financial house of great influence in Paris, France, cabled me to 'shadow' a certain travelling representative, then staying at the King Edward Hotel, Toronto, whom they suspected of selling official secrets and of squandering the firm's money. For seventy-six days, about two and a half months, I had two 'shadow' men on the gentleman's trail so that from the moment he came down in the elevator to his breakfast until the hour when he lay upon his bed at night, his every movement was entered in a diary. Whatever store, office, restaurant, and street he entered during the day, and his exact routine after dark, covering a period of eighteen hundred hours, were supplied to the Paris firm by periodical letters. It so happened that new evidence secured at the Paris end proved the man innocent of the charges and our services were discontinued by payment of a generous fee. This case would be of too elementary a nature to mention here except to establish that in cities and towns from one side of the world to the other, unsuspected by the victims or the thousands who surround them, works the ceaseless interrogation of secret service.

My profession has not biased me into the belief that half the world is bad and the other half afraid to be. By nothing that I may say in this article would I insinuate that because I labor three hundred days a year in the overcoming of criminals that, therefore, hidden felonies are discoverable at all points of the compass. The truth is that a *relatively insignificant* number of persons are continuously engaged, year in and year out, in attempts at illicit profit. The variety of these attempts is in ratio to the variety of opportunities and the amazing ingenuity of the human brain. It is because of the adroitness of corporation plunderers that the public detective services must be supplemented by private agencies retaining skilled operatives, unknown in appearance to the world of 'crooks,' and therefore equipped for secret investigation.

MYSTERIOUS WHOLESALE THEFTS.

In the fall of 1913 there was placed in my hands a letter from a packing concern in the Ontario city of ——. Toward the close of a detailed description I encountered these lines:

"Our checking system is faultless. Our employees as a class are industrious; presumably the majority of them are honest. Yet thousands of dollars' worth of stock are slipping between our fingers every few months. I put the puzzle up to you."

Something about the letter riveted my interest. The company, I was well aware, possessed ample capital resources and would be the first to utilize the ordinary safeguards against incompetence and carelessness. Somewhere in the faultless machine, human ingenuity was taking an illicit toll. As a private detective, experienced in corporation probes, I set myself to work a cure.

Here was a case, in the majority class where patient plodding along the road of least resistance would fasten most quickly upon results. When I reached the city of —— and took my bearings about the packing plant it required just half an hour to purchase a set of down-and-out clothes, hat, cap, boots and denim overalls and ship my unpatched stuff back to Toronto. Wherewith I approached the abattoir, shuffled into the shipping room and, spying the head shipper, pleaded with him for a job. There was no job. I shuffled on to the next door. It happened to be the superintendent's office, a superintendent with a full-sized heart and a neighborly hand. The pathetic incidents of my story must have unnerved him for he directed me upstairs to the general manager. I reached as far as the outer office and repeated the message. No one took me seriously. From one clerk I was elbowed to another, referred to the "second door on the left" and "the first turning to the centre," but I took the bantering doggedly and ransacked the building until I forced them to produce the chief. Once in his presence I no longer withheld my identity and he formally engaged me at nine dollars a week and sent his clerk down to the shipping room to put me on the foreman's paysheet.

From the first, I determined to make myself an industrious and popular workman and apparently had some success for on the first evening the foreman escorted me to the stockyards hotel where many of the single men boarded. He guaranteed my first week's bill.

As on all such jobs I allowed a few days to pass without any particular activity as a detective. This gave me an opportunity to sift out the various types in my fellow workers and to learn something of their habits during off-duty hours. Without much strain to the imagination it quickly impressed me that the bane of the shipping room employees was *gambling*. Sundays, holidays, evenings, often late into the night the click of the dice could be heard in every direction. On Sundays they assembled in the cattle pens or far out on the railway tracks. Police interference availed but little and the gambling mania went from bad to worse, inveigling employees old or young.

I determined to trace the movements of some of the worst losers for my experiences told me that a loss in one direction is often the beginning of theft in another.

A private detective must never lose sight of the logical conduct of a man playing a dual role. I, fulfilling the part of a penniless helper, could only look on at the daily gambles and continually express my regret that pay-day was so far off. But pay-day arrived. My old-time luck stood by me and one win led to another until my profits with those of two mates, cleared out the entire crew. After that, I could "shoot the bones" without suspicion, and through the next ten days, although I had some losses, it gave me an excellent opportunity to study the employees closely.

AN UNUSUAL SOURCE OF REVENUE.

Evidences showed that the little community in which I worked and lived was split into cliques of two and threes, each bound together by strong friendships. On Saturday afternoon when work was finished our gang went off to the cattle pens to fritter away the week's salary, first placing a boy on top of the pens as a look-out for the police. The play was fast. I had fair luck. The shipper's assistant had poor luck, lost all his wages, borrowed a dollar from me, shot it, lost it, borrowed another dollar, lost once more. Chances were dead against him; day after day he had tried to overcome the ugly drift of the game only to take defeat after defeat. Still he waited— and waited—for luck to turn.

"Jim," said he at length, when all his money was gone; "don't count me out—not yet. I'm off for town. There's a friend I know." With that he glanced at me meaningly and I rose to leave with him. Fifteen minutes later we entered one of the companies' retail stores. Direct to the head salesman he went and for a few minutes spoke in confidential tones. Afterwards he rejoined me, thrusting into his pocket a wad of bills. We went back to the hotel and that evening were gambling again with a fury that seemed to border on dementia.

From his manoeuvres in the retail store, I satisfied myself that a conspiracy of a small body of employees, for purposes of robbery, would probably be my most fruitful theory, and upon that ground I set my trap.

During all of these days, I had been carefully observing shipments sent from the abattoir, and could discern nothing in the smallest degree suspicious. Yet my mates, I knew, were spending far more than their salaries and the head-salesman at the retail store was living like a rajah on fifteen dollars supposed weekly income. Whence came the money? What source back of the salesman to whom my destitute chum had gone for his supply? Solving that, I would strike the king pin of the whole situation.

I saw the wagons loaded, goods weighed, invoices made out, everything strictly correct. Yet I felt sure the stealing must be done by means of the daily delivery.

One morning, I jumped to the fact that previous to my arrival at the shipping room, a load was prepared by the gang and sent to the retail store down town. So I developed a habit of rising earlier and would stroll over to the abattoir before breakfast. There I watched the goods weighed and loaded and at once found that goods were being sent out without any entry on the invoice and other goods wrongly invoiced as to weight. And all, too, with the knowledge of the driver. This gave me my combination: the two men in the shipping room, the driver, the head salesman at the retail store.

THE ROUND-UP OF THE GANG.

So certain was I that the game was now fully exposed that I ordered an assistant from my head office. He was a very adroit "shadow man" and could follow anything or anybody without arousing suspicion. His daily assignment at my hands was to "shadow" the early morning wagon and keep track of deliveries. On the second morning he saw 250 pounds of lard loaded and delivered to the retail store without invoice, or indeed without being entered at either end. Great care had to be observed in getting track of shipments, but, finally, after a few days careful duty we established evidence that enormous quantities were being taken from the packing plant and presented gratis to the head salesman who sold them over his counters and pocketed the proceeds. It was a strong combination, carried out with extreme caution. Once such a point is reached in an inquiry, the private detective loses no time in playing his trump.

"Jimmy," said the shipper's assistant to me that evening as we concluded our meal and strolled into the corridor of the hotel, "I'm no weather forecaster but I have a notion there's a ——"

The latch on the front door rattled and a paleness crept into the assistant's cheeks; it was simple premonition.

"—— a squall coming," he continued, bracing himself with a noisy laugh.

The latch rattled again, and this time the door opened. In a moment the hall seemed alive with plainclothesmen; I retired to a corner by the staircase and looked on. The din was fearful. Men gathered from all directions to add their protest against the arrest of my shipping room thieves.

"We'll all go down and swear them out," yelled a garrulous neighbor in my ear.

"Right," said I, with some foreknowledge of the heavy sentences awaiting them, "I'll meet you on the witness stand to-morrow."

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

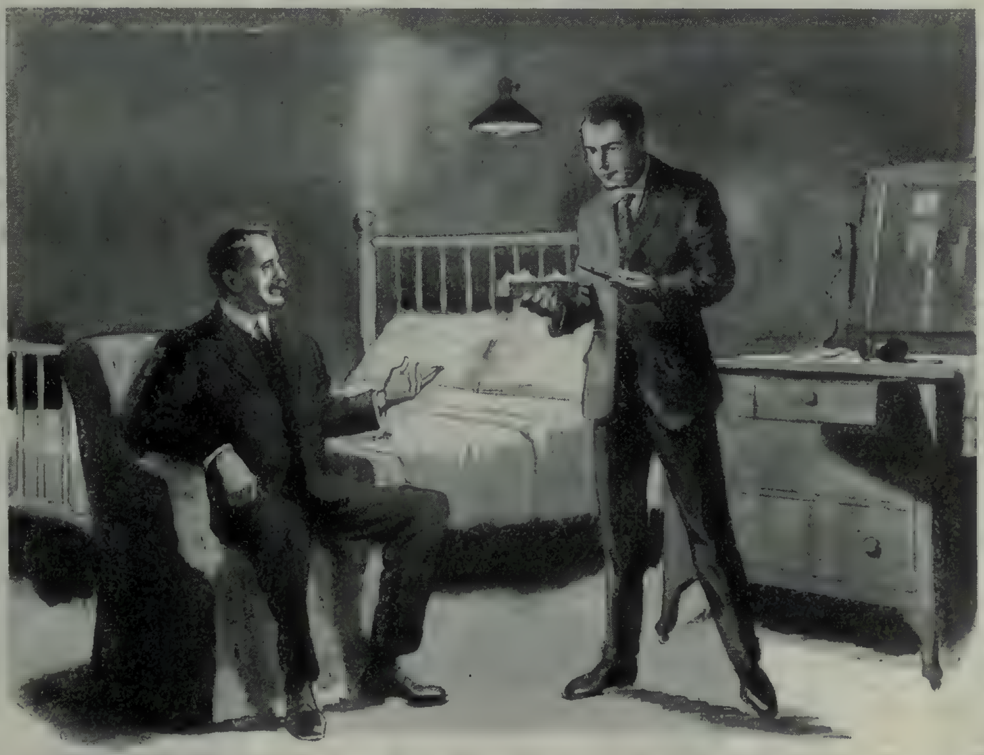
In the conduct of Big Business in this country and the United States one can never lose sight of the persistent conflict between the employer and the employee where either enjoys a real or imagined advantage. On whichever side the aggression may lie, secrecy becomes the *sine qua non*. The unionized campaign for shorter hours and better wages cannot work altogether in the open any more than the internal policy of the employers can succeed if subject to the scrutiny of every itinerant workman.

From my experience in hundreds of investigations—one of which consumed more than twelve months of time and compelled me to walk across the continent—I am convinced that agitations amongst workmen of a shop or factory sometimes take root in an initial grievance, easily adjustable at the beginning but potentially dangerous for the employer. Since the latter, however, is dependent upon the media of superintendents and foremen for pleasant relations with employees, unrest often reaches grave proportions before 'headquarters' wakens to the peril.

In some circumstances the employer retains the services of a secret agency and arranges for a detective to enter the shop. The agency places a mechanic-detective on the job and he assumes employment as an ordinary workman. This man is usually a high-class artisan, one who can hold his position by merit, and therefore unlikely to attract attention. His presence is known only to the agency and the general manager; the superintendent or foreman is as much in the dark as the newest apprentice. Obviously it requires a rare individual to play a dual role for days and weeks, sometimes for years. These mechanical secret-service men are a distinct and fairly numerous body in America, carrying on their dangerous task with the same fascination as attaches to the role of the military spy.

BELGIANS WERE BURNED OUT.

In a certain section of Canada, an enterprising manufacturer started a sugar beet industry. It was new to the country and trained labor was, of course, impossible to secure at home. Accordingly he engaged some scores of Belgians who had been brought to Canada expressly for sugar beet cultivation. The arrival of these "foreigners" in the district was made the pretext for ugly threats against the management of the factory. One night the agitation overleaped itself and by morning two of the beet sugar cottages were in flames and the Belgians driven across the fields. This was a straight challenge to the directors of the company and they determined to meet it firmly.



He brought out a wedge-shaped instrument—the model of the needle.

When their message reached me in Toronto I hurried off on an early morning train and reached a town about thirty miles from my actual destination. There I changed my clothing and donned a ragged suit in keeping with my role as a down-and-out workman. No sooner was I thus accoutred than I espied a corporal's guard of "dead broke" characters shuffling past the corner. This was luck, thought I, for these fellows are probably bound for the sugar fields on the rumor of employment. Moreover, suspicion is more easily shifted from a gang than from a newly-arrived individual. My surmise proved right. In another hour I was curled up on the bumpers of an out-going freight, a dozen of my tattered comrades distributed up and down the train. And so, by this method, we jogged along to the beet sugar town.

My ingenious entry was accepted by the local workmen at face value. The factory manager, hard-pressed for workers, engaged us all—quite unaware of my identity. Then commenced my days and weeks—it required eight months in all—of investigation to corral the culprits responsible for the burning of the Belgians' homes.

One night when the usual jovial sentiment of the pay cheque had coaxed me into the bar with a group of comrades, up stepped one of the company directors, a popular local 'mixer.'

"Boys!" said he, when his purse had paid for an all-round drink, "we are going to sift to the bottom of that raiding business. Just last week the company asked the Government to send up a detective."

The sound of that word struck the dazed spirits of the crowd like a deluge of ice-water. The laughter checked itself instantly, and every eye, unconsciously, searched out the faces of the last arrivals.

"Detective, eh?" I could see them nodding to one another knowingly; and of course I did the same.

Suddenly one of the veterans of the town turned upon my chums of the bumper trip, but they met his interrogation squarely. They were from Bay City, Michigan, and were able to prove it. And then, direct and sharp:

"What about *you?*"

I knew what they meant. Every gaze in the bar was focused on me, but I replied coolly enough:

"I'm from London, Ontario."

A big bearded man, evidently certain of cornering me on my answer, thrust out a bony forefinger:

"What're the main streets in London, huh?"

"Dundas street and Richmond street." I felt like a boy in a spelling match—but I knew I had won. Some of the fellows looked quizzingly at the bearded man, and he only grunted:

"Yes, they're the right ones," and suspended his elbow once more upon the railing.

A few days later I was placed as a helper on a steel construction job. My idea, of course, in switching from one section of the beet plant to the other was to broaden my acquaintance and ferret out the entire society of agitators. Each move necessarily assumed a new risk, for by this time the rumor of the "Government detective" was a topic of almost hourly discussion.

We were seated on a heap of scantling munching the sandwiches from our dinner pails. An iron-chested journeyman sat facing me while we gossiped over the last wisdom of the sporting pages. Reaching down to my pail for a cup, I happened to turn the palm of my hand upward. Blisters—*amateur's* blisters—stood out like crimson headlights, and the iron-chested giant snapped defiance.

He flicked up my fingers between his own and turned the palm to the light. It was certainly not an iron-worker's hand.

"Boys!" he shouted — and they crowded about at the alarm—*"Here's the spotter!"*

It was then or never. My life depended on the act of a second. So I *laughed.* I knew it was the one and only antidote. I laughed until I made the giant laugh. Would they write to the union secretary at Denver and ask him about me? Would they call up London, Ontario, and question the Trades and Labor Council? I put these questions to them with all the insolence I could muster. The tide of indignation was backing out. I could see the faces grow friendlier and the ringleaders spoke with less malicious emphasis.

"You're either *one* or you're the *other,*" he growled with an owlish nod of his massive head, and I could hear him mutter as he turned away: "We'll not lose sight of him, anyway."

Very truly, he did not lose sight of me, nor I of him. I took part in some of the meetings, and learned the very things for which I had waited so patiently.

The final blow came with a suddenness typical of secret service. One night, hurrying from a secret meeting I was able to inform the employer that the agitators were prepared to hold him up for new demands at eight o'clock the following morning. As a man of instant decision, he did not wait for that eight o'clock to strike. At seven a.m. he posted a sign on

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The Tortoise:

By WILLIAM BYRON

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

Part IV

IF opportunity, as per the old proverb, knocks but once at a man's door, I have been much more fortunate than most men; for on several occasions, opportunities have pounded patiently and incessantly on my door until I deigned to take notice of them. Some have been forced to hang around the threshold so long that any self-respecting opportunity would have gone off to seek a more cordial reception elsewhere. As a matter of fact, I think there are several fair specimens outside every man's door any time if he only had his eyes focused right to see them. What the average man wants is not more opportunities but a proper focus.

One excellent business chance had been within my reach since the time I had started in business; and I actually did not see it until one day about three months after the successful culmination of our Union Electric coup. Some years before a plodding, earnest man of German extraction named Schwartz had started to turn out a line of knit goods, mostly sweater coats. He occupied a flat over two small stores on one of the side business streets in town and employed only a couple of skilled workmen to help him in the manufacturing end. For several months he would stick to the shop, running a machine himself and personally superintending the work of production. When a sufficient stock had been accumulated, he would start out and canvass the merchants in town and at neighboring points. He did not sell five dollars' worth of goods outside a radius of twenty-five miles. Personally I had always placed a good order with Schwartz as he made about the best sweater coat on the market.

On this particular day, Schwartz had walked in with a satchel full of samples just five minutes after the representative of a large knit goods firm had left the store. The disparity in values offered was so great that the opportunity which had been hanging around for so long, presented itself in an unmistakable light.

"Schwartz," I said, "if you aren't selling sweater coats, in every town in Canada inside of five year's, its because you don't know a big chance when it presents itself."

"Your goods," I went on, "are up to anything that I handle in the store and you offer good values. In the name of common sense, man, why don't you branch out, increase your output and put some travelers on the road?"

Schwartz smiled.

"Do you suppose I haven't thought of that hundreds of times," he said. "I've planned it all out—often. But the difficulty, Mr. Haven, is that I'm not a financier. If I attempted to start a company, I'd get all cornered up in no time and other parties would get control away from me. As it is, I have a nice business, I make a comfortable living out of it and I'm happy. Why make any change when it might be for the worse?"

"Your philosophy of life is all wrong," I said. "If the human race had been guided by such ideas, we would still be living in caves and using blue paint for clothing. Progress is the pass word nowadays. You must get on the band wagon."

"It's good of you to suggest it," replied Swartz. "I know I can equal anything in my line in this country or any other country. But I know my limitations. I can't finance. It keeps me busy to run things straight as it is. If I find it hard to run a three-man plant, it would be insanity to get in more capital and branch out on broader lines."

"I could get you a partner and more capital," I said. "What you need is a dependable partner who could handle the business end while you ran the plant."

"If the partner you propose is H. Haven, I'm agreeable to talking business," said Schwartz. "I would be willing to trust you, Mr. Haven."

"The partner I had in mind was H. Haven," I said.

In that way, the Dominion Knitting Co. was launched. I raised enough money to purchase the necessary machinery; and Schwartz and I started in on equal shares. We moved to an old factory building that had been empty for several years. I drafted a bright young clerk from the store, gave him a supply of samples and started him out on the road.

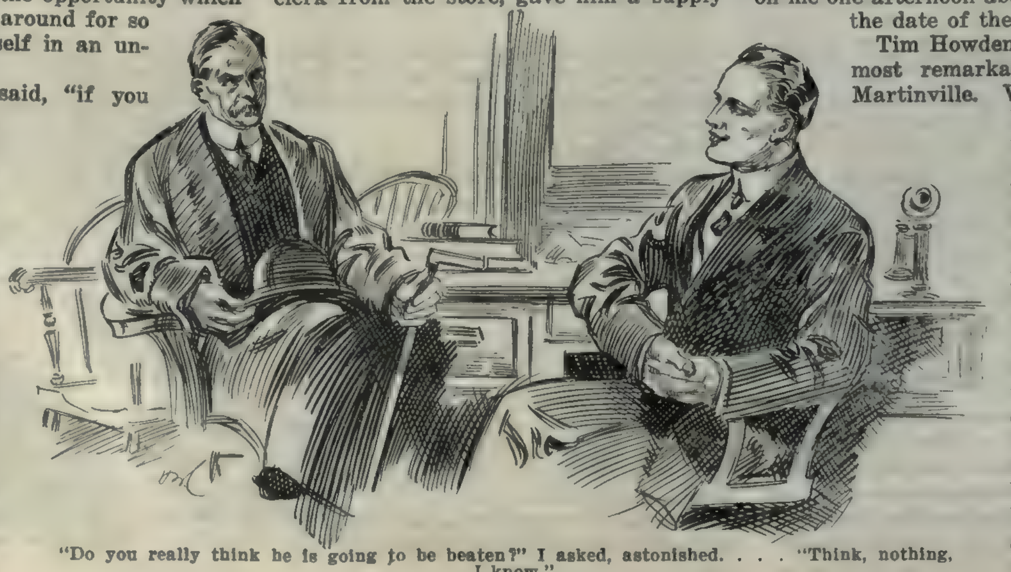
Schwartz was a master mechanic. He turned out a line of goods that could not be excelled and he did it economically. Our factory costs were never heavy. For a time our sales expenses mounted up to a formidable figure but as time went on, our goods became known and the cost of getting to the trade was lessened.

For the first few months after starting into partnership with Schwartz, I was the busiest man in town. When you are running a large store and dabbling in half a dozen other enterprises, as well as courting the finest and most sought-after girl in town, you are likely to find your time pretty well taken up. It was so busy that up to within a couple of months of the impending Dominion election, I had scarcely given a thought to politics.

And the political situation had been developing in a most interesting way. Charlie Cutshaw, or rather C. Forrest Cutshaw, M.P., had returned to town after the close of the session at Ottawa, and had resumed his law practice. I had not meet him but had seen frequent references to him in the local papers. He opened a church bazaar or two, spoke at banquets and handled a few cases in court with his customary success. He called once on Alice Holworth but never went back on learning how matters stood.

Elections were never in doubt in our riding. One party had been absolutely dominant since confederation and, although the other side put their man up regularly, they merely did it as a matter of duty. The real fight took place in convention; and there had generally been some excitement before the nominee of the dominant party was selected. Charley had stepped into the late member's shoes with little opposition, however, and it had never occurred to me that he would have any difficulty in securing renomination. Not, at least, until Tim Howden called on me one afternoon about a week before the date of the nomination.

Tim Howden was perhaps the most remarkable character in Martinville. What his start in life had been I never knew, my recollections of him starting with the time when he ran a cigar store and pool room. He had been a clever athlete in his day and had won the amateur middleweight boxing championship at Toronto one year. From the billiard business, Tim branched into stock-broking, insurance and real



"Do you really think he is going to be beaten?" I asked, astonished. . . . "Think, nothing, I know."

estate in turn. He promoted a mining company or two and on several occasions had been within an ace of making a fortune. It had always eluded him, however; and he had settled down to a rather precarious existence eked out by dabbling to a certain extent in everything that he had attempted previously. Tim was an unusually versatile fellow, a born salesman, a keen organizer and somewhat of a musician as well. He had the tongue of a Senator in his head and was right in his element in the various debating clubs about town where he proved a stormy petrel. When Tim mounted the platform, threw out his broad chest and started to speak in a stentorian near-brogue there was only one outcome possible. He was never beaten. He could argue that black was white; in fact, I heard him do it once, on a bet.

In appearance he was a stoop-shouldered fellow with a hard, rather grizzled face. At first glance, one decided that he must be an unpleasant sort of character; but this estimate was always revised on closer acquaintance. For Tim had a way with him; a way which was making him quite a force in the party.

"You know, of course, that you're a delegate to the convention next week," he said.

I had received notification of the fact; and intimated my intention of being on hand.

Tim leaned over and tapped me impressively on the knee.

"There's going to be a change in candidates," he said. "You knew that, of course?"

"I did not," I said, surprised beyond all measure." Why, what's wrong with Cutshaw?"

"Outside of the fact that he's got the worst case of swelled head that ever developed, there's nothing wrong with Cutshaw," said Tim. "Since he came back from Ottawa this last time, his eyesight has gone bad. He doesn't see anyone on the streets now. He dresses for dinner every night—get that? *Dresses for dinner!* He's affecting a soft accent. I don't object to the fact that he calls me 'Howden' now but I do object to the way he says it. I feel I'm expected to say 'Thankee, zur' and bow like a country yokel to his squire. He wouldn't be elected to the job of janitor of the dog pound on my vote. And there aren't more than ninety-nine per cent. of the men in the party who feel the same way about C. Forrest Cutshaw. Outside of that he has a good chance of getting the nomination again."

"Do you really think he is going to be beaten?" I asked, astonished.

"Think, nothing. I know. I've talked to every delegate to the convention and there aren't more than a dozen that remember ever hearing of such a person as C. Forrest Cutshaw."

"Does he know it?"

"The only reason he doesn't know it is because it has never occurred to him as possible that the party could get a man that suited it better."

"Then who will get it?"

"That's the point. Some of the old heads in the party have suggested John Dalton but we wouldn't gain anything by that exchange. Supposing that Timothy Howden or some other ordinary member of the rank and file of the party wanted to see the member and that member happened to be John Dalton, He'd have to send in his card and the august member would look it over and say: 'Howden? Who is this Howden? Well, show him in. One has to meet such low persons in politics!' No, John Dalton won't do."

"Then," I suggested, "how about Dan Carden? He's honest and capable and he's worked for the party for years."

"Dan Carden, that old weeping Jeremiah?" cried Tim. "Whatever we do, we want to send a man to Ottawa not a hollow incarnation of blue ruin."

"Then it will be one of the younger men in the party," I said.

"It will be one of the younger men," he affirmed.

"And," I added, "if I had the choosing I would select Timothy Howden for the job."

Tim looked me straight in the eyes for a moment.

"No, not this time," he said. "I'd have less chance than Cutshaw. You're the first person who has even suggested me for the job; and yet I don't suppose there's a man in town that wouldn't acknowledge if he only took the time to think that I'm capable of holding it. You see the odor of the old down-at-heel days still clings to me. But just between the two of us, I'm going to get there some day. They can't keep me down, Harry."

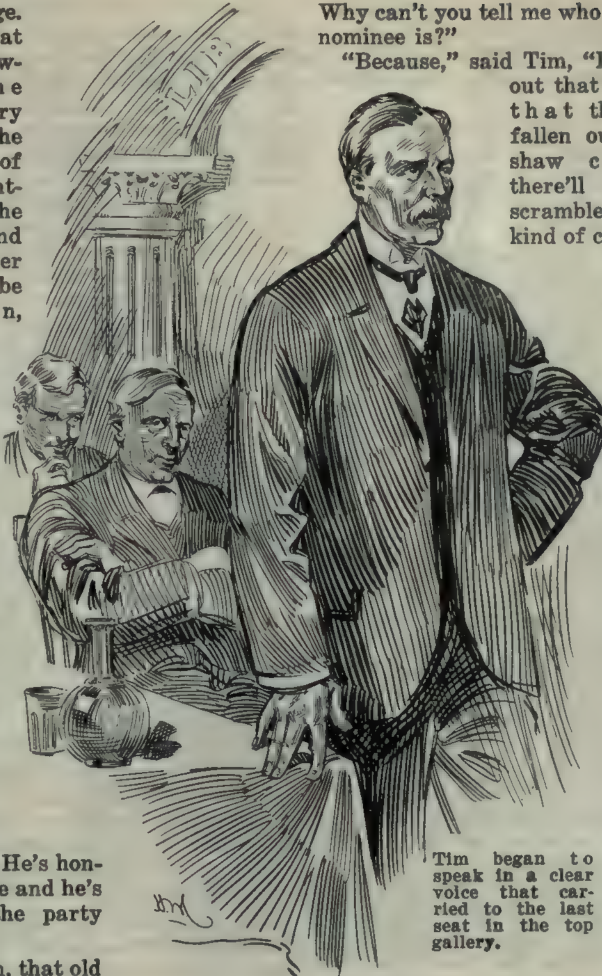
"I'll nominate you," I said.

"No you won't. Most political booms are killed because they're sprung too soon. Mine isn't going to be. What I want is your support for the candidate I intend to place in nomination. I can't tell you who he is but he'll be one of the young men. He's full of ginger, has plenty of ability and he's straight."

"I can't go back on Charlie," I said.

"After the first ballot, you'll find that Cutshaw isn't even in the ring," said Tim, positively.

"In that case, of course, you could count on me," I said. "But why all this secrecy? Why can't you tell me who the mysterious nominee is?"



Tim began to speak in a clear voice that carried to the last seat in the top gallery.

"Because," said Tim, "I have it doped out that after it's seen that the bottom has fallen out of the Cutshaw candidature, there'll be a regular scramble. And in that kind of contest the dark horse wins every time. I'm going to keep my horse under cover until the proper time comes to swing him into the calcium."

Howden's visit roused my interest in politics to the fullest pitch and I began to watch developments closely. It soon became apparent that Tim had given me a correct explanation of the way things had been shaping. Charlie Cutshaw's popularity had sadly waned. On every hand I heard him ridiculed and criticized with the rancor that is used only on political candidates. The members of our own party were most bitter though the other side, seeing in him a prospective candidate, were sharpening up their hatchets for use when the proper time came.

The fact that he had lost ground seemed to have finally worked under the thick skin of his superb egotism; and about this time he started in to redeem himself. He dropped his personal affectations at once and adopted again the bluff, hail-fellow-well-met manner of his previous campaign. The change in front further embittered a large element in the party headed by Tim Howden, but it had its effect on others. I could see that he was breaking to some extent the force of the prejudice against him and re-establishing himself on his flanks which the opposing element had so nearly turned. It became certain that there would be a rousing fight after all.

Charlie was a hard and resourceful fighter when he once started. Not only did he canvass practically every delegate but he went to the sister riding and got the member there, who was by way of being in the cabinet and a big man in the party, to come over and help him. Burnett-Smith, M.P., invaded the town and spread around information as to the valuable work that his esteemed fellow-member, C. Forrest Cutshaw, M.P., had done in Ottawa. By the time Burnett-Smith had vigorously pumped the hands of some hundred or so of the faithful, it was clear that Charlie would be in the ring after all.

'Things look a little different now, don't they?" I asked Tim Howden, meeting him on the streets one day.

"Things are going just as I thought they would," replied Tim. It was characteristic of him that he always claimed partnership with, or at least advance knowledge of, the workings of fate. "Cutshaw and Dalton will run about even and the convention will vote itself into a deadlock. Then," and he winked, "I'll trot out my dark horse and win in a canter."

Tim was the only man in town who saw a chance for anyone but Cutshaw or Dalton; except, of course, old Dan Carden who was pulling hard for himself. The solid men of the party were lined up for Dalton who was a lawyer of long standing and undoubted probity. Cutshaw had won back a fair proportion of his support. Nearly everyone believed that either one of the two men would win out; but Tim Howden was nearer the truth, as subsequent events showed. Tim was himself representative of the real sentiment of the rank and file of the party. He shared in and understood the political feelings and tendencies of *hoi polloi*. I have found him since to be an accurate and unfailing political barometer.

Convention day found the town filled with the influx from the surounding districts. The average farmer takes an even keener interest in politics than the ciy man and would not think of missing the periodic conventions whether a delegate or not. I judged from what I heard that the country vote was likely to go to Dalton.

Convention opened at 1.30 in the town opera house. I had been fortunate in getting a seat on the platform where ordinarily only the old stalwarts of the party sat—the faithful voters who had stuck to their colors through thick and thin and never asked for office or favors. Tim Howden had secured this seat of honor for me. He himself was wedged into a front row on the floor below.

Everything proceeded at first with precision and a continuous clamor. The delegates were too anxious for the real business of the meeting to start to prolong the preliminaries. Speeches of the usual bombastic, there's-victory-in-the-air type were delivered by Charlie Cutshaw and the provincial member, the meeting responding with the usual hand-clapping and applause. The call for nominations was then given and, after the customary round of fulsome addresses by movers and the withdrawal of such of the nominees as did not care to stand, it simmered down to a three-cornered fight—Cutshaw, Dalton and Carden.

When Charlie rose to speak someone in the back of the hall shouted out: "You can speak to us now but will you speak to any of us on the streets to-morrow, Mister Cutshaw?" There was a prolonged laugh and a few hisses at this. Charlie was a trifle thrown off his balance but recovered finely and made a brisk, fighting speech. He was followed by John Dalton, whose ponderous style of oratory did not win as quick a response from the crowd as Charlie's rapid-fire rhetoric. Dan Carden came last, his hair towsled and his trousers creased up over his boottops. "Fine looking member he'd make!" came a voice from the crowd. "Hurry up Dan. Give us your usual dose of gloom," called another. Carden responded with a ten-minute dyspeptic diatribe, in which he showed that the country was going to the dogs even faster than it had ever gone in the past; the only remedy was to send safe, sound men to handle things at Ottawa. The conclusion to be drawn was that Carden, being both safe and sound, should be sent.

There was a great shuffling of feet as the ballot papers were passed around and collected and a most sudden silence as the chairman stood up to announce the vote. The first ballot gave Dalton a lead of eight votes over Cutshaw with Carden nowhere. On the second vote Carden dropped off the map and Cutshaw closed up to within three votes of Dalton. On the third ballot he dropped back again and the fourth vote showed no change at all in the standing.

"Mr. Chairman!" came a stentorian call from the front benches, sounding clearly over the hub-bub. I looked down and saw Tim Howden standing, with arm extended to draw the attention of the presiding officer. Tim was ready to "spring" his dark horse.

'Mr. Chairman, we are clearly deadlocked here. We might go on balloting all night. What's more, most of us are busy men and we can't give the whole day to this. Will you permit me to put another name before this meeting?"

Pandemonium broke loose. Loud cries of "No! Nominations are closed!" vied with equally loud shouts of assent.

"Nominations were declared closed, but if it's the feeling of this convention that the matter be reopened, I am willing that Mr. Howden be heard," declared the chairman, rapping vigorously for order.

It was put to a vote and the ayes won. Tim accordingly fought his way to the front and clambered up on the platform. It was just the moment for the purpose he had in mind; trust Tim to time it to the very second. After glancing around the hall with an air of dignity that sat on him like a cloak, Tim began to speak in a clear voice that carried to the last seat in the top gallery.

"Mr. President and electors of Martin county: I am going to begin by stating a well-known fact which perhaps we have not considered enough as yet. The member for Martin county is not elected at the polls but right here in the convention of the grand old party to which we all belong (Hear! Hear!). When we have selected our candidate, the man thus honored can attach the letters M.P. to his name without any fear of what our worthy but impotent—I almost said contemptible—opposition may do. (Outburst of applause). The voice of this convention is the voice of the sovereign people of Martin county—a voice which drowns out the puny note of dissent that goes up from the opposition camp.

"Gentlemen, have we fully realized our responsibility in this matter? It devolves upon us, as the instrument of the people, to select the best possible man to legislate for them at the seat of Government. Should we not consider carefully all who are available for the position before we set the seal of our approval on any individual? If we choose either John Dalton or C. Forrest Cutshaw, will it be possible for us to say that we have selected the best man available for this immeasurably important post?" He paused for a moment and then brought his fist down on the table with a resonant: "No!"

"I have nothing to say against Mr. John Dalton. This, Mr. Chairman, is an advanced age, an age of dynamic efficiency, an era of epochal progress. It won't be long before business will be transacted over wireless 'phones, excursions will be run to the moon by aeroplane, children will be taught easiest methods of teething by correspondence course, and couples will be married by sending their photographs and health certificates to the recording clerk. In an age that is advancing so rapidly, we need men to legislate for us who are keeping up with the times. As to whether John Dalton, whose habitual gait is a jog-trot can keep up with the march of events in this ninety-miles-an-hour age is a matter which I do not intend to discuss.

The meeting, which had been laughing and cheering at the end of each sentence, broke into a sustained burst of merriment at this juncture. John Dalton gasped and sat up very straight in his chair, glaring at the speaker after the manner of a majestic lion annoyed by some animal of less kingly nature.

"Nor have I anything to say against C. Forrest Cutshaw," went on Tim. "If we were to nominate him again, I feel sure that he would reward us by a reasonably prompt recognition and a not more than half distant nod whenever he met any of us, even the most 'umble of us, on the streets after this. He is a good speaker; you know he is, he knows he is, we all know it. He is a man who can look the part and *dress* the part to perfection. It is true that he only spoke once in the house last session and that he attended all of five of the forty-three committee meetings that he was down for; but we must remember that he was a new member and that as he gets better initiated into social circles, he will be able to improve on this admirable record, which the official report of house proceedings has acquainted us with. As I said before I have nothing against C. Forrest Cutshaw as a man or a candidate.

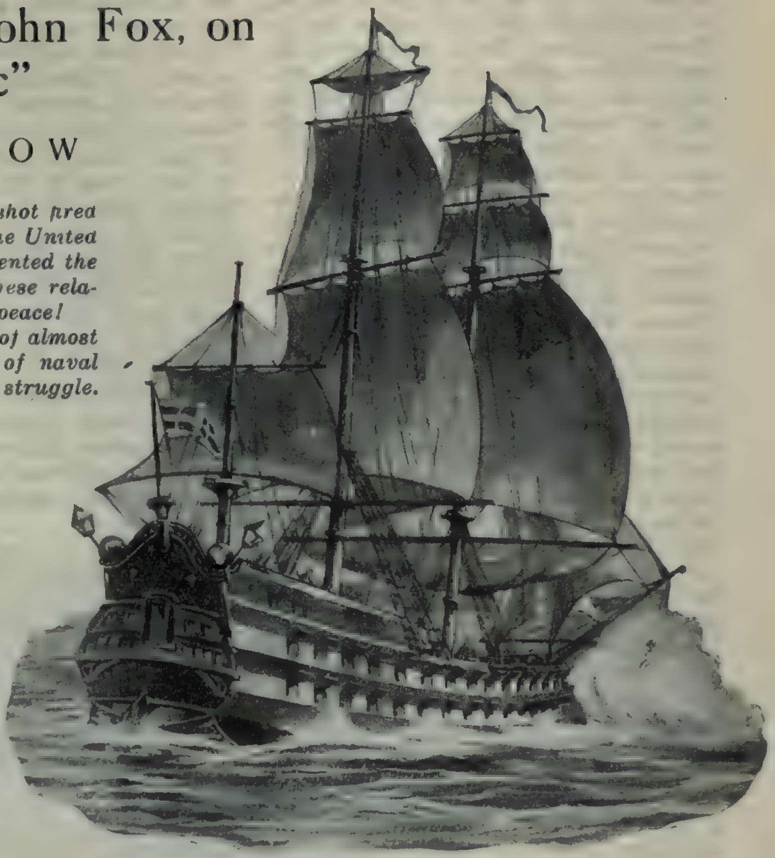
"Coming to Daniel Carden, again do I desire to express my complete abhorrence of anything that would apear in the nature of a knock. It is said that a drag is needed on the wheel of progress to be applied when the speed threatens to become too precipitous. Dan Carden would make a great drag. No doubt about it. But whether the county could stand having a clamp applied to the aforementioned wheel, an every-day-in-the-week-including-Sunday's clamp that would mire the wheel of progress in the deep rut of think-

Continued on Page 84.

Fighting on the High Seas in 1812-4

Based on the Letters of Dr. John Fox, on Board the "Majestic"

By MRS. M. E. HARLOW



EDITOR'S NOTE.—A century has passed since the last shot fired in anger echoed across the border line between Canada and the United States. One hundred years of uninterrupted peace have cemented the bonds of amity that bind the two countries together. May these relations of complete fraternity merge into a pact of perpetual peace!

The War of 1812-14 was staged across two thousand miles of almost unbroken forest and with the broad Atlantic as the seat of naval operations. Neither contestant was prepared for a prolonged struggle. An untrained and scanty stock company performing in an immense arena; and so the War of 1812 does not add brilliant records to the annals of scientific warfare, but it contributes tales of collective and individual heroism that will never die—on either side of the line. The smouldering animosity that follows the laying down of arms has long since died away. Distance has now lent an unbiased perspective and Canadians can give due credit for the work of Commodore Perry while our American cousins can join in lauding the glorious exploit of Chateaugay. The time has passed when references to the events of those tragic three years can stir up bitterness or create controversies.

The accompanying article, based on letters written by Dr. John Fox on board H.M.S. Majestic, tells of stirring events on the high seas and gives intimate details of naval warfare in those days of wooden frigates. The vast difference in naval methods of that day and of the present lends a distinct interest to the letters of Dr. Fox.

MY father served from August 11, 1813, until the close of hostilities during that exciting period when the British ships of war, freed from service in Europe, swept the coast of America from Cap Cod to New Orleans. He secured his warrant as assistant surgeon on H.M.S. *Majestic* on the foregoing date, sailing immediately for the seat of naval conflict. I do not know from whom my father received his earliest medical training, but his credentials show that in 1810 and 1811 he was in attendance at the "Theatre of Anatomy," Peter street, Dublin, under Surgeon Kirby. From that time until he was appointed to the surgical staff of the *Majestic* by Rear-Admiral Griffith, he was a pupil of Sir Anthony Carlisle, Royal College of Surgeons, London, also attending lectures under Sir George Tuthill, one of the best teachers of his day.

A picture of Dr. John Fox, taken during the latter years of his life.

After peace was declared, my father entered Middlesex Hospital, London, for a year's course. Returning then to Nova Scotia, he practised in Barrington and Shelbourne first, where he had as fellow practitioner, Dr. Alexander Jamieson, also of the navy, a noble-hearted Scotchman, several of whose granddaughters are living now in Halifax.

Some years after, when my father was living at New Glasgow, he married Agnes Barry, of Pictou, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Carles Elliot, rector of St. James, Pictou. I was the second of two daughters born to them. My sister died in 1900.

I think it was in 1851 that we moved to Halifax, where we lived first opposite what is now the Halifax Hotel, but which was then the officers' quarters, for the regiments stationed in Halifax. I remember quite distinctly that every morning starting at six o'clock when the officers dined, a piper would march up and down playing. I have very vivid recollections also of going to the dockyard to see the troops off for the Crimea.

My father died in 1866 at the age of seventy-three. He was a fine specimen of manhood to the end of his days, standing six-foot-one, portly of figure, fresh of complexion and with abundance of iron grey hair. The upright bearing and soldierly mien, that he gained during his term of naval service never left him.

He was a good correspondent and during the time that he served on board the *Majestic*, kept his parents at home fully informed of the events than transpired by means of regular and lengthy letters. Unfortunately only a few of these have been preserved. The letters still in my possession throw a strong light on the naval life and customs of that day and give details of certain historic episodes of that unfortunate war.

The first letter deals with the capture of a French frigate, and gives interesting particulars of war as it was waged on the high seas one hundred years ago.

On board H.M.S. *Majestic*,
Bermuda, 9th March, 1814.

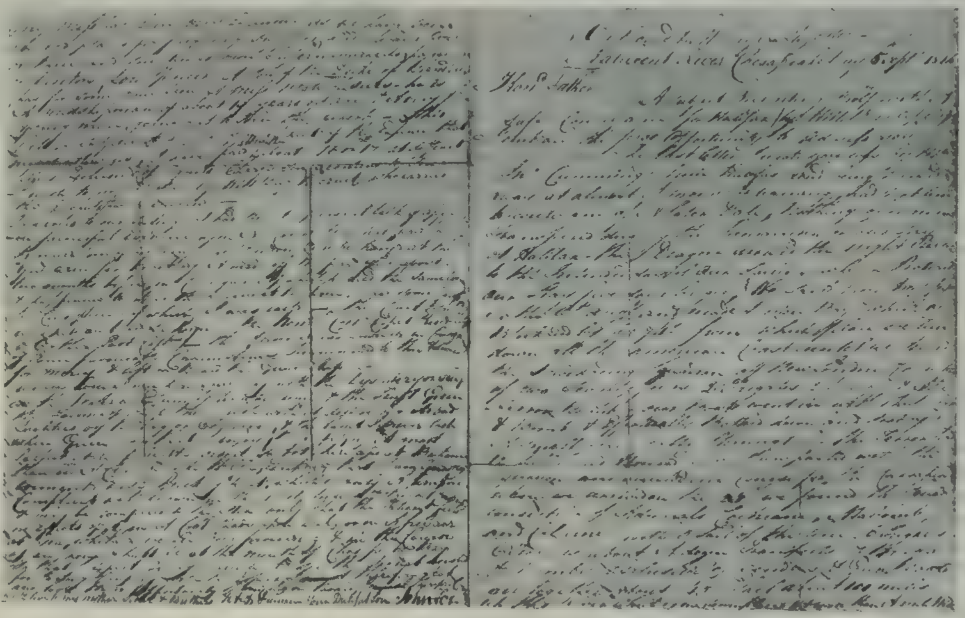
Ever dear and honored father:

You will no doubt be a little surprised at my dating from this place without giving you notice of expecting to come hither, but I assure you that when I last wrote you at anchor in Cape Cod I was as ignorant as you of our sudden and unexpected flight.

On the 8th of January, hearing that the U.S. frigate *Constitution* had put to sea during our anchorage in Cap Cod (which we were suspicious of as a result of a previous embargo which had been laid on all vessels in Boston not allowing them to proceed to sea and by that means depriving us of all intelligence) we sent

H.M. brig *Wasp* (then cruising under our orders) to reconnoitre the Bay of Boston; and being fully satisfied she (the *Constitution*) had made her escape, we despatched the *Wasp* to Sir John Warren at Bermuda and bent our course for the Western Islands. Thus, trusting to the wind and weather with six weeks provisions only, we crossed the Atlantic on half allowance. The first land we made was Fayal about two thousand miles distant from Boston, and what is almost incredible, in a pasasge of ten days! During this time we boarded only two Spanish letters of marque, but received no satisfactory information. . . . . Finally, we touched at Terceria, the largest of the Western Islands, having received previous intelligence of a Bordeaux runner bound for America, lying there at anchor but as all those islands, including the Madeiras, are in the hands of the Portuguese, who are neutral between us and the Americans, we could not make a prize of her. According to the law of nations and hoisting American colors, we attempted a decoy at the mouth of the harbor, with a signal for all vessels waiting for American convoy to put to sea. But we found "Brother Johnathan" awake. Our stratagem proved abortive.

The British Consul (each of these islands has one) gave us the intelligence of some French frigates cruising off the islands and, after providing fresh beef, oranges, wine, etc., for the ship's company, we made sail for Madeira about 600 miles from Fayal.



Facsimile of a letter written by Dr. Fox on board the "Majestic."

But, as we are ever fond of anticipating good luck, we often relate it before its turn. What think you, my dear sir, of our capturing a fine French frigate just off the stocks with 44 guns and 350 men, with six months' provisions and everything complete?

On the second of February, in Lat. 36.31 and Long. 17° 22" 88', about 200 miles from Madeira at eight o'clock in the evening, we saw in the fine moonlight a large sail of suspicious appearance about five miles on our weather bow. We made all sail. The flying *Majestic* found herself nearly equalled in sailing with light, breezes, by an American corvette—the *Wasp*—for such she proved to be. We then discovered four large sail about five miles on our lee beam.

At first we supposed them British men-of-war but, after making the private signal and not finding it answered, we gave up the chase of the first vessel and stood toward them. They, supposing us to be a large Indiaman—for the *Majestic* looks very deceiving with her lower tier of ports down—did not immediately run from us. In a short time we discovered them to be two large frigates, a letter of marque, and a smelter ship; and we supposed the frigates to be the *President* and the *Constitution*. Undaunted at facing two frigates which, had they been those we supposed they were, with either of them nearly equal us in number of guns and men, we gave chase to the enemy, all hands having been at quarters since eight o'clock the preceding night. The brig hauled low on a wind while the two frigates ran before it, the *Majestic* at their heels going eleven knots an hour. We were about five miles from one and three from the other. Thus did we continue a most glorious chase from nine in the morning until four in the afternoon. When we came within a mile of the enemy the sternmost hoisted a signal to the foremost requesting assistance to bring us to close action upon which the foremost shortened sail.

From the situation of the enemy we had every reason to expect a warm reception. When we hauled up our lower ports, the sternmost ship fired a gun and hoisted French colors; which was immediately succeeded by three cheers from our gallant crew that made the wooden walls of old England re-echo.

Having gained the most favorable position on the enemy we could, with one about 50 rods on our weather bow and the other 100 on our lee, we commenced the action at four p.m. On seeing our lower ports one frigate again made sail and left the other frigate to do as they thought proper. The action continued about an hour when "Monsieur John Crappo" struck to the British flag. We found our captive to be *La Terpischore*, twenty-six days from Rouen; her comrade, *La Atlanta*, of the same number of guns, which was by this time nearly out of sight as it was growing dark and cloudy. The loss on either side was but small, the enemy's not exceeding ten in killed and wounded. As we had not ranged alongside we could not bring our lower deckers to bear on the enemy; and, although the enemy maintained a steady fire, he could use none to advantage but his stern chasers which were chiefly aimed at our rigging and did very little damage.

After taking the prisoners on board we again made sail for the other frigate but she had taken another direction in the night. We shortly after put into Madeira for supplies, intending to land our prisoners; which, however, the Governor would not permit. As there were not Government stores sufficient on the island, we remained there four days and then made sail for Bermuda on the 9th of February, arriving here two days ago.

About 100 of the captured frigate's men were Dutch and they had taken service on the *Majestic*. Shortly after making the land of Bermuda we discovered two sail astern. We saw they were both seventy-four guns and, after making private signals, we found one to be the *Asia* under Admiral Sir Alex. Cochrane, who has come to succeed Sir John Borlease Warren in his command and the other H. M. S. *Superb*, Hon. Capt. Paget, who is likewise highly renowned for naval exploits.

We shall either proceed immediately to Halifax with Admiral Warren to settle his affairs in that quarter or cruise five or six weeks to the southward and then go thither, as it is necessary for us to undergo repairs of rigging and caulking and it is impossible to do so at Bermuda.

The probability we have of future success is great as twenty-three frigates have come out. In addition to our *La* Terpischore, one prize was taken off Madeira by the *Venerable*, two off the West Indies and one in the English Channel. It is confidently reported that Lord Wellington will be sent to America the ensuing summer. He is now said to be near Paris which we have every reason to believe is taken.

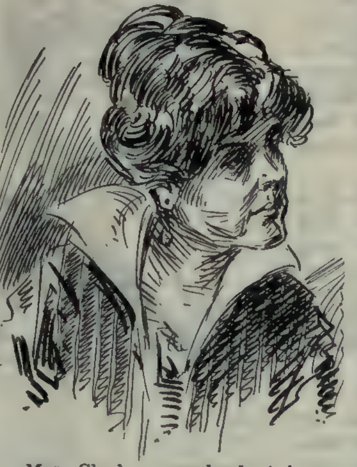
Since capturing the frigate I have become first assistant. Mr. Jones, I expect will be appointed surgeon to a schooner or brig, either here or at Halifax. Although I am sorry to part with so valuable a friend, I should nevertheless rejoice on his promotion, which would increase his pay from 6s 6d to 10s 6d per day.

Continued on Page 82.

The Perfect Number:

By Hugh S. Eayrs

Illustrated by HELGE HAMRE



Mrs. Cleal — resplendent in a silk gown which shimmered and rustled, instead of the plain black, austere garb to which the boarders were so accustomed.

MISS BARR pushed her chair away from the tale, and rose in a hurry.

"Merry Christmas, people!" said she, pitching her voice in its most northerly register. "Merry Christmas. I'm saying it to-night, because by to-morrow morning I'll be sitting round the table down home, in Brockville. I start on the Northern Pacific, eight-fifteen, and the train can't go fast enough to please me."

The others, in tones grave or gay according to temperament, and partly to whether or no they had received a bonus from their employers, gave her a Merry Christmas in return. I looked round the usually somewhat drear dining-room in Mrs. Cleal's Select Boarding House. Acadia Villa was its name. Somehow, the atmosphere was different to-night. From the old curate, who sat at the head of the table, down—or up, if you prefer—Mrs. Cleal's boarders for once displayed something of liveliness and animation. Annie, the frowsy kitchen-maid, was so far forgetting herself as to be engaged in transferring something from her hand to her pocket. This something had previously been transferred from Mr. Hirst's pocket to her hand. Everybody was chattering, sixteen to the dozen. Dishes were pushed away before their contents were demolished. And that night, the contents were really worth demolishing. Holly and mistletoe hung over the mantel. Mrs. Cleal to-night, was resplendent in a silk gown which shimmered and rustled, instead of the plain black, austere garb to which the boarders were so accustomed. Bennett, who tried to be that product imported from London, a "nut," whispered to Miss Adams that "the old lady had come out of her shell, doncherknow?" The curate was pledging someone or everyone in a glass of port, of doubtful age, which as he confided to me, "has become a necessity, owing to my advanced age, and consequent indifferent health." And everything and everybody in general seemed bent on remembering that to-night was Christmas Eve and to-morrow was Christmas Day.

Miss Barr stood behind the chair from which she had risen.

"What are you doing to-morrow, Edith?" she asked of Miss Adams. Miss Adams was by way of being a mannequin in the new Walkey's store. Accordingly, therefore, she waved a graceful hand in a graceful way, and told us she was going to see her sister and the children in Dunmow.

"Ah," said she, "I am going to share in the kiddies' Christmas. A big Christmas tree, and romps, and crackers, and fairy caps, and presents for everyone. Think of it, people," and she waved her hand once more, if possible more gracefully.

"Well, I am going to have a good time, too," chanted Bennett. Malcolm Bennett belonged to "the profession" (which, bye the bye, is a singularly appropriate name for the stage, inasmuch as its devotees spend most of their time in professing rather than in doing.) "Yes, some deah friends and meself are going to have a little time at me deah friend's Greatorex's flat. For once I may enjoy the delights of the festive season. I am resting between engagements." (Strange, Bennett was usually resting between engagements.) "Think," said he striking a truly dramatic attitude, and speaking in a rich, before-the-footlights voice, "think of the meaning of Christmas. For one day in the year we may drop our worries and responsibilities. For once, we exhort dull care to betake itself to its mountain fastness, and live to the full in the spirit of that word, 'eat, drink and be merry!' "

The effect was splendid, though the Curate marred it a little for me by asking if it was generally held that care lived in a mountain fastness.

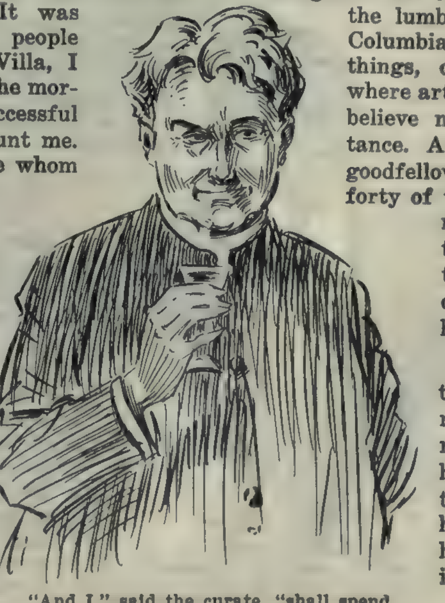
"And I," said the Curate slowly, "I shall go down and spend the day with my boy at Levis." He looked at his watch. "And that reminds me, I must be going. A Merry Christmas to you all!" he concluded and left us.

Mrs. Cleal gave the signal, and we left the table. I went to my room and sat down and thought. It was strange that of all the people who lived in Acadia Villa, I alone had no plans for the morrow. Here was I, a successful man as some would count me. I thought of the people whom I had just left. I mused over the variety. I considered them individually and collectively. Not one of them would be accounted so successful as myself. Bennett, for instance. He was sure that one day he would arrive, but no one else was sure. Then there was Miss Adams. Not all the cosmetics nor all the airs and graces could prevent us knowing that she was passé. As for the curate, well, he was possibly content, but he was a simple soul and he cared not for success. He had never thought of climbing "young ambition's ladder." Hirst—"Take him, I said to myself. He was a lawyer's clerk; he had been ever since he left Normal School, and he probably would be when his grandchildren were attending Normal School. No. Success knew not Acadia Villa. It had no part or lot with Mrs. Cleal's boarders.

For myself, the manner of my coming to Mrs. Cleal's boarding house, which was in the near-genteel part of Montreal, was on this wise. I had left England twenty-seven years before, to "seek my fortune in America." The seeking took all of that twenty-seven years, and it took me through more than that number of experiences. I had been everything from a journalist to a hobo. (No, dear reader, they are *not* the same). But a real estate deal in the late fall had brought me a little money and, on the spur of the moment, I had decided to take a trip down east. Maybe it was against my better judgment. I did not know a soul in Montreal. A friend of mine in New York had given me the name of Mrs. Cleal as the owner of a house where a friend of his used to stay. I thought a friend of a friend of mine would be better company for Christmas than the few stragglers I was likely to meet in the Windsor or the Queen's, so I headed for Acadia Villa.

At the end of the first week in the Eastern capital, I was heartily sick of it. I didn't like the town. The friend of my friend no longer lived at Acadia Villa. The people shopping for Christmas upset me. I had no one to buy presents for. To-night, I felt particularly lonely. For some reason or other I didn't welcome solitude. Everybody but myself was in the seventh heaven of delight because to-morrow was Christmas.

I thought of last Christmas. I recalled the lumber camp in British Columbia, that land of big things, of splendid nature, where artificialties and make-believe never gained admittance. And I thought of the goodfellowship amongst the forty of us. And the Christmas Eve in the shanty, and the stories in the dead, dull glow of the huge fire we had built.



"And I," said the curate, "shall spend the day with my boy at Levi."

And I said, as I turned in, "If Christmas brings memories which only heighten the dull time I'm going to have this year, I'll have no thoughts of it. I'll go to sleep."

And I did.

II.

I AWOKE next morning to the sound of church bells. Notre Dame, I loved you that day for that. I had missed those church bells every seventh day for years and last Christmas the only bells we had were provided by someone beating an old frying pan to call us to breakfast. I turned over in bed and yawned.

"Heigho," I said to myself. "Christmas Day. John Anderson, old man, I wish you a merry Christmas. Being the first person to so greet you this morning, and figuring that I shall probably be the only one, I wish you a very merry Christmas."

"Humph," replied my subliminal consciousness. "It looks as though it will be a very merry Christmas."

"I am surprised and pained," said I to S. C. again, "that you persist in being gloomy. If you want to have a merry Christmas, for heaven's sake, wake up and set yourself about the task of making it merry. Christmas is just as jolly an affair as you like to make it."

And after thus reading myself a lecture, I jumped out of bed.

"A Merry Christmas," piped Mrs. Cleal to me as I sat at breakfast.

I returned her greeting. "I hope yours may be, too, Mrs. Cleal, but to tell the truth I am not so sure about my own."

"Are you alone all day?" asked my landlady.

"Yes," and I went on with my toast. I noticed, however, that my landlady kept opening her mouth as though she were going to speak to me. At last she got it out.

"Mr. Anderson, I wonder whether you will think it impertinent of me if I say something to you?"

Mrs. Cleal impertinent? Perish the thought.

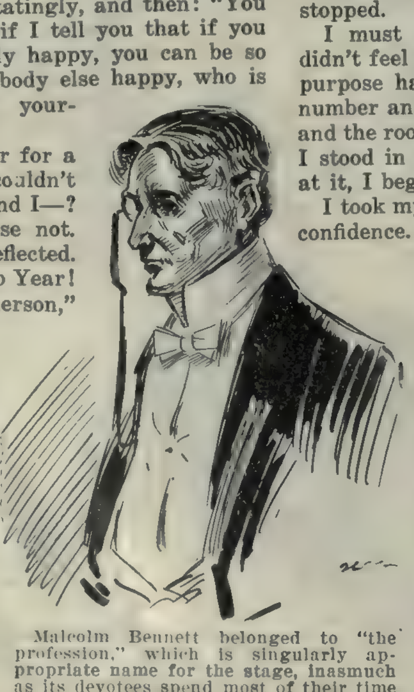
"Go on, Mrs. Cleal," I said, with a smile.

"I don't know what your plans are, Mr. Anderson, but I can tell you how to have a very happy day, if you want it." She paused hesitatingly, and then: "You will forgive me if I tell you that if you want to be really happy, you can be so by making somebody else happy, who is worse off than yourself."

I looked at her for a moment. She couldn't mean that she and I—? No, no, of course not. How stupid, I reflected. This wasn't Leap Year!

"Yes, Mr. Anderson," she went on. "If you don't know anyone at all in all this big city who will have a worse day than you, why don't you go and find someone?"

I finished my breakfast, and I went upstairs and put on my hat and coat.



Malcolm Bennett belonged to "the profession," which is singularly appropriate name for the stage, inasmuch as its devotees spend most of their time in professing rather than in doing.

"I am going to find someone and make them happy, Mrs. Cleal," I said, and went out.

But where was I to go? I stood and thought it over; and an idea came into my head. On the wall of my room was a sort of text. It set forth how many times the number "seven" was used in the Bible, and ended by showing that "seven" was the perfect number.

"John Anderson," I said to myself, "Here you are. You can no longer say you have no one to look after, no opportunity for giving someone a happy Christmas. Follow the number! See what it brings to you."

I jumped into a taxi, and told the driver to take me for a run of exactly seven minutes, in any direction he liked. He looked at me for a minute, and then shrugged his shoulders as if to say: 'These Yankees are queer people!" Soon we were bowling merrily along the road citywards.

Miss Adams—not all the airs and graces could prevent us knowing that she was passe.

The taxi stopped and I paid the driver. He had put me down at the corner of a road, which seemed as I looked, to stretch for a mile or so. It was a dirty road. The houses were shabby and calculated to give one the impression that the people who lived in them were of that shabby genteel class which has such a large representation in any big city.

I walked to the seventh turning and wheeled round to the right. I found myself in a little street, a degree more poverty-stricken, which ended in a blind alley from which, when I arrived at it, I saw there was no egress. I turned about. On my right was a house. I started, for the number on the dirty wall of that old, six-storey tenement house was—"7."

"The number," I said to myself, and stopped.

I must confess that for a minute I didn't feel like going through with it. My purpose had been to follow this perfect number and go to the house and the floor and the room to which it led me. But when I stood in front of the house and looked at it, I began to hesitate.

I took my subliminal consciousness into confidence.

"Shall I go on with this thing?" I said.

"Better give it up," whispered S. C. "Give it up, and go back to Acadia Villa, and get a book, and read, and then eat, and then read, and then eat, and so get through the day."

That decided it. If that subliminal consciousness of mine had told me to go on, I should probably have stopped. But being of a contrary sort of nature, I decided that for once I would not listen. I entered the house.

"I want to see the person who lives on the seventh floor,' said I to the astonished woman who opened the door.

"There ain't no seventh floor. There's only six storeys in this 'ere house," said the woman, looking surprised and a little fearful.

"Oh, only six."

"Well, of course, there's the attic. But you wouldn't want to see them."

"See whom?" I asked.

"Those brats up there," she snapped, and wiped her fingers in the dirty apron she was wearing "Would you, though?" she asked, more of herself than of me.

"Yes," I answered. "It's those brats I'm after."

She took me upstairs, up innumerable stairs, it seemed to me, and left me on a small landing outside a place more like a rabbit hutch than a room where human being passed their days. She flung open the door.

"There you are then," said she, "and if you are a friend of these 'ere brats, I 'ope you can pay me the rent as they owes me."

I went in the room. At first I could see nothing, for the place was like a dungeon. Then I made out in the corner a boy with a bundle in his arms. The boy was whimpering softly to himself. I went up to him.

"Hello," I said.

The kiddie shrunk farther back into the corner, if that was possible, and looked at me with wide open eyes. I shall never forget those eyes. They were full of a nameless dread. Plainly, the boy thought I was going to harm him, and he clasped his bundle closer to himself.

"Hello, my boy," I said, again. "Won't you say hello to me?"

I went a step nearer, and held out my hand. Then I saw that the bundle he hugged so tightly was a baby!

"Why," I said, "whose is the baby?"

"It's mine. You shan't take it away. It's mine." And he looked at it with a wealth of love and protection in those brown eyes of his.

"But, where's your father and mother?"

I paused. Here was what I had been seeking. Mrs. Cleal was right. The way to be happy was to make someone else happy. Here was my chance. I could make this boy happy and be rid of my lonely Christmas.

"You haven't got any father or mother?" I said.

"No." This regretfully.

"But come, you must know where they are."

"Father ran away, 'cos the cops was after him," said the child. Then: "Glad he did. He used to beat muvver."

"And where's mother?"

The kiddie burst out crying, hot tears tumbling over one another and making strange channels down the dirty little face.

"Muvver's gone to 'Eaven!" he said, chokingly. "One night, muvver closed her eyes, and she didn't open them any more. And next day the woman downstairs came and she went away and brought some men with a board and muvver was taken away. And a man in black said he would come and take me to a 'ome, and look after sister, but he never came."

"When did your father leave?"

"Just yesterday."

"What's your name, sonny?" I asked of him.

"Mike."

"Mike what?"

"Mike Flanagan," said the boy. Then: "I'm Irish." This last, very proudly.

"Well, Mike Flanagan," said I to the twelve-year-old mite, "did you ever hear of Santa Claus?"

"Yes. He has a white beard and he drives reindeer and he used to fill my stocking. But I never saw him," he concluded.

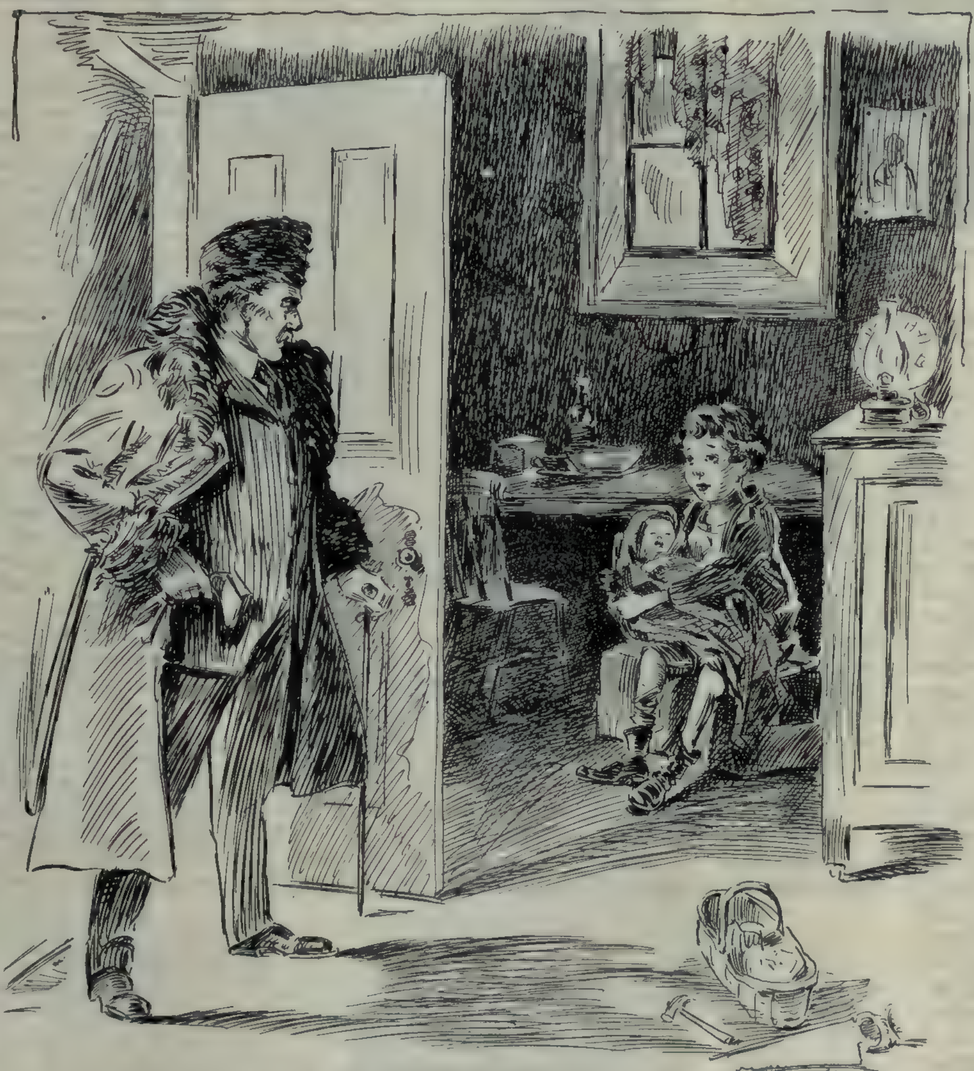
"Oh, you never saw him? Well, you see him now! I'm Santa!"

"You ain't got a white beard," he returned, disdainfully.

"That doesn't matter. I shaved it off. I'm Santa, just the same though. And to prove it, I'll take you with me and show you your stocking full up."

"But I never hung it up," he said.

"That doesn't matter." Poor little kiddie, he hadn't a stocking to hang up.



The kiddie shrunk further back into the corner and looked at me with wide open eyes.

I took Mike and the bundle, which all this time had shown no signs of being interested, and went down the stairs. I paid the landlady and told her that Mike wouldn't be back any more. Then I got a taxi and drove to Acadia Villa.

"Mrs. Cleal," said I to my astonished landlady. "I've found someone." And I led Mike into the room. He was still carrying the bundle.

The three of us had such a Christmas Day as I have never had before. I went out and bought a stocking and a Christmas tree and we had a turkey, and plum pudding, and Mike, little by little, told me more about himself and the baby. As for Mrs. Cleal, she was in her element. And I don't think even Mike knew the baby when it was washed and clothed in some old things that Mrs. Cleal found.

Bedtime came, and Mike was put into a clean white bed. Mrs. Cleal went to tuck him in, and came hurrying down to me again. I was sitting, poking the fire, and musing about the strange Christmas I had had and telling myself that I had been very happy.

"Mike wants to say goodnight to Santa Claus," she said to me.

I went to the little fellow, and he pulled me down till my head rested on the pillow.

"I've been so happy, Santa," he said.

I waited till he was asleep, then tip-toed downstairs.

"Mrs. Cleal," said I firmly. "Seven is the perfect number and it led me to a perfect Christmas, for I found the happiness most worth having, the happiness that comes from making others happy."

THE GREAT REFUSAL.

The great refusal is the refusal to accept the gift of life, which is the supreme gift of God to man. Without that gift all other gifts would have been impossible either of bestowal or of acceptance. Men and women come into life without their own volition, but they are not compelled to accept the gift of life; many do not accept it; instead of taking it with gratitude and using it with the courage of insight into its splendid possibilities, they strive to protect themselves from it as if it were a menace to their ease, a danger to their comfort. It is and ought to be both, for ease and comfort are perilous and despicable if one seeks them. There are many things of real value if they come to a man as the by-products of living, but enervating and corrupting if pursued as ends in themselves. Popularity is an excellent and useful possession if one does not seek it and is not afraid of it when it has been secured. Social influence and position are valuable if they come without seeking, but the woman who works for them degrades her soul; there is no meanness of snobbery to which the social "climber" will not descend, no personal indignity to which she will not submit, on the ignoble path which she has chosen. Even happiness, if put before honor, duty, or service, betrays the soul.

A man may live and yet refuse the gift of life. To exist is not to live; they only live who take life with all its experiences with courage and joy, who not only put aside the fear of living but welcome the opportunities of living as a brave man welcomes a perilous chance to help or inspire or lead in a moment of danger. The fear of living is the source of that cowardice which empties the lives of many people of spiritual meaning and human dignity. They may be blameless so far as external morals are concerned, and yet they are guilty of refusing the supreme gift which God puts into their hands. The pure in heart are not those who have never known temptation, but those who, fiercely tempted, have as fiercely resisted. The heroes are not those who have kept away from danger, but have faced it, suffered, and triumphed.

Extracting a Fortune From Salt

Where the Money for the Carter Scholarships Came From

By WILLIAM Q. PHILLIPS

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A strange character was James I. Carter, who made a fortune in one of the most unprofitable of enterprises and applied it to the furtherance of education. Morose, combative, able, he made lots of enemies and no friends. He died practically unknown but his works will live long after him for, by the scholarships that he established, struggling scholars will be assisted toward a higher education—as long as the present system obtains. In the accompanying article, the story of his unusual career is graphically told.

An early photograph of James I. Carter.

YEAR after year seventy-five ambitious scholars in Ontario will receive cheques for substantial amounts and it is safe to say that none of them will ever have met the donor, or even have heard of him prior to the time that their diligence brought them within the scope of his unusual beneficence. It seems fitting, therefore, that some one who knew him personally should put together a brief account of the man himself.

James I. Carter, salt manufacturer, of Sarnia, died last autumn, leaving the sum of $100,000 in trust to the Ontario Government. By virtue of an Act passed at Mr. Carter's suggestion the Government will pay interest on this sum at five per cent. per annum; the revenue, $5,000, will be available as matriculation scholarships in twenty-five counties of the province, Toronto being considered a county for this purpose. This works out at $200 per county, divided into three scholarships of $100, $60, and $40. The competition is confined to students who have been attending a high school or collegiate institute in the county for the previous year.

But James I. Carter was an interesting character quite apart from the decidedly unique use that he found for his fortune. The money accumulated as the fruit of a decidedly unique career and the story of its winning is well worth telling in itself. One who knew him well, writing to me during Mr. Carter's last illness, said:

"Poor Jim Carter! When he is dead, it will be said of him that he made a mess of life. I never knew a man more like Esau—his hand against every man. I defy anyone to keep on friendly terms with him. At the same time, he had a good streak in him, and *in his way* was kind to certain around him."

When a man of this sort leaves all, or nearly all of his money for educational purposes there must be a story to tell; still more when it is known that J. I. Carter spent a lifetime trying to establish himself in the salt business, at best making a poor living until well past fifty. Then, most unexpectedly, came his chance; and in about five years he stepped out of his one big venture with a hundred thousand dollars in cash.

James Irvin Carter was born over sixty years ago in the little village of Ethel, in the county of Huron. His father was the postmaster, also a miller and grain buyer, storekeeper and farmer. With all these activities he did not get rich. Farming in the Huron tract sixty years ago was rough: there was a deal of bushwhacking, roads were bad, railways were just beginning to push through, and the conditions of life were stern and comfortless.

Farming and the rural life of such a village as Ethel did not appeal to him as a boy. The way to get rich was to go into business, and as soon as he could, he sought the neighboring town of Seaforth and began buying and shipping grain. There may have been a period of clerking but Carter was altogether too autocratic in grain to make a docile employee, and preferred a poor living on his own hook to any well-paid job where he would have to obey orders. The business of grain buying can be carried on with but little capital by a careful man who avoids the constant tendency to speculation, and it must have brought him into contact with all the farmers and business men who traded in Seaforth. At that time two of the pioneer salt works were running there, and attracting a good deal of attention. Somehow or other Carter got into salt, perhaps as a nominal partner or shareholder of small interest.

That it was not an all-absorbing venture is shown by the fact that he later on became the Canadian agent for a plow firm, with the expectation that a factory would be established in Seaforth; and this enterprise took him to Toronto for two years. He finally threw it up, owing to various difficulties. Carter was not a mechanical genius, nor a salesman. As a business man he was naturally a promoter and a schemer; and I should judge, from what he has told me himself, that even as a young man he was exceedingly critical of the methods of others, and always ready to effect improvements if given a free hand. Going back to his native county of Huron he decided that the salt business was the most promising of any he could undertake and, having little or no capital of his own, he formed a partnership with himself as manager, and built the Hensall Salt Works.

At this time — the early '70's—salt-making was looked on as a sort of mining enterprise. There was plenty of salt, underground, but the extent of the Ontario deposits was not realized. Now we know that there is salt all the way from Kincardine to Lake Erie,

The Hensall Salt Works, where Mr. Carter struggled for a fortune.

extending inland for fifty miles or more in some places. The process of getting it up is to drill a well of from four inches to ten inches in diameter right down to the salt, springs of water generally being found on the way sufficient to turn it into brine. This is pumped from the bottom and evaporated, a good deal of fuel being required. Forty years ago cordwood was to be had for the cost of hauling in Huron, labor was cheap, and the salt itself sold for what would now be considered high prices. A grocer, not a very old man, told me he remembered selling salt at six dollars a barrel, *cash*—no trading. This was due to a temporary scarcity during the American Civil War, but salt at two and three dollars is within the recollection of many people. When Carter got into the business the carload price was from $1.25 to $1.50 a barrel.

In the lingo of the trade, Hensall was an average good "block," this term being used to describe the panhouse and adjacent buildings needed in the business, but its original proprietors did not make it pay. There may have been defects in the management; Carter says he was badly treated by the Huron salt men; it is certain there was laid the foundation of a feud that lasted nearly all his life.

"They despised me," he used to say, "because I had no capital; brains didn't count!" Later on he formed another partnership and built the salt works, still running at Parkhill, this place being selected by him as having better shipping facilities over the old G.T.R. than the works up north, dependent upon the old Buffalo and Goderich and the London, Huron and Bruce. Salt is a bulky article, always shipped in carloads, and a shipper on a small local railroad may be held up for days and weeks in merely getting carts to load. But at Parkhill he found a minority interest incompatible with full management, and the business reverted to its proprietors.

These two ventures had brought him into collision with the Canada Salt Association, one of the oldest Canadian combines, which began soon after salt was discovered and continued to exist until 1893—when salt had dropped to fifty cents a barrel, and many of the pioneer makers had died or quit the game in disgust. Given the conditions—a dozen or more salt makers, all doing business in a small way, and selling in the same market—it was inevitable that prices must be definitely arranged or left to grind themselves to pieces by the mere stress of competition. The salt men got together, and arranged for a central selling office, which was a good way of maintaining prices, and agreed that orders should be allotted in rotation, the proportion to be shipped by each maker being fixed by the normal working capacity of his plant, which, of course, had to be expressed as so many thousand barrels of salt per annum, and passed by the association. Naturally every maker exaggerated the capacity of his works, multiplying by two or three being a rule much in favor; and in addition he had special reasons for special consideration. As a result the monthly meetings of the association were pretty lively.

A BRUSH WITH THE ASSOCIATION.

It will be seen that the association, with its central selling office, could dictate terms to a new "block" whose owners were weak financially and anxious to get their salt sold and paid for as quickly as possible. I do not know that Carter had any real grievance in respect to allotments for his Hensall and Parkhill ventures, but he resented being kept in his place as a junior, with no capital—wanted to be on the board of directors. He lobbied for the place of secretary, which he did not get.

A characteristic photograph of Mr Carter — one of the few in existence.

"If those old salt makers had listened to me," he used to say, "we could have made millions! As it is, I have seen most of the old crowd die poor, and some of them escaped the poor house only by the charity of friends." This is literally true. The petty fortunes made by the pioneers of the Canadian salt business did not stick. I once suggested to Mr. Carter that it seemed as though there was a curse on the business. "You might think so," he replied with a smile, "only, as it happens, there are neither curses nor blessings except in the minds of credulous people." Carter was a thorough-going materialist.

But he was shrewd enough to see that the cheap cordwood in the Huron tract would not last forever, and that whenever it became necessary to use coal the proper place for a salt block would be on navigable waters, with a wharf on one side and a railway siding on the other. He found another partner—the best he ever had—picked a good site in the village of Courtright on the St. Clair River, and again began the familiar process of driving a well and putting up a block.

"I went to Courtright," he told me, "with $300 in cash, and a lot of old debts hanging over my head. The association followed me up, tried to dissuade my partner, and then to coax my men off the job." When, however, it was seen that he meant business, the association changed its tactics and offered an allotment. Carter instantly saw that they were afraid of him, and bluffed to the limit of his imagination. "I told them," he said with a characteristic chuckle, "that as for membership in their association I had no more use for it. But if they wanted to keep my salt under control they could have it—every barrel—for $1.30 a barrel, spot cash—and throw it into the river if they wanted to!" This was the top price for the cream of the business at the time. The members of the association, pooling their outputs, got only the average price less a general deduction for expenses. Carter's demand was substantially that they should buy his salt for more than they could get for it, on the whole, and—pay their own expenses!

A meeting was called—an indignation meeting it proved—and various members eminently qualified for the task roundly denounced Carter and all his works. Talk about nerve! They talked, until oratory could go no further—and then—well, perhaps it might be good policy to temporize. Carter was known as a nasty man; he had a good, new salt block, and on the freight rates alone could beat them all along the line of the line of the Canada Southern, now M. C. R. Then he would be likely to cut prices a bit, and a ten-cent reduction on the total sales of the association ran into money. In the end his bluff carried, and for two years he was on velvet, the association finding orders for his works at a loss to themselves.

WORKED TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

It must be said that he played up finely. He was manager, foreman, financier and bookkeeper. "I was on the job twenty-four hours a day," he told me; and it was true. A corner of the storeroom partitioned off served him for office and bedroom, and there were few nights that he missed getting up once or twice to make sure that the men were working steadily. A salt works runs continuously with two gangs of men.

The Courtright venture, then, was Carter's first success, and for the two years that he had things all his own way he made money, paid up his shares, and cleared off his old debts. It was not likely that the association would go on giving him the cream of the business indefinitely, and as it happened, there was soon to be no cream for anybody. The long-continued business depression of the '80's affected the salt business, and prices dropped. Carter's enterprise had attracted attention locally, and having good offers for his shares he sold out, and crossed the river to try what could be done in Michigan.

"I thought I had made a fair trial of the

Canadian market of five millions; but I knew there was a market of fifty millions waiting for me on the other side." Of Carter's Michigan ventures it may be said that at times he made money, and at others barely cleared expenses; and on the whole, for fifteen years or more, got no more than a living. The fifty-million market was in the hands of correspondingly large interests, and those who have read Miss Tarbell's Standard Oil stories will remember that the U.S. salt makers were masters of combination, freight-rate juggling, and every other trick that stood for big business at the time. The Michigan men were not likely to be bluffed by a young fellow who had made a small splash in Canada, but I think his competitors respected his nerve and enterprise, and put no special obstacle in his way. Carter kept an eye on Canada, however, and about 1900, when prices were low in Michigan, but fairly good here, he decided for another "crack" as he described it, at the Canadian trade. There was a half-built salt works at Mooretown to be bought cheaply, and no one was better qualified to take hold, put it into working order and make salt, than J. I. Carter.

The old salt association had gone to pieces, but a large share of the Canadian trade was in the hands of one strong company, which made its prices without troubling much about competitors. It happened that salt was actually scarce at the moment, owing to the coal strike, and Carter's small output at Mooretown was absorbed by the market readily. For a year or two he made fair profits; but the game was not what it had been. He no longer cared to be on the job continuously and I think he missed the fun of fighting the association as much as anything. No one knew better than J. I. Carter that the day of the small, old-fashioned salt works was coming to an end.

Saw mills that had operated in Michigan with Canadian logs were forced over to this side by the Provincial Act forbidding export: and it was a safe guess that saw-mill refuse would be burned as fuel for salt-making wherever salt was to be found. This was being done at Sandwich and at Sarnia, where the Hall Mill was making a thousand barrels of salt a week. A much larger concern, the Cleveland-Sarnia Saw Mills Co. was already at work transforming the shoals of Sarnia Bay into the present huge lumber yard; and it was well-known that they would make salt as soon as they could find time to attend to it. A salt well had been driven and a subsidiary company formed to manage the enterprise. Carter was invited to take shares, but declined. He knew better than to tie up any money in a minority interest.

The fact was he was seriously considering getting out of the salt business altogether. He had devoted his best years to it, working hard in his own way, and had shown good judgment on some points at least; and yet he had made no fortune and was dependent on the daily grind for a living. A firm in Detroit offered him a position as salesman, and he went so far as to begin a study of the business.

That Carter could do this indicates that he must have been very far out of conceit with salt. And he was right; for the vacuum process had made it a rich man's game, or at least not the sort of thing to be undertaken with a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. Then one day, he got a telegram from the Cleveland-Sarnia Saw Mill people. They wanted to get action on the construction of the salt works; Carter was offered full charge of the work, with a fair chance of becoming manager when it was finished.

THE BIG OPPORTUNITY.

I think he took the job. He loved building, and I have seen the first time-book of the works with the entry in his handwriting: "J. I. Carter—$5.00 a day." But whether he got to a pay day is doubtful. Once on the ground, and in touch with principals, he discovered with unerring scent the makings of a "deal." The saw mill people cared nothing about salt except as a means of getting rid of their refuse at a profit. They knew nothing of the prospects of marketing the product except that it might be difficult, and Carter was willing that they should think it as difficult as possible. On his part, he had a record of a kind, and was prepared to take the whole business off their hands if they would give him a fair chance.

The result was that he incorporated the Empire Salt Co., Limited, took up all the shares, except four, and as president contracted to build a salt works with a vacuum pan capable of using all the steam the saw mill could supply; payment for the same to be on a sliding scale according to the price of salt. It was a shrewd scheme, and one that involved scarcely any personal risk, while promising good working profits if he could pull through. With his contract in hand, he was able to demand what was practically a share of the business from his competitors, and this led to something like a resurrection of the defunct salt association.

The sheer nerve of the man was shown in beginning a $50,000 salt works, which was to be pushed to completion rapidly, with less than one-tenth of the capital in sight. I don't know how he expected to pull through—he must have trusted to his standing luck which had always served him best when he took long chances. The saw mill agreed to let him have building material on long credit; the chief cash outlay was for wages; and his local credit was good, for he had always paid his debts. Besides, he was now in gilt-edged company, financially speaking, so that he found his bank manager reasonable, especially as the active account of his works, when running, would be based on customer's paper of the best class, at thirty days only.

Actually Carter got through the construction with less financial strain than he expected; once the salt began to come he was on easy street, with but one large creditor, the saw mill. His profits were good, although not sensational; and in five years he had paid all his debts, extended his investment to sixty thousand dollars or more, and put away a few thousands in loan company debentures. Then, without much notice, the saw mill exercised a standing option on the plant, and took it over at a price in advance of cost, and for spot cash.

A LAST ATTEMPT.

Carter was a little annoyed at this sudden check to his activities, and there were some bookkeeping details of the actual settlement which he thought unfair. But after taking a holiday he decided that he had not much to complain about. There was no restriction on his future operations, and he at once decided to build one more salt works. "I have built more of them than any man in Canada," he said, "this will be the best and last. Not the largest, perhaps, but the best in plan and equipment. For the very first time I have the money to do what I please in my own way."

He secured options on a site just south of Sarnia, and had engaged a driller and opened a new bank account for the construction work when we woke up one morning to read the terms of the proposed scheme of reciprocity. Salt was named for the free list! English salt has always been duty free, but there is a moderate tariff against United States salt, which is a necessary protection for the Canadian makers, who have to use dutiable coal, and packages, and to pay more for iron work and machinery than U.S. salt men; besides having to pay much higher freights on salt delivered at the head of the lakes for the Western trade.

Carter naturally hesitated. He did not want to sink his money foolishly. He figured the thing out. "With free trade," he said, "we may still do some business, but if it comes to be a settled fact I might better build or buy a salt works across the river, where I can make salt cheaper than in Canada, and use my knowledge of the Canadian market to get the trade." This was a fair summary of the situation.

The tariff question hung fire for months. It led to a general election. When it was settled, and salt men breathed freely, Mr. Carter who had chafed under the delay and uncertainty found himself hardly fit, physically, to go ahead with an enterprise, which in the construction stage, and for some time after would claim all his time and energy.

THE CHARACTER OF THE MAN.

So the last and best was never built. But it is time to say something of the character of the man. Why did he leave his money for scholarships? I have already noted his acrid philosophy, that brains were of no use without capital; and to this he came to add a rather petulant belief that he had been kept back, and perhaps defrauded of his rights, for want of a good education. He often spoke of himself as an uneducated man, but this was true only in a relative sense. He wrote a clear, well-formed hand, and although hating correspondence, could write—and what is often more difficult—could dictate business letters of most excellent precision and brevity. Then he

Continued on Page 88.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Enrolling Our Army For War

An Instructive Account of How Other Citizen Armies Have Fared in the Past

A sudden emergency has forced the Empire to undertake the business of providing an army hastily. It is instructive to see what steps have been taken in similar cases in the past by nations who have been simiarly placed, and how far they have been successful. The article does not deal with the work of British voluntary forces, which have always been successful. The Empire has depended entirely on volunteers, in fact.

WITHOUT going too far back, four instances may be taken of armies hurriedly enrolled for war, as follows:—

(1) The case of France at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War.

(2) The case of Prussia in 1813, when she declared against Napoleon.

(3) The case of the United States in 1861, on the outbreak of the War of Secession.

(4) The case of France in 1870 after the surrenders of Metz and Sedan.

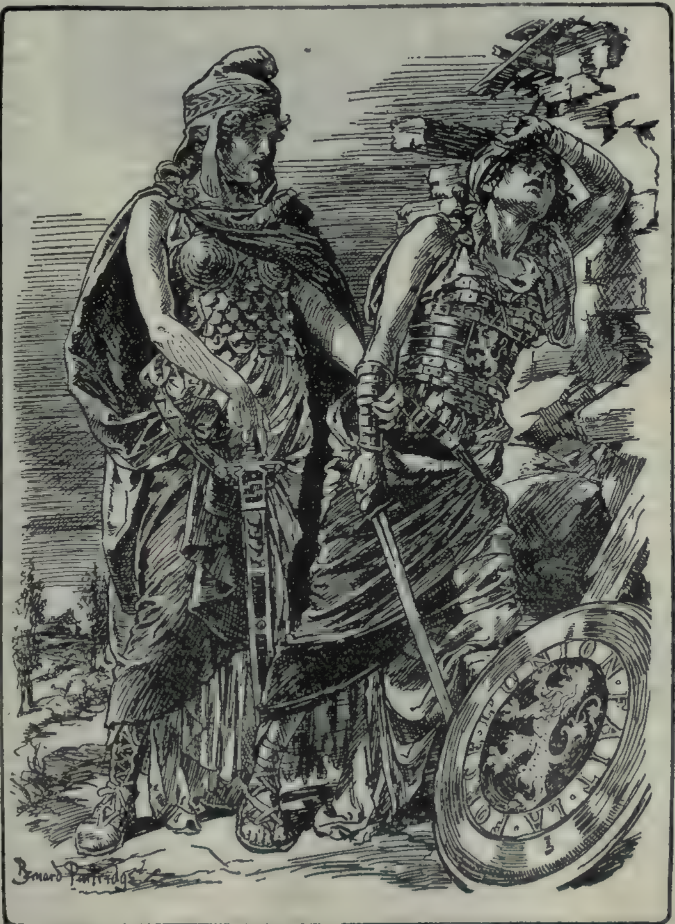
Taking these four over again, let us see what is the general impression about them, and later examine a little more closely to see how far that general impression is justified by facts.

(1) At the beginning of the Revolutionary wars France was attacked by Austria and the Empire, by Prussia, by Piedmont, and a little later by Spain and by England. That is to say, every frontier was hostile, except her Swiss border. From Belgium along the Meuse and up the Rhine; across the Western Alps; along the Pyrennees; and all her seacoast was menaced. Of her assailants Austria had the largest European army of the time, and Prussia's was thought to be the best. The army of France, on the other hand, was broken by fierce quarrels between royalist and republican, mutinous and ill-disciplined. Yet she was able to check the invaders at Valmy in 1792, to create army after army, till they reached the total of thirteen, to overrun Belgium, subdue Holland, drive off all invaders, and cross the Rhine. In 1794 her forces were victorious everywhere—except at sea.

(2) The next case is that of Prussia. After the battle of Jena in 1806, and the downfall that followed it, Prussia had hardly a soldier left. In company with Russia she went on with the war till June 1807; but when Napoleon and Alexander of Russia came to terms at the Treaty of Tilsit in 1807, Prussia had to accept what terms she could get. Besides losing territory, she had to submit to the condition that her army was not to exceed 43,000 men. In no part of Europe was Napoleon more hated than in Prussia, and consequently, after the Grand Army had perished in Russia in 1812, Prussia was the first to revolt against her French oppressor. Once again it seems as if a nation arises armed from the earth. In the campaign of 1813 Prussia was at once able to put 80,000 men into the field. She took a great part in the fighting of 1813, helped to win the great battle of the Nations—Leipzig—and provided over 100,000 men for the invasion of France in the spring of 1814. This, again, has the look of an army largely improvised out of civilians.

(3) When the American War of Secession began in April, 1861, the Government of the United States had only 14,000 regular soldiers. In that same month of April 75,000 volunteers were obtained, and in May 42,000 more. In July two calls for half a million each were made. In all, 2,600,000 men in the field, and the Southern States gathered 1,100,000; both sides fought with a tenacity rarely equalled in war, and great leaders—Lee, Jackson, Grant, and Sheridan—were not lacking.

(4) The business of 1870 bears a different look. After the collapse of the Empire, the Republican Government made gigantic efforts. In all some 1,400,000 men—of sorts—were raised, which vastly outnumbered the German armies, but no success rewarded them. No



Liberty (to Belgium): "Take comfort! Your courage is vindicated. Your wrongs shall be avenged."
—Bernard Partridge, in Punch.

victory of any importance was won. Paris was not relieved. France had to accept defeat.

It would seem, then, that we have here three cases where attempts to improvise armies have succeeded and one that has failed. It may be interesting to see in what way success—such as it was—was attained in the earlier cases, and why the last effort was a failure.

Taking the first-mentioned case, it was a marvelous change from September 1792 to the end of 1794, but we must not lose sight of the fact that the period covers more than two years. It is tempting to assume that progress was as uniform as it was brilliant, that the French armies marched from victory to victory; but it was not so. The first half of the year of 1793 saw a complete breakdown.

If France's improvised army succeeded in 1792, why did it fail in the first half of 1793? What enabled it to regain the mastery? How far is it true to call it an improvised army?

A careful study of the circumstances makes it clear that the astonishing victories of revolutionary France were not won by an entirely "improvised" army. There was a stiff leaven of veteran soldiers.

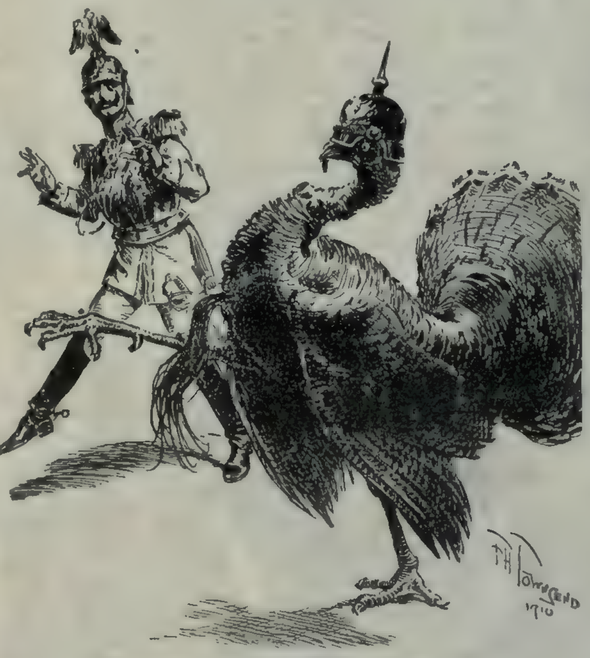
* * *

The Treaty of Tilsit in 1807 robbed Prussia of half her territory. Napoleon had forced her to agree to limit her army to 43,000 men, with no increase for ten years. Yet in 1813 she was able to put 80,000 combatants in the field at once, and not only to supply wastage, but to add to her forces. With the help of the Russians she bore the brunt of Napoleon's attack. Though defeated at Lutzen and Bautzen the Prussians fought so tenaciously that Napoleon could not use his victories: he admitted that the Prussians were his most dangerous antagonists, and when the war ran through to Leipzig, Prussian troops had a big share in the allies' army.

Thus the "War of Liberation" of 1813 bears the look of a spontaneous rising to arms of a people in defence of their homes.

Least of all can the case of Prussia be quoted as an illustration of improvising a successful army. The army was not improvised: it had been carefully built up. The nation did not spring to arms at an impulse; wary statesmen had quietly forced it to make ready. Its triumphs were won by regular soldiers. Its volunteers were at first neither useful nor remarkably numerous. Of course, they became valuable; they improved, and the volume of them grew with the encouragement of success. Prussia was patriotic, and men filled with fierce patriotism fought their best. But the goodness of that "best" depended not on their patriotism, but on their previous training to arms. That was the work of Scharnhorst, Stein, Tardenberg, and the King.

The story of the War of the Secession in the United States is often quoted as a justification of the value of volunteer armies hastily got together, but it is singularly ill-adapted to prove anything of the kind. It only proves the value of volunteers against volunteers, for the regulars engaged were a mere handful. Even so, the North, with its huge resources and the ready response to its call for volunteers, could not win with them; it had to have recourse to forced service in the end. That after two or three campaigns volunteers fought as well as regulars would have fought does not prove that they were valuable from the first. Every general on both sides was incessantly hampered by straggling, lack of discipline, and the fact that in presence of the enemy there was no fire-control possible. And it is well known that Lord Wolsely, after a careful study of the war, gave it as his deliberate opinion that 30,000 regulars, well found and ready, would have finished the war for either side in the first campaign. If this be so—and it has not been seriously disputed—the "volunteer" army stands condemned every way. Years of bloodshed and thousands of lives might have been saved.



The turkey has learned the goose step.
—F. H. Townsend, in Punch

* * *

The circumstances of the war in 1870 are remembered, but not always the dates. Bazaine's army was surrounded in Metz by the end of August. MacMahon, hemmed in at Sedan, surrendered on September 2. So France lost almost all her field troops, and by September 19 the Germans were before Paris. This, of course, had been garrisoned, thus devouring most of the few regulars left. Yet Paris was not France: much of the country was untouched: its resources were enormous: the spirit of patriotism was there, and when Gambetta escaped from the capital on October 7 there was the man to stir it. Now was the time to improvise an army: it had reasonable chances of success, for what with detachments on the lines of communication, and the armies left to besiege Metz and Strassburg, the Germans had only 147,000 to contain Paris: the enceinte was fifty miles round, and help could be given by a sortie from the numerous garrison within. If France could raise the men, it was now—or never.

The men could be found, and were found. Dispersed through France were 600,000 of the Garde Mobile: behind them the Garde Nationale ready to fight in defence of their own districts, 700,000: more immediately valuable the *regiments de marche*, made up of depot companies of men who had been late in going, or who were untrained or partially trained. One need not reckon the Francs-tireurs under local leaders. But of the rest there was *chair a canon* in plenty. In six weeks Gambetta had created an "army" of 180,000 men at Tours; others were gathering at Lille, at Rouen, at Alencon, at Besancon, with arms and supplies and enthusiasm—but without training.

Through the autumn and winter these armies tried to thrust back the Germans and to relieve Paris, but they never met any success worth counting.

* * *

What were the reasons? Not want of men, nor of arms, nor of money, nor of supplies; simply that civilians could not be made at such short notice into soldiers.

What the past shows would seem to be (1) that the instances where, in common belief, a people have sprung to arms to save their nation and attained success are very few; (2) that where success has been won it was with a considerable stiffening of regulars; (3) that time is absolutely necessary; (4) that the prospects of success was greatest where the business of war is simplest. On the other hand, warfare tends to become shorter, sharper, and more immediately decisive, the conduct of it more and more technical.

In resisting the indiscriminate *levee en masse* in 1793, Danton said, "Il faut mourir pour la patrie, mais il faut mourir *utilement*." It is not so easy as it looks; it is not so easy as it was.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

PAPER FROM SEAWEED.

A new process for making from seaweed the bleached or white pulp from which paper is made has been invented in Germany. In this process a mass of the seaweed is exposed to the sun, the mass being turned from time to time to expose all parts to the action of the light. This is done preferably under open sheds covered with glass. As soon as the weed is thoroughly dried it is steeped in an alkaline solution, and is then crushed in a mortar and treated with chlorine, the whole process resulting in making the weed white. A little sulphuric acid is finally added for increasing the resistance of the fibers. This process is thought to be greatly superior to the old method of burying the weed in the ground, which resulted in the decomposition of a large part of the seaweed.

Japan and the War

Why Japan Welcomes Participation in the Present World Conflict

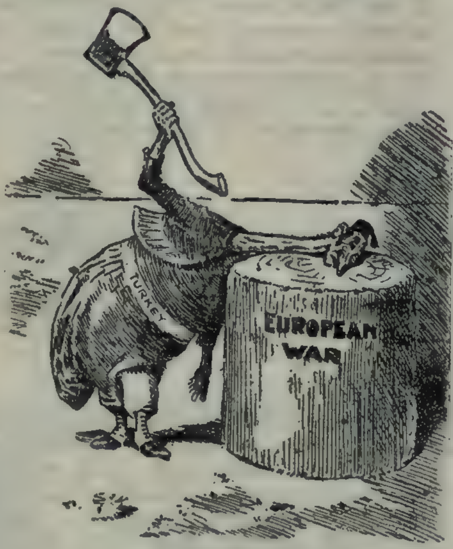
By E. BRUCE MITFORD, F.R.G.S

Germany has professed to regard as unnatural the alliance of what the Kaiser once named "The Yellow Peril" with the European powers arrayed against her. Apart from the fact that another "scrap of paper," to which both Japan and Great Britain were signatories, demanded the former's intervention, Mr. Mitford here shows how Germany's Eastern policy has justified Japan in welcoming an opportunity for retribution.

NEARLY two decades ago, the War Lord of Europe launched his "mailed fist" against helpless China—in chastisement for the murder of two German missionaries. Not content with this exploit, he went out of his way to add insult to the injury he had previously inflicted upon Japan. It was characteristic of German statecraft to make two enemies where one might have sufficed. Today this same characteristic, largely displayed, seems destined to bring to ruin the whole edifice of "blood and iron." In the Far East, at all events, where the methods of its upbuilding were the most flagrant of all, the process of dissolution promises to be both rapid and complete.

Since 1895, the Kaiser has been, to an extent which only those who have lived among them can realize, the *bete noire* of the Japanese. In that year, by the instrument cynically called the "Peace" of Shimonoseki, three European Powers combined to inflict on the Island Empire a grevious and bitter wrong. By force of arms, and at considerable loss, Japan had won from China the great fortress of Port Arthur—in Japanese eyes, the chief fruit of the war undertaken by the Mikado's government to rebut for ever the Chinese claim to the suzerainty of Korea. Japan proposed, but Germany disposed. Of that unholy coalition which robbed her of the sweets of victory, Germany is believed to have been the moving spirit. Any Power posted at Port Arthur (it was urged by the interveners) would constitute a menace to Chinese independence too strong to be permitted. Such was the "friendly advice" of the Three Powers to Tokyo. The Japanese people seethed with indignation—below the surface; but there was no other way than that to which *force majeure* pointed so ruthlessly. The Gibraltar of the Far East returned into the nerveless hands of Peking; and the iron of European statecraft sank deep into the Japanese soul.

The policy which underlay the Three-Power Intervention was soon revealed. Within three years of the expression of their solicitude for the independence and integrity of China, Germany had established herself at Kiao-chau, and Russia at Port Arthur. Great Britain, too, secured a lease of nearly 300 square miles of territory about the Bay of Wei-hai-wei. This last, intended as a counterstroke to the Russian move across the Gulf, was justified apparently on the ground that two blacks make a white. It proved as futile in the one respect as it was indefensible in the other. Both Russia and Germany set about the conversion of their "leased" territories into fortified bases, with every suggestion of permanent occupation. The best use Britain could find for her new possession was to make of it a summer station for her China fleet. Better than the fortification of Chinese territory was the alliance with Japan. Better from both British and Chinese points of view, to the wounded spirit of the Island Power it was as balm in Gilead. Up to that moment, the thoughts of the Japanese, as they watched the partition of China proceeding under their very eyes—and at the instance of those Powers who had set so much store by the principle of Chinese integrity—may better be imagined than described.



Here Goes.
—Philadelphia Record.

So much for the injury. The insult was administered by the Kaiser in person. In the never-to-be-forgotten speech with with which he sped the German squadron on its voyage of "divine vengeance" to Kiao-chau, Japan was specifically included as the appropriate object of European enmity. In swollen periods the War Lord invited the whole Western world to unite against a common foe. Civilization stood in danger from the Yellow Race. No one supposed that China was capable of imperilling the safety of the West. Assuredly, the Kaiser did not. It was at Japan that he meant to strike. So the Land of the Rising Sun was labelled "Enemy of Christendom."

Thus did the Kaiser, by blatant invocation of the "Yellow Peril," seek to compass the destruction of the Power he had already wronged. To such a project there could have been, at the time, no more effective retort than the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. But it was not the only one. The Oriental, if slow, is thorough in his revenge. His mills—like God's—grind in the end exceedingly small..

In a statement made by Baron Kato in the Japense Diet on September 5, it was made clear that Great Britain had requested Japan's assistance, in the Far Eastern theatre, under the terms of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance. With that invitation Japan willingly complied as, indeed, she was bound to do. The terms of the Treaty of 1905 have reference to "the regions of Eastern Asia and of India," and the two contracting parties bind themselves to take action in agreement for the maintenance of their interests in those regions.

Though Japan's participation in the Great War was clearly a matter of duty, it must have been with peculiar pleasure that her statesmen listened to the call. That it should fall to the Power who had suffered both insult and injury at Germany's hands to pull down the edifice of that Power's ambition in the Far East is quite in accordance with the fitness of things. With a fine sense of "poetic justice," the Note handed to the German Ambassador in Tokyo was couched in terms almost identical with those of Germany's Note to Japan in 1895—the same expressions of solicitude for China's integrity; the same friendly tendering of "advice." For the Kaiser it must have been a bitter pill that the "Yellow and heathen" Power against whom he sought in 1897 to rouse the Western world, should be uniting with other Christian nations to render for ever impossible the plan of a Prussian hegemony. For all that, it is permissible to hope that the keen humor which underlay the Japanese Note was not altogether lost on the heavy intellects at the Wilhelmstrasse.

The masterstroke of Japanese policy followed hard on the heels of the ultimatum. It was the announcement that Kiao-chau, after its capture from Germany, was to be restored to China. The effects were instantaneous. Nothing remained for the propagators of suspicion and prejudice but to sink into a shameful silence. The nets of the fishers in troubled waters dropped empty from their hands. To the enemies of Japan it seemed incredible; the world at large was amazed. Here was not interest, but sacrifice; not aggrandisement, but magnanimity. It was not war, but it was magnificent. At a single stroke—a stroke not of the sword, but of the pen—it brought to nothingness the labors of those (and they are many) who have for years been striving to make friction between the two branches of the Yellow Race.

China in the past has had her quarrels with Japan—mainly the result of her own obstinate misunderstanding of her neighbor. Japan has now dug wide and deep a grave in which that dead past may be buried. It is the dawn, in the distant East, of that new era—which, we hope, the downfall of Prussianism will herald in the West—when "there will be no more war." That Japan, as leader of the Orient, should have taken this splendid step was as it should be. Has not her veteran Minister, Count Okuma, defined her mission as that of raising into new life "the two ancient civilizations" of China and Korea, and, thereafter, of bringing into a harmonious whole the civilizations of East and West? She has taken to-day a big step towards the realization of that noble, if colossal, aim. And if, in any measure, she owes her lofty action to the influence of England—who has not hesitated to imperil the existence of her vast Empire for the sake of the small State's "right to live"—how eminently right, how good and how pleasant, it would be that the Island Kingdoms of the East and of the West should lead their respective hemispheres in higher and nobler conceptions of international relationships?

Finally, it seems to me, Japan, by her magnanimity and self-restraint, has dealt a heavy blow—let us hope, a mortal blow—at that grim spectre of the future world, race-prejudice. On the score of that ill passion, men still picture the horrors of a titanic conflict between East and West. The two, they say, can never meet; they are as the poles apart. Let us therefore resist every effort to bring them together. Nay, more; let us of the West keep the East for ever under our feet. So shall we secure ourselves (for we are outnumbered), our precious "standard of living," our still more precious trade. That is the policy of selfishness, of unworthy pride, of moral death. Was the world indeed made for the West alone? Or for all nations, creeds and tongues? Is not the principle for which Armageddon is now being fought that of "live and let live?" And, that grand principle being established, and sealed and hallowed by much blood, is it not to apply to the East as against the West? No; if Right is to prevail in this great struggle, against Might—as it will prevail—it must prevail, not in Europe alone, but the world over. For ever and a day, it must govern not only the relations of the nations but of the hemispheres. The world of tomorrow, ransomed from the slavery of racial hate, must be one in which

" . . there is neither East nor West,
Border nor birth"

to mar the universal harmony.

Restoring---a Modern Fine Art

How Worn-out Masterpieces are Restored to their Pristine Beauty

By BLAND EDWARDS

It is almost impossible, in the face of the adeptness of picture restorers to-day, so to injure a painting—unless by fire, and not always then—painters say, that it cannot be restored so completely that the damage, particularly in the case of a cut, will elude any but the most expert scrutiny. Some details of the methods of this little known art are here described.

THE PUBLIC that views the year's exhibitions of paintings rarely ever knows that such a thing as a restorer exists. It only knows that the paintings it sees in the Metropolitan Museum or in some private collection have a fresher look at some times than others and a peculiar odor. Every art dealer, and many owners of fine paintings have occasion to call on the restorer, and almost all of the larger museums have a staff of such artists constantly at work. And such work requires a degree of skill in a proficient worker quite equal to that of the best painters; yet the best restorers are in no sense artists. It is their duty to take a painting in which the color tones are out of harmony and return it, with the colors and figures as nearly in the same relation as they were when the painting was first completed.

Contrary to popular belief, a painting is by no means the most delicate thing in the world. Indeed, there is no reason why a painting may not last hundreds of years if it is properly cared for. Many of the Egyptian paintings in the Metropolitan Museum are more than two thousand years old, yet the colors are good and the paint appears to be in an excellent state of preservation, and it is safe to say that the museum restorers are responsible for their excellent appearance. Recently in a collection of Egyptian antiquities an Egyptian painting, said to be the earliest known example of painting on canvas, was exhibited. Critics remarked that it had considerable beauty of design, the colors being remarkably well preserved, but there was no mention made of the restorer who undoubtedly prepared it for the exhibition, for the painting was said to be thirty-five hundred years old. Thus the work of the restorer is always kept in the background, for even though the painting had been greatly improved and benefited by the treatment, it might cause the realization of a lower price if the painting were ever offered at auction.

Paintings are damaged chiefly by the deterioration of the support on which they are painted; hence paintings frequently have to be transferred to a new canvas or pasted to a new support—that is, relined. Also paintings are frequently damaged by mechanical injury to the painted surface. They may be slashed with a knife or abraded by careless handling. Usually the canvas will be relined or transferred, the crack filled with a simple preparation of whiting and blue, and the damaged strip repainted with special colors exactly matching the tone of the original.

Transferring is an operation the restorer is most often called upon to do, and easily one of the most difficult of successful accomplishment.

In transferring, the canvas of the painting is removed, and the painting—now simply a thin sheet of paint glued to a paper and linen support—firmly cemented to a new foundation of canvas. The thing is accomplished in the restorer's studio with the adeptness of a schoolboy embellishing his books with gaily colored transfer pictures. The first step in transferring is to clean the painting, and thus remove all dust, grease, and acids from the brushwork. Then a secret adhesive is spread on the face of the picture and a sheet of stout paper pressed against it. A sheet of linen larger than the painting is then glued to the first thickness of paper, and a second sheet of paper is glued on top of the linen. This "building up" of paper and linen on the face of the painting is to furnish a support for the thin sheet of paint that is left after the old canvas is removed. After the glue is dry, the painting is laid face down on an easel and the overhanging edges of the linen are tacked firmly to the easel, thus leaving the back of the painting exposed to the hands of the artist who is then ready to remove the old canvas.

The removal of the old canvas is accomplished with various grades of ordinary sandpaper. The coarser grades are used first, and the finer grades last, as the restorer comes closer and closer to the back of the thin sheet of paint which is the picture. In some cases this sheet of paint is remarkably thin, so thin indeed, that the texture of the canvas can be clearly seen through the face of the picture. The life of a picture is inversely proportional to the thickness of its color layer, painters say. Canvas contracts with moisture and cold, and the paint generally is affected in the same way but if the paint layer is too thick, it gives way and cracking is the result. All of the old paintings that have come down to us uncracked are painted very thin, and this was the method of such early painters as Van Dyck, and Raphael and his pupils.

After the old canvas has been removed, the new canvas is coated with a secret adhesive and the painting, still firmly supported by its paper-linen foundation, is firmly pressed—sandpapered side down—to the sticky new canvas. Then the two are placed between boards and pressed together for a month with heavy weights. At the end of that time, the picture is ironed with a special iron, heated by boiling water to prevent burning, and is nailed to its stretcher. Then the linen-paper foundation is carefully dampened and removed, the surface of the picture cleaned, and the transfer is complete.

The next step after this process is to retouch the face of the picture, if it needs it, to fill up cracks and abrasions with mastic of the proper color, and finally to apply a secret compound. This retouching is done with specially prepared colors, colors that will not resinify and turn brown or change with age. If the surface of the painting is badly cracked, it is necessary to apply heavy pressure to it for a considerable time to remove the cracks. The painting is lastly "freshened" with a compound, the secret of which is most zealously guarded. This secret liquid is applied with a cloth and rubbed on the painting. It causes it to glow with a warmth that is surprising. The application of but a small amount of this compound greatly enhances the original effect and brightens the colors, but in no way changes them.

The same methods hold true for paintings that are transferred from wood panels to canvas, or *vice versa.* Paintings on wood warp easily under certain conditions, and to bring them back to their original state, or to prevent this, the back of the picture is "cradled." That is, strips of mahogany are glued to the picture lengthwise with the grain of the wood, and these lengthwise strips are slotted for crosspieces that are wedged in against the back of the picture but not glued. This arrangement allows for the expansion and contraction of the board on which the picture is mounted laterally and keeps it perfectly level and square, much as the inserted strips in a drawing board do the same thing.

Restoring, as an art, has developed within comparatively recent times. One hundred years ago, few, if any, painters practised it, and it is certain that no restorer of that day ever dreamed of the delicate operation of transferring a thin sheet of brittle paint from wood to canvas with the ease and dispatch with which it is accomplished to-day.

The new profession has received impetus from the atrocities which have been committed recently by the suffragettes in England and by the fact that many of the old masters have needed repairs heretofore considered impossible. It has seemed until lately that many of them could live only in the memory of man.—*Technical World Magazine.*

Europe's Mighty Fortifications

A Description of the Giant Defensive Works of Europe

By GEORGE F. BRETT

Millions upon millions of dollars have been spent by European countries on the construction of forts to repel possible invasion. It is now a question whether modern engines of war have rendered useless this vast expenditure. It is perhaps too early in the war at present to arrive at a definite conclusion on this head. Mr. Brett here gives us an account of the principal forts of Europe, the fate of many of which in the present war will probably definitely settle the question.

SEBASTIAN LE PRESTRE DE VAUBAN, a French engineer, who lived in the seventeenth century, conducted fifty-three sieges and never lost one. He is the father of the science of permanent fortifications. Europe, in the present conflict, bristles like an angry hedgehog with the vast defensive works which he originated. What discoveries Vauban failed to make were achieved by another Frenchman who happened to be born on the Belgian side of the frontier—Alexis Henri Brialmont. The two men are the Alpha and well-nigh the Omega of modern military engineering. Their joint work. Brialmont's superimposed upon that of Vauban is being subjected to the severest test that ever was applied to the material devices of man.

The battering of the most formidable artillery in the world upon fortified places on either side of far-stretching frontiers is giving rise to a question of vital importance to statesmen and generals. That question might be put thus: "Has the science of projectiles and of artillery construction outstripped the skill of the building of fortifications?"

In other words, have the size, the mobility, and the penetrative force of the latest and greatest guns made useless the vast works of defence constructed all over the civilized world at an expense which has kept nations sweating to pay the cost?

The data furnished by the present hostilities, as far as they have progressed, are inconclusive as an answer to this question. It is true that Namur, the work of Brialmont, and one of the strongest fortifications in Europe, succumbed, after two days' bombardment, to the gigantic motor-borne howitzers of Von Kluck's army. It is also true, however, that Liège, likewise fortified by Brialmont, was maintaining an effective resistance in some of its outlying forts as late as the end of August. Lille, strongly fortified, was surrendered without a blow. Verdun, pounded by the flower of the German army under Crown Prince Frederick William, showed no signs of yielding at any stage of the attack, and survived in effective condition to hearten the Allies during the retreat of the Germans under the terrific onslaught of the Franco-British forces.

India for the King!
—Raven Hill, in Punch.

Roughly speaking, Europe is divided into three parts by two distinct systems of opposing fortifications, marking the lines of contact between three rival races. These fortifications follow the strategic requirements of two frontiers—the Franco-German and the Russo-German. In some instances the discrepancies between geographical frontiers and military exigencies are so wide that fortified places stand many miles back of the political boundaries. In general, however, the fortresses of Europe stand in approximate alignment with the frontiers.

In addition to these three main divisions of the strongholds of Europe are the elaborate defensive works built through the centuries to protect capitals from invasion, and the vast fortresses constructed by small nations, either to enforce the neutrality of their respective territories or to repel invasion by powerful neighbors.

It is a notable fact, for instance, that some of the smallest countries on the European continent have expended relatively the greatest amounts on defensive enterprises of formidable scope. In the two countries that stand out most conspicuously in this respect Brialmont was the engineer and builder. It was Brialmont who designed and constructed the fortifications of Antwerp, Liège, and Namur in Belgium. Brialmont was the author, also, of the fortifications of Roumania, designed for protection against invasion from Russia.

The calculations of the past have been justified in the case of Belgium, which has based part of its defensive preparations upon the prospect of a German invasion. In Roumania the fears of the military engineers have so far been proved unfounded by the events of history, for Roumania has never been in conflict with Russia. By an odd irony of fate, however, Roumanian strategy has not anticipated the situation of to-day, wherein an invasion is possible from the Austrian side as a result of Roumania's likely intervention in the Russian operations against Austria.

Belgium is the most strongly fortified country for its size in the world. The little monarchy has been the battle-ground of Western Europe since Cæsar's day. Armies have trodden down its soil with iron heels. German hosts have grappled with French; Anglo-Saxons have striven with Gauls; the Belgians themselves, half French and half Teutons, have struggled with their neighbors, the Dutch, for liberty.

Of the capitals, Paris is the most strongly fortified in the world. This condition is the result, to some extent, of the disaster of 1870, when Prussia, after crushing the French armies in the field, overcame the last resistance of the third empire in its ultimate citadel.

Unlike Paris, Berlin is comparatively defenseless, in so far as any immediate fortifications are concerned. The fortress of Spandau is a semimedieval, semimodern work of which little is known outside of the intelligence departments of armies.

Spandau undoubtedly could give a good account of itself in the event of an attack upon Berlin, but the German staff counts upon checking the enemy long before his cavalry appears in the suburbs of the capital. The real fortifications of Berlin are on the French and the Russian frontiers.

VIENNA, CITY OF BATTLES.

Vienna is a name that recalls sieges and battles and the din of races in a death-grip. German and Hun and Pole and Turk have fought beneath its walls; it was here that the gallant Sobieski, with his Polish Uhlans—the originals of the present German cavalry—smashed the power of Kara Mustapha in 1683 and saved drowning Europe from the final sweep of the Moslem wave.

St. Petersburg—now renamed Petrograd in an effort to banish the memories of the German civilization which gave Peter the Great to Russia and established the Slav "window into Europe" over the marshes of the Neva—is girdled by a ring of steel and concrete set across the entrance to the Morskoi Canal, the sea-road to the Muscovite capital. At the gateway to the harbor frowns the fortress of Petropavlovsk—Saints Peter and Paul—whose dripping casements have stifled the cry of many a revolutionist. The guns of Petropavlovsk sweep the entrance to the gulf; on either side of the battlements of this main stronghold frown a line of fortresses and marine batteries, each fully manned night and day, keeping ceaseless vigil.

BELGIAN FRONTIER FORTIFIED.

France has affected to regard the inviolability of the territory of Belgium as a sufficient barrier to a German invasion through Belgium. In practice, however, the French general staff has treated the treaty guaranteeing the neutrality of the little monarchy as a practically negligible quantity, and has carried out a scheme of fortifications along the Belgian border in the expectation that Germany would step over Belgium to attack France in the northeastern region. The attention which the French have paid to the development of the fortifications of Dunkirk, Lille, Civet, and Mezières, strung out in a line along the Belgian border, is conclusive evidence of this provision.

On the German side of the French frontier no lack of preparations can be laid at the doors of the German strategists. Opposing Toul and Verdun are the great defensive works of Metz and Diedenhofen as a primary base in the event of an advance or a first line of defense in case of a retreat. Back of these two strongholds is a chain of forts strung along the valley of the Rhine.

These defenses, kept up and improved at great expense for the past forty years, are Strassburg, Germersheim, Mainz, Coblenz, and Cologne. The resisting capacity of these places is so great that an invasion of Germany by the Allies on the western front that is not predicated upon the reduction or the investment of at least Metz, Diedenhofen, Strassburg, and preferably Germersheim, is destined to end not only in failure, but in a probable disaster for the invaders.

No account of the fortifications of Germany would be complete without mention of the low-lying island of Helgoland, which barely tops the surface of the North Sea a few miles from the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser. Helgoland was a British possession until the year 1890, when it fell into the hands of the Germans by one of those characteristic little diplomatic dickers with which the Kaiser has accomplished impressive results from time to time.

The price which Germany paid for the island of Helgoland was her renunciation of her "claim" in Zanzibar under the tripartite agreement which enabled Great Britain to establish a protectorate over the African island.

To-day the island which Germany obtained in return for a "claim" is a bristling center of land and sea defenses and a base for submarine raids that may prove of disastrous significance to Great Britain before the war is over.

On the Russo-German frontier two parallel lines of fortifications glare at one another, charged with death-dealing power all along the artificial frontier which Russia, Germany, and Austria, then making common cause for the spoliation of Poland, created by the last phase of the dismemberment of that brave but unhappy country in 1795. On the German side are the bristling battlements of Konigsberg, Danzig, Thorn, and Posen, the ancient Posnan of the Polish kingdom. In a general way these works are designed to reinforce the natural defensive features offered by the valley of the Vistula River.

GERMANIC LINES JOINED.

Where the German fortifications cease the common system of Germanic defense against Slavic invasion is taken up by Austria with the fortified cities of Cracow and Przemysl, which have played so important a part in the present Russian operations against Austria. These two points are the outposts, so to speak, of the towering Carpathian Mountains, the geographical defences of Austria at this point of its frontiers.

To these defensive works on the German and Austrian side Russia has opposed a vast system of fortifications, laid out in the course of the centuries, in a long, bulging line from Koxno, in the north, to Kamenetz, in the south. Warsaw, the former capital of Poland, is the key to the series of Russian defenses—Warsaw, bitterly contested for centuries in the never-ending conflict between the Slav and his numerous enemies, the Tatar, the Gaul, the German, and the Slav himself.

The coast line of the British Isles fairly bristles with military works of various kinds, designed to prevent the only sort of invasion possible in that part of Europe—an invasion by sea. In that respect the defenses of Britain resemble closely those of the United States, which does not possess a single comprehensive structure for permanent defense at an inland point, but has confined its fortification works to structures designed to repel attacks by fleets.

The seaward defenses of Great Britain, however, are formidable. A girdle of concealed batteries, armed with the highest-powered guns yet devised, encircles the tight little isle and its restless islet across the Irish Sea. These batteries are designed, of course, to co-operate with the fleet in the event of the employment of England's naval power to protect her shores. Naturally the mouth of the Thames, as the gateway to London, is well-guarded by permanent artillery, extending in a frowning barrier from Dover to Harwich.

DECISIVE TEST TO COME.

Such are some of the structures in the giant system of defensive works that have been built by the European nations at enormous expenditure and by the employment of the highest engineering skill obtainable. The frequent predictions in the past few years that science would soon devise new forces of destruction which would render mountains of concrete and steel plates as yielding as a child's sand-pile, have not been justified by the operations of the War of Nations. Neither has it been shown that fortifications can hold back great armies very long. The final test between the forces of defense and of offense, it is quite evident, is yet to come.

If this test should result in the consignment of Europe's vast defensive works to the scrap-heap, then military science would revert in one respect to its beginnings, when warriors, unprotected by any defenses, faced each other in conflict breast to breast. The frequent employment of the bayonet charge in the present struggle would seem to indicate that the method of primeval man-to-man force is by no means a discarded element in warfare.—*Munsey's Magazine.*

The Old World in the New

Dangers Arising from Immigration of the Unfit

By PROFESSOR ROSS of Wisconsin University

The writer of this article is of opinion that there is slow poison for the United States in the inferior quality of its immigrants who are no longer of the pioneering type, but are the exploitable kind, and that the easy-going American faith in assimilation and the prolific ability of immigrants to keep up the population portends national decline and race extinction. The question is one well worthy of our consideration, as it affects us here in Canada no less than it does our neighbors to the south of the border.

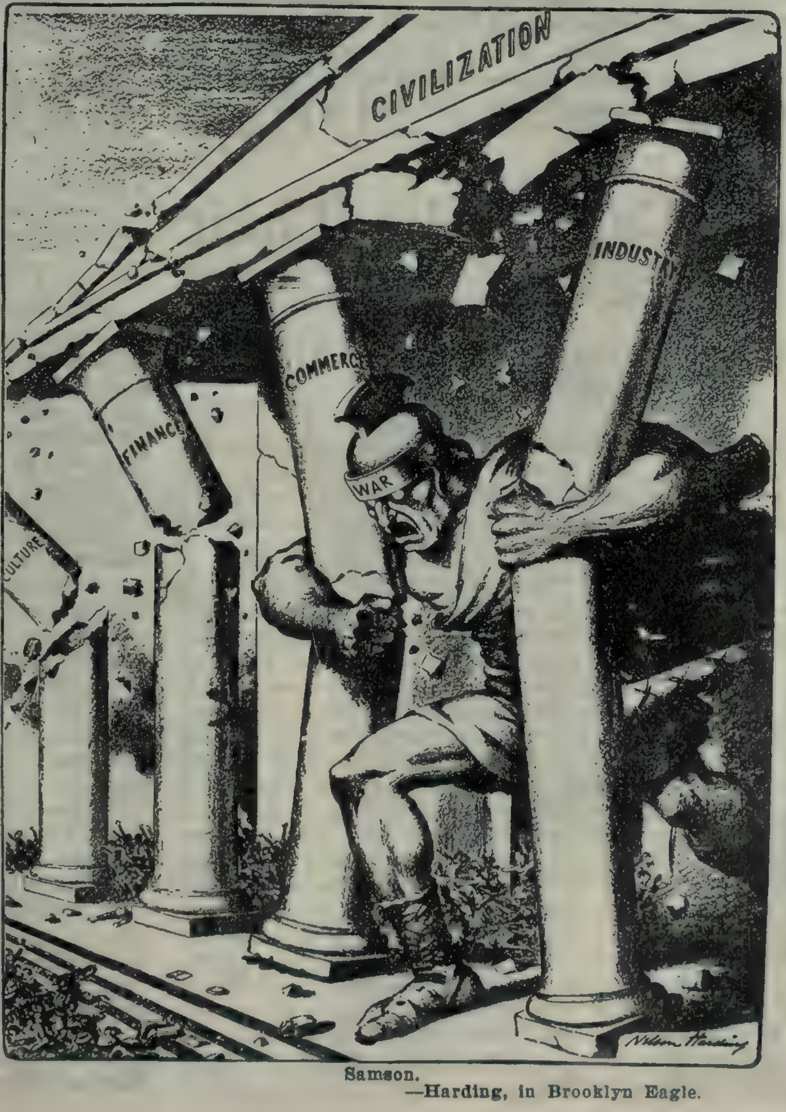
AS a result of the present inferior quality of immigrants into the North American continent, we need not expect to see anything catastrophic. Patriotism of the military type will not be lacking. Scientific, technical and business advance will continue. But there will be a mysterious slackening in social progress, and presently we shall be dismayed by the sense of falling behind.

We shall be amazed to find the Swiss or the Danes or the New Zealanders making strides we cannot match. Stung with mortification at losing our erstwhile lead in the advancement of the common people, we shall cast about for someone to blame. Ultimate causes, of course, will be noticed. There will be loud outcry that mothers, or teachers, or clergymen, or editors, or social workers are not doing their duty. Our public schools, solely responsible as they obviously are for the intellectual and moral characteristics of the people, will be roundly denounced; and it will be argued that church schools must take their place. There will be trying of this and trying of that, together with much ingenious legislation. As peasantism spreads out inertia proves unconquerable, the opinion will grow that the old American faith in the capacity and desire of the common people for improvement was a delusion, and that only the superior classes care for progress. Not until the twenty-first century will the philosophic historian be able to declare with scientific certitude that the cause of the mysterious decline that came upon the American people early in the twentieth century was the deterioration of popular intelligence by the admission of great numbers of backward immigrants.

To our great basic industries the endless inflow of the neediest, meekest, unskilled alien laborers, many of them used to dirt floors, a vegetable diet, and child labor, and ignorant of underclothing, newspapers, and trade-unions, is like a rain of manna; but what of the pressure upon the standard of living?

Throughout our comfortable classes one finds high-sounding humanitarianism and facile lip-sympathy for immigrants co-existing with heartless indifference to what depressive immigration is doing and will do to American wage-earners and their children. If the stream of immigration included capitalists with funds, merchants ready to invade all lines of business, lawyers, doctors, engineers, and professors qualified to compete immediately with our professional men, even judges and officials able to lure votes away from our own candidates for office, the pressure would be felt all along the line, and there might be something heroic in these groups standing for the equal rights of all races to American opportunities. But since actually the brunt is borne by labor, it is easy for the shielded to indulge in generous views on the subject of immigration.

By their presence the foreigners necessarily lower the general plane of intelligence, self-restraint, refinement, orderliness and efficiency. The great excess of men among them leads to sexual immorality and the diffusion of private diseases. A primitive midwifery is practised, and the ignorance of the poor mothers fills the cemetery with tiny graves. The women go about their homes barefoot, and their rooms and clothing reek with the odors of cooking and uncleanliness. The standards of modesty are Elizabethan. Barriers of speech, education, and religious faith split the people into unsympathetic, even hostile camps. The worst element in the community makes use of the ignorance and venality of the foreign-born voters to exclude the better citizens from any share in the control of local affairs. The single English daily has so few



Samson.
—Harding, in Brooklyn Eagle.

subscribers that it cannot afford to offend any of them by exposing municipal rottenness. The chance to prey on the ignorant foreigner tempts the cupidity and corrupts the ethics of local business and professional men. The Slavic thirst, multiplying saloons up to one for every twenty-six families, is communicated to Americans, and results in an increase of liquor crimes among all classes. In like manner familiarity with the immodesties of the foreigners coarsens the native-born. With the basest Americans and the lowest foreigners united by thirst and greed, while the decent Americans and the decent foreigners understand one another too little for team-work, it is not surprising that the municipal government is poor and that the taxpayers are robbed. The police force, composed of four Lithuanians, two Poles, one German, and one Irishman, is so inefficient that "pistol-toting" after night is common among all classes. At times hold-ups have been so frequent that it was not considered safe for a well-dressed person to show himself in the foreign sections after dark.

The present immigrant blood imported by our captains of industry through well-established channels is drained from the lower strata of Europe, below standard physically, intellectually and morally, in perilous measure.

Because he keeps them clean, neatly dressed and in school, children are an economic burden to the American. Because he lets them run wild and puts them to work early, children are an asset to the low-standard foreigner. . . The very decency of the native is a handicap to success and to fecundity.

—*Current Opinion.*

DEVELOPING THE HUDSON BAY ROUTE.

Among the steps being taken to develop the Hudson Bay route into a safe and practical line of travel from the Canadian Northwest to Europe is the establishment of wireless stations making a continuous line of communication from Port Nelson and Fort Churchill to the Atlantic. In addition to this, government forces are at work charting the harbors at Port Nelson and Fort Churchill, both located on the western shore of Hudson Bay, and the harbor at the mouth of the Noddawai River near the southern tip of James Bay. The charting of the harbor at the mouth of this river is in connection with a proposed railway leading to the southeast. Construction is reported as having begun on two lighthouses, one located on each side of the entrance to Port Nelson, while a third lighthouse is to be built on a newly charted shoal some miles out in the bay from that harbor.

How Wives Can Help Their Husbands

Economy in Dress with Up-to-date Style. An Article for Lady Readers

All the world is economizing at present, in one way or another, and the matter of economy requires considerable thought. There are many homes in which the wife is able to help her husband make more money. In others her assistance may take the passive form of economy. Dress is one of the first items in which economy is possible to the thrifty housewife and the way in which saving may be effected without sacrificing up-to-date fashions is here indicated.

ECONOMY in dress does not necessarily mean out-of-date styles. The thrifty housewife can frequently by slight alterations or additions to a gown so transform it that it will conform to fashion's latest decrees. Dealing with this subject *Vogue* says:

The suit or wrap of last season is hard, if not impossible, to remodel, as fulness cannot be added to the tight cloth skirts, the short jackets, or the sheath-like wraps of last winter. But dresses, especially evening dresses, lend themselves to remodeling. Therefore it would be wise for the woman who wishes to consider the mode, and yet to save money, to put her greatest expenditure on a new and smart suit to adapt some of the following suggestions, which have been tried and found to be good, in altering her afternoon and evening gowns.

THE MAGIC OF TULLE AND NET.

Tulle and silk net are almost magical in what they can accomplish in remodeling, especially if a bit of fur or bands of paillettes are combined with them. First, let us consider the silhouette of the evening gown of last season and then see how it may be modernized into that of this season. The silhouette of last season was, unquestionably, sheath-like; it showed a scant waist drapery, some fulness at the hips, and narrowed to a point at the feet which barely allowed walking. To-day, the drapery is more scant at the top of the silhouette, but instead of tapering toward the feet, it flares. As regards materials, the tops of the frocks of last season were transparent (as are the tops of the new frocks) and the skirts had one, two, or three short tunics of sheer material.

To alter a dress with the line and materials just described, the transparent top, which is probably worn or soiled, will have to be replaced. The new long waistline may sometimes be achieved by attaching a girdle of the material to the old bodice. The tunics of last season must be removed altogether and new ones, different in cut and length, must be placed over the underskirt. Last of all, the underskirt must be given width if possible. In black or white satin, inverted plaits may be inserted at the side sections. Of course, each gown must be given indidividual thought, but, as a rule, the skirt of last season may form the underskirt over which a long, flaring, tulle or chiffon skirt may be placed; even some of the new, straight, one-piece effects may be gained in this way. Where a last season's skirt has been draped, it can be let out and refreshed by cleaning and pressing.

Naturally such extensive remodeling involves expense, and it should be carefully reckoned before the attempt is made. To put the matter in a logical way, a last season's dress may be used as a foundation on which to build a new one, with the idea of minimizing the expense of a gown. This being the case, it is unwise to think, "Oh, I'll make over that dress for a mere nothing and buy one or two new ones." Usually this means that no thought or money is spent in the re-making, and that, consequently, the gown is a failure and is seldom worn.

Savings in the matter of dress alone, however, is not the only source presented to the wife of helping her husband make money. The following are one or two instances quoted in *Ladies'Home Journal* in which owing to her business ability the wife has been instrumental in adding to the family income.

A WIFE'S CLEVER IDEA.

In an Illinois city of thirty thousand inhabitants is a journeyman printer who declares that his wife is going to make him a rich man. And this statement seems entirely plausible after an examination of the progress already made by means of the idea that his wife has contributed to his business and is developing as a "side line."

"You've heard," this husband proudly remarks: "the homely old saying that the tail sometimes wags the dog? Well that's the situation in this business exactly. My wife always was determined to add something to the family income. At first she did this by doing certain public work for which she is well fitted. But one day she returned from a trip brimming over with a business idea that, she insisted, would work out in ready money and plenty of it, because it was based on a universal trait of human nature—the love of parents for their own babies, particularly for brand-new babies.

"I told her that if she would really hook up a business idea with that kind of bait it would win, but the baiting must be mighty cleverly done. Then she unfolded her scheme and I put it into finished form."

He then produced a handsomely printed book bound in soft limp leather, on the

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TOASTER—Among the articles of everyday use, the Canadian Beauty Electric Toaster ranks as one of the most helpful to the busy housewife. Its handsome appearance adds to the pleasure of using it. Two slices toasted at once—space on top to keep toast or coffee warm. Guaranteed for five years.

ELECTRIC IRON—This beautiful iron is built for satisfying, lasting service. The heat is evenly distributed, the handle is always cool—and the cost of operating is very small. It is guaranteed for all time—you need but one Canadian Beauty Iron—ironing troubles are dispensed with for life.

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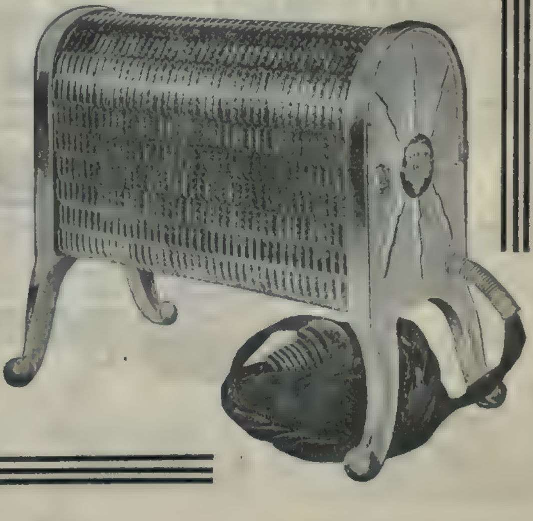

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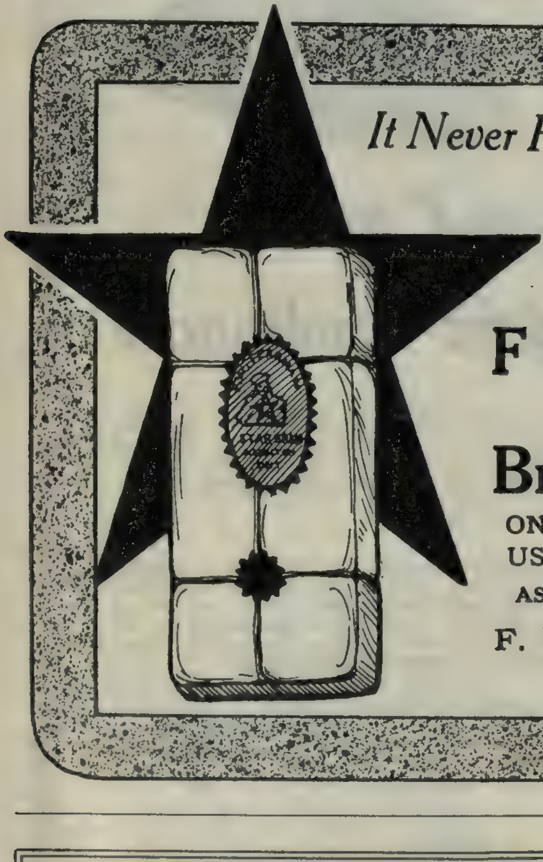

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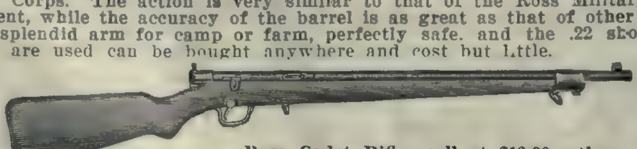

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cover of which was stamped the alluri title: "Our Baby." The foreword, a dressed to the mother receiving the boo explained that "This volume is present to you by the merchants whose announc ments appear in it."

"There's the scheme," declared the e thusiastic husband, "that is already mult plying our family income by four. Ar we're not fairly started yet. These boo are sent only to mothers of new babie The births are taken from the offici records. Each merchant who has an 'a nouncement' in the book agrees to pay t five cents for every book that we place the hands of the mother of a new-bor babe in his city or territory. This mea a permanent and practically perpetu sale. And it gets us from one dollar two dollars and fifty cents for every boo The book contains practically every fe ture to be found in any other baby boo and many other features in additio There is about everything in it that r lates to the proper care of a baby—ar all told simply and concisely. But it the idea behind it that makes it go ar brings in the money. My wife has now a office in a large city and is managing th soliciting campaign. I look after th manufacturing end only. Already it bringing us an income three times th size of my own, and I can't see anythin that can stop it from sweeping us on to comfortable fortune."

A LEAK-STOPPER IN A "MOVIE" THEATE

The manager of a "movie" theater in town of three thousand inhabitants de clares: "I couldn't make a living in th business without the help that my wi gives me. She sells the tickets and ther are no leaks in the box office. But wha counts most is the fact that she make customers. She never took in a nick without handing back a 'Thank you' ar a smile. She's as modest as a buttercu and makes the right atmosphere about th place. If I had to keep a cashier who wa inclined to be 'fresh' my trade would dro off quickly. My wife helps to get an hold the best people in the town—tho that would otherwise pass up the 'movi for the regular drama. They like her an they come here in spite of a feeling tha perhaps it is not quite 'the thing' to d Her face at the window and her influenc are what furnish them with an excuse fo seeing the films.

"Then, too, she looks after things whe I'm taking films back and forth from th city. I don't have to worry about detai while she's on the job."

Many other "movie" managers ca doubtless give much the same testimonia

SPIKING THE ENEMY'S GUNS.

Business capabilities in a wife are ofte brought to the surface by a sudden famil emergency that is not necessarily a ser ous calamity. In a Western town, in th great grain belt, is a business that wa threatened with extinction at the hands o a powerful rival.

The husband owned five grain elevato and his operations were by no mean small.

At the height of the harvest seaso however, he was taken ill and he had n trained lieutenant who could take his place and direct affairs from the central office. His wife instantly realized the necessity for immediate action. She turned the invalid over to his mother, went to the office and took hold of the business.

Although her husband had seldom consulted her with reference to his business he had not been deliberately secretive. The result was that his keen wife had "read between the lines" and put two and two together until she had formulated a mental map of his business and its strategic situation that would have astonished him if he could have entered into her view of it.

Although the husband was not desperately ill she asked him a few questions, assured him that things were running smoothly at the office and talked as little about business as possible. When she had been long enough at the helm to confirm her intuitions regarding the lay of the land she sent for the owner of the powerful competitive organization, looked him squarely in the eye, and said substantially this to him:

"Mr. Doe, my husband is ill. It is evident from your tactics that you already know this. But I don't want you to make the mistake of counting too securely on this fact. If you think that the time has come to pinch us out, push us off the map and take his whole territory for yourself it is clear that you have failed to take several things into consideration. Four of our elevators are located in a territory where you can't touch us. One reason why you can't is that you operated there once and the farmers know from experience the game you play, and they don't like it. You can never get a foothold there again. You're shut out. That is where we have four elevators.

"Our other elevator is located in the very heart of your territory. You have about thirty stations in that territory. Evidently you think this is a strong point. On the contrary it is your weakness. If I put up the price of grain at our one elevator in your territory to-morrow it will set the pace for you at your thirty stations. You'll have to meet it. And you will be obliged to meet it at thirty buying stations instead of one.

"I hope I make myself clear to you. If I don't let me add that unless you assure me that you are going to play fair and be a decent competitor I'll put the price of grain at our elevator in your district to a point where you will have to handle this crop in your thirty elevators without a cent of profit. And if there is any doubt in your mind as to whether we can stand the strain I'll give you my word of honor that we can. Remember we'll be running one elevator on that basis while you'll be playing to the same key with thirty. We have four elevators that will be operated at a profit while you have none. Furthermore I assure you we have ample capital to carry out such a program and not feel it.

"I don't want to start anything like that. It would be far better for both of us to do business in your territory at a reasonable margin of profit. Don't you think it would, Mr. Doe?"

The Man
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with money is playing far safer than the man who gambles with health.

Money when lost can sometimes be regained, but health lost—is another matter.

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"I sure do," was the response, "and that's the way we're going to do it too."

As he passed out of the door his keen eyes shot back an admiring glance at the woman who was so successfully doing substitute duty for her sick husband, and when that husband recovered his health and again took up the reins of his business he quickly discovered that he had nothing further to fear from the Doe Company.

That keen little woman, while substituting for her sick husband, put spikes in the guns of a powerful enemy that had clearly determined upon a complete conquest. That husband had never been able to accomplish this result, and he had been fighting for several years. The wife carried the war right into the enemy's camp and silenced their whole battery at a single stroke.

Wireless Telephony

Apparatus to Carry Messages Over 60 Miles Being Perfected

By JACQUES BOYER

The day is not far distant when the principle of wireless transmission will be successfully applied to telephony. As the accompanying article shows investigations have been carried to a point where complete success is in sight and it may not be long before the new system is put on a commercial basis.

WIRELESS telephony, one of the most remarkable applications of electricity is the transmission of sounds or spoken words to a distance by means of a microphone at one station and a telephonic receiver at the other, the two instruments being connected, not by a wire, but only by trains of aerial electric waves.

As the tones of the human voice and those of musical instruments involve thousands of vibrations per second, the electric waves employed in wireless telephony must be sustained and of great frequency (80,000 to 100,000 per second) in order to assure uninterrupted transmission, as Blondel has shown. Several experimenters have accomplished this result, by two general methods. In the method first employed high-frequency alternators or rapidly rotating static induction machines were used. In order to evade certain practical difficulties Poulsen employed the singing arc. This is an electric arc, produced by a direct current dynamo, in the circuit of which inductance coils and a condenser are intercalated. The arc is formed, not in the open air, but in a conducting atmosphere composed of hydrogen and hydrocarbons, similar to illuminating gas. In these conditions electric oscillations, which may number 500,000 per second, are produced in the arc. If the singing arc is employed to excite an antenna indirectly, by induction, the antenna emits sustained waves of great frequency, which are very suitable for the transmission of musical tones and spoken words.

A microphone inserted in the circuit of the antenna impresses the necessary modifications upon the emitted waves, and the sounds are reproduced by a telephone connected with the antenna of the distant station.

A few years ago Capt. Colin and Lieut. Jeance of the French navy made some experiments in wireless telephony between the Eiffel tower and Villejuif, five miles distant; then between a warship and a land station 12 miles apart; and finally between two land stations separated by a distance of 62 miles. After these modest beginnings the electricians of the Compagnie Generale Radiotelegraphique, which had constructed the apparatus used by Colin and Jeance made improvements, particularly in the microphone, which had been found unable to sustain very strong currents.

Successful telephonic communication has recently been made between Paris and Voves, a distance of about 62 miles, with the new apparatus, which is briefly described below.

The arc is formed in an atmosphere composed of hydrogen and acetylene, the former obtained from hydrolith (calcium hydride) and the latter from calcium carbide. The two gases are evolved in the same generator, where they are induced to unite by vigorous stirring. The carbureted hydrogen which results from their union passes, at a little more than atmospheric pressure, into a cylinder 6 nches in height and 16 inches in diameter. Three electric arcs, occupying the vertices of an equilateral triangle and connected in series, are placed inside the cylinder, which has two lateral openings. One of these openings is covered with red glass and serves as a window through which the arcs may be observed. The other opening is covered with parchment, which serves as a safety valve, and is ruptural in case of an explosion due to he accidental admission of air, which forms an explosive mixture with the other gases.

Each arc is formed between a fixed disk of copper and a rod of carbon 1-25 inch in diameter, so mounted that it can be raised r lowered from the outside by turning a rank. The arcs are established by raisng the carbons into contact with the copper disk. The carbons are then lowered ufficiently to produce arcs about 1-25 nch long. Although the carbon rods, which form the positive electrodes, are gradually consumed, they need no regulatrs because their waste is compensated by deposit of carbon produced by the deomposition of the surrounding gas.

It is necessary, however, to cool the opper disk by a current of water. Each isk forms the bottom of a vertical cylindr filled with petroleum oil and containing worm through which a steady flow of water is maintained. The water cools he oil, which in turn cools the copper isk. When the part of the disk at which he arc is formed becomes burned it is nly necessary to turn the disk slightly y hand in order to present a fresh surface to the electric current. In this way

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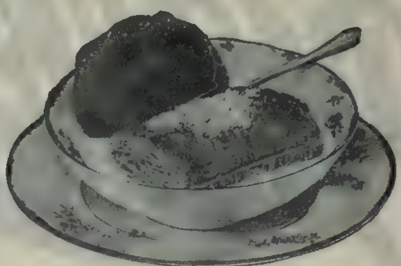

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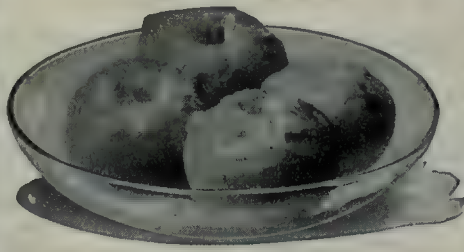

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December Farmer's Magazine Talks Some

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Other agricultural articles of exceptional merit; Short Stories; The Month's Work; Woman's Progress on the Farm, etc., will mark this number as one no lover of country life can afford to miss.

WILL CATTLE SELL HIGH?—*By James E. Poole.*

Chicago's expert will tell us about the North American cattle business and what the packers are doing. It will be worth dollars to any farmer for its authoritative inquiry into facts.

A TIDAL WAVE IN EGGS.—*By Walter Simpson.*

The story of Prince Edward Island's big increase in her egg and poultry output after one year of co-operative egg circles forms an interesting story, illustrated.

CONSOLIDATED SCHOOLS—THE SOLUTION.

—*By Inspector R. Lees.*

After a careful study in the States and on the prairies, this educationist comes to the conclusion that consolidation is the only solution. Read it if you wish to know his points.

AFTER THE WAR—OUR TRADE.—*By W. L. Smith.*

This talented agricultural writer gives us a picture of Canada's agricultural trade and a prospect of things as they may result.

UNADILLA'S NEW HOUSE.—*By a Staff Writer.*

This is another article in the popular farm house building series. It describes a prominent Jersey breeder's house and its plan.

THE ICELANDER—A FARMER.—*By F. C. MacKenzie.*

The Icelander, of which race Tom Johnson, M.P.P., of Winnipeg, is a worthy representative, makes good in prairie farming. This article tells about some things he has done. Illustrated.

THE POETRY OF ACHIEVEMENT.—*By W. D. Albright.*

This brilliant writer of the Peace River gives an inspirational picture for all readers. The man who plants and reaps has achieved truly and can glory in his work.

SUGAR BEETS AND CANADA'S CHANCE.

—*By W. A. Craick.*

What about our sugar crops for next year? Will Canada sow more next year? The subject is discussed by this well-known Canadian writer.

The Woman's Department, Review of Reviews Department, and Grasmere's Chats on the Month's Work are all well maintained.

The illustrations and paper lead every Canadian farm publication. The December cover design is a handsome one. By all means order a copy sent to your desk or to your friends for a Xmas reminder.

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a remarkable constancy of the arcs is obtained.

Three arcs are used because the required voltage (3 × 110 = 330) can conveniently be obtained from a fed current varying from 500 to 700 volts, by interposing an adjustable resistance. There is no advantage in increasing the number of arcs and, consequently, the voltage, because the microphone is injured by sparking if the current through it exceeds 0.6 ampere.

The arcs are included in the circuit of a 700-volt dynamo, together with a pair of choking coils which protect the dynamo from high frequency currents, and a variable resistance which prevents short-circuiting and assures the constancy of the arcs.

This circuit, the oscillating circuit, also includes a variable condenser, and the primary coil of an adjustable transformer. The secondary coil of this transformer is not connected directly to the antenna, but forms part of an intermediate circuit, called the filtering circuit, which greatly increases the range, destroys parasitic waves and supplies the antenna with waves of a single and perfectly uniform length.

This transformer, or inductive coupling, is composed of two flat spirals of copper ribbon mounted in frames. One of these frames is fixed, while the other is hinged like a shutter, so that the angle between the planes of the spirals can be regulated easily and quickly. The filtering circuit is coupled with the antenna in a precisely similar manner, and is completed by the intercalation of a variable condenser. The antenna circuit—radiating circuit—includes a condenser and a variable inductance coil, in addition to the resonator, or spiral by which it is coupled with the filtering circuit.

The microphone is composed of nineteen microphone cells, each formed of pulverized carbon pressed by a thin plate of carbon. The cells are arranged on a circular disk, and are covered by the mouth of the megaphone. One of the turns of the resonator is connected to earth through the microphone. This arrangement eliminates the sputtering noises that are heard when the microphone is inserted directly in the antenna circuit, and removes the limitation to the energy supplied to the antenna.

In the experiments recently made at the laboratory of the Compagnie Generale Radiotelegraphique, waves from 900 to 1,100 meters in length were employed for transmission. Trumpet calls can be produced at the receiving station, with the aid of a keyboard connected with the oscillating circuit of the sending station.

The Italian scientists, Majorona and Vanni, are endeavoring to increase the range of wireless telephony by utilizing the vibrations of liquid veins. Other pioneers are working in the field, and we may expect to be able, one of these days, to telephone from Paris to New York.—*Scientific American.*

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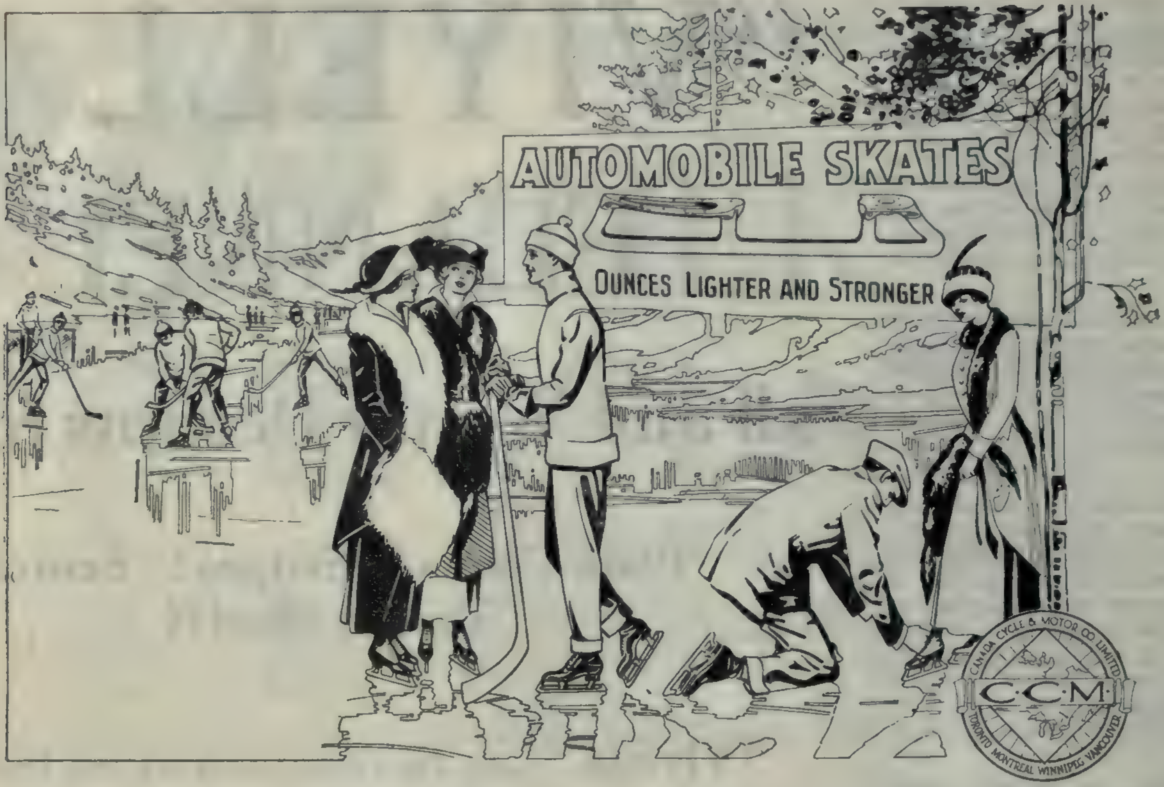

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Through German Spectacles

A Civil Prisoner of War Gives Us Germany's View of the Great Conflict

The writer of this article was, soon after the outbreak of war, arrested as a spy in Germany, but was able satisfactorily to prove his innocence. The account here given of the German viewpoint of the war will enable us, if not to sympathize with, at any rate to understand to some extent, and make some allowance for the views held by the subjects of the Kaiser.

DURING the first weeks of the war, the feeling against Russia was uppermost in the minds of the Germans. She was generally regarded as the main instigator of the war. Panslavism under her rulership was the motive of it. The Germans regard her as being in such a state of barbarism that they could not comprehend England's understanding with her, nor could they comprehend her understanding with a Latin race when she might and ought to have had an alliance with Germany. For the German any race which is not Teutonic is quite a lower order of humanity. This has been so for many decades, and has been one of the fruitful causes of disunion in Austria.

Then there was genuine regret at the English declaration of war, which was regarded as a kind of racial perfidy. Even the most intelligent German will not see that Germany's policy for years past necessarily was a constant menace to a country in England's position. He will say that Germany had no intention of at any time seeking to injure England, and that is his only answer to the objection that she was steadily seeking to put herself into a position in which she would be able to do so.

The Japanese ultimatum had a violent effect upon the general feeling. The mere fact that the Japanese, a yellow race, should have come into a war between Europeans was regarded as an outrage upon Western civilization, which was laid at the door of England. Many who took this view quite forgot that in the very first days they had expressed pious beliefs, if not hopes, that Japan would take advantage of the war and of the fact that Russia's debt to her had not yet been paid off to open fresh hostilities against Russia.

The gradual result of these events has been that during the last weeks the object of popular sentiment has changed. Hatred against England has gone up by leaps and bounds. For England, they say, the war is a base commercial speculation in the interests of her trade; this has always been the selfish policy of the "Kramervolk" (shopkeepers), which word is now one of the most favored designations of the English.

The immaculate attitude as regards the outbreak of the war which Germany assumes, and has set forth in a pamphlet,

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published also, for the benefit of America, in the English language, and very ably compiled, has not, in fact, quite the basis claimed for it. But the nation, including the Social Democrats, are firmly persuaded that the Kaiser did not want war.

The Germans never seriously believed that their breach of Belgian neutrality was the cause of England's declaration of war. They affect not to place the smallest belief in France's assurance that she would not disturb the neutrality, and they say that French troops had in fact already crossed the frontier, and that French officers were found in Liege. The compact between the allies not to conclude any separate peace afforded ill-disguised disappointment, and it is regarded as another instance of England's cunning selfish policy. Till then people had confidently spoken of a conclusion of the war, resulting from the utter defeat of France, in four or five weeks' time. People still talk confidently of a complete ultimate victory for Germany. They speak of our prospects almost with pity, saying what a mistaken policy we have followed, and how greatly we might have profited by neutrality; forgetting that thereby we should have laid ourselves vastly more open to the charge of pursuing a mere selfish policy of gain.

As the war proceeded the Germans seemed to awake to a certain new conviction that the downfall of England was at hand. The writer has a particularly vivid recollection of one Sunday afternoon, when he overheard the conversation of two young men standing on the steps of the post-office, one of whom was reading the latest war news. Though being stared at and pointed out, and noticing whispering as one approached, constituted some of the innocent unpleasantnesses of the position, in this case the writer had not been noticed. "England is going smash!" said the young man, with his eyes still on the newspaper, in a tone as of sudden wondering realization. "Must go smash," answered the other.

Germany is now making great efforts to win the enthusiasm of the Poles, but she cannot win their confidence. The oppression by Prussia of the Polish nationality, not only in Posen but in Silesia, has been too great. The Poles, knowing the Prussian character, feel they cannot trust now the Prussian overtures of freedom. The writer has it from one of their nationality that the Prussian Poles regard the filling up, since the outbreak of the war, of the Archbishopric of Posen, so many years wrongfully kept vacant by Prussia, merely as a feeble bait.

Declaration of war followed declaration of war till the official placard in the post-offices of countries with which communication was broken had little space left. There was a grave misgiving as to Italy, which still continues. The Germans are concealing a resentment against her for her faithlessness of the Triple Alliance. They do not like to say much as yet, lest Italy might adopt hostile activity, but there is little doubt that they hope at the end of the war to make her feel that such conduct does not pay.—*The Nineteenth Century.*

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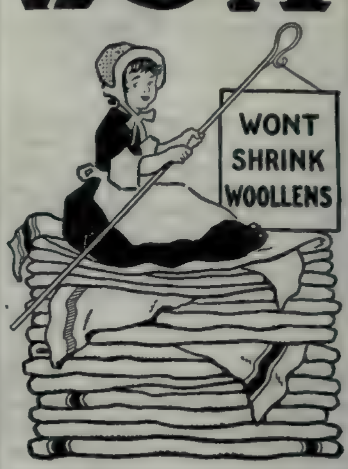

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Italy's Literary Renaissance

Men Who are Leading in the New Art Movement

By EDMUND G. GARDNER

The literature of Italy is entering upon a new era. Commencing with Carducci writers and poets have come to the front who promise to create a new literature for the country which cradled the Renaissance. In the accompanying article a brief appreciation is given of the work of the more prominent of the new school.

THE name of Carducci marks the highest achievement of modern Italy in literature. There is no other that can be mentioned in the same breath with those of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and her great poets of the past. Born in 1836, Carducci lived through the whole epoch of the unification of Italy, and represents in an unique fashion, the national ideals of the Risorgimento. Every phase of that immortal struggle, the seamy no less than the heroic side, is reflected in his verse. The satirical poems of his middle period, "Iambics and Epodes," are practically contemporaneous with Swinburne's "Songs before Sunrise," and in part cover the same ground.

It is in his later work, the "Barbarous Odes," that Carducci's genius reaches its high-water mark. These "barbarous" lyrics—so called, the poet tells us, because they would have sounded such to the ears and taste of the ancients—discard the use of rhyme, and attempt to reproduce the various Latin metres in Italian verse, expressing contemporary thought or depicting contemporary life, in a form as close to classical models as the genius of a modern language will allow.

ITALY'S LITERARY DICTATOR.

Such experiments have often been made before; with Carducci they were no mere literary pose or pedantic artifice, but the authentic utterance of the classical tradition inherent in the Italian nature.

As concerns religion, Carducci stood for anti-clericalism. In an early improvisation, he had hailed Satan as the symbol of revolt and material progress; in one of his later odes, "In a Gothic Church," he turns away from the dark mysteries of "the inaccessible king of spirits," whose temples exclude the sun, to the smiling fields where love glows in the eyes of Lydia. Though for a time disillusioned by the course of Italian politics, Carducci was to the last a patriot.

For forty-six years, save for a short interval, Carducci, held the chair of Italian at the University of Bologna, from which he trained a whole generation of scholars, and for a long period was deservedly a dictator in literary criticism. Since his death in 1907, no poet or scholar can be said to have succeeded to his lonely throne.

A man of a very different type was Antonio Fogazzaro, a Liberal Catholic

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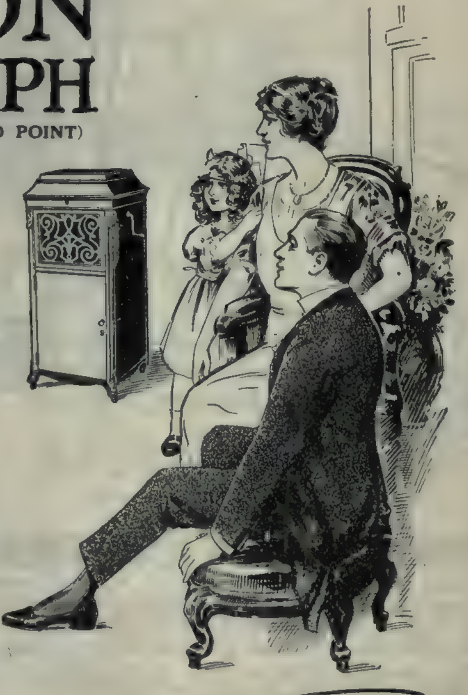

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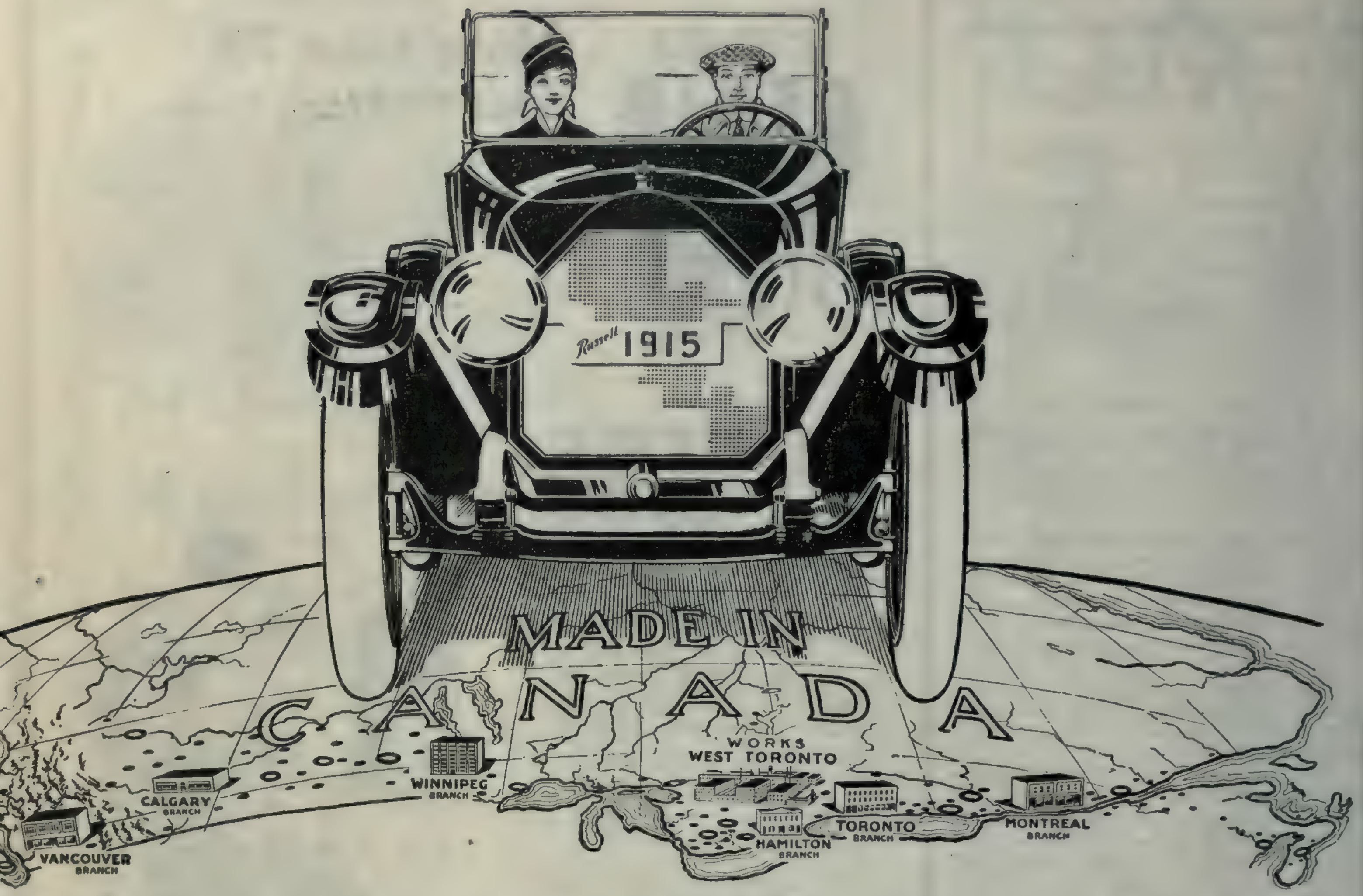

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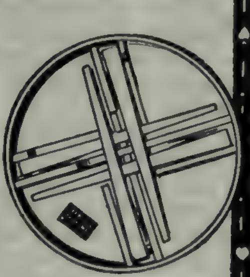

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and a romanticist, whose novels were written to emphasize the spiritual aspect of life. Of these the two best, each a masterpiece of characterization though somewhat lacking in the higher qualities of style, are "Daniele Cortis," the story of an Italian deputy who attempts a reconciliation between Church and State, and "The Little World of Old," an unrivalled picture of life in Lombardy in the days of the struggle against Austrian tyranny.

A more recent and much discussed work, "The Saint," figured prominently in the literature of the Modernist movement, and was the counterpart in fiction of George Tyrrell's controversial essays.

A NEW VIRGILIAN.

I have said that Carducci had no real successor. But in a sense his mantle may be said to have fallen upon two men: Giovanni Pascoli and Bendetto Croce. Pascoli, who suceeded to Carducci's chair at Bologna, died in 1912. A Latinist of European reputation, he was a true poet within somewhat narrow limits. In his more characteristic mood, Pascoli is essentially a poet of nature, a modern Virgil of the "Georgics," singing of the country and what it offers to the soul, and the life of the peasants in the fields.

Later, he turned to classical themes, and to subjects drawn from modern history and contemporary life. One of his last poems represents the restless ghost of Bismarck, the impersonification of Force, riding Death's steed through the world, seeking out scenes of carnage and devastation.

Unlike the previous writers, Croce is a southerner, a native of the Abruzzi, living in Naples. Born in 1866, he is still in the prime of life. It is claimed for him, not without reason, that his is the greatest literary influence in Italy since the death of Carducci, though personally he is one of the least pretentious of men. This influence is exercised through the journal that he owns and edits, "Criticism" (La Critica), but his main contribution to contemporary thought is in the sphere of philosophy. His system, which he calls the "Philosophy of the Spirit," represents (like that of Bergson, but in a different way) the reaction against the materialism of a past generation, and is bearing abundant fruit even beyond the boundaries of the Italian peninsula.

D'ANNUNZIO'S DEBATABLE DRAMA.

Gabriele D'Annunzio, poet, novelist, and dramatist, has sedulously secured for himself the position of the most talked of among living Italian writers. An unkindly critic, comparing the methods of advertisement adopted for his plays with those of a traveling circus, observed that there was this difference in the performance: in the one case, you saw clever animals behaving like men; in the other case you saw clever men acting like beasts. It is beyond question that D'Annunzio possesses a wonderful lyrical gift, an amazing power over the resources of language. Like the decadent Italian poets of the seventeenth century, his ideal seems to be

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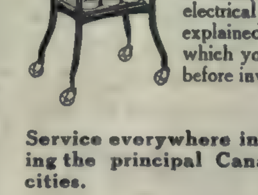

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to astonish by exaggeration, to dazzle by profusion and excess.

"The drama," he once declared, "is for me nothing else than a window opened upon a transfiguration of life"; brave words, but hardly exemplified in the author's own work, in which the fleshly insistence upon the details of morbid passion too frequently both wearies and disgusts. An exception must be made for his pastoral tragedy, "The Daughter of Iorio," a drama of primitive life in the Abruzzi of some remote age, illumined by love and hallowed by sacrifice.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

At present Italy possesses many minor poets and novelists of more than mediocre merit, but no outstanding figure in literature pure and simple. The Futurists, whose declamations and political antics entertain us in this country, have as yet made no mark upon Italian letters.

My friend and colleague, Antonio Cippico, himself a poet of note and a representative of the still unredeemed land of Dalmatia, has hopes (if I understand him rightly) of a new Italian romanticism drawing inspiration from the revived imperial glories of Rome. This, like so much else, must depend upon the issue of the Titanic struggle that is now convulsing Europe.—*T. P.'s Weekly.*

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Marjory Benton Cooke's Book, "Bambi"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Even in war times we like a good book, one in which we can bury ourselves to the exclusion of everything else. Such a book is the one considered by Mr. Weaver in the accompanying article. "Bambi" has gained a big sale and promises to be a lasting favorite.

ONE of those thoroughly delightful stories which one naturally wishes to pass along to friends, that they too may enjoy the pleasure of reading a tale so refreshing as to mark a milestone along the booklover's way through fiction land, is Marjory Benton Cooke's book, "Bambi," which comes second in the October list of best selling novels in Canada, "The Eyes of the World," still a strong first, having been the subject of last month's review.

The story opens with the heroine expressing to her father, a college professor, the opinion that he was "a colossal failure as an educator," because her education had not included provision to support herself.

"I have always expected to support you until your husband claimed that privilege," came the reply.

"Suppose I want a husband who can't support me?"

The professor then expressed the rock-ribbed opinion that "It is the first duty of a husband to support his wife," but Bambi said: "Not modern ones. Lots of men marry to be supported nowadays, and how on earth could I support the man I loved?"

The professor then had to withstand the additional shock to his orthodox senses of learning that Bambi proposed to marry a young man who hadn't even the faintest idea that such a contingency was imminent.

This unusual situation leads to one still more preposterous, to wit: the marriage of Bambi to the young man in question, Jarvis Jocelyn, with that young man only passively alive to, and acquiescing in, what is passing, because of his habitual practice of becoming so engrossed in his writing as to be practically oblivious to everything else.

Jarvis' first appearance is from the garden of the Parkhurst home, having slept there all night, "because of the commercialism of the age," he said in explanation, having been interrupted by his landlady with a demand for rent: "Here I am, at the climax of my big play, a revolutionary play, I tell you, teeming with new and vital ideas, for a people on the down-slide and a landlady, a puny, insignificant ant of a female, interrupts me to demand money, and when I assure her, most politely, that I have none, she puts me out, actually puts me out!"

Jarvis, the hero of the tale, is irrational almost to the end, but eventually emerges right side up, a tribute to the discernment of Bambi who saw his possibilities when she married him and who, by her marked degree of capability, develops that of Jarvis.

From one unusual situation into another, with Bambi the scintillating center of interest, the story proceeds on its joyous way, unfolding the heroine's successful career as novelist and playwright, this forming the big secret kept from her father and husband, until the climax which brings the only touch of tragedy for Bambi in the whole story—but happily it proves to be only a phase in the awakening of Jarvis.

The tale is unusually rich in refreshing humor in which the professor, who is so thoroughly mathematical that to him any other subject is inconsequential. Even his garden is designed in the form of arithmetical figures, "the pansy beds in figure eights, the nasturtiums pruned and ordered into stubby figure ones while the asters and fall flowers ranged from fours to twenties." He insisted that figures have a personality and he has a penchant for nicknaming friends and pupils ac-

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cording to some numeral. The professor is a constant source of humor as is the darky housekeeper, who, as to her memory, said, "I ain't got no trubble dat way, Miss Bambi, I bemember everything, 'cepting what you tell me to bemember."

Although "Bambi" is not a "first novel," the author having previously given us other books, including, "Dr. David," which was a comparative success as novels go, this new novel marks her real arrival and such is "Bambi's" capacity for making friends that the book will likely have a popularity not so short-lived as other novels that have withstood the process of elimination, looming up into the proud position of one of the six best sellers.

Some interesting information comes from the New York firm which first put out this book regarding the manner of "Bambi's" reception in manuscript form. These remarks are attributed to the man whose good fortune it was to be the first person to read the story:

"I began it one Sunday afternoon about five o'clock. I intended to read until six and then go for a walk and have dinner uptown somewhere. Well, I went on, the unexpected happened. The story went with such surprising ease, 'Bambi' proved to be such a wholly captivating person, that seven o'clock arrived before I knew it and by that time there was no question of leaving 'Bambi,' even for dinner, until I had found out what happened to her and Jarvis and Father Professor."

He went on to speak of the story's effect on the next man to read it. That effect carried some force because from it evolved this telegram which went forth from the publishing house to the author: "Bambi is ours. Love at first sight."

The first reader of "Bambi," tells also of the capture of even "The cold unemotional gentleman who sells books." All were overcome and booksellers in all parts of the country, who see so many books that they rarely grow excited over any particular one, joined the "Bambi" enthusiasts.

Another interesting story which has been getting about in the trade, is that the heroine of the story is a delineation of a friend of the author, in which connection it is interesting to turn to the dedication:

TO BAMBI
With thanks for being herself.
M. B. C.

The spontaneity of the story itself has developed a like element in the letters regarding it written by readers. One suggested that when "Bambi" was dramatized Maude Adams should be given the title role. Another wrote: "My copy has been loaned to several of my wife's friends and they are all enthusiastic about it: I have even heard it discussed to the exclusion of the war, which is going some!"

THE BEST SELLING BOOKS.

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

Fiction.

1.	Eyes of the World. Harold Bell Wright	130
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3.	Wall of Partition. Florence L. Barclay	36

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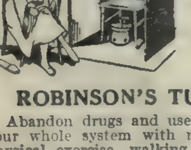

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Since the dawn of the Christian era bells not only have been closely associated with religious and social activities in nearly every nation, calling worshipers to church in days of peace and soldiers to arms in times of trouble, but have also exerted an important influence upon architecture, probably being indirectly responsible for most of the world's great towers. In early times the person who commanded the bell also ruled the town. It was because of this that conquerors upon taking a town immediately had its bells melted. The massacre of the French by John of Procida, in an attempt to free Sicily, was marked by the ringing of the Sicilian vespers. Likewise the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's day was commenced with the ringing of bells. And in other ways, heralding the births and deaths of kings, a great victory or a national catastrophe, bells have rung forth many chapters of history.

The bell generally spoken of as the King of Bells, the famous "Czar-Kolokol" at Moscow, weighs slightly more than 198 tons, is 19 feet in height and 68 feet in circumference. While its history is somewhat confused it seems never to have been rung, for it is supposed to have been broken shortly after it was cast, in 1733. It now stands in a raised position in the middle of a square where it is used as a chapel. To Americans, at least, the most famous bell in the world is "Liberty Bell" which announced the signing of the Declaration of Independence. It weighs 2,800 lb. and bears the prophetic words, "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto the inhabitants thereof." In a large tower joining a monastery at Kyoto, Japan, there is a famous bell which has hung in its present position since the early part of the seventeenth century. For nearly five minutes after it is struck it gives out a low, sonorous tone. Bells cast in Spain before the discovery of America and brought over by the conquistadores still ring from church towers in many parts of Latin America.

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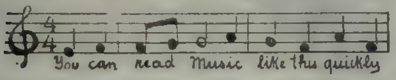

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2,000th Christmas

Continued from Page 34.

tell you this? But it is so. I am alone."

"Especially on Christmas Eve?" asked the strange man gently.

"Especially on Christmas Eve. And on the night the baby was born and died with her mother. And on the night my wife and I were married."

"How, after all, a great man is only a man!" exclaimed the Jew. "How, after all, he can be stripped and shown as little and sick, or old and brokenhearted!" And his hand on the old man's shoulder seemed to throb with a wondrous sympathy. "He creeps over the ground with his two legs, a creature of bowels, brain, and heart—and we call him great! Though he sickens and dies, behold, his very monuments acclaim him great!"

The old millionaire shook his head slowly and gazed into the fire. The presence of the weird young Jew seemed somehow not at all marvelous to him, in his old age and in that pregnant night. He accepted him as he had come, in simplicity and sincerity. The very air was filled with an odd quality of wonder and belief, of sympathy and understanding between the poor man of the Ghetto and the rich man of the great house. What, after all, did life matter? The old man recalled, without emotion, that he had not fifteen years to live. The fire cast his shadow on the wall. He knew the time would come when he would cast a shadow nowhere. Not even a shadow should survive him.

Suddenly, among all his thoughts, he reached over and took the young Jew's hand.

"I am glad you came to talk to me tonight. In some peculiar way you refresh me," he said. "Yet you bring me strange ideas."

"It is because you have given me the chance; yet long have we needed each other."

The millionaire was silent again for a minute; then he asked slowly, with a tremor in his voice: "What meant you, my friend, when you said you could bring back the spirits of the dead?"

And the other answered: "That is what I meant. For I know the land of ghosts and the ghosts call to me out over their twilight. And I deal with strange hands and luminous faces, and I speak with lost voices. Even though I am in the sunlight, in forests or meadows, I hear them talking. They whisper to me, acquainting me with their happiness; for they are dead. They render me miracles; and, behold, I can cure sick men by laying my hand upon them. I fast, and straightway I am a brother to ghosts. Straightway I feel in all my nerves the tingle of the Specter-force. Before my eyes they move in myriads, or come singly, one at a time, these shadows of men, and always they murmur in my ear: 'Brother . . . brother.' They are like dead leaves rustling on a tree. They are like the lapping of hidden waters. They bring me messages, they bring me thoughts . . . from China, from Palestine, Alaska, Peru, everywhere. I

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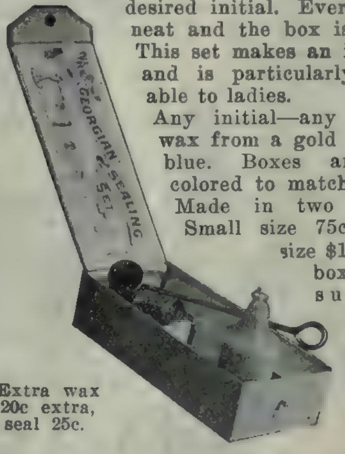

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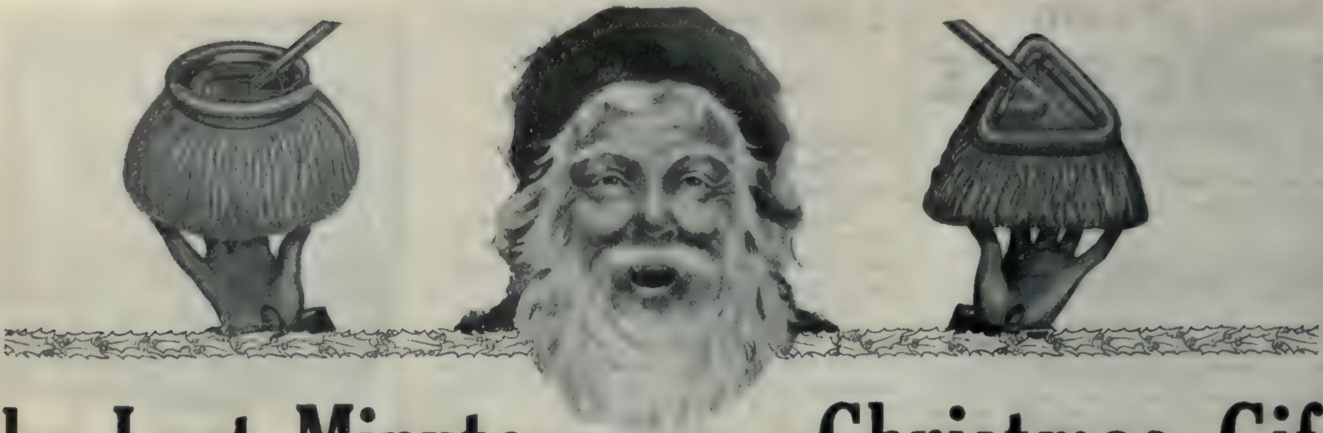


The Last Minute Christmas Gift

For mother, wife or housekeeper anywhere should surely be an O-Cedar Polish Mop, a sensible gift that will carry with it years of pleasant memories of your thoughtful kindness.

Every Canadian household has a thousand uses for the

A user of the O-Cedar Mop says:

"I could not do without my O-Cedar Mop. It saves time, backaches and energy. besides doing the work more effectively."

O-Cedar Polish Mop

(Made in Canada)

75¢ and $1.25 The New Triangle Mop

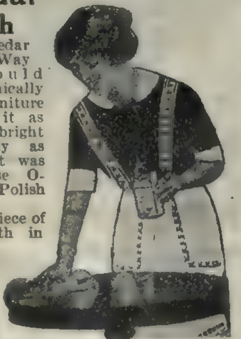
The Round Standard Mop $1.00 and $1.50

Another user says:

"I am thoroughly convinced that the O-Cedar is the best oil mop on the market. I anticipate receiving an O-Cedar Mop as a Xmas Gift from my girlies, as they are anxious to make my work lighter."

Mothers everywhere and all housekeepers just love the O-Cedar Mop because they bring so much relief from the hardest work of housekeeping.
No more tired and worn-out women in the homes that have an O-Cedar. They take away the hard; tedious, bending, stooping and reaching of constant cleaning and dusting.

Use O-Cedar Polish



The O-Cedar Polish Way

If you would have hygienically clean furniture and have it as sparkling bright and pretty as the day it was new, use O-Cedar Polish this way:

Wet a piece of cheese cloth in water, wring it almost dry; then pour on as much O-Cedar Polish as the cloth contains water. Go over the surface to be cleaned, and Polish with a dry cloth. You will have a high, hard, dry lustre.

Get a 25c bottle of O-Cedar Polish, try it this way and if you are not delighted with the result, your dealer will refund your money.

O-Cedar Polish is a vegetable compound and mixes freely with water. It is more economical because you use half O-Cedar and half water.

For sale at all dealers, 25c to $3.00 sizes.

Channell Chemical Co., Limited
Toronto

Sold on trial by all dealers

Put an O-Cedar Mop in your home this Christmas. Try it at our risk. Your money back at any time if you are not satisfied.

O-Cedar Polish Mops and O-Cedar Polish may be obtained at any hardware, or departmental store. Any dealer will refund your money if you are not delighted with O-Cedar Mops or polish.

Made in Canada

Channell Chemical Co.
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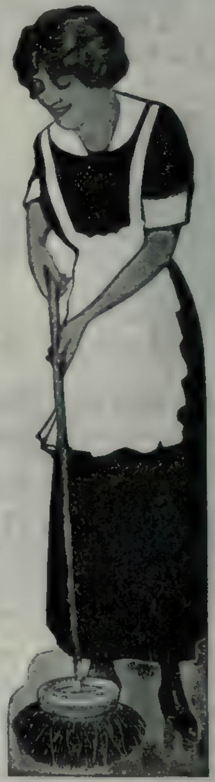
369 Sorauren Avenue - Toronto, Canada



know, I know everything, always. For I see the world with a flying eye. To me, this earth is but a mere sign in the sky; and yet I can weep over one poor starving man. Alive he sends me messages, as dead he sends me messages. My ear is bent and ready for these things, and I hear him."

"But—about the spirits? About bringing them back? You said you could bring back the dead. Is it nonsense? I have heard it said it was nonsense."

"Nothing in death is nonsense."

"Then give me my daughter, for I am old!" cried the millionaire suddenly.

"I will. And I ask no reward, for you shall do my bidding. I ask no reward, for you shall give of your own willingness. For it is commanded of us all that as I give, you shall give." And the Jew closed his eyes and sank into a chair for the first time.

At once a tremor shook his wasted body; for a moment he groaned and grew rigid; and then his body grew supple again. His jaw fell from his jaw, his white face swam with sweat. His turning eyes rolled like bits of glass. Then slowly, on the floor by his left hand, a faint light smoked appeared strangely and clung there against the carpet, swaying like mist under the moon, building itself, blowing outward, upward. Above it hovered a dimly glowing ball, tenuous, attached to the filmy smoke beneath. Then gently, gradually, the whole gauziness molded itself like winding fog, and—lo, it took the billowing shape of a little girl with a haloed head of brilliance, her feet scarce touching the floor so light she was!

The old man looked with horror, then with pain, at what he saw. He stared in silence at the shy visitant, then at the mute young Jew. Over him rushed spasms of dread at the unknown, waves of love at the unforgotten. What worked there in his soul was exquisite. In seconds he changed as never he had changed in all the brutal years among men. He was no longer among men; he had left the earth and floated amidst unearthly raptures. And at last he wet his lips with his tongue and fell toward the shadow, crying: Margaret! Margaret!"

But the marvelous girl drifted farther away and merely smiled. It was not like the smile of a living person; it had a deeper sweetness, like a smile from Paradise.

"Margaret! My baby!" whispered the old man in his throat. But she eddied to the young Jew's forehead, seemingly swept and kissed it, and was gone. And the young Jew trembled and awoke.

Then, for some minutes, both were silent, looking at each other with comprehending eyes, while only the wind and rain kept up their doleful noise. In the end, the Jew held up his hand and smiled gently. "Why should she speak to you—and break your heart? You must not ask too much, old man."

"I—I ask nothing," murmured the millionaire, groping his way to his chair.

"It is better that way. For the children that are gone sow such sweet madness in men's minds as would wreck the earth and make the heavens topple down. Dim, po-

"What we have we'll hold
What we haven't we'll make"
(Our New Slogan for Canada)

We have just made the New Gillette BULLDOG Safety Razor—

THE stocky "Bulldog" handle gives a good, firm grip that most men like. Its extra weight seems to "carry through" the keen-edged blade in a stroke that's particularly smooth and easy.

With its natty case of gray antique leather the Gillette "Bull dog" makes a particularly attractive Christmas gift, and one that will be appreciated every day in the year. Or perhaps he'd prefer the Gillette "Aristocrat" in its white French Ivory, or a Pocket Edition or Combination Set. Look them all over at your dealer's—there is a splendid selection. Price from $5.00 up.

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Still $5. Per Set

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The Wilt Patented Slide, which is a feature of the Gable-End Trunk, when drawn out permits the last garment to be taken out or replaced as easily as the first.

The Gable-End Trunk does away with all worries of packing or unpacking and keeps the garments in perfect shape.

Gable-End Trunks are Dustproof, Waterproof, and are the lightest and strongest trunks made. They will carry full dress suits, prince alberts, or the daintiest gowns without dragging or creasing the skirts.

Gable-End Wardrobe Trunks can be carried in motor cars, and the line includes a special steamer trunk.

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Write for illustrated catalog, which displays a complete range of these trunks showing interior construction and mode of operation. Mailed free on request. Write for it to-day.

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The tires are built to withstand a definite and specified air pressure.

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tent, tiny mysteries who hold the hearts of all mankind in their pale, little ghostly hands . . . as they wander in innocent ways through God's eternal gardens! Look, I am but a poor Jew, and yet all children know me; and I know all children. It is the gift, the gift that does it."

"I would give anything for that gift," murmured the old man.

"It is not for such as you," said the Jew, "for you are to give, give everything, and get no worldly recompense. You are one of the great men of the earth, and therefore it is your province to give. That is your task, your duty—to give everything. More shall come to you in return; but you shall not get back that which you give. And this is real charity, that if you had but a dollar and knew you should never be able again to get another, you should give this dollar to the poor."

The old man was amazed and cried out: "I will give—but let me think of my baby!"

And the Jew answered him softly: "As long as you live, and after, you will never be able to forget her. For she will blow eternally like fragrant pain across your soul. And so I say to you, put her by, for my time is short. It is more than two hours past midnight and I have a great deal to say."

"Go on. I will listen to you."

Then the Jew arose and, with his right hand in the air, spoke solemnly:

"You must sweeten that soul of yours inside your body—that little, dark soul which has never passed out of you yet—so that it will be pleasant in you while yet you live out your years on earth. You must soften your heart for a greater happiness. And then you must give . . give all your millions."

The old man threw up his head at the words and said: "No! No! I cannot. I am a fool to-night. There is something uncanny here. But in the morning all this will have passed. I cannot give up my money."

Then the Jew's voice changed to an iron sternness and he thundered:

"What will you do with it when your carcass rots and flies are in your brains Will those you leave it to have brains like yours to keep this money close? I do no ask you to give it away in folly—as you will if you give it away to those you hold in your intention now. You have a grea mind. You are a wise old man. There i a wise way to be charitable. It is to plan so that the poor can have an opportunity to help themselves. Build your benefactions on grand plans, magnificent and vast.

"Give to the poor many schools wher they may learn their trades. You own th steel mills. See that studious apprentices are given a chance to rise. Give work t the poor and always give instruction i that work. Find them places in shops Take every youth who will come to you and prepare him for life. Make an opportunity for him. All cannot make thei opportunity as you did, for times hav changed, and this is no longer opportunity's day. Do you not think that starving man will work if he can ge work? Yet all the Ghetto to-night is starving!

"Conceive the suffering of the little children, born in the blackness of life, and remember forever the wailing of the children in filth and blindness, where the sun shines not and the slugs of poverty crawl. You must give heed to the children of the Kingdom of Man, for in them lies your hope, and never can your child come back to you should you damn the unborn and the born. Forever shall you hear the voices crying in the labyrinths of night; forever shall you feel the brushing of little, imploring hands. The children you forget shall break your pleasantest dreams and follow you in the daytime until you abominate yourself.

"Have pity on the children, for this way you shall live forever. Teach them, and make them your friends. Raise them up from where they lie cast amongst ignorance and drunkenness, licentiousness and despair. By your schools you shall come to know them, and hereafter they shall praise you because they are no longer wretched. Through all time men shall love you, for in your time you shall have loved the children."

The old man listened to his words in silence, and over his mind came thoughts of his money. For his gold oppressed him whenever he thought of it, and it wearied him like a sickness.

"I see no way. I do not care for the money. But I see no way," he said at last.

And the other replied: "See my way. It is the only way."

"But I cannot," answered the old man. And then he said: "You move me strangely with your power here to-night."

The other said: "You must be able to hear between my lines what is not spoken in them. There is the truth. If you are the man, in your ears the truth must thunder." Then the young Jew pleaded:

"Come, think of the roaring millions of men in the centuries to come! You have but to lift your finger now and shape a billion opportunities in those undreamed-of years!"

"I must think of my present business," said the old millionaire.

And still the Jew was not dismayed. "Your present business is already past. Let the past bargain with the past and decay in its own place. But you begin and work at the future. For the future is yours,"

"It will ruin me," protested the old man.

"And if you have no soul," answered the other, "you are already ruined. But I have come to save you." As he spoke, the rich man saw the wonderful kindness in his eyes, like a thousand stars on a summer's night shining. "You are already dead, and this is the death you have to fear. I tell you that by my plan you shall conquer death and live in men until the day of doom. For gold properly put is the happiest thing on earth. Do you die and want all men miserable? Or do you live and want all men happy?"

And when he had finished rebuking him, the old man spoke and said: "My strange new thoughts tell me that I want all men happy."

"Then," said the other sternly, "you know my plan. Work at it."

You Want a Badge—Send to-day for one of these

We have produced the four most popular badges of this century. They are being worn by thousands of people in the home land and in every British colony on earth. Here they are:

The "John Bull War Badge"
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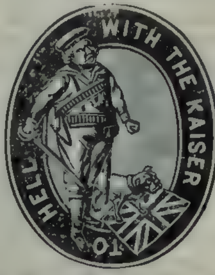

Kaiser Bill, to "hack" his way,
With his troops went out one day,
Thinking that he had a chance
To sneak through Belgium into France.
After that he meant to be
Lord of earth and air and sea;
Sad to say a well-aimed shell
Knocked poor Billy into —— Berlin.
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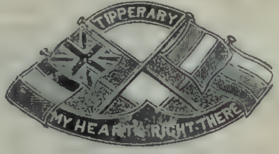
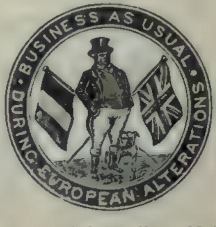
The "Tipperary"
(Registered Design)



It's a long way to Tipperary,
It's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know.
Good-bye Piccadilly,
Farewell Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there.

The "John Bull Business Badge"
(Registered Design)



They said that John Bull wouldn't fight
Because he feared the German Kaiser,
And didn't care about the right
Of little Belgium; now they're wiser.
On sea he's bottled up their fleet,
On land his army keeps our borders,
And while his sons his foes defeat
He goes on calmly booking orders.
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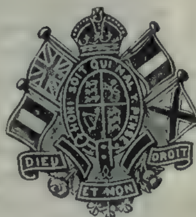
The "Pro Patria"
(Registered Design)


HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE
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The War Badge represents the pious opinion of all good Britons.

The Pro Patria is a beautifully finished reproduction of the national flags.

The Tipperary has been produced as a souvenir of the famous song now being sung all over the battlefields of Europe, and is specially suitable for sending to the troops at the front. The Business Badge is essentially the one for the man who is keeping the ordinary affairs of the Empire going.

They are all REAL ENAMEL, made throughout in England, and mounted on well-designed cards.

The War and Business Badges have each a suitable verse attached, while the Tipperary Badge has the chorus of the famous song, by kind permission of Messrs. B. Feldman & Co., Arthur St., London, the owners of the Copyright. The price is 50 cents each. Post free on receipt of order for that amount, or any live stores can procure them for you. They can also be supplied in solid silver, Government stamped, at one dollar each.

When remitting please write plainly, giving full address, say which badge you want, and whether you want a stud back to wear as badge or a pin and catch to wear as brooch. Whatever you require in badges, write us. We make them for every purpose.

The J. B. Company, Dept. M., Empire House, Gt. Charles St., Birmingham, Eng.

"Safety First"

Santa Claus Says:

Consider "Safety First" When Lighting the Kiddies' Christmas Trees

How many homes have had their festivities brought to a sudden and disastrous ending by the Christmas tree catching fire?

Insure safety—give the kiddies their Christmas tree illumined by the "Franco" Christmas tree outfit. If there is no electricity in the home a battery can be used with equal advantage.

The electric Christmas Tree outfit is a Safe, Sane, Inexpensive way of lighting the Christmas trees—prettier than candles. No danger—no worry about fire.

The added attractiveness and perfect safety of this outfit makes it worthy of your consideration. The cost is small, the benefits manifold.

Why not ask your dealer or send for our literature telling how to give the kiddies a big treat without danger or expense? Make this the best Christmas you've ever had.

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Christmas Presents

from this

Beautiful Catalog

You won't have to puzzle and worry about what to give your various friends at Christmas if you have the new, beautifully illustrated Mappin & Webb Catalog.

Make a list of the people you want to remember, then look through the pages of this treasure book of gifts. You will find suggestions for everyone, at just the prices you want to pay—things pretty and useful that you might shop half a day to find, gift suggestions that will save you money, hours of thought and worry.

Save Time, Worry and Expense

You will delight in selecting your presents from this big catalog. The articles illustrated are so true to life as to leave nothing to your imagination. We have spared no trouble or expense in making this catalog a most complete and comprehensive gift guide. It brings this big gift store, with its wonderful stocks, right to your home.

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MONTREAL

Dept. B.

And again silence fell between them.

The big, hale, gray old man took up a tablet and pencil, which always lay near him wherever he went. He bent above the paper, tapping it with the pencil. Then he drew a rough outline, which was the United States, and split it crosswise and lengthwise. And he wrote rapidly, "Eastern branch — Western — North-east — North-west — South-east — South-west — Central," and stopped. Now, the North-east section included New York City, and under it he wrote the name of "Parsons, general manager." Under each of the other sections also he quickly wrote a man's name. He forgot the young Jew, gazing steadily at him. He tapped on the paper and sucked at his shaggy gray moustache for many minutes. "Yes," he said at last, "it might do. We would take over the Government's Employment Agency first. They have been losing too much money on it."

A sound old clock chimed half past two and the pencil scratched energetically on, pouring out rows of figures and groups of compact names. The bobbing pencil seemed merry at the new task. The young Jew smiled in the silence. And suddenly the old man looked up, sharp and forceful.

"This isn't all due to you," he said. "For you must know that every rich old man, such as I, thinks often in his old age about where and how to leave his money, and I have thought it over many times—many times. Only your idea—it hit me to-night. There is something novel, something practical about it. I could train my labor that way, and be always sure of competent workmen. I could spread out the business to take in other trades, and guarantee to furnish other men in other businesses with trained labor." His eyes glowed and he stopped to make a note of two allied trades. His huge head shone in the light; his eyes seemed rimmed with a kind of fervor as he tapped, scratched busily, and tapped, tapped again with his pencil, staring straight into the dancing fire, or bending, burly shouldered, above the little sheets of paper. Once he chuckled and remarked: "I will give them a Christmas present that will amaze them —my men, I mean. I can see my general manager—he's Parsons—when he reads this letter. It will be sent to him to-morrow morning."

'You will use your own men," said the Jew.

"Certainly! For they are the best men on earth to-day. Why not?"

And he went on at his scribbling like a man lost in a dream.

Outside, the wind and rain chilled and drowned the heavy night, battling in the skies to keep the dawn from ever coming. Inside, the clock, with its robust old heart, ticked away its monotonous greeting to the flying seconds of time. "Tick"—the second had come; "Tock"—it had gone. And the old man wrote; and the young Jew smiled.

Once the visitor interrupted: "You do what you do because you wish to?"

The old man merely nodded. He did not look up. If he had done so he would have seen the lips of the young Jew part slowly, his cheeks go paler than ever, his head sink, and the flame die out of his tired eyes. But the Jew did not speak, and the old man figured on, and the night hung close over the rich man's house. "In the right hands the right task has been put," murmured the stranger. Then, in louder tones, he said: "I must go."

The old man heard. "Go now! Impossible! You must stay here to-night."

But the young Jew shook his head sadly. "My work is done here. I must go."

"But the night is terrible—," protested the other. And the Jew said simply:

"No night is terrible to me."

And still the other kept saying: "But you shall stay and help me with this plan! You are a great man."

And the young Jew smiled weakly and replied: "You are a greater man for your plan than I am." He lifted his head. "I must go."

"Where must you go to-night?" asked the old man. And the young man answered: "Not far."

Then the millionaire rose to his feet, so that the two stood looking at each other. The firelight jumped radiantly over the gray head and the great shoulders, and a brilliance flamed in the old man's eyes like a victorious design. He stood up gladly before the haggard Jew, all wan and spent and lean.

"And you will send the letter?" asked the young man steadily.

To which he said: "I shall send seven letters."

"It is a sign," said the Jew. And they were silent, till the Jew put on his greatcoat and walked toward the door. At this the old man was for begging him again to stay, but the other checked him with his hand:

"Would you like to see another sign?"

They stood in the glass door, by the lawn, and he pointed upward through the night to where, above the rain, a great star was shining.

"A star!" cried the rich man. "A star on a night like this!"

But the young Jew did not answer. He looked at his host and said: "Is your soul sweetened inside your body? Do you believe in your daughter's spirit? And do you believe in mercy and charity? Do you really believe in these things? For you see that star only because you believe in it. Otherwise, there is no star. You must believe, believe. These are my last words. All the rest of your life you must believe in what has happened here to-night. Use your strength to work out your beliefs; but see to it that you believe in a strength above that strength. Though the tongues of men clash in angry denial like the beating of seas, I tell you this world is a world of souls, and there is such a thing as a soul. Though men through forty ages have forgot their souls, I tell you there are souls. The spirit rules; and the body rots. And through all the years of your life now, you must remember these things. Work and believe!"

And the young Jew vanished in the darkness.

The clear air cooled the old man's brain so that he stood in the late night and thought. His great chest heaved with his breathing so that his gray beard rose and fell. His big hands were clenched in unconscious purpose. His eyes stared wide into the still blackness. Like a rushing dream, full of wheeling and flashing lights, the strange incidents of this miraculous encounter swept into his brain: the advent of this startling wanderer, the uncanny words, spoken without thought, with which he himself had greeted him—"Look at that man!"—the weird building of that spirit-land bubble he had known to be his own little Margaret, the unfolding of the amazing scheme, the luster of that incredible star.

The vast night leaned above him as his dream overwhelmed him; yet he felt strangely peaceful and calm. What had happened to him? Was it all a fantasy, full of an inscrutable meaning? A bewildering spell with some implacable intention in its exercise? Something unreal . . . something to guess at? Something from another world, from a mysterious land, compelling him at Christmas time to remold his scheme of life . . . and death? Thoughts, thoughts, millions of thoughts, immense, terrific and confounding, marched across his mind. Thoughts of life and death, of his millions, of his plan. His plan! He turned and went into his house, filled with a great sweetness and happiness of soul like unto nothing which had ever before befallen him in all his Christmases.

"William," he said to his valet as he sat on the edge of his bed, "you don't know that old age is really a second childhood. But it is. Somehow, we old men swing round and come back to our youth."

"Yes, sir," said William patiently. For William was sixty years old.

"Youth!" went on his master, looking out his window. "Glamor! Not knowing that things are impossible to begin with, but going in and doing them anyhow. All my life I've been learning what was foolish and what wasn't foolish. And now—deliberately—I am going to be a fool. Isn't that youth again? Triumph of spirit over matter! I am snapping my ingers at every rule of 'business' on earth; every 'business man' in the world s going to declare that I'm crazy, and prophesy my ruin. Why? Simply because 'm letting the youth in me have its way—he youth and all it stands for—ideals, generosity, poetry, wild schemes, the igor to back them up!"

"Very well, sir."

"Wait a minute. Do you know why I m a happy old man this Christmas? Don't say 'No, sir.' It is because I've got lusions—*illusions*, William—and also he practical strength to carry them out. What I needed in life was an illusion, a dream. I had all the rest of the equipment. I had to have something crazy and magnificent to do. And a man came along nd gave it to me to-night."

"A man came here to-night, sir?"

"Yes."

"Good Lord, sir!"

At the words, the old man stared at his valet as if fascinated. An idea came to

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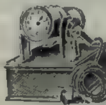
B-E-R-E-C Electric Cigar Lighter

(self-contained). No. 296. $5.00 complete. Height 6½ ins. Heavily nickel plated on polished mahogany or oak base. Sterling silver model on leather covered base, $20.00. Refill Battery, 55c.

Ask your local Stores, or Electrician for our Catalogue

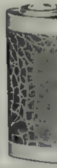
or write to us direct.

Press the button and the clockface will be reflected in a magnified form upon the ceiling. The clock can be used in the ordinary way during the day. Various models. Prices from $9.00 to $25.00.



B-E-R-E-C Ceiling Clock

as demonstrated above. No. 1098, $10.00 complete.



B-E-R-E-C Electric Pocket Lamp

No. 1612. Covered real leather. 3¾ x 1⅞ x 1 ins. Special price, $1.00. Refill Battery, 30c.

B-E-R-E-C Electric Candle

with Dry Battery. No. 1631. Silver-plated. $6.00 complete. Height 9½ inches. Refill Battery. 50c.

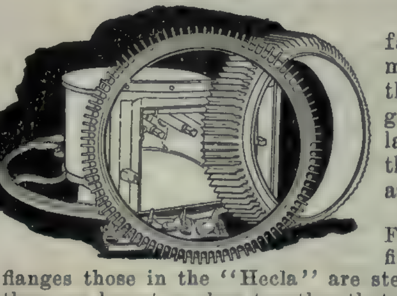
B-E-R-E-C Electric Torches

Various sizes. Prices: $1.50 to $6.50. No. 1551 Black Leather, and No. 1552 Nickel-plated, at $2.75. Refill Battery, 40c. Length 9½ inches. Are recommended for general use.

Spielmann Agencies (Regd.) Read Building, St. Alexander St., MONTREAL

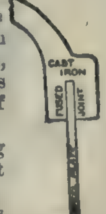
Another Improvement in

"Hecla" Furnaces



The fire pot is the most effective radiating surface in a warm air furnace. That is why every manufacturer seeks to increase that surface by the addition of cast iron flanges, or pins, or corrugations. As each of these flanges or pins covers a large part of the primary surface of the fire pot, there is a limit to the number of such cast flanges as can be effectively used.

The "Hecla" Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pot is a step far in advance of any other firepot. Instead of thick and sandy cast iron flanges those in the "Hecla" are steel and are neat and clean. Being uniform, they can be set so close together that, where we formerly used 19 cast iron flanges we now use 97 steel ones without covering any more of the primary surface of the pot.



Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pots provide twice as much effective radiating surface as any other fire pot made, and in consequence radiate far more heat with the same amount of fuel.

In a test extending over two years, Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pots showed a saving of 11% in fuel over cast flanged pots.

Our Catalogue explains other exclusive "Hecla" features, viz.: Patent Fused Joints, Individual Grate Bars, Etc. 60

CLARE BROS. & CO., LIMITED - - Preston, Ont.

La-rola
FOR THE SKIN AND COMPLEXION

The Secret of Beauty

is a clear, velvety skin and a youthful complexion. If you value your good looks and desire a perfect complexion, you must use Beetham's La-rola. It possesses unequalled qualities for imparting a youthful appearance to the skin and complexion of its users. La-rola is delicate and fragrant, quite greaseless, and is very pleasant to use. Get a bottle to-day, and thus ensure a pleasing and attractive complexion.

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

Obtainable in Canada, from all Chemists and Druggists.
Manufactured by
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

Would You

like to cut your coal-bills in half?

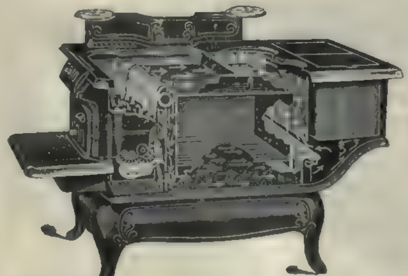
Here's a way that enables You to do so!

Discard your old unsatisfactory range and replace it with a *"Supreme"* Range. The Supreme is so economical in fuel consumption and radiates such comforting warmth that we are able to give you an absolute guarantee to save from 25% to 50% of your coal bill.

Furthermore the *"Supreme"* range is excellent for good cooking and baking. It is especially constructed to give the maximum amount of heat evenly distributed with the minimum fuel consumption.

Why not have this range and save with its convenience and your fuel bills for other necessities?

On request we'll send your our Catalog ''S.'' which explains the fuel-saving features. We'll also send you the name of a ''Supreme'' dealer nearest you, so you can investigate.



Sectional view: Showing perfect distribution of heat. Follow the darts.

Supreme Heating Co.
Limited
Welland, Ontario

him quickly, plunging him into a stupid rumination. The last thing he said as he lay between the sheets was: "Perhaps you're right, William." And he slept.

• • •

In the morning, as he served the coffee, William coughed a few times, then remarked:

"Merry Christmas, sir."

The old millionaire glowed like a giant Santa Claus. "Well, well. It has a pleasant sound this time, hasn't it?" he said. "Your present is in that top dresser drawer, William."

The valet did not move for a moment. Then he coughed again: "A—er—man was found dead on the place this morning, sir."

The cup stopped at his master's lips. "What man?" he asked.

"A—er—strange man, sir. Head groom reported it, sir. He died down at the stables."

"A young Jew? Poor?" continued the millionaire quickly.

"Yes, sir."

"What time?"

"The doctors say about three o'clock, sir."

"Down at the stables, eh? Where was he found?"

The voice that answered did not seem like the old valet's voice, so strange, so old, so awful were the words:

"In one of the mangers, sir."

RULES TO SUCCESS.

The following were the rules of life adopted by Robert C. Ogden, a successful business man in the U. S.

Keep faith in humanity.

A man becomes what he most desires to be.

Do not mistake a prejudice for a principle.

Keep your intellectual and spiritual life bright.

Be energetic, wideawake, pushing, but be patient.

The world wants men who are wel equipped and worthy.

False witness may be given by a gesture or a grimace.

Honor womanhood if you would kee faith in humanity.

What a marvel of a business men' guide is the book of Proverbs.

The longer you live, if you live right, the less you will think of yourself.

Be true. Stand up and believe in yourself, then other people will believe in you

A vigorous, healthy man has really onl one right in the world, only one thing t demand, and that is a chance to work.

In every life comes some crisis whe conscious integrity gives a power and heroic strength that can come from no othe source.

The charity that we are bidden to display is broad as God's sunshine, but hi laws are fine as a razor's edge, and quit as keen.

A Husband's Best Xmas Gift

Husbands, buy a Sturtevant Vacuum Cleaner for your wife. She'll be delighted. A Sturtevant will gladden her heart—will lighten her work the whole year round—will increase the house comfort—will make your home cleaner, brighter and more sanitary.

Father Christmas Says he made many homes happier last year with vacuum cleaners and expects to be busier this year—That's because people are learning that vacuum cleaning is the easiest and quickest way to clean.

Why not give your wife a Sturtevant Electric Cleaner? It is an acceptable gift and the name "Sturtevant" is a guarantee of good workmanship, quality and satisfaction—17 sizes to choose from.

While thinking it over send for our catalogue.

B. F. Sturtevant Co. of Canada, Limited
Head Office and Works: Galt, Ontario
RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED

"STARR"
Canadian Made Hockey Skates

The Symphony of Skating

On a winter evening, in almost every Canadian town, under the clear, starlit sky, you can hear this beautifully fascinating Skating Symphony.

Hundreds of happy, red-cheeked couples go swinging around the curves of the rink, the bends of the river, or the broad stretches of the lake, their glittering "STARRS" flashing on their feet.

They skim lightly along—vigorously—alive and joyous—the merry clash of skate and ice—the happy laughter—the musical rhythm of the strokes all combine to make this wonderful Winter Symphony.

Have you ever heard this Symphony? Of course you have—then help swell it to a joyous anthem—hitch yourself to a pair of "STARR" Skates, and swing out with the rest.

"STARR" Skates are made in many different styles, and at all prices—for everybody, from the infant to the expert. "STARR" Skates are highly tempered, and hold their cutting edge—they don't have to be sharpened so often. They are well braced where the support is most needed—you don't get tired skating on "STARR" Skates. The runners are bevelled so that the point will not enter the ice too deeply—that's why you can get such speed without extra effort from "STARR" Skates.

You can't break "STARR" Skates—they are the result of long years of expert designing and construction—special tempering and workmanship.

They are all the best possible products possible, and their prices are reasonable.

"STARR" Skates are equally good for artificial or natural ice.

(*Design registered and trade mark "Velox" copyrighted at Ottawa*).

See them at all sporting goods stores or hardware dealers.

Manufactured by the
Starr Manufacturing Co., Limited
Dartmouth, N.S.
Branch: 122 Wellington St. West, Toronto.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue. 1034

This is a "STARR" Velox, one of the best of the Starr family. Equally good for hockey or fun.

All "STARR" Skates are unconditionally guaranteed. If they break, take them back and get a new pair.

Style 70—Colonial

Facts are Stubborn Things!

Merely claiming the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano to be "Canada's Biggest Piano Value," does not constitute a fact. Put it this way,—constant assertion is not proof.

Yet, if we can support our claim with facts, we firmly establish our case, because facts are stubborn things and hard to overcome. Now see how the facts bear out our contention that we offer in the

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

It is a Fact that we save each and every purchaser fully $100.00 and give him a piano that ranks high among the world's best.

It is a Fact that the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano contains every standard quality feature found only in the few really high-grade instruments made. This applies to action, strings, hammers,—all vital parts.

It is a Fact that 1,200 Canadian families became owners of Sherlock-Manning instruments last year alone, representing a total saving of $120,000.00.

It is a Fact that "honest goods sold by honest methods" have built up such a trade that we are able to operate our factory in full force throughout the year.

It is a Fact that the Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano represents the utmost value—that it is sold to customers at factory price, without a dollar added for unnecessary expenses.

Let us Save You $100.00

Our sales at the Toronto Exhibition this year were heavier than ever before. We are preparing a special stock of exceptionally fine instruments for the Christmas trade and are prepared to make selections for those placing their order early, as we did for people buying during Exhibition time.

Write us without delay and let us reserve one of these splendid instruments, delivered when you say. Dept. 9 will promptly mail our handsome Art Catalogue F. on request. Write for a copy to-day.

Sherlock-Manning Piano Co.

LONDON (No street address necessary) **CANADA**

Here's a Most Beneficial Gift

A gift that will equip any young man or woman for a better position or higher salary—

The Gift of a Course in One of Shaw's Schools

A present of this nature has lasting benefits and is a most practical way of conveying your wishes to your friends. The Shaw Correspondence School has some excellent home study courses under the auspices of efficient teachers. The Central Business and Shorthand School has Six City Branches.

Perhaps you intend to take a course yourself this winter. Let us show you what assistance we can give you.

Make Your Christmas Gifts of Practical Value

Write for our booklets, state which branch of study you or your friends are most interested in.

SHAW'S SCHOOLS HEAD OFFICE: YONGE AND GERRARD STS., TORONTO

W. H. SHAW, President

Fighting on the High Seas in 1812-4

Continued from Page 42.

HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Bermuda, 10 April, 1814.

As the *Wasp* had sailed without my having an opportunity of sending this on board, I am sending by H.M.S. *Romeles*, sailing for Halifax to-morrow. The *Terpischore* has been put in commission and sailed for England a week ago in company with the *St. Domingo*, with Admiral Warren. It is yet out of my power to tell you what the frigate was valued at. It is said the hull is valued at about £25,000, the supplies, guns, prisoners, etc., yet to be valued.

I have now received correct information that we are going to cruise off South Carolina, Charleston, etc., for about eight weeks and then proceed to Halifax to repair.

There are ships arriving here every two or three days. H.M.S. *Bulwark*, 74 guns, arrived yesterday with Congreve rockets and pieces of artillery for the American coast. The *Superb*, 74 guns, and *Orpheus*, 38, sailed for the Chesapeake about a fortnight ago with brigs, schooners, and sloops of war. I will leave you to judge of what is going on on the American coast this summer.

We have had prize money to the amount of £5 and on Monday have a distribution to the amount of £10 each. You will hardly believe me when I tell you that we have to pay when on shore, which by the way, is very seldom—20s for a dinner, 10s for a bottle of wine and 7s 6d for a bed. I have been under the necessity of buying shoes, stockings and pantaloons at a most enormous price indeed.

With my best love and hoping this finds you in perfect health is the sincere wish of your dutiful son,

JOHN FOX.

THE CAPTURE OF WASHINGTON.

On board H.M.S. *Majestic*,
Patuxent River, Chesapeake Bay,
5th Sept., 1814.

Hon. Father:

A safe conveyance presenting itself (H.M. Brig *Espoir*) I embrace the first opportunity to address you. The last letter I wrote you went by Mr. Jno. Cummings from Halifax, and as we were hurried away at almost a moment's warning, had not time to write one of a later date.

Nothing of moment transpired during the remainder of our stay at Halifax. The *Dragon* arrived the night previous to the intended day of our sailing which protracted our stay five days longer. We sailed from Halifax on the 6th of August and made Boston Bay which was blockaded by two 74-gun frigates. Then we ran down all the American coast until we joined the blockading squadron off New London. Our boats went in and effectually battered in a place called Stonington. The *Terror* had twelve killed and wounded. We then parted with the squadron

Make your CANDIES at home this CHRISTMAS with KNOX GELATINE

You will find them delicious and inexpensive to make.

This recipe shows you how easily and quickly *you* can make these new confections.

KNOX FRENCH DAINTIES

2 envelopes Knox Acidulated Gelatine
4 cups granulated sugar
1⅓ cups boiling water
1 cup cold water

Soak the gelatine in the cold water five minutes. Add the boiling water. When dissolved add the sugar and boil slowly for fifteen minutes. Divide into two equal parts. When somewhat cooled add to one part one-half teaspoonful of the Lemon Flavor, found in separate envelope, dissolved in one tablespoonful water and one tablespoonful lemon extract. To the other part add one tablespoonful brandy, if desired, one-half teaspoonful extract of cloves, and color with the pink color. Pour into shallow tins that have been dipped in cold water. Let stand over night; cut into squares. Roll in fine granulated or powdered sugar and let stand to crystalize.

Vary this recipe by using different flavors and colors, and if desired, add chopped nuts, figs, dates, raisins or peanuts to the lemon mixture.

Send for this FREE Recipe Book

An illustrated book of recipes for **Candies, Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Creams, Sherbets, Salads, etc.,** sent **FREE** for your grocer's name.

Pint sample for 2c stamp and grocer's name.

CHARLES B. KNOX COMPANY
502 Knox Ave. Johnstown, N. Y.
Branch Factory: Montreal, Can.

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PLAIN
SPARKLING
No 1
GELATINE
CHARLES B KNOX CO.
KNOX
SPARKLING
ACIDULATED
No 3
GELATINE
CHARLES B KNOX CO.

Cash's Woven Names

TRADE MARK

An Ideal Holiday Gift

Are better than marking ink for wearing apparel, household linen, etc. Any name in fast color thread can be woven into fine white cambric tape. $2.00 for 12 doz., $1.25 for 6 doz., 85c for 3 doz., duty paid. These markings more than save their cost by preventing laundry losses. They make a dainty, individual gift. Have your friends' names woven. Orders filled in a week through your dealer, or write for samples, order blanks, catalogue of woven names, trimmings, frillings, etc., direct to

J. & J. CASH, Limited
301B St. James Street, Montreal, Can., or 300 Chestnut Street, So. Norwalk, Conn., U.S.A.

and directed our course for the Chesapeake where we arrived on the 24th. We found the squadron consisting of Admirals Cochrane, Malcomb and Coburne with five sail of the line, six frigates, five troopers, about a dozen transports, seven brigs and bombs, exclusive of tenders and gunboats, altogether about forty-five sail, lying about 100 miles up this river which in some places is not more than a mile wide. It is impossible for me to describe the beauty of this place. It took us a whole day to come up the river. On the brink it is beautifully laid out and cultivated, with apple, plum, pear and peach orchards without number. The houses were all deserted by the inhabitants and cattle of all descriptions were running wild about the fields.

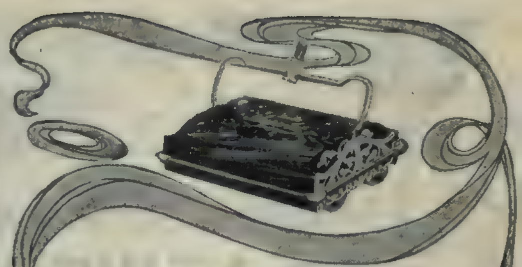
Boats go on shore from the different ships and shoot oxen and sheep which they bring off without molestation. In case the owner makes his appearance to claim, the admiral has given an order to the respective ships to pay the prices he has stipulated, viz., beef, 25s per carcase, sheep, 10s, etc., etc.

Having about 6,000 of Lord Wellington's troops and our naval force being adequate to anything that might be required, we made an attack upon the City of Washington on the night of the 24th. The advance guard consisted of the 85th (part of which with some of the wounded we now have on board), a light brigade of the 44th, the 4th and 21st with a battalion of marines and sailors. The American army was drawn up in admirable order but only one round was fired.

Only about 2,000 of our men were engaged against an army of 8,000, exclusive of those in ambush. The Americans made a bold stand at first, but seeing the gallant 85th advancing with charged bayonets, headed by Major-General Ross, they retreated with great precipitation and left our troops (at this time joined by those in reserve) in quiet and peaceable possession of their capital. The city was burned to the ground, beginning with the House of Congress, War and Intelligence Office, Mr. Madison's (the President's) house, the dockyard, etc. A general conflagration ensued. Some of the officers had recourse to Mr. Madison's wardrobe where they shifted their linen.

We remained in the city until six o'clock the next morning, from thence our army proceeded to Nottingham where we lay about twenty miles from Washington, after burning a large frigate, on the stocks and destroying about 60 pieces of cannon. After this we embarked in the different ships and are now altogether proceeding down the river. Our loss in killed and wounded does not exceed 200 and that of the enemy is supposed to be near 10 times that number. Another attack is meditated but whether upon New London, Annapolis, Norfolk, or where I cannot say. The remainder of Lord Hill's army (about 14,000) is hourly expected.

Previous to sailing I had the unpleasant task of appearing as principal evidence at a court martial where the prisoner, one of our men, had knocked another man off the foreyard, in conse-



An Ideal Gift
for MOTHER, WIFE, SISTER or FRIEND—a

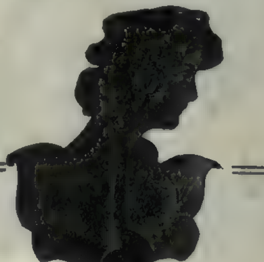
BISSELL'S
"Cyco" BALL BEARING
CARPET SWEEPER

Beautiful in design, elegant in finish, the greatest labor-saving article of the home. What could be more appropriate or acceptable as a Holiday Gift than a Bissell sweeper? It will be a daily reminder of the giver for ten years or more, and will contribute more genuine comfort, convenience and satisfaction than any other gift at twice the cost. Having a second sweeper for upstairs is doubly convenient. Price $3.00 to $4.75 at all dealers.

Booklet on request.

Bissell Carpet Sweeper Co.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Niagara Falls, Canada

"WE SWEEP THE WORLD"



Retain Your Youth

THE Pride of Youth is a clear skin. Wrinkles give the appearance of age even in youth.

Princess Skin Food

enables you to retain and regain your youthful looks, by removing lines and wrinkles, restoring withered skin and feeding the tissues.

Write for Sample Box

Send us 5 cents, to help pay postage, packing, etc., and we will send you prepaid a sample box of PRINCESS SKIN FOOD, together with our handsome Beauty Book, entitled "For Appearance Sake," which describes our method of removing superfluous hair by electrolysis.

HISCOTT INSTITUTE
65 College St. Toronto, Ont.
Established 1892.

Please send me Booklet and sample box of Princess Skin Food as advertised in MacLean's Magazine. I enclose 5c.

Name ....
Address ....
Druggist's Name ....

The One Supreme Gift

A NEWCOMBE PIANO

Sweeter than the Chime of Christmas Bells is the pure tone quality of the Newcombe Piano. Sympathetic and Responsive to the touch. It flows with exuberant melodies that delight the sensuous ear.

Makes a Perfect Gift

The selection of a Newcombe is further argumented in the half a century's experience and half a century's record of satisfactory service rendered

IN CANADA

Newcombe Player Pianos have a human-like control, all the latest improvements and practical devices. Excellent in tone. Artistic in design, and built to give life-long service.

We want you to hear the Newcombe. If not convenient to visit us in Toronto, write us and we'll send you the name of the nearest agent.

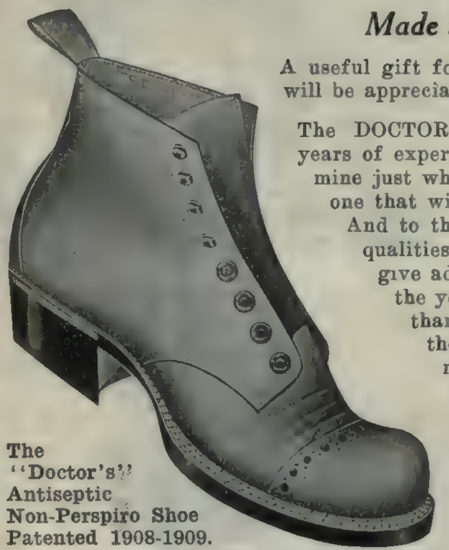
NEWCOMBE PIANO COMPANY, LIMITED
359 Yonge Street, Toronto

For Canadian Gentlemen

Made in Canada

A useful gift for father, brother, husband or son, one that will be appreciated by the recipient.

The DOCTOR'S ANTISEPTIC SHOE is the result of years of experimental study, that has enabled us to determine just what is desired in fit and finish combined with one that will give the maximum of satisfactory service. And to this we have added antiseptic and waterproof qualities, and guarantee them, a feature that will give added pleasure to the wearer in this season of the year, when weather conditions are more severe than at any other time. Each shoe is made with the specific object of making it capable of the most rigorous wear and while we give to them the latest style, we do not sacrifice their serviceable and comfortable qualities.



The "Doctor's" Antiseptic Non-Perspiro Shoe Patented 1908-1909.

Ask your dealer for Doctor's Antiseptic Shoe; if he cannot supply you, write us for name of nearest dealer.

THE TEBBUTT SHOE & LEATHER CO., LIMITED
THREE RIVERS, QUEBEC

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to secure some excellent engravings at low rates

WE have in stock a large number of cuts which have been used in the editorial columns of this publication. Any person desiring any of these can secure them at greatly reduced prices, in some cases for less than the original photographs cost us. Make your selection from either past or current issues and write us.

The MacLean Publishing Co., Limited
143-153 University Avenue, TORONTO

of which the man died the same evening. I had attended the deceased and had heard some expressions, thus being called. The court martial was held on board "La Roque," the Hon. Capt. Capel presiding with six other captains and the prisoner was sentenced to be hanged at the yardarm. The prisoner was, however, in consequence of some favorable circumstances, recommended to the Admiral for mercy; and left on board the guardship.

In the course of an hour we shall be at the mouth of Chesapeake Bay so that I expect every minute to see the signal hoisted for parting company with the "Espoir." I must, therefore, seal and look for an opportunity of sending on board.

Your dutiful son,
JOHN FOX.

The Tortoise

Continued from Page 40.

it-over stagnation is a matter that I do not feel called upon to discuss."

He had the meeting rocking by this time and the angry protests of Cutshaw, Dalton and their firmest adherents went unheeded.

Continuing Tim outlined the qualities that were needed in a candidate and then proceeded to eulogize the man he had in view. He continued to expatiate on that point until the audience grew restive and started to call: "Name! Name!"

"I'll give you his name," cried Tim. "A young man who has made a success of everything he has touched—and he has tried his hand at many things; a stout-hearted citizen who has fought nobly for civic reforms, who has led in many movements that have benefited all of us; a man of sterling ability, if not of flashy brilliancy, a man we could depend upon—Henry W. Haven!"

A sudden paralysis attacked me. I sank back into my chair, gazing at Tim as he stepped down from the platform with stunned bewilderment. If my features expressed the state of my mind, I must have presented a sorry spectacle with sagging jaw and glassy eye. I felt as though an iceberg or two had floated into the air around me. There was considerable noise going around—shouts o derision, probably. I felt a resentmen against Tim for putting me into such a invidious position.

In a dazed sort of way, I heard Sila Hennesley get up somewhere about tw miles off in the crowd and start to speak I gathered that he was seconding th nomination. He went on to recount som of the things I had done in the past Then the voting started again.

On the first ballot I received a sub stantial vote, much to my astonishment On the second my support had grown Cutshaw and Dalton losing in about equa degree. On the third I went into the lead and by the exertion of some subconsciou force, my brain began then to clear. dared to sit up and take a look around fo the first time and to string sentences to gether in my mind in frantic preparatio for the speech that was clearly neces

CEETEE
UNDERWEAR

Your
Best Defence
Against Climate, Weather
and Ill Health

Why do Governments always supply their soldiers with **woolen underclothes?**
Why do experienced travelers always wear **woolen underclothes?**
Why do sportsmen—hunters—sailors, etc., always wear **woolen underclothes?**
Because :—Clean, pure **Wool** is recognized as the only safe and healthful material to wear next the skin.

"CEETEE" is manufactured from only the very finest Australian Merino Wool, scoured and combed over and over again until every particle of foreign matter is taken out and every strand is as clean as it is possible to be made. It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all selvage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled; every join is knitted together, not sewn, as with ordinary underwear.

CANADIAN-MADE FROM START TO FINISH, AND ALL BRITISH MATERIAL
Worn by the Best People.
Sold by the Best Dealers.

People wear "CEETEE" Underclothing because they know it to be the best.
In All Sizes, for Men, Women and Children

The C. Turnbull Co. of Galt
Limited
GALT, ONTARIO

LOOK FOR THE SHEEP
ON EVERY GARMENT

GUARANTEED UNSHRINKABLE
CEETEE
PURE WOOL

Lakefield Preparatory School
Educate your boy in the country.
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BRASS PLATES ENAMELLED IRON SIGNS WOOD & GLASS HOUSE NUMBERS
J. E. RICHARDSON & Co 147 CHURCH ST TORONTO

sary. If the nomination came my way I was prepared to accept, although the responsibility of such a move looked gigantic and unreal still.

On the fourth ballot I had such a commanding lead that cries of "Make it unanimous" followed the announcement of the figures. In response to this call, which gained volume and insistency, Charlie Cutshaw stood up. Smothering his obvious chagrin under a smile of manful cheerfulness, he moved that the nomination be made unanimous on the part of the convention and that undivided support be pledged to the nominee. A pause followed, John Dalton making no move to second the motion. Accordingly, Dan Carden rose to the occasion with more cordiality than I could have expected from him.

Before the vote could be put, Dalton stood up solemnly and asked for the privilege of saying a few words: "I did not second the motion," he declared, "because I do not concur in the decision reached by this convention. It is impossible for me to express the bitterness that I feel as a result of what you have done to-day, gentlemen. For thirty-five years I have served the party without swerving from my loyalty and devotion. If ever man was entitled to recognition, I am the man. The party has fallen upon evil days, indeed, when vulgar upstarts are permitted to dictate policies and nominations go to beardless boys. I have appeared at my last convention."

Gathering up his hat, cane and gloves with slow dignity, Dalton bowed gravely and stalked from the hall. A fine old gentleman was John Dalton—we are the best of friends now—but he would not condescend to understand politics.

The motion was put and carried amid a tumult of cheering that amazed me, but served the valuable purpose of nerving me for what was to follow. A moment afterward I found myself on my feet—and talking. As to what I said I have no recollection whatever. I could hear a voice intoning the phrases that had been forming in my mind; but I did not recognize it as my own voice. Afterwards I was told I had made a creditable speech. Tim Howden clapped me on the back, with a hearty, "Couldn't have done it much better myself." I have been willing to accept this estimate of my maiden effort; but I have always had a few secret doubts.

The campaign soon warmed up. The other side was conceded to have no chance at the start but after John Dalton came into the field the complexion of things was materially altered. Dalton brooded over what he believed to be his repudiation at the hands of a packed convention until he got the idea imbedded in his mind that he was the man the rank and file of the party really wanted. His decision to make in a three-column letter in the daily pa- in a three-column letter in tre daily papers and he stuck to it despite the pressure that was immediately brought to bear.

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riding was canvassed from end to end. I personally spent five or six hours each day and generally addressed at least one meeting at night. The knack of speech came to me with a readiness that surprised all my friends and most of all myself. I never achieved the oratorical standards of Charlie Cutshaw, but I believe that my speeches were sufficiently well ballasted with logic and fact to carry conviction. And I could hold an audience.

By one of those strange coincidences that crop up at times Alice had set the date of our marriage for the very day that was afterwards announced for the election. After I had been shoved into the thick of the fight in such unceremonious style by Tim Howden, the suggestion of a postponement was broached by Mrs Holworth. Alice, however, refused to consider the idea.

"It's just too splendid!" she declared "We'll make it an evening wedding. You will be a member of Parliament by seven o'clock, Harry. We couldn't possibly have a better send off."

"Perhaps you'll want to call it off entirely before the campaign is over," I said. "They have it down in the east ward now that I stole my stock in Union Electric and that I work the girl clerks in my store to death. They'll have me down a murderer yet."

Alice's answer to this—but there is no space to deal with such details. The campaign proceeded on its stormy and calumnious way. Reputations were blackened right and left, my own being effectually trodden in the mud of party malice. It worried me at the time, but I have found since that reputations are soon re-established when elections are over. Mud thrown in the heat of a warm political fight does not stick; unless there is some truth to make it stick.

Tim Howden personally saw three quarters of the electors and he assured me early that Dalton would be licked into a cocked hat. Nevertheless I felt nervous right up to the last minute. Election day was the most strenuous and wonderful day I ever remember. I voted as soon as the polls opened and then was dragged off by Tim Howden on a final hand-shaking expedition. From eleven to one I made a tour of the town polling subdivisions. Then Tim shoved a sandwich into my hand and bundled me into an automobile to call at a country point where a few votes were said to be wavering. At half past four we arrived back in town again and Tim allowed me half an hour to dress.

Ever hear of a bridegroom dressing in half an hour? I did. Tim stood outside the door with a stop-watch. If I had been behind hand I believe he would have bundled me off minus collar, tie, coat, or whatever garments had not been reached in time.

"Got your speech for the electors thought out?" he demanded truculently. "It'll have to be full of pep, this time. The boys will be feeling pretty good and will want plenty of chances to cheer."

"I'll do my best," I said, nervously. had forgotten all about the election. My mind was fixed on an event of infinitely greater importance.

"By the way," said Tim, as we dropped

into the car, "got the ring and license and verything handy? You won't get a hance to get near the house again, you now."

"Got them," I said grimly and nervously.

I don't suppose that any political candidate has ever before or since paid so little ttention to returns as I did that night. I frowned absently when good news came n and smiled vacuously when divisions howed losses. Can I get through it without making an ass of myself? Will I remember the proper responses? And that nfernal ring—where is it now? Supposing Alice changes her mind at the last noment? Thus ran my thoughts.

When Tim Howden thumped me on the ack and told me that I had won with a arger majority than ever, I only partly woke from my trance. I stepped out on he balcony at the front of party headquarters and delivered my address. There vere thousands standing below but all I aw was a mental picture of a flowerbanked room, a minister and a beautiful ision in white. Everyone said my speech vas a 'hummer." Certainly the crowd heered enough. But I didn't make that peech. Who prompted the words I don't now although my lips uttered them. In ny own mind, I was repeating the marriage service.

Then came the usual torch-light parade. demurred at going, protesting that I vould be late for the wedding, but Tim Howden, implacable boss that he was, nsisted.

"Who ever heard of a torch-light arade without the successful candidate?" e said scornfully. "Leave the other to e. I'll get you to your funeral in time."

After we had traversed the main streets f the town for what seemed an interminble time, Tim stopped the open hack in hich we rode.

"It's a quarter to seven," he whispered. Hop out here and you'll find a car round the corner. If you make good ime you'll get there before they start to lay the wedding march. The boys will eep this up for hours yet."

I fairly flew. It was one minute of the our when the pale, disheveled and perurbed bridegroom burst into the house.

"He doesn't look much like a newlylected M.P." said Jacques Holworth, rutinizing me severely.

"He looks just like a bridegroom," put someone else. The voice sounded amiliar, but I was too excited to try to lace it. "Did you ever see a bride-room who didn't look like a wall-eyed ap?"

It was over. Alice and I had whirled ıt of town in a fast motor car and oarded a train at a point ten miles away. e were ensconced in comfortable seats the parlor car before I reached a normal condition of mind again.

"It's been an awful race to get you, lice darling, "I said, looking at her with l the casual indifference of the fatuous idegroom, assumed for the benefit of her passengers who, of course, are always deceived. "I can hardly believe that have really won you."

"Harry, dear," said Alice, with no prence at the clumsy indifference that the upid male animal believes it necessary

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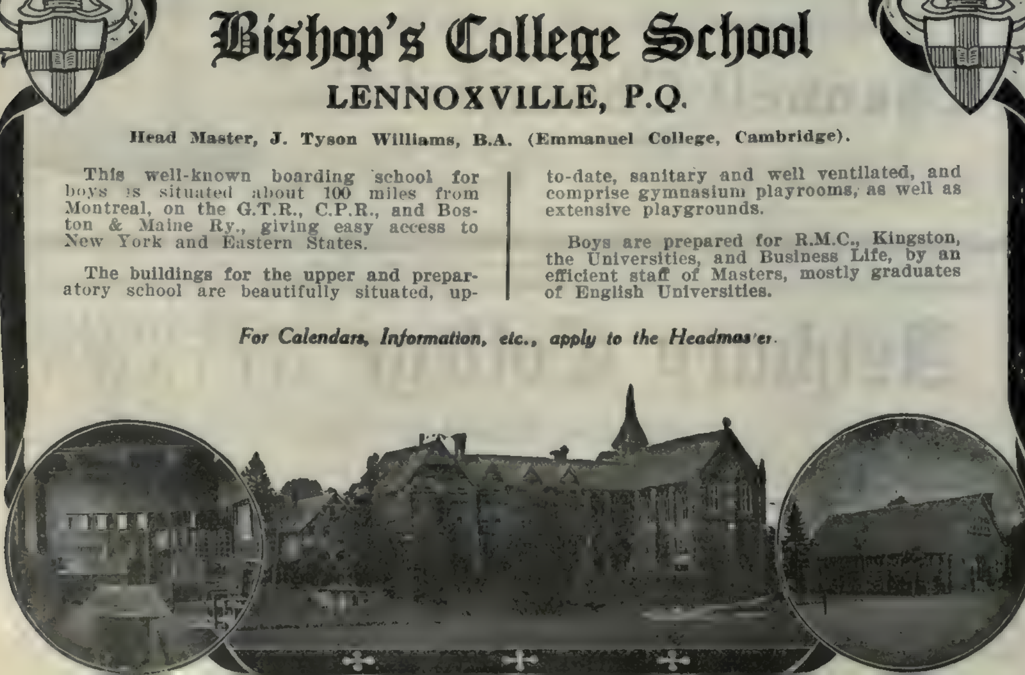

to affect on such occasions, "there wa
never a race at any time. But you di
take a long time to find it out."

My success had reached its clima
Practically all my life I had been com
peting with my two erstwhile scho
chums, both more brilliant and aggre
sive than myself. My chance at first ha
seemed as slight as that of a tortoise ra
ing with two very agile hares. That I ha
won out in business, in politics, and
love is proof perhaps that there was som
thing in the old fable after all.

THE END.

Extracting a Fortun From Salt

Continued from Page 48.

could keep books by double entry,
work ordinary business arithmetic.

No man who does these things well
be described as uneducated as though
were illiterate. The trouble with
Carter was that he was not of studi
habits and not a cultured man. "I ne
really learned to read; a book puts me
sleep," he used to say; and yet he ha
real sense of literature, and enjoyed
nervous, vivid prose of Goldwin Sm
with a keen appreciation of its exceller
Perhaps he liked the writer none the l
for being an iconoclast and a mercil
critic. Carter would have profited m
by a general course of good readi
something that would have diverted
mind from the petty squabbles of the
business, and it was the want of a br
outlook in life that constituted the
in his education. Shakespeare he
read, and seen the plays, but he had ne
studied Shakespeare. "Undoubtedly
work of Bacon," he once informed
The amusing part of this was that he
not so much as examined the formal
tentions of the Baconians. What he li
about the idea was that of putting d
the mighty from their seats, and
ascription of the Shakespearian aut
ship to any Smith or Jones would h
pleased him just as well.

Respecting the value of education,
Carter's judgment was right in a gen
way, although wrong with regard to h
self. He had learned to read and w
and keep books because he saw the
cessity; and if he had ever found it ne
sary for business purposes to acqui
foreign language, or the elements of
gebra, or applied chemistry, he w
have done so. But I fancy that
schoolmaster who had tried to teach
a subject for which he saw no immed
use would have been obliged to use
vigorous, old-fashioned methods of
suasion to obtain the youthful Jim C
er's attention.

THE SCHOLARSHIP IDEA.

But it must not be supposed tha
went into the scholarship scheme
hazard. When he found himself wi
fortune of which he did not even s

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The interest, his first thought was to utilize it in a way that would really do good. He had never married and for many years had ceased to write to his few scattered relatives. It would not be far wrong to say that he had no friends. He belonged to neither church nor lodge, and had no experience with real poverty, so that he was exempt from the ordinary calls of philanthropy. Chatting one day with Mr. D. M. Grant, of the Sarnia Collegiate, he learned that several students had passed the matriculation with honors, but that two or three would not be able to go on immediately for want of money. Mr. Carter thought this was a great pity, and realized that a hundred dollars is often of more value to a young man than thousands to an old one. He offered, informally to give some scholarships the next year if fair conditions could be arranged. The year after he repeated the offer, extending the competition to the county of Lambton. Then he took in the counties of Huron, Middlesex, Perth, and Wellington, giving annually two hundred dollars to each—a thousand dollars a year—and as he said: "I want to see how it works."

Unfortunately, there was not much to be seen. In the fall he used to send out notices to the high schools and collegiate institutes in the five counties, advising the conditions on which the scholarships would be given. After that nothing happened until he was notified of the names of the winners by the Minister of Education, when he promptly sent cheques to the school principals for distribution. This ceremony naturally graced the commencements, and Carter was often asked to officiate in person, but resolutely declined to do so. He was afraid of stage-fright; and yet he had done stump speaking in his day. Once, however, he went to Guelph and viewed the proceedings from the audience, on the strict understanding that he was to remain incog.

What he liked immensely were the letters of thanks he got from fortunate winners—rather more than half, I think, took the trouble to write him. And some of these letters made good reading. In one or two instances he expressed a strong desire to follow them up, and to learn how his young friends were getting along, but while he could handle business corespondence he had no genius for easy, friendly correspondence, so that, for him, the scholarship students were as ships that passed in the night.

There was also the fact that the terms of competition were of a technical character, devised upon the suggestion of Mr. Grant and of other high school teachers in the five counties, and Mr. Carter did not understand them very well, and was not satisfied with them. This was the reason why the full scheme did not become effective in his lifetime, although I know that the $100,000 bequest was part of his will drawn in 1910, and I do not think he saw any way of improving the details. The Minister of Education is to have large powers of discrimination so long as the main objects of the bequest are carried out.

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For more than a year *MacLean's Magazine* has been running a series of articles on the great men who have aided the Kaiser. They are now published in book form. The author is Frederic W. Wile, the correspondent of the London Daily Mail, who has lived in Berlin for fourteen years and was in the closest touch with the leading men of the German Empire. Mr. Wile was thrown into prison immediately after the war started; but was rescued by the American Ambassador and accompanied the British Ambassador in his escape from Germany.

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The MacLean Publishing Co., Ltd., 143-153 University Avenue, Toronto, secured a limited De Luxe Edition, bound in "silk lustre" cloth, of "Men Around the Kaiser." As long as the supply lasts, copies will be mailed to any address, on receipt of $1.00, postage paid.

Madelyn Mack

Continued from Page 24.

The dull flush again swept Thorny' face. I could feel him glancing at me ou of the corner of his eye. So my half-fanc of a woman's figure darting into the hall as I burst into the room, had been correct Mr. Preston then had formed a partnership with Gwendolyn Calvert in his nocturnal expedition!

Madelyn gazed at him a minute i silence.

"Don't you think the psychological moment has come for frankness on you part?"

Thorny was staring at the floor. I coul understand that his head must be ringin from the shock of the wound, but ther were evidently other causes for his perturbation. He presented all the appearance of a very much ill-at-ease youn man.

"For instance," continued Madelyn "the errand that made it necessary fo Miss Calvert and yourself to descend t burglar tactics?"

Thorny drew a deep breath.

"I am not at liberty to answer tha question, Miss Mack!"

"Then, perhaps, I can answer it fo you!"

Thorny's glance raised, and then lowered almost stubbornly. A somewha harder note crept into Madelyn's voice.

"I don't know whether Miss Calver saw you personally, or telephoned th message that brought you to her aid. I any event, she told you that Ariel Burton's welfare depended upon prompt an secret action. By the way, was Miss Calvert's friend on the second floor, who cam to her assistance, the butler or—"

"She was using the apartment of he cousin, who is in Europe," snappe Thorny, "number eight! She found accidentally that the same keys fitted th doors up here."

"That explains, then, her prompt disappearances. As to what happened afte you reached Miss Burton's apartments the details are fairly obvious—your grapple with your unseen assailant, Miss Calvert's flight— I regret, Mr. Preston, tha you did not have opportunity to complet your mission! We will retire, if you desire to finish it now!"

Thorny staggered to his feet.

"Then, for God's sake, tell me how!"

Even Madelyn stared.

"You mean—"

"I mean that we were to find in this room that which would explain Ariel Burton's vanishing, but what it was I have no more idea than you have! Gwen Calvert knew. I guess she had been here before. Just as she was opening her lips to explain to me—well, you know what happened. I was seized from behind, and she was running back into the corridor screaming!" Thorny moistened his lips. "The key to the whole affair is in this room, Miss Mack—between these four walls!"

Madelyn paced across the floor. Something cold and hard had come into her face—like the glint of the spent fighter who sees his antagonist suddenly re-inforced.

"Is it a letter, Mr. Preston—a letter of the Purple Thumb?"

"It is not!" came the decisive answer. 'Gwen Calvert knew almost as little about those letters as I did. I knew, of course, they were throwing Miss Burton into a blue funk, that they were preying on her mind fearfully; but she gave me no inking of what was behind them. It was not until this evening that I found from Gwen—"

"You must meet me frankly, Mr. Preston!"

Thorny bit his lips.

"—That they were written by this Spanish chap!" he continued abruptly.

"I guess Amador had been trying to make a tool of Gwen, using her to keep him posted on Miss Burton's movements, and in the end she decided to investigate on her own account. But he was like an iceberg whenever she mentioned the letters."

"You are quite sure you are speaking plainly?"

"Quite sure!"

"Then what about the card in Miss Burton's bouquet that you concealed from us?"

Thorny flushed.

"I saw only the *blank* side when I picked it up! I was as much surprised as you at what was on the other side!" He hesitated. "Gwen Calvert overheard me reading aloud the letter that came to Miss Burton at our last rehearsal. It threatened to kill her unless she married the writer without delay. Gwen even thought I was making the threat on my own account!" He broke off. "This is awful, Miss Mack! Surely something can be done—*it must be done!* Gwen Calvert was in white earnest when she called me to-night. The explanation of the riddle is in this apartment, and we have got to find it!"

"But it is apparent, Mr. Preston, that we cannot make a search until we know what we are seeking. You must locate Gwendolyn Calvert and force her to tell me her story!"

"But—"

Madelyn gripped his arm.

"No woman in New York is facing a more genuine peril than Ariel Burton tonight! If, for any reason, Miss Calvert cannot, or will not, talk, our last chance of aiding her is gone!"

Through the silence of the flat pealed the hall bell. We could hear Martha answering the summons with mechanical obedience. Then sounded a crisp voice, and Lieutenant Byron's "plainclothes" assistant of the afternoon stood frowning at us. His eyes narrowed at Madelyn's figure.

"Miss Mack, can you step downstairs, please?"

For a moment none of us spoke. There was that in his voice and face which sent an almost indefinable tautness through the room. It was as though we had caught the first, faint note of a far-off alarm bell.

Madelyn stepped to the officer's side. His voice lowered, and we could see her recoil. Then Thorny and I were racing at her shoulder into the hall—Thorny forgetful of the shock of his wound—and Madelyn's finger was jabbing at the ele-

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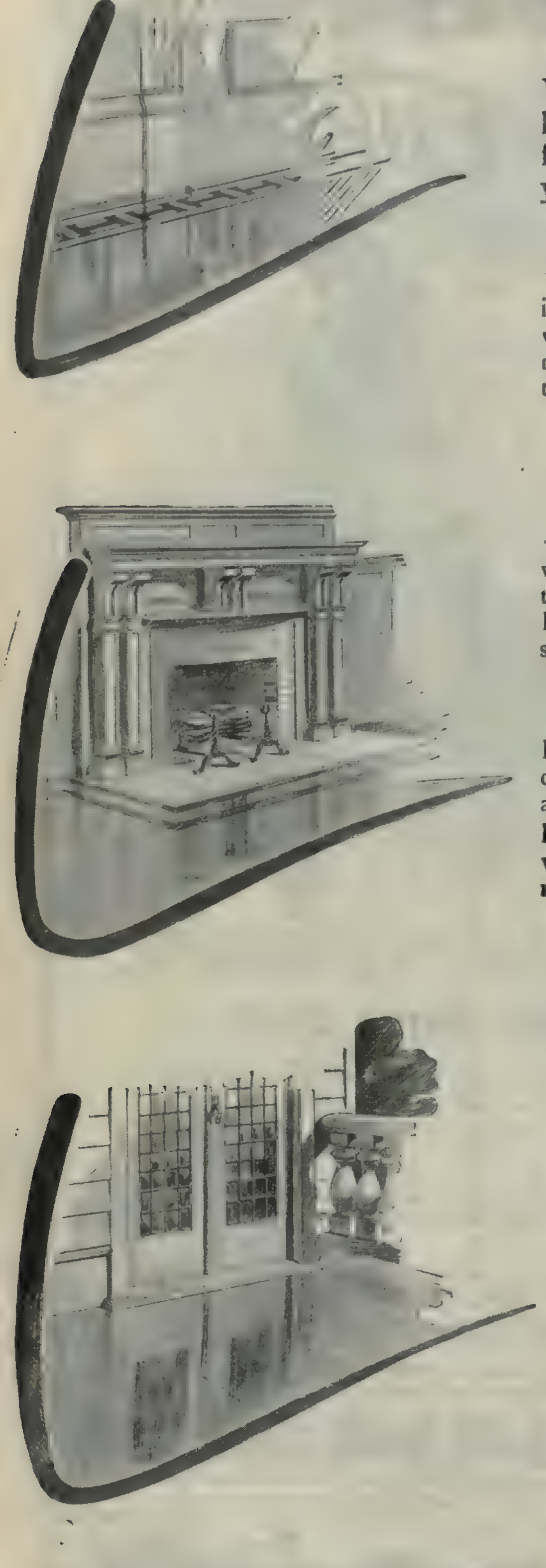

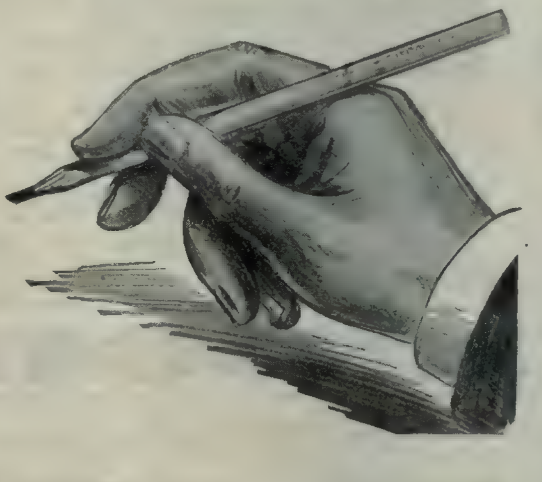

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vator bell. There was no answer, and we were soon to see the reason. In a panting trio, we stumbled down the last flight of stone stairs.

A background of marble and gilt splendor—a dazzle of light—huddled groups of theatre-bound parties, filmy-cloaked women and silk-hatted escorts—liveried servants—all staring grotesquely, for it was the first time that most of them had been brought face to face with tragedy. On a leather divan, Gwendolyn Calvert, with a little crimson splotch like a dash of red ink on her white shirtwaist, lay staring back at them with a sort of dazed bewilderment still showing through the film of death.

"She was shot down on the walk at the corner of the building!" jerked out Lieutenant Byron. "Tall, dark man in a light overcoat fired the bullet. He has made a clean get-a-way—so far!"

VII.

I HAVE often questioned whether any one but Madelyn Mack could have accomplished what followed. Lieutenant Byron maintains that she did it because she was a woman. I differ with him. Feminine psychology may have been a factor, but it was nothing less than genius in the final analysis.

The lieutenant held us for a moment on the edge of the group.

"It happened right under our eyes, Miss Mack! If we—"

"I can guess how it happened!" said Madelyn. She thrust past him, and caught the arm of a man, evidently a physician, at the divan.

"We must keep her alive for sixty seconds longer, Doctor! *We must!*"

"She is gone now!"

The physician gave a professional shrug. And then, as though to belie his words, the girl's staring eyes trembled, and her lips partly opened.

"If I had an electric battery," the doctor hesitated, "I might do what you ask, madam; but without it, it is impossible!"

Madelyn bent lower over the white face. And then, as the doctor drew back with a suggestion of tolerance, occurred the miracle.

"Gwen, girlie! Gwen, I say!"

It was not Madelyn Mack, the inquisitor, pleading with a witness; but a show-girl appealing to one of her kind. Had Miss Mack spent an apprenticeship in a Broadway chorus, her voice could not have acquired more perfectly the vibrant metallic tones of the footlights. Even phlegmatic Lieutenant Byron was staring incredulously.

"Gwen, I say, don't you hear the call-bell? Let the rest of your make-up go. Do you want the stage-manager to find you?"

At Madelyn's shoulders we were bent forward, our eyes held to the face on the divan. Would the daring expedient of psychology win over death? Would the old, familiar call of the stage re-animate the dying will of the show-girl when medical stimulants had failed?

Again the grey lips moved, again the eyes trembled, and then a wave of ani

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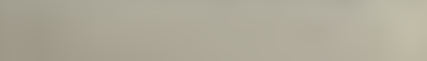

mation, like the spurt of a fading fire, illumined their depths. Madelyn had won! I could see her muscles stiffen as she stooped still lower. It was as though she would hold death at bay by sheer physical strength.

With measured distinctness, she spoke again.

"Help me save Ariel Burton, Gwen! Tell me now!"

The grey film fell a second time like a sinister shadow. I tried to turn my face away. Death would not be cheated. And then, even as the thought framed itself, Gwendolyn Calvert's hand fluttered to her waist, and her lips murmured the words like a far-off voice on a defective telephone wire:

"The broken fan! Find other half! It—it—"

I wonder if the sentence was finished in eternity? One could almost fancy that the dead lips were still moving. . . .

I saw Madelyn's hand slip under the white shirt waist, fumbled near the red blot on its bosom, and emerge with the jagged half of an ivory fan. On its surface was scribbled in a hurried pencil scrawl the beginning of a notation, which had obviously been finished on the missing section:

"2156 Sy
"Yo"

Madelyn snapped the fan shut, and darted across the hall to the stairs. Even Lieutenant Byron's call did not make her pause. When I drew my eyes back from her disappearing figure, the tension in the lobby had broken. The first of the halted groups was already moving through the swinging doors into the street. The unexpected eddy in the life of the Lenox had passed. Doubtless, in a few minutes, the faces that had blanched at the shadow of death would be convulsed by the buffoonery of the vaudeville. I could hear a querulous lady exclaim that she would be late for the opera!

In a corner of Lieutenant Byron's mouth an unlighted cigar had been thrust nervously all through the short drama. With a mechanical movement, he tossed it to the floor and ground it under his heel.

"Burke," he snapped to his assistant, "I'll leave the rest of the details down here to you. If you need me, you'll find me upstairs."

"If they should bring our man in, sir—" suggested Burke.

The words recalled me with a start to the fact that we had learned nothing of the details of the crime.

"You are searching for a man with a yellow face, of a Spanish type?" I demanded.

The lieutenant nodded grimly.

"There are two witnesses of the shooting, who might have caught the assassin on the spot if they hadn't been so afraid of their own precious lives! Why, our taxicab was turning into the block below at the time. If we had come two minutes sooner—" He broke off abruptly. "It seems to me, Miss Noraker, that you have information to give as well as receive!"

I gazed at Thorny. His forehead was beaded with perspiration, his eyes swol-

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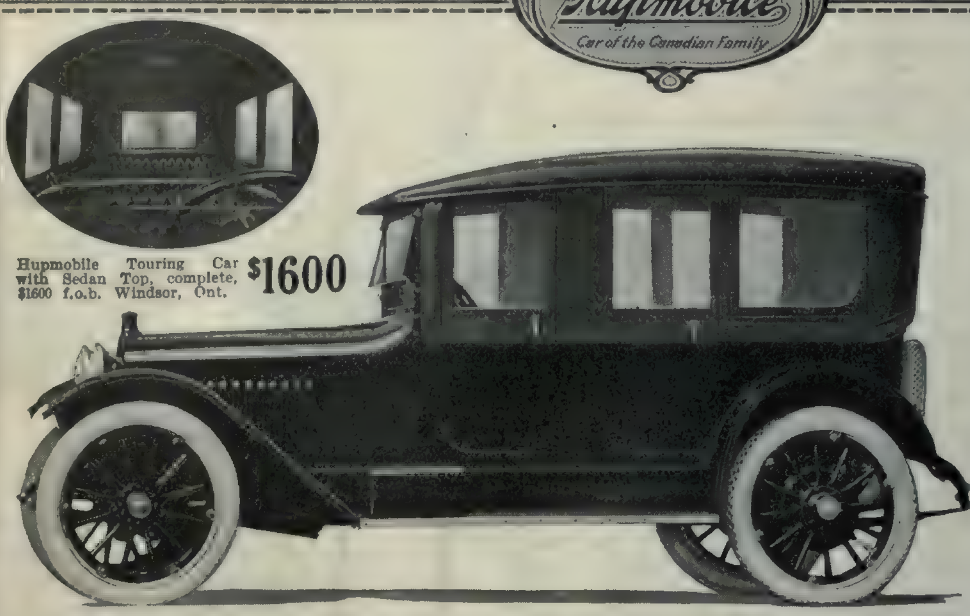

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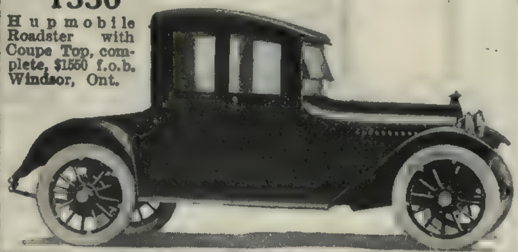

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len. On the heels of his wound, the stress of the past five minues had brought his nerves to the snapping point.

"Oh, there is no occasion now to keep anything back!" he said wearily. "God, to think that, while we were talking upstairs, Gwen was going to her death, and we could have saved her!"

He glanced across at the still figure on the divan.

"If I ever lay my hands on the brute that killed her Lieutenant, the police and the courts need not worry about justice!"

The lieutenant reached for a fresh cigar.

"Just now, it occurs to me, Mr. Preston-that you could serve Miss Calvert more wisely by giving me an account of what happened before my arrival on the scene."

Thorny brushed his hair back from his eyes, hesitated a moment, and began the narrative that Madelyn had wormed from his unwilling lips. He finished it as we stepped from the elevator at Miss Burton's floor. Lieutenant Byron made no comment as he pressed the bell. There was no answer. Again his finger pushed the disc, and then his hand impatiently caught the handle of the door. It swung open noiselessly. With a growing frown, he led the way into the living-room. And there he paused.

The rose-chamber beyond was flooded with all of its available lights. In the glare, the room presented a curious scene. Drawers were piled on the floor, and their contents dumped into a heap beside them. Stands and mantel had been swept clear. Even the garments of an adjoining closet, cunningly concealed by the wall draperies, had not escaped. The appearance of the room suggested the scene of ravage we had found in Madelyn's den at "The Rosary"; but this time Miss Mack, herself, was responsible for the confusion.

In the center of the havoc, Madelyn was standing, her eyes shot with cold, glinting specks of light. Martha was completing the despoiling of the closet with much the enthusiasm of an unwilling prisoner at the point of a gun.

At the sound of our steps, Miss Mack half turned her head, snapping open her watch.

"Ten-forty! We have until ten-fifty to act, Lieutenant, if we are to avert another tragedy!"

She extended the section of the broken fan she had taken from Gwendolyn Calvert's waist.

"Somewhere in this room we will find the remainder. And we have just fifteen minutes to do it!"

Lieutenant Byron's eyes narrowed on the notation on the ivory surface, as Madelyn crossed the room, and swept a glance into the dismantled closet.

"You will see that the fan contains a portion of an address," she said over her shoulder. "A life may depend on our completing that address, and reaching it at once!"

From the adjoining room, the telephone sounded. Lieutenant Byron turned mechanically. We could hear his voice replying dully to the summons, and then it was raised sharply. A moment later he was back in the doorway, his face flushing. Madelyn shot a glance in his direction.

"Is it Sewell Collins?"

The lieutenant's lower jaw dropped.

"How in blazes did you know?"

"I didn't know. I merely expected it. How long has he been gone?"

"He hasn't been seen since he left for the Union League Club for dinner. He never reached it. His man is at headquarters now, frantic. Says his master has been murdered!"

"He hasn't been—yet!" said Madelyn grimly.

The lieutenant passed his hand wearily over his eyes.

"This—this is getting on my nerves Miss Mack! What's the answer?"

Madelyn pointed to the broken fan in his hand.

"When we find the other half of that trinket, we'll find Ariel Burton, and, likewise, Sewell Collins! Martha tells me her mistress broke the fan recently at the theatre, and lost part of it at the time. Miss Calvert found the part that she lost. *We* must locate the other section!" She jerked her hand toward her watch. "Eight minutes left to do it!"

"And we will find Ariel Burton at the address on the fan?" demanded Lieutenant Byron.

"She has been there for nearly twenty-four hours! Doubtless she engaged the place by telephone at the theatre, and jotted down the notation on the fan. *Why* we'll discover later!"

The lieutenant strode into the chamber, his briskness restored.

"And the fan is hidden in this room?"

"Not hidden!" retorted the enigmatic Miss Mack. "If it were hidden, our task would be simple!"

"Perhaps it was in a pocket of her coat, and she didn't take it out!" suggested Lieutenant Byron.

"Logical, but we have shown all of those answers wrong," said Madelyn wearily.

We made a curious study in emotions as we stood there, for all the world like a group of backward pupils before an impatient teacher. Madelyn stood, with her watch in her hand, staring from face to face as though she would stir our sluggish thoughts by the sheer force of her own will.

"Where else could a woman carry a fan besides her coat pocket or handbag?" she persisted.

We stared blankly. And then Madelyn found the answer herself.

"Did Miss Burton carry a muff, Martha?"

"She had three, ma'am. Two are on the chair in the corner there, and the other is on the bed."

Madelyn snatched up the last mentioned, a rich, roomy creation of silver fox, thrust her hand into its depths, and withdrew it slowly.

It was characteristic of her that not a muscle of her face showed her victory. It was not until her hand reached the light that we saw she was holding the missing half of the ivory fan.

Lieutenant Byron sprang to her side, extending the section he still held. The scribbled lines were joined without a break:

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"2156 Sycamore Street,
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Madelyn snapped shut her watch.

"I fancy, Lieutenant, that you will have the pleasure of greeting soon both Miss Burton and Mr. Collins!"

"But the time limit, Miss Mack—ten-fifty-five? I don't understand."

"I found that the next train leaves for Yonkers at eleven-seven, and I allowed a margin of twelve minutes to catch it. Of course, I know that Yonkers must be our destination. That is the only suburb which the first letters, 'Y-o,' would fit."

IX.

A CHEERY, old-fashioned house, with cosily blinking lights, met us at the end of a quiet, eminently respectable block in one of the most quiet, most eminently respectable streets of Yonkers. There could be no doubt about the number. We had reached "2156 Sycamore"—and the end of our quest."

"I had been picturing vaguely a dim-shadowed dwelling in an obscure corner of town, or perhaps a deserted mansion among sighing trees—the kind you read about in a shivery detective story—as the fitting goal for our search, with an entrance obtained through a cellar window, an ascent of creaking stairs, and a fight in the dark with an unseen enemy. I was conscious of a certain sense of disappointment.

"2156 Sycamore" was thoroughly commonplace, genially matter-of-fact. If there was one thing it lacked, it was assuredly the atmosphere of mystery.

And the manner of our approach could not have been further removed from any suggestion of the dramatic.

Lieutenant Byron conducted us up the front steps, even pausing to wipe his feet on a strip of matting, and then quite deliberately rang the bell. A serving-man with a round, expectant face, answered the summons without delay.

The lieutenant stepped past him into a wide hall, motioning us to follow.

"I believe we are expected," he said quietly.

The servant bowed.

"Will you step into the library, sir? I think you are just in time!"

I glanced at the man. Just in time—for what? A moment later I knew! With his most affable smile, he threw open an adjoining door, and waited as eight pairs of eyes whirled toward us. After all, it was an occasion for affable smiles even from a newly hired servant!

I don't know whether we or those whom we had interrupted were the more amazed.

Four persons were standing in the center of the room; a gravely-spectacled gentleman, in a somewhat rusty frock coat, obviously a minister; Miss Ariel Burton, in the most perfect of evening toilettes; Sewell Collins, with his eyes blinking nervously in his pudgy face; and, slightly behind them, the slimly petite figure of Jacqueline.

For just an instant the tableau lasted, and then Miss Madelyn stepped forward.

"I trust we are not intruding?"

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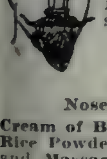

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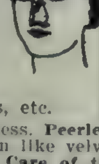

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My eyes were riveted on Ariel Burton. Her face had gone white, but her eyes were blazing like two coals. She spoke with a sort of suppressed fury.

"It should be quite evident that you *are* intruding! However, if you will be seated for a few moments—"

Sewell Collins turned back to the minister, and the latter, surveying us in mild disapproval, raised a Bible from a stand at his elbow.

"Unfortunately," replied Madelyn, "we cannot take advantage of your kind invitation."

She continued her advance until she reached the quartet.

"Before the ceremony proceeds, there are certain statements I wish to make, which I feel are necessary to the occasion."

The minister laid back his Bible with a dubious sigh. Sewell Collins turned irritably. Ariel Burton's eyes lost something of their blaze. I fancied she was swaying slightly. Madelyn caught her arm as though to steady her, but later we knew that her purpose was far different.

"Mr. Collins," she began directly, "are you familiar with the history of this lady whom you were about to make your wife?"

Sewell Collins glared.

"Certainly!"

"You know, then, that you are not marrying Ariel Burton, the actress, but—"

Madelyn held up Miss Burton's right arm. The light played on the tapering fingers, the jeweled rings which covered them, the slenderly rounded thumb. We all stared. Under the thumb nail was a dull, purplish line, indelibly printed on the pink flesh. Even then we did not guess!

From her bag, Madelyn extended to Lieutenant Byron a crumpled newspaper, with a blue-ringed paragraph.

"Will you kindly read aloud the article I have marked?"

In a mechanical tone, the lieutenant complied.

"Sebastian Amador, a planter from Haiti, is registered at the Algonquin Hotel on a curious mission. He is in search of his runaway wife, whom, he charges, deserted him three years ago, and fled from his home under an assumed name. As he describes her, she is a remarkable young woman, of an exceedingly curious history. Her mother was a French woman, of great beauty, and one of the popular actresses of the European stage of a generation ago. At the height of her career she fell in love with a wealthy young Spanish planter of Haiti who was on a visit to Paris. The two were married, and the favorite of the Parisian footlights exchanged the stage for a tropical plantation. Here a daughter was born to her, who inherited both her mother's beauty and dramatic ability. It was this daughter whom Amador later married, and who, as he alleges, fled from him after less than a year of married life. After nearly four years of silence from her, he has found a clue to her whereabouts. which leads him to the belief that through her inherited talents, she has won a spec-

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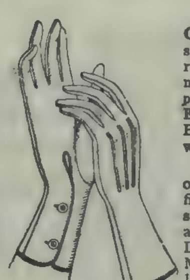

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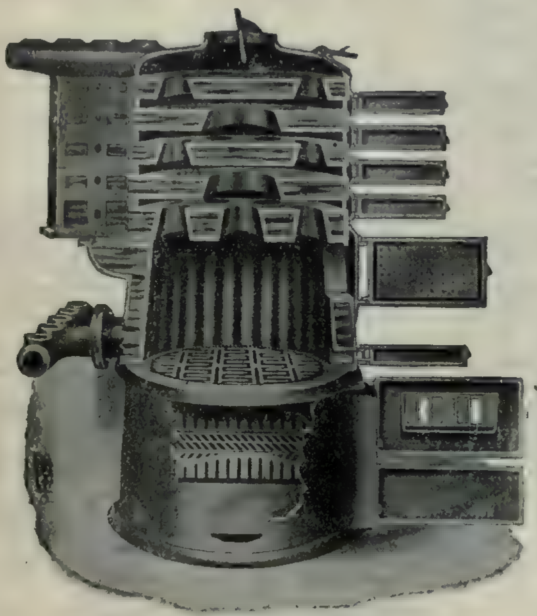

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Lieutenant Byron broke off, the balance of the sentence in his throat, as he stared from Madelyn to the swaying form of Ariel Burton.

With a little wrench, the latter slipped from Madelyn's hand. For a moment she stood quivering. The blaze had quite gone from her eyes, leaving them sunken embers in the ashes of her cheeks. Suddenly she flung up her right arm.

"There is no need for you to read further. Can't you see it? Feast your eyes on it, all of you—the Purple Thumb!"

The strange-colored ridge under her delicate nail seemed to glow with a dull, throbbing anger. We stared, fascinated. She still held her arm upraised.

"Look well, you whose smug sensibilities I shock! Ah, it means nothing to you! But you do not know Haiti! Must I then explain? I am branded—branded with the birthmark of the negro! *I am a mulatto!*"

She reeled, and then flung back our glances with a sort of wild defiance.

"This is the secret from which my mother fled, and from which I fled when he, whom the law called my husband, made it his taunt! But I could not leave it behind. Always it was with me, mocking me, lashing me, whispering that the world whom I had forced to its knees would sometime know—and then, instea of its bouquets and its jewels and it plaudits, it would hurl my shame back in to my face! *And now it does know!*"

With a little moaning cry, she shrivele back into the nearest chair.

Sewell Collins was standing like a ma paralyzed—still rigid, when Madely darted of a sudden past his shoulder. I was then that the rest of us became awar for the first time that a window ha opened. Against it crouched a man, raising with sinister steadiness a revolve Without warning we were whirled to th climax of melodrama.

We saw Madelyn swish across the pat of the weapon, her arm flash out an down, and then a yellow flame snapped t ward Ariel Burton's chair.

But Madelyn's rush had diverted th muzzle the fraction that meant a spen bullet.

Senor Sebastian Amador crashed bac under the impetus of her body into th arms of two men in black derbies, wh might have been twin brothers of Lie tenant Byron's "plain-clothes," satellit as they bobbed up from the window-sil There came the click of handcuffs as th revolver clattered to the floor. The for most of the two detectives touched his h to Lieutenant Byron.

"He shadowed you from the Lenox, sir. When we saw he answered your description of the man wanted for the Calvert murder, we trailed him from town, thinking to spot his game here before we bagged him."

Ariel Burton had straightened in her chair. Her gaze clung to Amidor's yellowish face, as his voice raised.

"If I didn't get you one way, I reckon I have in another—maybe worse from your way of judging! You played a clever game with your mysterious vanishing act to escape me, and what I might have to tell the man you wanted to marry; but you might have known better than to match yourself against me. So you were going to capture a millionaire husband, and play the high lady, you—you—"

"Don't!" The protest was wrung from Ariel Burton like a dry groan.

One of the detectives clapped his hand over Amador's lips.

"Shall we take him outside, Lieutenant?"

Lieutenant Byron nodded.

"And—Franklin, see that you don't cut your margins so confoundedly close in future!"

Instinctively our gaze focused next on the figure of Sewell Collins. I will own at once that my estimate of his stamina had been sadly underrated. I had looked to see him perhaps in a state of collapse. Instead he had shaken off his stupor and was surveying us with a glint in his eyes that I had never thought to see there. Perhaps it was a flash of the rugged will of the old steel foundry days, which the emergency of the moment had awakened down under the ravages of midnight Broadway.

He addressed the bewildered clerical gentleman with a touch of business-like crispness which I'll venture his voice had not held for years.

"Here is the fee, sir, which I believe you would have expected under other circumstances. I shall not need your services further this evening!"

The minister fingered the yellow-backed bill nervously, cleared his throat, found voice sufficient for a murmured "good night," and shambled rather reluctantly toward the door. I have often wondered what impressions the experiences of the evening must have left in his peaceful, clerical brain!

As the door closed behind his retreating figure, Sewell Collins turned to Madelyn.

"And now, Miss Mack, I will be obliged for a more detailed statement than you have yet given me."

"May I ask you first to explain your presence here?"

"I was descending from my car at the Union League Club when a note was handed me by a young woman, whom I recognized as Miss Burton's maid, stating that she was in trouble, and pleading that I accompany the messenger to her at once, and without publicity."

"I surmised that that was probably the way it was done," said Madelyn musingly. "And what explanation was given you when you arrived?"

Sewell Collins shifted his position to avoid looking at Ariel Burton.

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"As a matter of fact, none—nor did I ask for any. I—I loved Miss Burton honestly. When I saw her I repeated my offer of the protection of my name, a step which I had suggested for some time, and urged an immediate marriage."

Madelyn glanced at the crumpled form beyond Mr. Collins' shoulder, as she continued the story.

"I should say at the outset that Miss Burton had divorced Amador, a fact unknown to him until after his arrival in New York. She had dissolved his legal claims to her.

"The secret of her life had been buried so deep that it seemed impossible of resurrection. The gulf between Ariel Burton, the petted theatrical star, with her name in six-foot electric letters, and the obscure mulatto girl of Haiti, appeared impassable. She had made a new career for herself, had succeeded beyond her wildest dreams, was flattered, admired, feted. A millionaire had offered her marriage. And then came the first of the letters of the Purple Thumb.

"She saw her castle of cards crashing, the brand of her birth exposed, herself dragged back to all from which she had fled.

"Amador was shrewd enough to make his personal communications to her purposely vague, and to supplement them through the newspapers. Only her identity was hidden. But she lived in constant terror that the next screaming 'Extra' would reveal it.

"We received a proof of Amador's desperation when, furious at the disappearance of his victim, he murdered his tool, Gwendolyn Calvert, in the belief that she had betrayed him. Whether he was animated by an insane jealousy, or coveted the spoils of the blackmailer, or both, I am convinced that, had the marriage to-night been consummated, while he was at large, sooner or later Miss Burton's life would have paid the forfeit. Incidentally, it was this last consideration—we must not mince words!—the knowledge that she was in imminent danger of losing the position that, as Mrs. Sewell Collins, she would hold, which completed her despair, and determined her on the bold coup of her disappearance."

A suggestion of weariness slipped into Madelyn's voice.

"It was necessary not only to elude her Nemesis, but—and again we must speak frankly!—allow herself opportunity for her marital ambition. In other words, she must vanish—and yet still remain in touch with her world. The theatre offered the most effective background for her plans. How was it possible to spirit herself away from a crowded playhouse so that the manner of her disappearance would not be detected?

"In the end, she decided to make use of the obvious means of a trunk."

"But you said that was *not* the agency she employed!" I protested accusingly."

"I said she did not disappear *in* a trunk!" said Madelyn impatiently. "The trunk which answered her purpose was carried from her dressing-room some time before its owner vanished. In fact, after it was gone she played through a portion of an act. Ariel Burton was not concealed in the trunk—but Jacqueline, her maid!"

"You forget," interrupted Thorney, heedless of Madelyn's glare at another break in her narrative, "that Jacqueline was as much in evidence after the trunk had gone as Miss Burton."

"She was not," snapped Madelyn. "The young woman whom we regarded as the maid, who gave the hysterical alarm of Ariel Burton's disappearance, was not Jacqueline—*but her mistress!* Ariel Burton vanished by assuming the costume and role of her maid after she entered her dressing-room to change her gown for the last of the second act! If we had looked into the room during her absence on the stage, we would have found it empty. But that was a chance she had to take. And it was empty again when Miss Burton, in the character of Jacqueline, came out on an ostensible errand of her mistress—and returned to startle us with the announcement that the actress had vanished!

"As a matter of fact, *while we searched frantically for Ariel Burton, she was at our elbows!*

"In the meantime, the trunk, containing the obliging Miss Jacqueline, had arrived at the Lenox. Miss Burton, leaving the theatre, still in the role of her maid, returned to her apartments, released Jacqueline, and with her aid packed the trunk and relocked it. Martha, the housekeeper, had been given a convenient leave of absence. When the task was finished, Miss Burton, leaving her maid at the flat as a sort of scout in the enemy's country, made her way to the house she had rented in Yonkers—and awaited developments. I think that completes the statement you desired, Mr. Collins."

Thorny had drawn a memorandum book from his pocket during the latter portion of the recital.

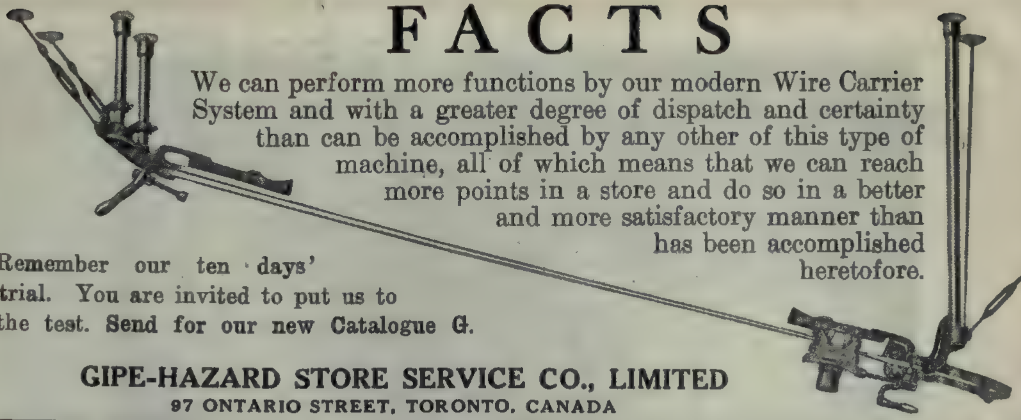
"If you don't mind, Miss Mack, there is one other point. I will confess that I essayed the role of amateur detective, myself—with the usual results. To aid me, I tried to make a chronological table of everything that occurred on the stage during the evening. I find that, contrary to your statement, both Miss Burton and her maid were in the dressing-room after the trunk had been sent away! We distinctly heard their two voices while we were before the door!"

"My dear Mr. Preston!" retorted Madelyn in a tone that made Thorny wince, "as a playwright, there is no doubt of your ability. In future, I would advise you to confine your activities to that field! We heard two voices as you suggest—apparently. But they emanated from Miss Burton alone. Your stage training should have been the first to suggest the explanation. Miss Burton was using her dramatic ability to carry on an imaginary conversation—and I am prepared to admit that she succeeded admirably!"

Sewell Collins snapped open his watch.

"I think that is all, Miss Mack!"

Ariel Burton still sat crumpled in her chair, her eyes on the floor. Sewell Collins glanced at her, hesitated, and drew from his pocket a slender morocco-covered check book. He opened it, and produced a



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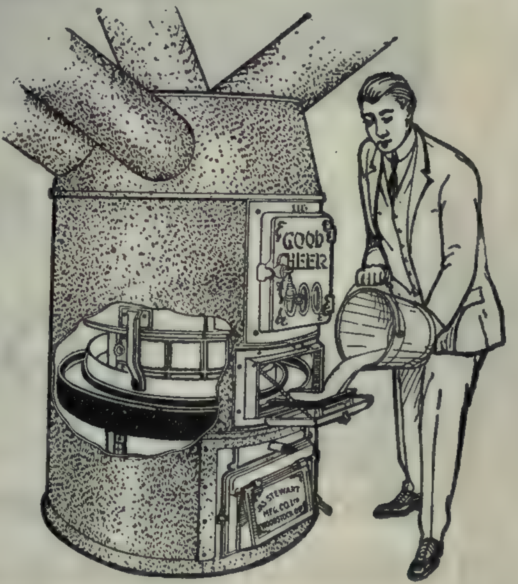
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fountain pen. For a moment he wrote deliberately.

"Miss Burton—or should I say Senora Amador?—I had expected to present you with this as a wedding present!"

He laid a delicately engraved slip of paper on the stand, and, with a bow to us, walked to the door.

"Miss Mack," he said, turning with an afterthought, "you will hear from me by mail to-morrow."

And then occurred that which, to me, has always seemed the most incomprehensible incident of the whole grotesque affair.

Ariel Burton roused herself.

"Just a moment, Mr. Collins!"

With a slip of paper in her hand, she stepped after him.

"You have not given me an opportunity to thank you. I am, indeed, grateful for your kindness!"

With a sudden movement she tore the check into quarters, and, bowing slightly, scattered on the floor the fragments of the order for two hundred thousand dollars.

Sewell Collins stared, opened his lips, and then closed the door after him.

With a little shrug, Ariel Burton returned to her chair, and leaned her elbows wearily on the stand. In its center was the only intimate object in the room, a mauve-bordered photograph of Sewell Collins. She reached across and laid it face downward.

Lieutenant Byron turned awkwardly, and led us in our turn from the room. At the door, we saw that Ariel Burton had again picked up the photograph.

"I wonder if she loved him after all?" I asked softly.

"I should say that is just the question she is putting to herself," said Madelyn drily.

It was not until we turned into the street for our walk back to the station that the silence was broken again, and then Lieutenant Byron spoke.

"You will understand my professional curiosity, Miss Mack, when I ask how you did it!"

Madelyn laughed.

"I was wondering how long you would wait for that question! It is when we drift away from the ear-marks of the professional criminal, where the card-index methods of headquarters are of no avail that the lack of imagination in the police department is evident.

"For instance, the first three clues in the riddle of Miss Burton's dressing-room were a cigarette stub on the dressing table, a hair brush, and the ornament of the golden butterfly. The cigarette and the brush were both on the *left* side of the table, suggesting obviously that the las occupant of the room was a left-handed woman who smoked.

"When I found that it was not Mis Burton, but her maid, who was the nicotine devotee, and when I was told, later that Miss Burton was right-handed, and saw that the maid was left-handed, my half-crystallized theory received a set back until I was informed by the housekeeper that the actress could on occasion use *both* hands with equal dexterity.

"There were three explanations which

could account for Miss Burton's disappearance. One of these was the substitution of herself in the character of her servant. This involved the physical elimination of the latter. How? The golden butterfly gave the first suggestion. The most natural use for the ornament was the handle of a knife. If this were the case, the blade had been snapped, evidently in some violent test of its strength. What, for example?

"If a trunk had entered into the affair, we might fairly assume that the breaking of the knife had occurred in the making or enlarging of a breathing outlet for the imprisoned occupant.

"When I saw that the trunk at the Lenox contained no evidence of such mutilation, I was at a loss until, on a second examination this evening, I found from an interior view that a luggage-label had been neatly pasted over the hole that had been made with augur and knife for Miss Jacqueline's benefit. I infer that the trunk had been previously prepared for the emergency, but that, in the moment of service, an enlargement of the air-hole was found necessary."

Lieutenant Byron walked on in a silence, which from him was perhaps a more sincere appreciation than words.

I may state here that in due course Sebastian Amador was led to the electric chair at Sing Sing. And, as the postscript of my story is largely personal, it would be as well to gather up at this point, also, the loose threads as to my other characters.

Something less than a week after the final chapter of our drama, Sewell Collins sailed for Europe. Through our Paris correspondent, we learned that he spent the next three months at the German baths. His career as a Broadway patron has never been renewed.

Of Ariel Burton—as Ariel Burton—we have heard or seen nothing since that memorable night in Yonkers. Perhaps somewhere, under a different name, she has begun her stage career anew. I never enter a theatre that I do not find myself scanning the stage for some suggestion of the vanished "star" of "The Girl from Milwaukee." . . .

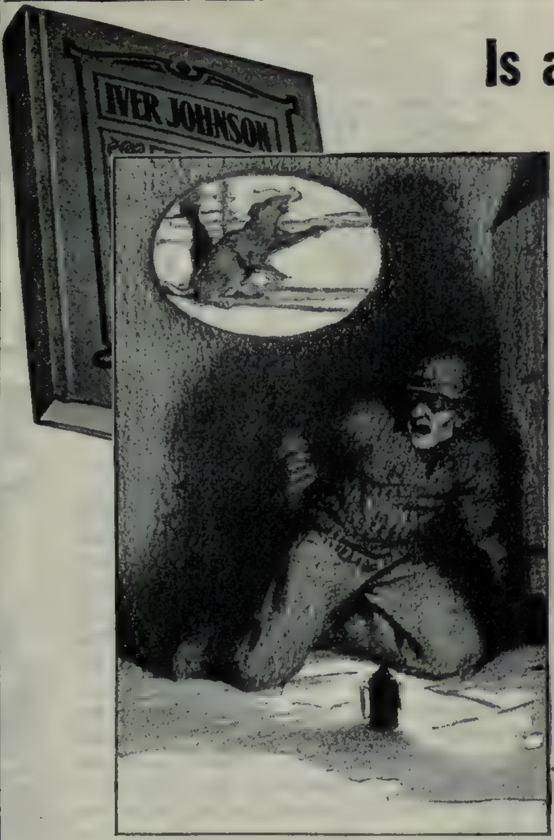
We were nearing the Yonkers station when Madelyn glanced back at Thorny and me.

"I was very nearly forgetting something, Nora. This is evidently your property. I found it on the back stairs of the Lenox in the trail of Gwendolyn Calvert's flight."

She extended an unsealed envelope, addressed to me at *The Bugle* office. There are those who say that a crisis in one's life casts a preparatory shadow. For my part, I opened the letter from the dead without a suspicion of the message it held for me.

"MY DEAR MISS NORAKER:

"I don't know why I am writing this. Some will stronger than my own tells me that I should do it—and do it *now*, or it will be too late. Is it a hunch that something is about to happen to me—something different from anything Gwen has yet found on the boards?



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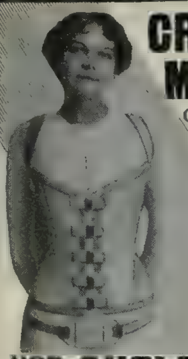

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"When I told you that Thorny Preston had promised to marry me, I did not tell you the truth. Maybe, you can understand the hysteria of a woman with a hopeless love. I doubt it. Few women can—who haven't been through it!

"And I know now, too, that Mr. Preston's conversation with Miss Burton had a much different meaning than that which I supposed. But this is not alone the reason for my writing you. It is to tell you the name of the woman whom Mr. Preston *does* love.

"On second thought, however, I am not going to do it! If you cannot guess it for yourself, you do not deserve to know.

"GWENDOLYN CALVERT."

A truant wind whisked the letter from my hand, as I finished it under the glare of a corner light. With a gasp I saw Thorny Preston spring forward and rescue it from the Yonkers gutter. He straightened to return it and then paused. His glance had caught mechanically his name on the crumpled page.

He raised his eyes inquiringly, saw my flaming face under the arc-lamp, and then, without a word, read the note deliberately. I gathered up my skirts, and fled. I thought I heard him call after me.

We were midway in our early morning ride back to town when Thorny, swinging out of the smoker, paused at my seat.

"By the way, Nora, who is the society editor of *The Bugle* since Miss Williams left?"

"Why?" I asked, unsuspecting.

"I thought perhaps you might not like to write the announcement of your own wedding. We are to be married this afternoon!"

The world whirled about my ears, as I stared back at him. And then—

"A proposal in a railroad car!" I flared.

Thorney grinned.

"My dear girl, I thought you had been a reporter long enough to appreciate the human interest element!"

THE END.

Some Canadian Women in Business

Continued from Page 27.

James Grant, filled the post from 1873 until 1900 and Miss Grant has held the reins since.

Miss Grant, modestly refusing to accept the encomiums thrust upon her, pays a high filial tribute to her father and says: "It was entirely owing to the great love and respect that was felt throughout the township for my father that the council was influenced to allow me to try the work."

This is undoubtedly true, but had she not been fitted for the position and had many of the council not realized it, she would not have been given it, in spite of Mr. Grant's high standing in the community. She was born in London, and was

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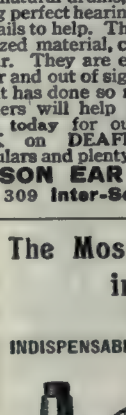

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taught at home by a cousin of her father's —a graduate of the Edinburgh University, for a few years; then came the public school, the London Collegiate and Hellmuth College. But she had "helped" her father all her life, commencing at five years of age to go to the office to play. One time at this great age, she did a notable piece of work in counting correctly sticks of sealing wax, pencils and boxes of matches, which she carefully put in each ballot box! Feeling after this, that she was absolutely necessary to her father and to the township, she went to the office every day as soon as school was over; in the holidays, most of her time was spent there and naturally, as the girl grew older, she picked up more than a fair idea of the nature of the work. She is the first woman appointed to the double office of clerk and treasurer in the province of Ontario.

A morning spent in Miss Grant's office is bewildering for one unversed in Acts! Saturday is always her busy day, and as his Honor Judge Macbeth put it: "At this time, she holds 'her levee.'" Upon any day, however, she always has from three callers, upward. She is supposed—expected—to know all that has occurred in the township since 1850, is a general information bureau for ratepayers, and a wide range of disputes falls to her gentle administration.

Mary Grant has never been known to be sharp, impatient or disagreeable since she took office. A brighter, more affable, courteous woman never lived, and her rare memory makes it comparatively easy for her, not merely to remember names, but to bear in mind some personal interest of the enquirer; the success of a child at school, the health of a pet horse, the outcome of unpleasantness, which, perchance, she, herself, has smoothed away. She is so intensely interested in the work, she claims never to find it tedious or monotonous, and her gentle womanliness brings a chivalrous response from all those with whom she comes in contact, so that every one tries to make her work as pleasant as possible. To say that she is a valuable asset to the township does not half praise her work; she went into it resolved to do all that a man could have done. Throughout the long cold winter when it is necessary for her to drive a number of miles to the small surrounding villages to attend meetings, she has never shirked. During fourteen years, she has never been absent from a council meeting, of which there is an average of twenty a year. She has driven five miles to the Town Hall through such raging blizzards that members of the council advised her to stay at home—taking advantage of their good advice, themselves! She has been on hand when it was necessary to drive through snow piled higher than the horse's head, on either side of the road, and once, she had to wait in the midst of a wilderness while the men dug a road for her.

"What a man could do, I do," she says. "I want it never to be thought that I must have any privileges which would not be accorded to a man if he held the position." (*To be continued.*)

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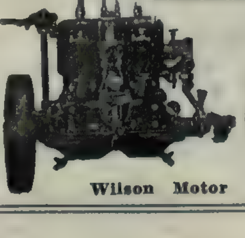

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Making a Boy to Put on the Market

Continued from Page 32.

of us, unexpected powers and energies answer the call. People who expect a great deal of themselves get a great deal more out of the same ability than others who are timid, who lack confidence and self-assurance. Your expectation is largely the gauge of your ability. Take two people of the same ability; the one who expects the most of himself, who demands the most, will accomplish the most. Our subconscious self is the great reservoir of power. This is where our resources live; this is the home of our instinct, and we can draw out this power and use it, or we can make no demand upon it and die with our possibilities still locked up within us.

It makes a tremendous difference to you whether you energize your highest possibilities or only those further down in the scale. Professor James said: "Most people are conscious that they are only half awake. Our fires are damped, our drafts are checked. We are making use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. Man energizes below his maximum and lives below his optimism. He lives in the habit of inferiority to his full self."

The object of a college education ought to be to enable the student to get the most possible out of life, and when he comes out of college his faculties should be developed superbly, should be keen, sharp-edged, and his whole mentality should express the maximum of power. The graduate should be able to energize his highest.

When a boy leaves the high school or college, he should be able to focus his mind upon any subject at will and hold it there with the power and vigor which creates, which produces. The boy's initiative, the boy's self-reliance, should be trained, that he is independent; that his ability to help himself is his leading characteristic.

Why is it that even most of our college graduates are so helpless that when they start out for themselves they are put back for years, often on a level with office boys? On every hand we see young people who know a lot about a great many things but who do not know enough in any single line to get a living by it. There is something the matter with education when we find so many college graduates wandering about for years before they find a situation, when we find them as conductors or motormen on street cars. I care not how high the college graduate's rank has been, if he cannot get a respectable living, he is not educated.

The whole world is looking for a bright, educated, promising young man. The world is looking for the man who can do things. There is a growing feeling among the intelligent, hard-headed men and women of this country, that the schools and colleges are not meeting the demands of our civilization. Business men know very well that reading Latin and Greek or studying astronomy is a pretty poor preparation for selling a bill of goods to a country storekeeper.

SIZING UP THE APPLICANT.

It would be interesting to follow the mental processes of a shrewd, long-headed, wide experienced, business man, when the average fresh college graduate comes to him looking for a situation. His thoughts would be something like this: "You don't look like a young man who can deliver the goods. You do not talk as though you were practical. You do not talk as though you had mental grip; you do not radiate force. You do not impress me with your superior mentality, even if you have had a college education. You do not seem to be self-reliant, resourceful, but rather timid, not sure of yourself, as though you have been depending upon professors and your text books, instead of branching out on your own hook, investigating things, finding out things, using your own initiative. You look to me as though you had been run in the college mold.

"You seem to me rather a weakling compared to some of the young men I have in my business, who never even saw a high school. It is practical power, mental force, we are after in my business; men with great mental grasp, with courage and dare in their natures, men who are not afraid to launch out, to get out of the beaten path and blaze a new way.

"In our business we want men who can analyze a situation, men with a clear brain, men with stamina, with tough, firm fibre. You look to me like a hothouse proposition. Your mental *timbre* seems to me soft and spongy like that of a sapling grown in a forest, protected by its neighbors, instead of having the fibre of the oak, which is grown out in the open, which has fought for its life with the storms and tempests.

"It is this kind of an oak that is used in the knees of ships, strong to withstand the strain of the storms; it is such fibre we want in our business. You look to me as though your culture had more of the decorative quality, like the sculpture of olden times, where the carving was so overdone that it weakened the strength of the pillars. Your education may look well in society, in the drawing-room, but it will be pretty useless when you get into the factory or find yourself struggling with a difficult proposition."

The educational institutions of the future will strike a happy medium between the commercial school and the present college. The commercial colleges do not go far enough, and, perhaps, they err on the practical side as much as the colleges do on the theoretical and classical side. But when a boy graduates from any of the higher institutions of learning he ought to know how to do things; he ought to be able to focus his faculties; he ought to have discovered himself, to be able to tell where his ability lies; to know how to focus his faculties with efficiency. His mind ought to be so trained that he will create, and no merely imitate. His mind ought to be so strengthened that he is able to solve practical problems, to grasp things vigorously. An education should be a power-increaser, a time saver. One's education is largely tested by his power of concentrated attention. Increased effici-

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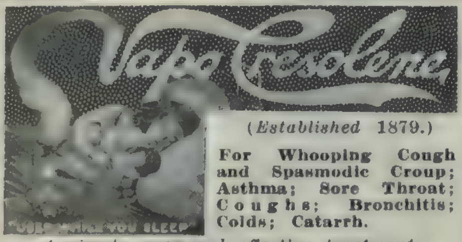

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FOR TOOTHACHE. A few drops of Absorbine, Jr., rubbed on the gums or applied on cotton to cavity will promptly stop the aching. But don't let the relief from pain keep you from your dentist.

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FOR SPRAINS AND SWELLINGS. It allays pain promptly; reduces inflammation and swelling.

$1.00 and $2.00 per bottle at dealers or delivered.

Send 10 cents for liberal trial bottle or procure regular size from your druggist to-day.

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506 Lymans Building, Montreal, Canada

Come to the HOTEL SANITA and enjoy the mineral baths, excellent cuisine and homelike comfort and quietness. Especially desirable for grip men. Send for our descriptive booklet.

Chatham Mineral Springs Hotel
Chatham, Ont.

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New Westminster, B.C. P. O. Bilodeau, Proprietor
Phone 188.
P.O. Box 573
Rates: American Plan, $1.50-$2.50. European Plan, 75c. to $1.50.

ency, increased mental grasp, ought to be the aim of education, and education should not cease at graduation; it is the work of a life-time.

This process of alternately soaking a sponge and wringing it out is not education. Much of what is called education is really mental torture. This cramming the mind with unrelated facts and ideas, straining the memory to hold a lot of new things every day, this cramming into the mind just as much as it will hold six days in the week, is not education. Trying to see how many theories, rules and explanations, equations, historical and political facts, the mind will hold, weakens instead of strengthens it.

WHAT TRUE EDUCATION IS.

True education is the sharpening of the faculties, the development, of power, the calling out of what is in the pupil; it is developing the mental *timbre*, strengthening the fibre of all the mental faculties, training them to work in unison as the twisted strands of a great cable in a suspension bridge.

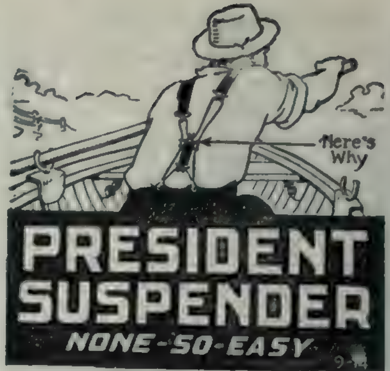
True education is teaching the youth how to handle himself in every situation of life, especially in emergencies; it is teaching him how to make the most of his faculties. The main part of an education that counts comes from within, not from without. An effective education is self-expression and not mere impression of the teacher or books.

The processes in some institutions of learning actually impair one's capacity for real education. Many a bright youth, capable of receiving an education which would make him a power in the world, has lost his zest before he has gotten through with the tortures of the methods used in teaching English grammar. The pupil ought to be so taught that his hungry mind will drink in knowledge as a thirsty deer drinks water; but, instead, school studies are often so dryly, tactlessly, bunglingly presented, that the youth loses his interest before he gets far enough to see the priceless value of a real education.

THE OPPORTUNITY.

Never before was the opportunity for the educated man so great as to-day. Never before was there such a demand for the trained man, the man who can do a thing superbly well. At the door of every vocation is a sign out, "Wanted—a man." No matter how many millions are out of employment, the whole world is hunting for a man who can do things; a trained thinker who can do whatever he undertakes a little better than it has been done before. Everywhere it is the trained man, the man whose natural ability has been enlarged, enhanced a hundredfold by superior training, that is wanted.

On all sides we see men with small minds, but who are well trained, pushing ahead of those who have great capabilities, but who are only half educated. Never was ignorance placed at such a disadvantage as to-day, and the great object of education is to develop practical power, to add to one's ability to cope with men and things, to become more efficient,



"Write for Booklet"

NEARLY every advertisement in this magazine contains an invitation to the reader to "Write for Booklet," "Send for Catalogue," or something to the same effect.

The Booklet or Catalogue is the real explanation of the advertisement. It is the invitation to become better acquainted. What the advertiser has to sell, but which limited space prevents him describing, is in the booklet or catalogue.

The advertisement is for attracting attention—the booklet sells the goods.

The Booket, therefore, should be the best that artistic taste and mechanical skill can produce. It is the salesman which meets the customer, and the chance of sale depends largely on the impression it makes on the buyer.

We are Manufacturers and Designers of

Booklets,
Catalogues
and Books

of every kind and description. We are

Printers and
Bookbinders

We have the staff, the organization, the plant, the mechanical skill and the facilities for the production of the highest standard of work. We are helping others to sell their goods by producing printing that is attractive, artistic and business making.

Let us send you our booklet "On the Making of Printed Books," and give us a chance to help you solve your printing problems.

Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Limited
PRINTERS and BOOKBINDERS
King & Spadina, TORONTO

Everybody Saves Time Every Morning

If you open the mail with a "Lightning"

A Correspondence School writes: "It is now possible for us to open our mail in the morning in only a small part of the time it formerly required to do the same work by hand."

Lightning Letter Openers

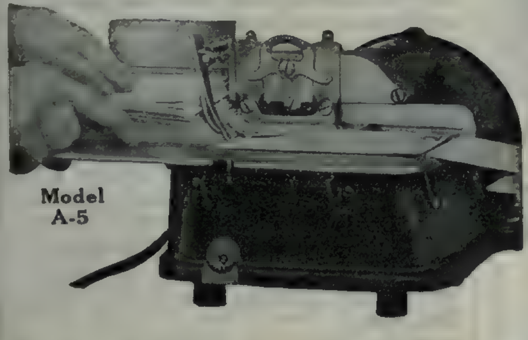
Hand or Power Models

open mail 10 to 30 times faster than it can be done by hand. Will not cut enclosures, and effect a great saving by enabling you to distribute the opened mail to officers and clerks practically as soon as received.

Write us your average daily mail and we will tell you which Lightning will pay you best. Write for particulars to-day.

Lightning Letter Opener Co.

86 Exchange St., Rochester, N. Y.
44 Adelaide St. W., Toronto



Model A-5

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE Co LIMITED
PRESTON ONTARIO
MANUFACTURERS
OF HIGH GRADE BANK & OFFICE FIXTURES; SCHOOL LIBRARY & COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, OPERA & ASSEMBLY CHAIRS & INTERIOR HARDWOOD FINISH GENERALLY.

VAN-HALLEN & O'NEAIL

For Patents of Invention

G. S. Van-Hallen, Barrister, etc.; D. R. O'Neail, Registered Patent Attorney for U.S.A. Offices: Room E 103, Farmer Building, next Bank of Montreal, Winnipeg, Man.

Do not forget a Western firm.

and to be better fitted to grapple with the practical problems of life.

Nothing else will develop the practical mind so rapidly as the habit of wise decision, the habit of considering things carefully, and then making a final, firm decision. Deciding things clinches knowledge. What we have in the mind, until we decide to use it, is not practical knowledge, is not wisdom; it is simply information.

DECISION THE EDUCATOR.

Decision in an educator. Every decision is a step forward or backward; every wise decision is a step forward. Many people remain children in their mentalities because they never learn to depend upon themselves. They do not decide things. They depend upon others. They are leaners.

I once traveled with a man who was a weakling. He never depended upon himself for anything. He would never decide what hotel to stop at, what things to see; he never planned his day's sight-seeing in a foreign city, never looked up a timetable. You could never depend upon him for getting his train. He almost never had his baggage ready in time. He would always depend upon others to tell him when to begin to pack. When the rest of us were ready, he would have to stop to pay his bill, and kep the 'bus waiting. He was a type of that large class of people who totally lack the power of self-propulsion, who always depend upon others for their motor power.

Now, this man has a university diploma and knows a great deal, but he is not educated. No man is educated until he can help himself. An education which is not usable, which is not practical, is not education. A real education develops resourcefulness, self-help, self-reliance, but the mere drinking in of knowledge, stuffing the mind, is not education. Education is the developing and strengthening of the mental faculties, it is self-help.

The world is full of these people who depend upon others. They have no self propellers. They are like the trailer cars in cities where they run trains in the streets. Only the forward car has power. The others are pulled, are trailers.

It is a great thing to teach children early to depend upon their own minds to decide things and to decide them wisely; to answer their own questions, so far as possible, and not always be running to other people. It is an easy thing to ask the meaning of a word when one is too lazy to go to the dictionary, or to ask where a certain place is, instead of looking it up on the map. Many people never learn what self-reliance means. The result is that they are perpetual children. It is a great thing to learn early the self-reliant habit, to depend upon your own brain, your own ingenuity.

The college graduate should be a mental dynamo of great energy, under complete self-control. The college graduate who has profited by his advantages will be no dilettante dreamer, who thinks that his diploma will move the world. His four years' training in the mental gymnasium will have strengthened his faculties and

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Represent us—**control the sale in your locality** of the most sensational seller ever invented—the BLACKSTONE HOME WATER-POWER VACUUM MASSAGE MACHINE. No cost to operate—**sells on sight.**

OVER 100 PER CENT PROFIT

Endorsed by **doctors**. Natures beautifier and home remedy for many ailments. Devote whole or part time, either way you wish. Others doing wonders with it. Steady workers always promoted. SHEA—first order 12, second 36, third 72. MARGWARTH says "I am making $19 daily." MRS. HOWELL—first day, 52 first delivery. ROGERS says "Never saw its equal. Ship 60 by fast express. "Schaefer says "selling 4 out of 5 demonstrations, will soon resign regular position and give this work entire time.

Get in on the ground floor. Act quick, make sure of your territory. WRITE AT ONCE FOR

FREE BOOK.

It costs nothing to learn all about this golden opportunity.

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Cut Down Printing Expenses With a "Fulton" Business Outfit

For quick, neat printing of notices, price changes, removals, dates of meetings, notification of arrival of salesmen, addressing and duplicating of envelopes, tags, labels, post cards, stamping of fruit crates, baskets, etc. A real time and money saver. The "FULTON" BUSINESS OUTFITS are the most complete and practical rubber stamp outfits for office, store or factory use. Each outfit is put up in a handsome polished wood box with brass trimmings.

FULTON BUSINESS OUTFITS are fully guaranteed.

Let us send you our illustrated catalogs Nos. 27 and 28, showing various sets and styles of type. Write now. For sale at all Canadian dealers.

FULTON RUBBER TYPE CO.
Elizabeth, N.J., U.S.A.

Good Money Paid

For "waste" paper of every description. Old Ledgers, Books, etc.

We Sell You

Canvas for furniture packing and wrapping and other purposes.

Good Value

Write Us for Particulars. Information Cheerfully given. Send a Postal to Dept. M.

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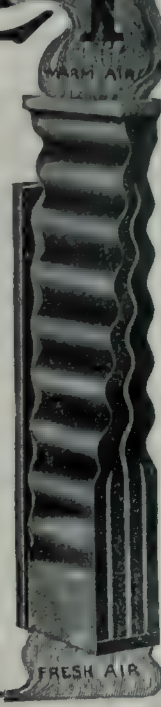
ZIG-ZAG HEAT TUBES
HEAT EVERY ROOM ALIKE

Choose a "Kelsey" and be done with Furnace bother!

To have one room stifling and another scarcely warm is not only unsatisfactory, but unhealthy. The "KELSEY" system of heating not only ensures good ventilation but an even distribution of heat. The ZIG-ZAG heat tubes are entirely different from any other warm air heater. The special form of construction gives them 61 square feet of radiating surface for one square foot of grate surface. With an equal quantity of fuel a "KELSEY" will warm two or three times more air than an ordinary furnace, and circulate it more evenly.

Now is the time to settle the heating problem for the winter. Write now for Catalog "S" and learn what a "Kelsey" can do for you.

THE JAMES SMART MANUFACTURING CO.
WINNIPEG, MAN. Limited BROCKVILLE, ONT.



Are You Getting Xmas Trade?

Much dissatisfaction is given to customers at Christmas time by the faulty packing methods of manufacturers and merchants. You can guard against this and the consequent loss of trade by adopting the

H. & D. Method of Packing

H. & D. CORRUGATED FIBRE BOARD BOXES will cut your shipping expenses to a minimum and guarantee your products a safe transit without loss from damage. The H. & D. method is superior to the ordinary cardboard or wooden box method of packing, and will greatly expedite your shipping facilities during the Christmas trade; moreover, you will have a considerable profit saved from shipping expenses.

LEARN MORE ABOUT THIS METHOD. WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE TREATISE ON PACKING. Tell us the nature and size of your product and we will send you, absolutely free, an H. & D. Box particularly adapted to your product. Get in touch with us to-day.

Hinde & Dauch Paper Company of Canada, Ltd.
43 Hanna Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

developed his mentality, as a course of training in a physical gymnasium strengthens and develops the muscles of an athlete.

The education that counts does not merely improve one's faculty, like the memory, at the expense of others. On the contrary, it develops and sharpens all the faculties; it makes the whole man larger, broader, and more potent. The education that counts, the only true education, increases a man's natural ability, stiffens his mental vertebrae and adds greatly to his value as a world-worker, a civilization-builder.

Common sense is the genius of this intensely practical century. The age of the theorist, the dreamer, the mere bookworm, is past. The hurrying world of realities with its manifold problems awaiting solution, demands men of action, practical workers who can analyze situations and transmute their knowledge into power. It is this sort of graduate, who has possession of all his powers, and perfect control of himself; who has the genius to push toward the goal of his ambition, with energy and decision; who looks upon his diploma, not as a lever with which to move the world, but merely as a recommendation of merit; who does not dream of doing great and unusual things, but who is willing to take off his cap and gown and tackle earnestly and with a will the prosaic, actual conditions that confront him—it is this sort of a man who will prove his worth to the world, and who will demonstrate the real value of a college education.

The graduate who faces the situation manfully, firmly, with common sense and judgment, who has made up his mind what he wants to do, and how to do it; who drops things academic as he would doff his canvas suit after a football game, will find that he has his work, his allotted place, in the world's progress. Thus, his college training, though not flaunted and boasted of, will have its values, and will not be a handicap. Thus the lessons the rude world teaches will not blast his hopes, but will only show him the way to be useful; will not cast down his spirit, but inspire him with a will and a purpose which will lead to grand results.

The world is all gates, all opportunities, to him who can make use of then; and power and fortune are all about us, awaiting the eye that can see, the ear that can hear, the hand that can achieve.

Twisting Trails

Continued from Page 30.

turned toward the door to meet Rea coming out.

"Oh, Mr. Stover," she cried. "I was so tired and worn out I completely forgot about Fowler until I was in bed. He mustn't escape. Has he come on to town after us?"

"I haven't seen him. Mr. Sumner just—"

"But we must do something. He must know the game is up and will be trying to get out of the country. We can at least wire to the police at Port Arthur, Fort William and Winnipeg to watch the trains. I'll write the messages, and you take them to the station."

She turned inside the little hotel office, followed by Stover and Mr. Sumner. Both were silent as she sat down at the table and wrote the message to be duplicated to each of the three cities. Stover handed it to George with the necessary instructions.

"I hope it gets him," he said.

Then, as Rea stood up, he introduced Mr. Sumner.

"But, I'm sorry I don't know your name," he ended.

"My name is Rea Straine," she laughed. "I would have told you when we got in this morning if there had been any thought in my head except bed. I was so tired I didn't even think of Fowler, though it had been no part of my original plan to have him arrested. That, in fact, was why I came."

"Your plan!" exclaimed Mr. Sumner. "Arrest him!"

Stover didn't speak. He was just grinning happily, a grin that wrinkled the skin on the back of his neck, so extended did it become when Rea smiled at him confidently. Jerry Forbes was married, but not to this girl.

"You see," she said, "Fowler was one of a gang of very clever crooks. This gang robbed a Toronto bank of $60,000 in bills of large denomination. Fowler wasn't there, but he was to receive the money and use it in another enterprise of the gang. There was no proof, so clever had been their robbery, and yet it was so simple the bank didn't want to admit it had lost the money under such circumstances. It employed the Metropolitan Secret Service Agency, for which I have been working for several years, not to arrest the criminals, for the publicity was not sought, but to get back the money. Our people found out where it was and then decided to go after it. There was a $10,000 reward offered by the bank and, when I got my vacation, I found out where Fowler was and came after him on my own hook. The day after I got here I received a wire that some of the money was just being forwarded.

"As things turned out, I was lucky enough to be taken for Miss Sumner, and you know the rest. Where is she?"

"She's all right," replied Mr. Sumner, "but, good heavens, girl, do you mean to tell me that you came up here alone to get $60,000 out of that scoundrel?"

"I have been on more difficult cases than that, Mr. Sumner. I find that a woman can often do things that a man can't do."

"And the money?" asked the mine owner.

She reached inside the flannel shirt and pulled out two packages.

"I haven't counted it but the bank's wrappers seem to be undisturbed," and she lifted a torn piece of the paper and showed the bills and the little bands around them.

An hour later Rea went back to bed. Both Stover and Mr. Sumner had too many questions to ask, too many speeches of admiration to make, to permit her to go sooner.

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It's an efficient and simple method of protecting your profits and educating your employees to the necessity of punctuality.

We have a system to meet your particular needs and want the opportunity of DEMONSTRATING ITS BENEFITS.

Our Catalogue "I" will tell you how to get a system that will effectively meet your requirements.

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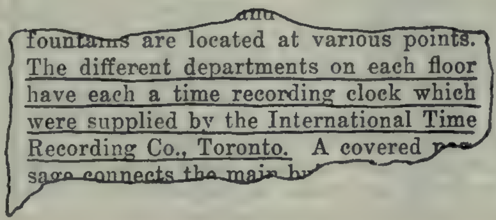

fountains are located at various points. The different departments on each floor have each a time recording clock which were supplied by the International Time Recording Co., Toronto. A covered p sage connects the main b

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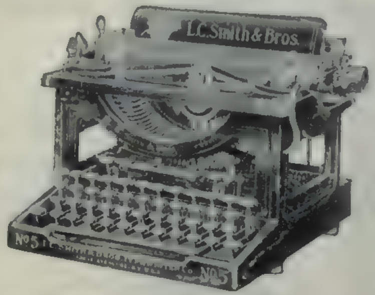

Ball Bearing: Long Wearing

THE INSTALLATION OF

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is invariably followed by the discovery that the bills for ribbons are much less than before. A large corporation recently found that its ribbon expense was cut in two. This is not an accident. It is the result of the mechanical construction that makes the L. C. Smith & Bros. cheapest to maintain.

The ball bearings give light touch and eliminate pounding impact. The ribbon is actuated by the carriage, not the typebar. The ribbon mechanism is automatic, so that the ribbon reverses at the instant the end is reached and without added strain.

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Home Office and Factory, Syracuse, N. Y.

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Clark and Madison Streets, CHICAGO

John P. Harding, President David Olmsted, Manager

New, Modern, Absolutely Fireproof, Beautifully Furnished. Rates: $1.50 up.

Just around the corner from every place of importance. Chicago's most beautiful and popular restaurant in connection.

Afterwards, as Stover and his employer sat on the veranda, the younger man told of the cave they had found and the tunnel that had been closed up.

"He nearly got you, Jim," Mr. Sumner said grimly. "You see his plan? It was as I expected. He wanted to get me off the track for a few days. He must have known somehow, probably through confederates in this gang of his, that I was down and out and couldn't hang on any longer. The mine would have been sold and they would have taken it off the banker's hands.

"But, thanks to this girl, and to you, Jim, I can hang on. You hear a lot about the cold, merciless banker, but there is not a more human class of men in the world. When I was in the last ditch they wouldn't extend credit but, when they learned that Helen was lost up here in the wilderness, they sent word to go on up and help in the search. Said they'd take care of my interests and two of them offered to advance the cash for the work.

"Now, when Heatley gets a look at that tunnel, we'll send them the word and my troubles are over."

George was sent to Heatley's camp that forenoon to tell the news. They learned from Hogan that Heatley had given up Miss Straine, believing that she had changed her mind and gone on with the prospector. Stover went to bed, while Mr. Sumner walked impatiently from the hotel to the river and back again, waiting for the coming canoes. Once in the afternoon he thought he heard them and waited for more than a half-hour. Then, as he walked back to the hotel, he met Rea and Stover.

The girl carried a telegram which she silently held out to Mr. Sumner.

> "Fowler arrested here as he left passenger train from Winnipeg. Have notified Toronto police."

It was signed by the chief of the Port Arthur police.

"We'll put Mr. Mark out of mischief's way for some time, I think," smiled the mine owner. "I must depend on you for much of my evidence since you don't want to prosecute him for the bank robbery.

"And now, young woman, I have been thinking about you," he went on, with mock severity. "You and your calling. It is altogether too dangerous. I've got a better place for you in my office and there is a block of stock in the Whisky Jack waiting for you. If the mine is as good as Stover says, you won't need the place in a year or two."

"That's kind of you, Mr. Sumner, but you're too late. You see, Jim—Mr. Stover—had already reached the same decision."

"Jim! Well, I'll be blessed. He being a detective, after a fashion, I suppose you'll form a company now."

"Sort of a company, a combine," Stover answered, with some confusion. And then he added with an attempt at finality: "But I'm the one who is going to do all the detecting for the family. It's too dangerous for women."

Rea deliberately winked at the mine owner and then turned to Stover.

"All right, Jim, but remember the fire horse that was sold to a peddler."

THE END.

The Business Outlook

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If the allies prove equal to the "humanitarian work" of annihilating Kaiserism, says Mr. Appleton, Canada has seen the worst of trade depression. That rents have fallen precipitately is not due to war, but to conditions unsound economically, that existed previous to the war. With economy and the diversion of more of the energy and capital of Canadians to production, especially agricultural, Mr. Appleton believes that business will improve and no greater depression than at present prevails will be experienced. Commencing with the early months of 1915 there will be a steady improvement, meanwhile, business will be sustained moderately by the placing of large orders for war material.

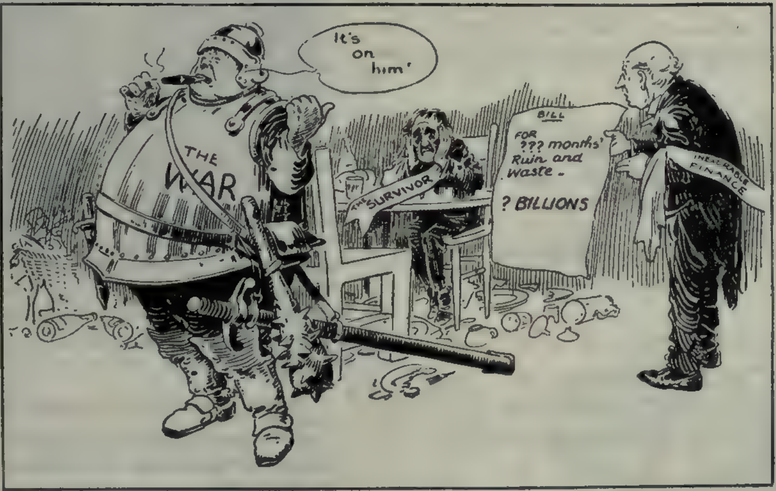
As to the future of business, the outlook, as the average man sees it, changes with the varying fortunes of the combatants on the battlefields. This is evidence enough that as yet confidence has not returned and will not do so until the Kaiser is beaten. Although there is talk enough of confidence it is still lacking. Actual figures showing contraction of traffic, bank clearings and public revenue, tell an unvarnished tale the point of which cannot be mistaken. The grocer says the people are not buying so much and it is not necessary for him to carry so large a stock. The cobbler is still busy translating the old shoe into shapely and wearable form. Dressmaking in the home is in fashion again, and in consequence the dress goods departments of our stores are busier. Even the house decorator finds that his place has been taken to some extent by the thrifty housewife who to save a penny gets busy with soap, polish and elbow grease, in an effort to make the old decorations do for another year. Last year's suits, as well as boots, will look well for the coming winter season, and, as Mr. Stanfield, the underwear manufacturer, has stated, last year's underpants are quite good enough if only the missing buttons are replaced.

LIVING WELL AND PAYING DEBTS.

A hardware wholesaler of national reputation says debts are being paid to an extent quite unlooked for in view of present conditions but he says: "My customers are not buying nearly so much as they usually do.' What this merchant says is quite in accord with what scores of others have told the writer. Since the declaration of war everybody has economized.

A USEFUL EXCUSE.

The extent to which the war is blamed for the contraction of business is considerable. The subject is uppermost in the public mind. No event of history is more pregnant of grave consequences. It is quite human therefore that it should engross men's minds to an extent which is injurious to business. Everyone admits readily their proneness to peruse over and over again newspaper "dope" on the war, which more often than not proves to be sterile of fact. So engrossing a topic concerning an event of unprecedented magnitude constitutes a very plausible excuse for a state of affairs which is, but the logical outcome of economic conditions existing previous to the declaration of war. Whether war had occurred or not the time for the elimination of inflation and speculation had arrived. Conditions are not normal. The process of correction is proceeding and the pain has been somewhat accentuated by the incidence of war. Gay speculators who sang songs of expansion and championed the cause of optimism unbridled now gaily attribute their discomfiture to the war. Under its guise the exploiter seeks to relieve himself of responsibility to his victims, and he is doing



After the War.
—Bradley, in Chicago Daily News.

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An Authorized Trustee Investment

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Under such a policy the assured's family is protected should he die during a specified period, but the principal sum and profits are payable to himself should he survive to the end of the term.

So that a Mutual Life Endowment is really a savings bank account and life insurance combined. There is no better way to employ surplus income than to purchase with it an Endowment Policy in

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, ONTARIO

it. Hope of fortune through the ever upward rise of real estate values and the soaring price of securities has been rudely dissipated. The last of these two erstwhile lucky bags has no doubt suffered from the shock of war. More particularly in this case with the better class of Canadian securities. They are as good as ever they were. All our securities, however, are not of the high-grade class. Too many of them had at their back more of the promoter's fulsomeness than assets of a reasonably liquid character. Such securities have suffered as they were due to suffer. Their bulls are now hibernating and the bears are impatient under the restraint of stock exchanges with locked doors.

BETWEEN THE MORTGAGEE AND THE TAX COLLECTOR.

But what has this to do with the outlook for business. Very much. Business is being put on a very much sounder basis. The gambler, speculator and others clamorous for easy money are driven to more useful occupations. Between the mortgagee and the tax collector the equity of many a real estate speculator is being squeezed out. Rents are tumbling. In Toronto the landlords of the largest office building brought down rents twenty per cent. Further West, at Winnipeg, there has been a corresponding reduction and further West a still greater decline. Easterly at Montreal rents have gone down likewise. These are not of themselves signs of evil days coming upon us. On the other hand they are but evidences of decrease in the load producers are willing to carry on their backs. It is but another step in the trend towards living just as well but less extravagantly. From our everyday living luxuries are being eliminated. Ambition to build castle-like homes is gone and many a man by polishing his own boots contributes to the closing up of bootblack stands and thus helps to bring down the rent of them. The country and its people are just getting down to the extremes of economy, recovery from which is not now probable until the discomfiture of Kaiserism is accomplished.

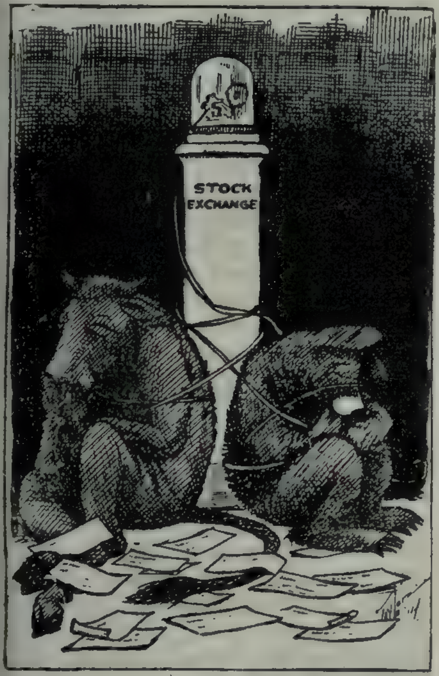
WHAT NATIONAL ECONOMY WILL DO.

A factor of importance in this respect is consciousness that the bill for the war sooner or later has to be met. In the face of prospective taxes those at present being collected do not sentimentally lose any of their weight. To meet the present and special war calls for public revenue and to wipe out the lingering residue of debt resulting from a period of extravagance will not be an insuperable task if the prevailing tendency to economize extends over a long enough period. Nationally the result will be beneficial in the extreme.

This elimination of the gambling and speculative spirit will bring into closer touch with the sources of the nation's wealth the people's energy and capital resulting in their regaining their power to buy in as large a volume as hitherto the needs and comforts of life. Their habits adapted themselves very readily to the ease with which they borrowed during the past few years and they are as readily conforming to the need of producing more and consuming less without living in discomfort. Only one result can follow, the building up of conditions which will place business on a sounder basis.

LIMITED CONSTRUCTION WORK.

During the last few days assurances have been given by the Dominion Government that certain public works would be proceeded with. When war broke out they came to a sudden standstill. The Government found it necessary to take this step. If the work undertaken by the Dominion itself has to stop what could be expected of railway construction that was on the way. That came to a sudden standstill. Many a contractor found that he had to put out to graze hundreds of teams. At every point where building was being carried on that also had to stop. Of course there are exceptions to this rule, but they are not considerable. A glance at building returns will show that the amount of construction proceeding is little more than necessary to repair the waste from wear and tear. October figures show a decline of 80 per cent. as compared with a year ago.



Hibernating.—From Los Angeles Times.

What were the results of this cessation of construction? In a new country with resources so varied it is not at all necessary that mules and horses used in grading new railways should remain idle nor is it necessary that men no longer required on the scaffold should not be able to turn their hands to other work. When building declined the brickyard became quiet. From such industries an army of men has been turned away. They have to find other employment. As yet this army has not fully settled down to new conditions. Many of them have taken their place in the lines for the defence of the Empire. There are still many left, however, that will have to adapt themselves to new conditions.

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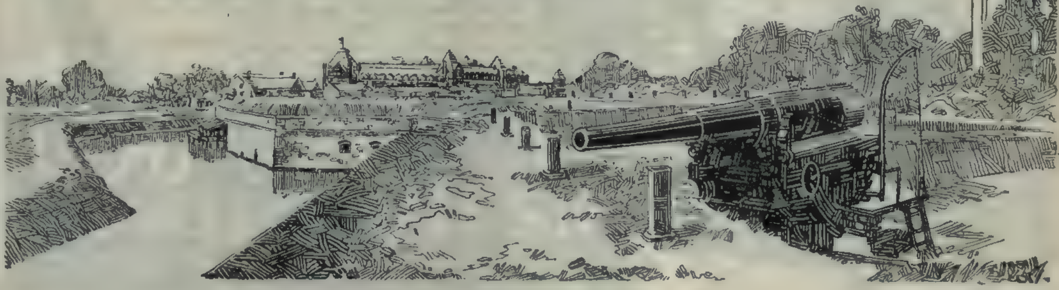

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unemployed labor and capital is applying itself to other forms of employment than that which engaged it during the period of expansion through which the Dominion has just passed. The owners of brickyards in many cases have turned their plants to the breaking of new land. The same can be said of many contractors. One of the latter said to the writer: "I have a couple of sections out West and I have slashed that up. There is nothing else for my horses and mules to do." This course is generally being followed in the West. An architect with a considerable family left his office in Winnipeg to take up farming. What capital he has will now be employed in production instead of construction. These are but instances or straws which show the way the wind is blowing.

INCREASING PRODUCTION.

Already much has been accomplished in strengthening production in the Dominion. A call went out asking the farmers to produce more wheat. Ontario has responded by increasing her acreage sown to wheat approximately 50 per cent. In the newer wheat areas of the West the increase is approximately the same. Furthermore, the men on farms are not neglecting other forms of production. Mixed farming is not being neglected. In the West the short crop has had the tendency to discourage cattle feeding. Prices have not during the past few weeks been as favorable as they were. However, the outlook for higher prices in the course of a few months is exceedingly bright.

When there is this tendency to divert capital and labor from construction to production there lies the hope that Canada and her business men will not have cause for alarm. It will be noted from the returns issued by the Trade and Commerce Department of the Dominion, that exports of agricultural produce have been fully maintained despite war conditions. The prospect is that during the next twelve months they will materially increase. If Canada is to avert dull conditions more so than at present prevail it will be necessary that her agricultural produce should increase. At the moment of writing the prospects of it doing so are exceedingly hopeful. We have pointed out that the acreage prepared for grain has increased fully 50 per cent. Given normal weather in the great grain-growing districts of the Dominion during 1915 the result will be that Canada's business should remain quite normal under the extraordinary war conditions which will affect the world.

WHAT OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE?

During the present year the value of our agricultural produce will be approximately the same as a year ago. It is too early, however, to be certain as to that. Our opinion is that the actual money value of this year's product will be as great as that of last year. It should have been greater in order to have placed Canada in a comfortable position as to her obligations. The situation is being met by stringent economy which would not have been so necessary if the crop had been normal. The country as a whole has not fared badly. Its economy and its giving to production so much more of its energy and capital will result in the course of a few months in better business generally.

It may be taken for granted also that the placing of war orders will have a favorable effect on business during the next few months, and the plans being carried out by Canadian producers to increase the agricultural output of Canada in 1915 will save Canada from suffering in the course of that year from any further depression. For a few months no great increase in business can be looked for. We fully expect to see, however, a revival in the early months of 1915.

We have reference here to ordinary business; that which depends upon serving the people with their ordinary requirements. We do not anticipate any resumption of constructive activity that is, in building of dwellings, railroads and factories, for some time. What money Canada will be able to raise abroad will be for war purposes. In the United States capital may be procurable but the terms will be somewhat onerous. And it is doubtful if the United States will have much capital to export. Her own requirements are exceedingly heavy. Canadian business men therefore will be well advised not to count on any further activity in business as the result of capital expenditure in the form of construction. It is somewhat assuring to know that London bankers have undertaken to see that the Canadian Northern Railway Company will be financed to the extent of the completion of its transcontinental line. Some work will be also undertaken by the provinces as the result of the issue of Dominion notes secured by the deposit of provincial securities. On a similar basis some Government work will be proceeded with. The extent of this expenditure, however, will not be such as to have a general effect upon trade. Canada's hope lies in her people and her capital being employed to a much larger extent in the development of her natural resources. Those resources from which we obtain wealth that can be converted into cash. To the extent that this is done depends upon the outlook for business. At the present time in this respect the future is by no means crowded in hopelessness. While the war is proceeding wealth is being consumed—or destroyed. Ultimately a share of the loss will fall on Canada's shoulders. But against this we have to set the fact that every man employed in war decreases to that extent the amount of food to be produced. This will create a demand for the very things Canada produces. For this reason we feel confident that the worst has been seen in Canada if the allies prove, as they give every promise of doing, equal to the great humanitarian work of annihilating Kaiserism.

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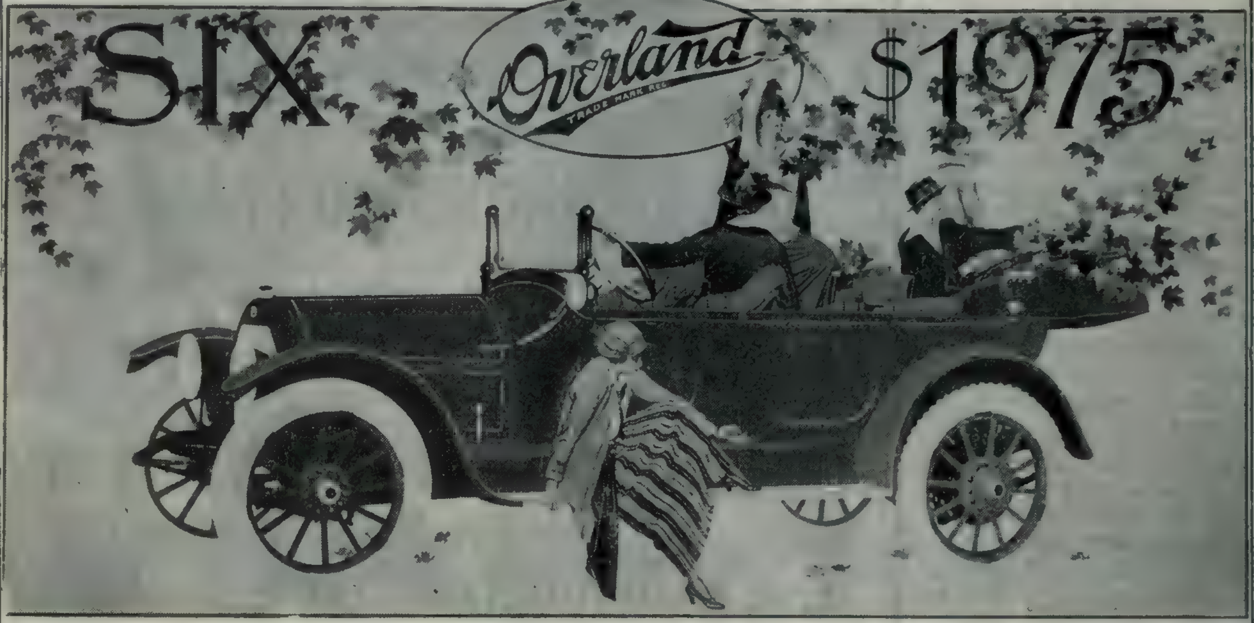

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Continued from Page 8.

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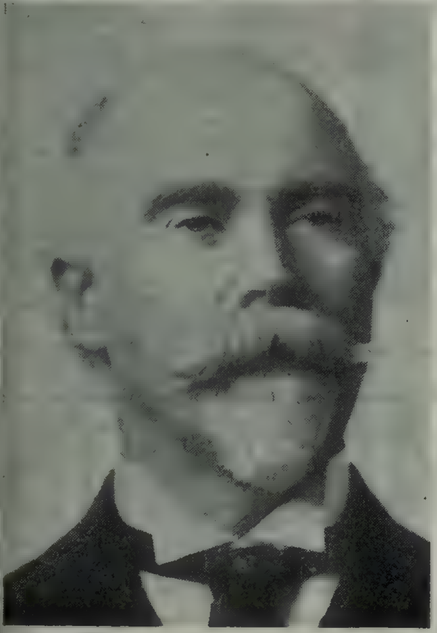

Senator J. K. Kerr.

Senator Dandurand.

The Little Gray Lady

Continued from Page 16.

ing them how happy they made her; how since they had been kind enough to come, she would let them have a *real* Christmas —"Only," she added quickly, "it will have to be by the light of one candle, but that won't make any difference, because you can pile on just as much wood as you choose. Yes," she continued, her voice rising in her effort to meet them on their own joyous plane—"pile on all the kindling, too, Mark; and Kate, dear, please run and tell Margaret to bring in every bit of cake she has in the pantry. Oh, how like your mother you are, Kate! I remember that very dress. And you, Mark! Why, you've got on the same coat I saw your father wear at the Governor's ball. And you, too, Tom. Oh, what a good time we will all have."

Soon the lid of the old piano was raised, a spinet, really, and one of the girls began running her fingers over the keys, and later on it was agreed that the first dance was to be the Virginia reel, with all the hospitable chairs and the fire screen and the gouty old sofa rolled back against the wall.

This all arranged, Mark took his place with the Little Gray Lady for a partner, the music struck up a lively tune and as quickly ceased. The sound of bells rang through the night air, and in the hush that followed a sleigh was heard at the gate.

Kate sprang up and clapped her hands. "Oh, they are just in time! There come the rest of them, Cousin Annie. Now we are going to have a great party! Let's be dancing when they come in; keep on playing!"

At this instant the door opened and Margaret put in her head. "Somebody," she said, with a low bow, "wants to see Mr. Mark on business."

Mark, looking like a gallant of the old school, excused himself with a great flourish to the Little Gray Lady and strode out. In the hall, with his back to the light, stood a broad-shouldered man muffled to the chin in a fur overcoat. The boy was

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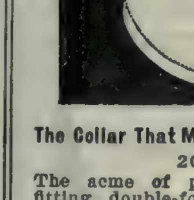

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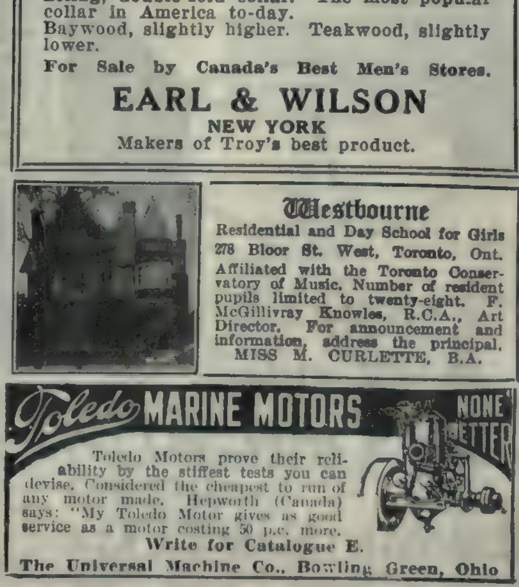

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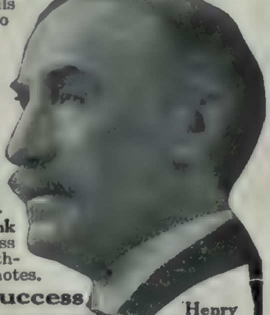

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about to apologize for his costume and then ask the man's errand, when the stranger turned quickly and gripped his wrist.

"Hush—not a word! Where is she?" he cried.

Mark gave a low whistle of surprise and pushed open the door. The stranger stepped in.

The Little Gray Lady raised her head.

"And who can this new guest be?" she asked—"and in what a queer costume, too!"

The man drew himself up to his full height and threw wide his coat: "And you don't know me, Annie?"

She did not take her eyes from his face, nor did she move except to turn her head once appealingly to the room as if she feared they were playing her another trick.

He had reached her side and stood looking down at her. Again the voice—a strong, clear voice, with a note of infinite tenderness through it.

"How white your hair is, Annie dear; and your hand is so thin. Have I changed like this?"

She leaned forward, scanning him eagerly.

There was a little cry, then all her soul went out in the one word:

"Harry!"

She was inside the big coat now, his strong arms around her, her head hidden on his breast, only the tips of her toes on the floor.

When he had kissed her again and again—and he did and before everybody—he crossed the room, picked up the ghostly candle, and smothered its flame.

"I saw it from the road," he laughed softly, "that's why I couldn't wait. But you'll never have to light it again, my darling!"

I saw them both a few years later. Everything in the way of fading and wrinkling had stopped so far as the Little Gray Lady was concerned. If there were any lines left in her forehead and around the corners of her eyes, I could not find them. Joy had planted a crop of dimples instead, and they had spread out, smoothing the care lines. Margaret even claimed that her hair was turning brown gold once more, but then Margaret was always her loyal slave, and believed everything her mistress wished.

And now, if you don't mind, dear reader, we will put everything back and shut the Little Gray Lady's bureau drawer.

WHAT IT COSTS TO KILL A MAN IN WAR.

Various estimates have been made by different authorities in an attempt to compute the daily cost of the war in Europe. The figures have ranged between $35,000,000 and $50,000,000 for the most part. In the absence of statistics of the number killed, no accurate estimates of the cost of killing a man in battle in this particular war can yet be made, but it is probable that this cost has increased materially. The average cost of killing a man in modern warfare is placed by students of the subject at around $15,000.

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The Poet Laureate

DR. ROBERT BRIDGES, a medical man before he became at all well nown as a poet, has had the misfortune o drop between two stools. His early nd best work came before recognition, nd since his appointment as Poet Laueate his work has been negligible. Yet hat is no reason why his best poems hould be neglected. Mr. Brett Young has ust brought out a book on the subject vell calculated to please those who delight n the artistic if attenuated literary gift f the author.

A HUMANE PEDANT.

Dr. Bridges has written with human eeling, but in a scholarly and meticulous vay. Most men of that type have nothing o say, especially the younger poets. But Bridges has removed himself wilfully rom the main road of literature without he excuse of an empty heart. This is roved by his earlier poems.

The Victorians are "shoddy," and as lways the men who write for the sane ublic are not to be praised by those vhose trade is to peck at popularity.

BEAUTY AND JOY.

Mr. Brett Young puts the quality of Bridges very clearly when he says:

> The beauty of which he sings is that of nalterable things: the nightingales of Heracleitus; the sharp-prowed ships of Homer; fire and snow; trees, flowers, and ities.

Vith the possible exception of the "nightngales of Heracleitus," there is nothing n this knapsack that could not be used o good effect. Indeed, the author reminds ne of many unforgettable lines and oems, and should induce readers if only hey be not made angry by silly remarks bout the main line traffic of literature.

One will not agree with Mr. Brett Young that the only "actable" Bridges lay is "Achilles." "Demeter" has been cted and is a good deal better than much f the work that is praised. There is a roader flow, not so insistent a use of the 'mosaic method," by which term the uthor describes the habit of describing andscape by means of detailed hints and ittle dabs of phrases. The fine "Return of Ulysses" truly is not an acting play, or "full of quotations" like Shakespeare, ut it has the stuff of music-drama in it. And that is a test Pater (poor old Vicorian!) would have accepted.

Regarding "quantity," we will argue ittle, and of "barbarous hexameters" not t all. The modern poet's choice is by way of rhythmic freedom or manacled metre.

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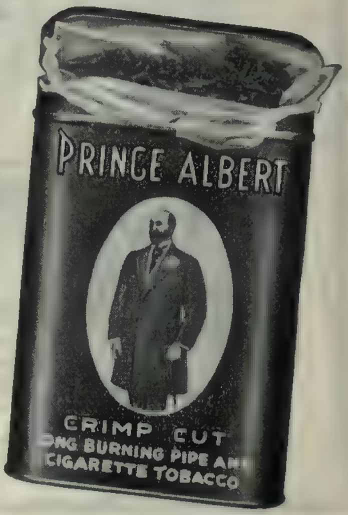

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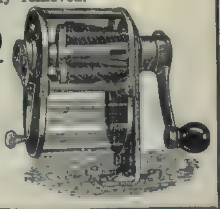

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The Guaranteed Ghost

Continued from Page 11.

"Your lease is so short. Do you kno that if I were an apparition I'd miss yo attentions. English lady ghosts are as rule rather neglected."

He leaned toward her. "Do you think he began earnestly, "that—"

"Oh—" said Eva nervously.

"What?"

"You've just killed a rabbit."

"Damn the rabbit," he snapped. "List to me."

When they reached The Beeches Eva ears were unusually pink.

Time drew on. Henry, if shadowe would have been trailed several times the local chemist, and once he made t run to London, at a rate that still lives the memories of many peaceful and la abiding citizens. For all this, time seem to drag heavily for everyone, but at la the eventful day drew near.

On Sunday, Mrs. Perkins was laid her heels with grip. Aching in every lim she yielded only after a struggle. T Henry she gave full directions. Her doo was to be left ajar, and her bed w wheeled into a convenient position. Sh was prostrate, but full of scientific an occult fervor.

Repeat, if you will, the same scen only this time the night was darker tha ever. Henry at 11.30 made certain prep rations. Immediately inside his door was small table. On this was a small machin and beside it a saucer with certain chem cal ingredients. They were not those us ally used on Christmas Eve.

The clock struck twelve, but for a fe seconds there came no sign. He held h own breath, till, through the throbbing i his ears, came something that sounde like a sigh. At the same moment he mad out, quite close to him, the tall, whi figure. It was apparently peering lik himself, and leaned forward enquiringl It saw him in the fraction of time, and involuntarily shrank back at the discover At the same moment came a click fro the small table, and a blinding flash light that pierced every cranny of th hall. In this glare he caught a glimps of a chalk-white face, wide, blue eyes an outstretched hands. Then darkness dropped again and an acrid odor filled th house. It was all over in less time tha it takes a man to find the tip of his ea

"Henry," screamed his mother. "Henr protect me. She's in here. I can sme her. Oh, God forgive me for meddling i such things."

A little later he emerged from he room, leaving Mrs. Perkins in a conditio that produced intermittently both laughter and tears.

Christmas morning found Colone Studhope in a state of peculiar agitation His spirit was not in tune with th chimes. It is seldom that any retired officer has displayed such open symptoms of distress. And these, curiously enough, were vastly heightened by the receipt of a note from Mrs. Perkins asking that they dine informally that night at The Beeches. Followed a most polite answer, intimating that, while the colonel himself would have been delighted to come, it was to his great regret impossible, owing to the unfortunate and unexpected indisposition of Miss Studhope.

Half an hour subsequently a maid tripped over to the Lodge with another missive, in which Mrs. Perkins trusted that Miss Studhope would be sufficiently recovered by evening as there was a most interesting matter which it was desired should be discussed with them both. The outcome of which was that at 7.29 Colonel and Miss Studhope walked slowly and silently up the drive, and the colonel used several expressions which had nothing to do with Christmas and are only presumed to pass the lips of an English officer, when in action in the defence of his country.

Dinner passed off without anything more remarkable than seasonable international toasts and a spirited defence of the Monroe doctrine by Mrs. Perkins. It was not till dessert was nearly over that Henry said with an unaccountable lift in his voice: "There's a matter I'd like to discuss with you, Colonel."

The colonel nodded. "Of course, of course," he said, uneasily.

"You remember, no doubt, the condition on which we took The Beeches?"

The guest moved uncomfortably. "Quite distinctly."

"Well, sir, Mother and I want to congratulate you both on the complete way you have lived up to that guarantee."

The colonel swallowed an invisible lump. "Upon my word, that's very kind of you."

"Nothing could be more satisfactory than that ghost," went on Henry, with his eyes on Eva. "She passed all our expectations. Mother was not unnaturally a little nervous at first, but now—why—I feel a regular attachment."

Eva's lips quivered. "That's very extraordinary and daring of you. I never heard of anyone—" She hesitated and her lids fluttered.

The colonel shot a piercing glance at Mrs. Perkins, but her face was impenetrable. He turned to her son. "Do you mean, sir, that you like this ghost?"

"Like is hardly the word," continued Henry placidly, noting the trembling of Eva's wine glass. "She has filled me with mingled sensations of—of fear and affection."

Something bubbled up in the colonel and spilled over: "God bless my soul."

"Mother and I have talked it over, and, in short, we want that ghost in our family. Will you part with her?"

The colonel turned purple. "Part with her—do—do—do you imagine, sir, that I deal in spectres?"

"No, not as a general thing, but as for this one, if you will look for a moment at this flashlight photograph, the first one I believe, ever taken of a real ghost, you will understand how I feel. It's a regular Christmas illustration."

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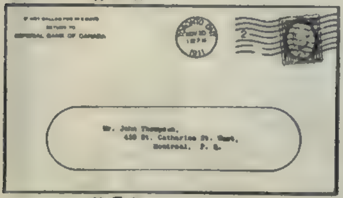

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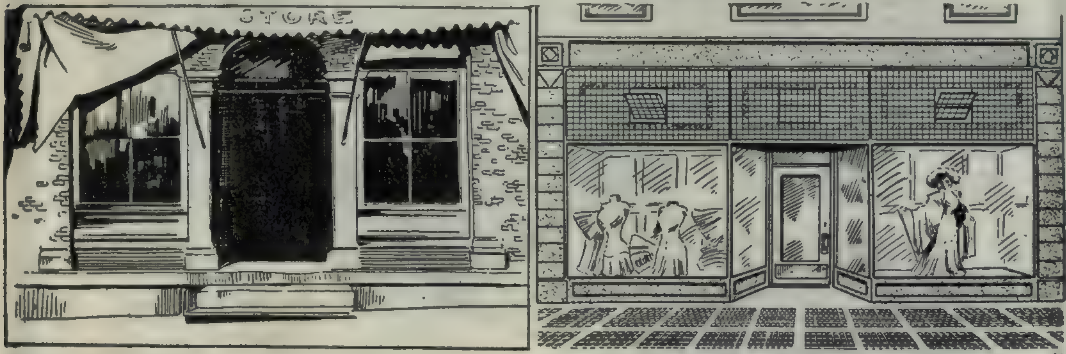

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The colonel stared and spluttered. Eva glanced at it, then raised her blue lakes of eyes and fixed them steadily on Henry. "You—you—" Her cheeks were crimson.

"Yes, I," he said firmly.

There fell a silence in which Mrs. Perkins rose majestically, "Colonel, I guess we'd better let the young folks work it out together. Let's we go to the billiard room."

The Down-town Church and the Working Girl

Continued from Page 13.

paper. All the furnishings are simple in character but comfortable and home-like.

The rest rooms in the case of both clubs form a very necessary and helpful part of the equipment. Lounges are provided on which a few minutes' relaxation may be enjoyed. What this means to a girl who has been on her feet all morning or who has been steadily operating a typewriter, let those who have experienced it say.

There are doubtless those who will consider this service to strangers an uncalled-for thing, holding that the time and effort might better be spent in looking after the church's own needy ones. But it has been shown that the downtown church has become the strangers' church and that in extending its work to serve the needs of the girl workers in the neighborhood, it is really performing a duty that changed conditions have forced upon it.

Let it be asked, what would be the position of these four hundred young women otherwise? Compelled to spend the noon-hour in crowded lunch or tea rooms, with no opportunities for resting, they would return to office or shop but little refreshed. Brought into contact with undesirable neighbors perchance and encountering the temptations of the street, they would be bound to suffer a certain amount o contamination. From both these conditions, they are saved by the church lunch room and in furnishing the facilities they do, these churches are undoubtedly doing a splendid work for the community.

It is, as has already been pointed out but one phase of social service work Much is being done by these and othe churches in other directions. The conscience of church members has bee awakened and the loving of one's neighbor has taken on a new and inspiring significance.

Writing of the growing use of Roman letters in languages which have heretofore employed other characters, H. I Bullen says in *The Graphic Arts* that "in the revolt of Albania which preceded and brought on the recent war in Turkey, th Albanians demanded the right to use th Roman geometric forms of letters instead of the Turkish cursive forms." He state also that in Japan the type foundries now make more of Roman types than of the Japanese characters formerly in universal use.

Big Business and the Private Detective

Continued from Page 37.

the main gate of the factory to this effect:

> *"This plant closed for repairs. Employees please accept this notice."*

A few loungers walked up, read the placard, rubbed their chins incredulously, and struck off for the men's boarding houses nearer town. Very soon the leaders came hurrying down, their eyes sparking with anger. The little sign could not swear back, it could not argue. But in a minute or two, as the crowd gathered it seemed to take on a new meaning and the mutterings of "We are beaten" spread like a war extra.

But they were wrong; the trick was not to *beat* them. Nothing was less to the manager's taste then to use his authority in humbling the honorable workman. All he asked was that they should look within their own ranks for a possible cause of this sudden unemployment. He battled only with the malcontents; and he won. The community returned to normal. The factories re-opened and a worthy industry, already half-throttled, was given a chance to do good service.

It was during the midday recess, only a day or two after the return of the working staff I sprung my trap on the ringleaders of the anti-Belgian riots. A handful of police took their place at the exit gates. The first employees passed through without question. Then followed a group of five. There was a clinking of handcuffs and a quick cry of surprise. A few of the women folks screamed. Then the little procession formed and captives and captors marched off to the town. The big fellow who had snatched my hand from the dinner pail and cursed me as a 'spotter' some months before was listed with the culprits, and his eyes settled upon me with a look of fury.

"I'll pay you back!" he cried, "I'll pay you back and in coin you won't forget."

But he didn't. They never do. I saw him since he served his term. He was standing on the street corner of a western city, and he watched me pass with all the indifference of a lamp-post.

"Nice day?" said he.

"Nice day," I nodded. And that was all.

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Upon an August afternoon when everything in the city seemed chloroformed by torrid sunshine, my office door opened and clicked with unnerving suddenness. I found myself facing the general manager of a big haircloth manufacturing company.

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see, I am greatly concerned as to whether the plans for a highly-valuable loom and the model of a new needle merely coincide with the disappearance of Amos Wilkes, a trusted employee, or that one is consequent upon the other. I decline to fix the blame upon Wilkes by issuing a warrant, but at the same time his action lays him open to suspicion. Therefore I would have you pry this secret from him. Whatever happens to Wilkes, we must secure the return of the model of the needle and the loom."

We spent an hour together, which loaded my memory with every essential. That night I commenced the quest. With absolutely no clue as to the present location of Wilkes I laid my plans according to the simplest law of secret service. I sought his friends. Few friends can hold their tongues. They obliged me with a full encyclopaedia of information, one lone atom of which was of value. Amos had a "particular friend" in Niagara Falls, N.Y., and that settled the mileage of my railway ticket.

Next day I stepped off at the American town, found the "particular" friend boarding at an hotel and linked up his acquaintance so that we filled in an evening of convivial chatter. In the midst of it I dropped a query regarding Wilkes. He responded with the very information I was after. Amos, said he, was in the city of —— and would probably be staying at some mechanics' boarding house. This was a large order, nevertheless encouraging. In the city of —— to which I came were exactly 1,558 mechanics' hotels and boarding houses and to the first of that substantial list I directed my steps. Two days and evenings without the faintest encouragement I tramped across the city. It was a sorry kind of job, a piece of mental and muscular persistence in which one needed to "wear down" and eliminate the hundred and one "possibilities" rather to advance from one probability to another.

In the third day I found myself weary and not a little discouraged in one of the outlying manufacturing suburbs and, towards evening, I had almost decided to report the search a failure. "Before you return to town," suggested my good genius, "please make one more inquiry." Obediently I hurried on to the crimson door-lamp of a workingman's saloon.

The place was aromatic with the musky odors of gin and beer. Somewhere in a far corner an automatic piano chased one tune hard on the heels of another. A bartender stepped forward, mopped up the spilled drinks with a cheesecloth, and demanded what I would have. My order established pleasant relations and I broached the question, now become hopeless, whether he had seen Amos Wilkes.

"There's your man right behind you," he exclaimed, and while I felt my respiration suddenly stop, he shouted:

"Hi, Amos! Here's a gent'man's been lookin' for you."

Amos and I stood face to face. This was not what I would have preferred, neither was it what I had planned. But after twenty years of detective life invention becomes easy.

"Mr. Wilkes," I said heartily, "I was recommended to you by your chum in Niagara Falls."

That established, as it were, a line of credit with Amos.

"With several monied men in Toronto," I continued, "I am interested in establishing a hair cloth manufactory on the Canadian side and would like to offer you the position of production manager," Wilkes' eyes jumped at the prospect. He volunteered to build up the greatest industry in the Dominion within two years. We had dinner together that night and I unfolded further details of what the new concern expected of the manager. Wilkes was obviously impressed. After dinner he invited me to his room where, he said, he could demonstrate better as to his capabilities.

Ensconced comfortably in an arm chair I listened to his declamations of cleverness. Suddenly he stepped to a drawer, drew forth a cardboard package, and held before my eyes what seemed like a wooden spike. It was the precious needle owned by the Canadian firm.

"*My own* invention," proclaimed Wilkes with a broad grin, and I gave him my earnest congratulations. He proceeded to show me drawings of machines which were in the factory of his late employer, also a key to different patterns of cloth which they made. Then he took me into the inner chamber of his confidence. He was making a sample loom, he said, at one of the local foundries, and had brought the pattern for it from Toronto. When he had discoursed to the full limit of his knowledge and vocabulary, I rose from my chair and produced the card of my Secret Service agency.

"You!—a *detective,*" he cried, and stepped backward until he leaned limp against a chiffonier.

I stared him steadily without replying.

"So—you'll arrest me and send me,"—His groans became pitiable and his fingers clutched nervously any object that came within touch. "I don't s'pose I can save myself. Won't you—give me a chance? On my word of honor I'll never *look* at my boss's property again."

I was not so much concerned for his word of honor as to secure my client's goods.

"Listen: Within five minutes I can place you in a patrol wagon, and only one person stands between you and a long prison sentence. All I ask is that every inch and last atom's weight of plans and models in your possession should be packed for shipment and handed to me by to-morrow evening."

Wilkes' shoulders squared into something like resolution. His whining petitions fell away into mere grunts of nervousness.

"The way of the transgressor—" he began repentantly.

"—— is no way for you," I finished for him.

Wilkes' spasms of fright—also his word of honor—lasted a full day. He packed the stolen loom and needle with conscientious care and assisted me to ship them over the Canadian border. When we had finished I went to the railway

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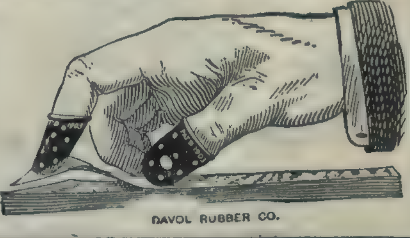
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When the war cloud burst over Europe, and Canada became involved, a wave of patriotism swept this country and for a short time business was swept off its feet. Then came the reaction—big issues had to be faced, stern realities confronted us—something more than the waving of flags and beating of drums was required. The business of the country must continue. All who could must stand by their guns and face business depression with a full force, and with the unswerving purpose of doing their utmost in an endeavor to keep the wheels of commerce turning.

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you need a LOOSE LEAF SYSTEM more than ever—a reliable system that will put your accounting on a more efficient basis and eliminate unnecessary expenses—expenses that you cannot now afford to let continue.

WE WILL BE PLEASED TO DEMONSTRATE OUR PRODUCT. A REQUEST FOR PARTICULARS WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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office and handed the clerk a ten-dollar bill.

"Give me ten dollars' worth of distance."

The young man's mouth worked into a grimace.

"A ten dollar ticket to—*anywhere*." I insisted.

"Anywhere," he repeated drily: "My! how you must *love* this town."

And then I placed Mr. Wilkes, bag and baggage, aboard a southbound coach and watched until the last fleck of smoke had melted into the horizon.

"My good sir," said I, when the general manager of the haircloth concern met me at the Union Station, Toronto; "the disappearance of Amos and the disappearance of the loom *may have been* only a coincidence. But I have fetched home the loom—and I have seen Amos."

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AN IMPERIOUS SON OF THE KAISER

THE cables reported some time ago the wounding—and some announced the death—of Prince Adalbert, one of the Kaiser's sons, and said the wounds were made by German bullets.

The sons of the Kaiser are not by any means as popular as the Kaiser himself, even in Germany. He has had many times to discipline them for various indiscretions which he knew would be resented, and justly so, by his people. The sons were inclined to regard themselves not as servants of the people, but as masters.

Some years ago the writer was the guest of a foreign ambassador and his wife at Marienbad. They had motored over from Karlsbad for dinner. So had Prince Adalbert. In our party was a very handsome American woman whom Prince Adalbert knew slightly and he approached her with a request that she join his dinner party. She replied: "I am very sorry, but I am the guest of Mrs. ——." "Yes, but I want you," said the Prince. "But I can't go," said the American lady, "it would be very rude to my hostess." "But I need you to complete my dinner party and you can easily explain it to the ambassadress."

To which the American woman replied: "I am very sorry, but I would not think of doing such a rude thing." "But," said Prince Adalbert, "you don't seem to understand, I am Royal and when I make a request it is your duty to obey. It is the same as a command." "I quite understand," said the American woman, very politely. "It would be an honor to me to dine with you. I would like to very much, but my duty is to my hostess and no Royal Command will cause me to be rude."

The American woman then gracefully stepped back to rejoin her hostess. The latter who had heard part of the conversation told her guest that she should have accepted. "I would not think of it," said the American woman, to which the ambassadress replied: "Well, if the Kaiser heard of this he would lock the Prince up for a couple of weeks."

MACLEAN'S
TORONTO MAGAZINE CANADA
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War in Winter: *By the Editor*

A Study of Conditions at the Battle Front

A BITTER wind from the nor'-west, rising at time to such paroxysms of elemental fury that it drowns out the roar of the big guns and the staccato rattle of musketry; a long, shallow trench, partly filled with drifted snow and dotted with dark figures huddled beneath its frozen embankments for protection from the numbing blasts and the still more deadly hail that comes from the direction of the enemy; files of weary soldiers plodding along snow-banked roads, sleep-fagged and hungry, but obsessed with grim determination to reach the point where they are needed to carry out the plans of a general who plays a colossal game with a continent for a chess board and uses battalions as pawns; the darkness of night settling down over miles of frozen commons covered with sleeping soldiers, free for a time from the shrapnel fire of the enemy but subjected to ceaseless volleys from the artillery of Aeolus, the Storm King: Such are views from the kaleidoscopic screen of a winter campaign, which tell the grim story of privation and suffering.

Sherman succeeded in telling more about war in three words than anyone else has ever done in three volumes. Soldiers at the front in the middle of winter, however, will be inclined to doubt the accuracy of his description. War in winter is not as much like hell as they would sometimes like it to be. With the mercury below zero and only Mother Earth for a couch, the soldier could stand a little heat, even if it were brought about through the proximity of his Satanic Majesty.

When a nation goes to war, all considerations but one are temporarily forgotten—the necessity of success. Army after army is sent to the front, soldiers are sacrificed in battalions to win a tactical advantage, human lives are valued only for the powers of achievement they represent or the gains they can make through death. It follows that Mars recks not of rain or frost, that campaigns are ruthlessly carried through no matter what climatic conditions may be.

Some of the scarlet pages of history are provided by the prosecution of warlike operations during the winter season.

Member of second Canadian contingent with full winter equipment.

Following is the Equipment of the Canadian Soldier:

1 complete khaki suit; 1 suit of service clothing (a sort of drill cloth used for dirty work); 1 long great coat; 1 fur cap; 1 forage cap; 1 ordinary cap; 1 knitted Balaclava cap for sleeping; 2 suits of winter underwear; 2 shirts—flannel; 2 pairs of winter socks; 2 pairs of boots; 1 pair of high overshoes; 1 pair of canvas shoes; 1 pair of puttees; 1 pair of braces; 1 extra pair of bootlaces; 1 knitted sweater coat; 1 pair of mitts; 1 hair brush and comb; 1 shaving brush; 1 razor; 1 clothes brush; 1 knife and 1 fork and 1 spoon; 1 clasp knife with lanyard; 2 towels; 1 holdall; 3 blankets; 1 rubber sheet, for tent use.

Where the item is only one—and not in duplicate—the soldier carries it with him, either on him or in his kit bag. This is general, but the rubber sheet which is used as protection for the soldier under canvas is carried with the transports and delivered to him when and where necessary.

When provided with his full equipment the soldier is ready to brave the terrors of winter.

The elements failed to check the rude soldiers of earlier days just as they do the tacticians of to-day; they fought through snowstorm and deluge just as fiercely as they did through heat and drought. That the sufferings of the soldier in bygone days were greater, through lack of proper equipment and measures to care for the wounded, goes without saying.

Two winter campaigns stand out prominently from the pages of history, Napoleon's retreat from Moscow and the Crimean War. They present a soul-rending picture of the horrors which result when man's own carelessness and lack of foresight are added to the ruthlessness of the elements. That the same conditions could arise to-day is quite impossible. All of the belligerent nations have made ample provision for clothing and feeding their armies and for attending to the wounded. Only the complete breakdown of the commissariat and hospital branches of the service could bring about the conditions which faced Napoleon and his retreating army.

Napoleon, driven perhaps by a destiny that would not be gainsayed, certainly by an over-weening vanity that gave him

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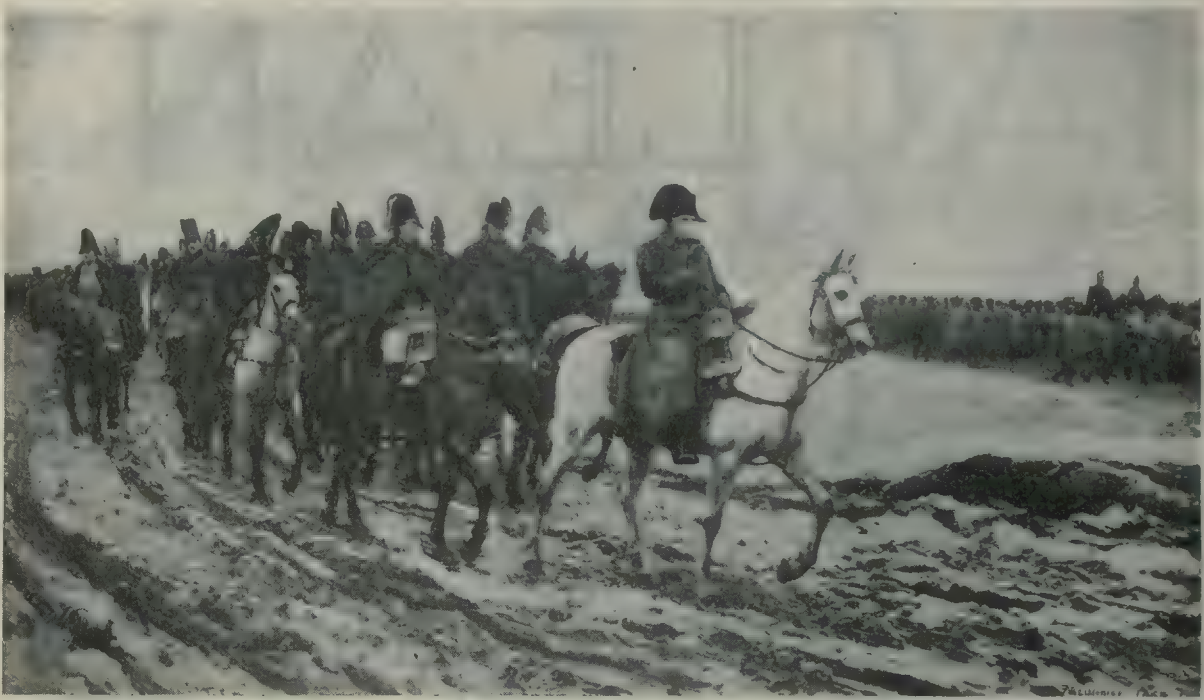
The writer is indebted to Dr. G. Sterling Ryerson, Toronto, for much information contained in above article.



It was during this memorable march that Napoleon lost his best men. Thus the way was paved for his disastrous defeat in the campaign of 1814.

Grand Duke Nicholas, commander-in-chief of the Russian forces.

belief in his own invincibility, marched into the heart of Russia without providing a chain of depots of clothing and food supplies along his line of communication. Not expecting to have to retreat, he failed to provide for a safe return. Thus, when the necessity for retreat arose, there was little need for the Russians to harass the flanks and rear of the French army. Generals Janvier and Fevrier by themselves were quite capable of encompassing the almost total extinction of the invaders. Of the 400,000 men who formed the great army which the Little Corporal took with him to force the subjugation of the sullen Bear, only ten thousand staggered into Konigsberg at the close of the retreat through snowbound Russia. A graphic picture of the conditions which resulted is found in the very complete volume of Baron Larrey, who, himself marched in the ranks from Moscow to Konigsberg.

"The cold had become very intense," he writes. "Already the thermometer had fallen to ten below zero and the northeast winds were blowing with violence. This severe cold, supervening so suddenly, proved destructive to many of our younger soldiers who were frequently found together with animals on the edges of the road, lying dead in the snow. Those of our companions who were accustomed to marching and had preserved some sugar and coffee were less exposed to the dangers of their situation. Habitual exercise prevented numbness of the limbs and supported that calorification and play of the organs, whereas the cold seizing on the individuals carried on horses or in carriages, soon threw them into a state of stupor and paralytic stiffness. They were thus induced to approach the fires of the bivouacs more nearly in consequence of their not being sensible to the heat in the frozen parts. Gangrene was brought on. I had the good fortune to preserve myself from this affection by walking constantly and totally depriving myself of the enjoyment of fire. . . . The cold progressively increased until it reached 31 below zero. The edges of the roads were strewn with soldiers who perished in the march. . . . We were, in short, in such a state of faintness and torpor that we could hardly recognize each other. Our march was conducted in sullen silence. The organ of vision and muscular power were, respectively, so much debilitated and reduced that it was difficult for an individual to pursue his way and preserve his equilibrium. The soldier was overpowered and fell at the feet of his companions, who did not turn aside to behold him. On my arrival at Wilna my strength and courage were exhausted. I was near falling, doubtless to rise no more. . . . Three thousand men, consisting of the best soldiers of the guard, as well as cavalry, nearly all of whom were from the southern parts of France, were the only ones who had truly resisted the cruel reverses of the retreat."

This is an extreme picture—war in winter at its worst. But it was not war in the usual sense of the word, inasmuch as the French were fighting the elements rather than the Russians. There was little actual fighting.

MISMANAGEMENT IN THE CRIMEA.

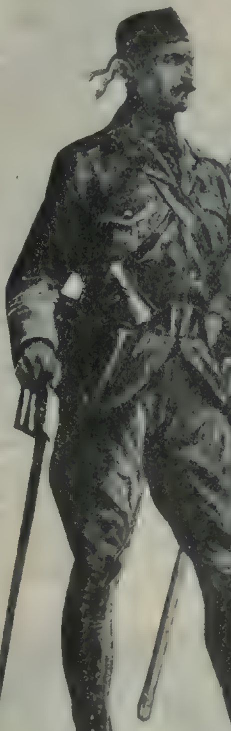
The Crimean War contributes many more dark pages to the lurid annals of winter warfare; and the conditions there were more analogous with the campaigns now being waged. The soldiers were not called upon to undergo the fatigue and hardship of long marches but for the most part were stationed in one section during the severest season. They had plenty of food and were afforded shelter. The distress which ensued arose for the most part out of the mismanagement and ignorance displayed in the handling of supplies. Instead of the methods of rigid efficiency which enabled Lord Kitchener to send a perfectly equipped expeditionary force of 70,000 men to France in two weeks' time, we find cold-blooded indifference and a most astounding carelessness. The War Office was tied up in voluminous folds of red tape. The food sent out was not of the most nourishing kind, the clothing was not designed to fortify one against the rigors of a Crimean winter. Medical stores were scanty and inadequate. Some transport ships sailed, in fact, without medical supplies of any kind.

As the inevitable consequence, the forces were drained by the inroads of disease. Dysentery, scurvy, even cholera appeared. As many of the troops were without proper winter clothing and were compelled to fight in the trenches often for fifteen hours at a stretch in blinding snowstorm and drenching sleet, it was no wonder that bronchitis and pneumonia ravaged the camps. A staff sergeant, writing from Sebastopol, declared that many of the men were without shoes and had only one worn-out, mud-soaked blanket.

There was little of the glamor and glory of war for the poor fellows who braved the intense cold of southern Russia thus poorly equipped!

CONDITIONS TO-DAY.

At the time of writing (November 27) the fighting in Northern France and in Poland is proceeding with unparalleled intensity and varying success. Nothing short of a total collapse of the German arms could bring about a sudden ending of the war. And there are no tangible evidences of this. The outlook is that the fighting will continue right through the winter on an almost equally active and gigantic scale. The conditions under which the warfare will be staged become, therefore, of intense interest.



One of the London Scottish in winter uniform.

Soldiers in the trenches in France. The discomfort of their position in case of rain or snow can easily be appreciated.

Despite the fact that the campaign in the eastern theatre of war will be fought over the same ground that witnessed the tragic ending of the retreat from Moscow, the conditions will be entirely different. In the first place, the Russian and German troops are accustomed to hard winter weather and are, therefore, better fitted by nature to withstand the severe cold than were Napoleon's forces from "Sunny France." In the second place, they will be warmly clothed. In the third place—and this is perhaps the all important difference — they will be properly fed. The Germans are fighting with a net-work of railways behind them so that the problem of getting supplies to all parts of the extended battle front is not a serious one. It is also a strong point in the Russian plan of campaign that adequate supplies are carried for both man and beast. The Grand Duke Nicholas does not hold with the theory of Napoleon that an army can live off the country—a theory that was shattered by the Moscow campaign.

It was the failure of supplies that defeated Napoleon in Russia. After the burning of Moscow he could not provide food for his army and had to retreat. The saying that "an army travels on its stomach" is of double significance in a winter campaign. Generals win battles, but the commissariat can win, or lose, wars.

Despite the fact that armies are now numbered in millions where they were once counted in tens of thousands, the problems of the commissariat have been reduced to a comparative minimum. The automobile has effected this wonderful advance in efficiency. Gasoline is the force which enables a general staff to maintain armies over a frontage of two hundred miles and to feed their men regularly. The motor car has revolutionized warfare; it has changed the order of conflict from pitched battles to continent-wide clashes; it has made possible rapid advances and quick retreats. Had the rumored shortage of gasoline in Germany proven correct, the war would have come to a much quicker ending than even the most cheerful optimist now dares predict.

The importance of the commissariat is so fully recognized now that special attention is paid to it at all times; during a winter campaign, however, it becomes of paramount importance. The troops can be kept in hardy condition only when plenty of warm food is supplied them. Disease would soon stalk the frozen trenches if the commissariat "fell down."

Accordingly, during the present winter campaign the British soldier will carry into action with him a special ration, which by the way is known in the service as the "iron" ration. This, he carries in a canvas receptacle. The system followed when the troops are engaged on the firing line and must be fed on the spot is for each man to carry between one and two days' "iron" rations in his haversack while half a day's rations are stored in the cook's wagon and still another day's rations in the train or supply column. This provides at all times from 2½ to 3½ days' food and motor lorries are used to keep the supplies up.

An "emergency" ration for use when actively engaged and all other supplies fail, is carried in 6½-ounce tins. It consists of chocolate with plasmon or some other milk proteid added. It has been found that there is great strength in chocolate; in fact, the emergency ration is calculated to keep up a man's strength for a day and a half if eaten or drunk in small quantities. These tins are never opened except by order of an officer or in case of extreme necessity.

The regular or "iron" ration consists of one pound of preserved meat, twelve ounces of biscuit, five-eighth-ounce of tea, two ounces of sugar, one-half-ounce of salt, three ounces of cheese and two cubes of meat extract.

The portable field kitchen, which is being used by all the armies, has done much to relieve the hardships of winter warfare. The British field kitchen—a two-horse, limbered vehicle—is designed to cook for 250 men, supplying two hundred quarts of hot food for each meal or ten quarts for every twelve men. The kitchens are equipped with fires, four cooking pots of huge size and a hot-water boiler.

IN NORTHERN FRANCE.

In Northern France and Belgium the forces will not encounter the severe weather that has already been felt in Poland and East Prussia. Still, for a period of two months the climate has spells of extreme bitterness. What is worse still, the winter season is liable to bring in its wake fogs and raw, piercing winds. Much of this has already been experienced. The meagre news from the front which percolates through the sieve of the censor's office tell of days spent in flooded trenches, of battles fought in chilling rains and of dense fogs which have compelled a cessation of hostilities. With the advance of the season, the hardships under which the men have been laboring will increase.

THE COMPETENCE OF THE WAR OFFICE.

Perhaps the outstanding feature of Britain's share in the war has been the machine-like precision and absolute competence of the war office. It is nothing new for British troops to perform with valor, to heroically advance to victory or stubbornly contest a strategic retirement. Mons, Charleroi and Ypres have merely upheld the traditions of Vittoria, Quatre Bras and Waterloo. But it is something new to find the forces well equipped and supplied and for the generals to be able to depend on reinforcements when needed. How the tattered veterans of the Peninsular War would gasp with astonishment at the new-found efficiency of the department at home! And the change can be traced to the influence of one square-jawed, silent man who has never failed in anything he has yet attempted—and is not going to fail now.

Knitted helmet for winter used by German army.

The British troops at the front, therefore, will face the long winter campaign with everything in their favor. They are clothed warmly, they get the most nourishing food, the hospital service is well-nigh perfect.

It is probable that our troops will not find conditions particularly hard. The human frame readily adapts itself to conditions; and a well-trained soldier, hard as nails and inured to exposure, can go through fire and flood and come through unscathed. To the person accustomed to steam-heated, weather-stripped comfort, the idea of sleeping in the open during winter weather seems almost too terrible to contemplate. With proper equipment, however, one can sleep quite comfortably with a snowbank for a mattress and the stars for a roof. The northern trapper can roll himself up in his sleeping bag and slumber comfortably through a night when the mercury gets to forty and fifty below zero.

And it must also be considered that the trenches which the troops are occupying in Northern France are in some places like regular hotels. The firing line is approached by winding trenches so that the soldiers can get to and from the front without being exposed to the enemy's fire; and back of these serpentine approaches are sitting rooms, fitted up with card tables, bath-rooms with shower baths—in fact, nearly all the creature comforts.

So long as the line does not keep in constant motion, the men can "dig themselves in" and enjoy shelter from the elements.

It has been proven by experience that the health of the troops is much better when they sleep continually in the open. The general practice has been, however, to find shelter for the men whenever possible with the result that, when they do have to sleep in the snow, they are not accustomed to it. Colds and sickness result inevitably.

The work of the medical corps is particularly important during a winter campaign. Unless closest attention is paid the deaths from exposure will exceed the casualities on the firing line.

THE WINTER EQUIPMENT.

Elsewhere in this article full details are given of the winter equipment of the Canadian soldier. This is more complete perhaps than the supplies carried by the troops of other nations though practically identical with the equipment of the British soldier. Where one article only is listed, the soldier carries it with him. Where two articles of one kind are included, the second is carried in the first line of transports. The blankets in which he sleeps, are also carried on the first line of transports and are distributed to him each night. When the army is on the march—either forward or backward, but particularly in the latter case—the transports are often temporarily lost. In such a contingency, and it is not by any means a rare one, when the campaign is being furiously waged, Tommy Atkins has no course open but to wrap himself in his great coat and brave the elements as best he can.

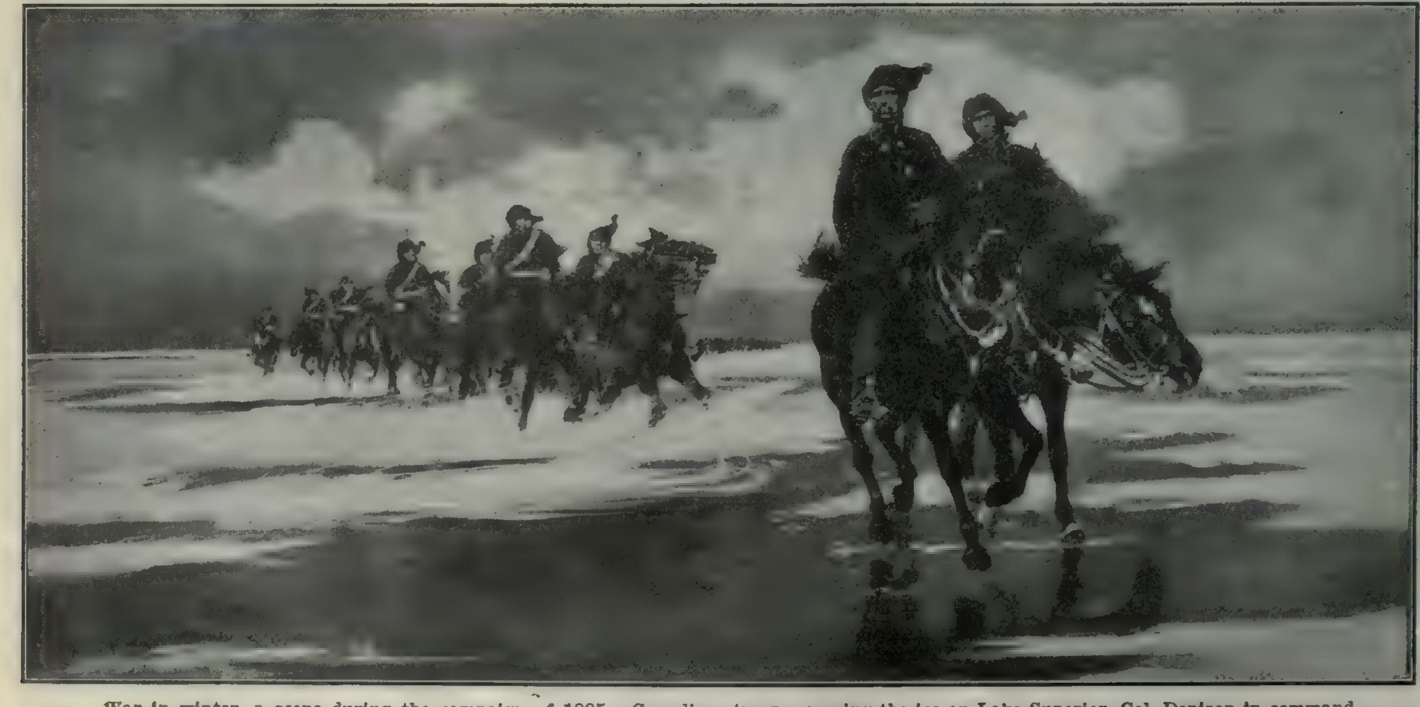
LIFE IN THE TRENCHES.

The life in the trenches is a rigorous one. Passing over the danger from the constant rain of shrapnel as an incident of war, the soldier suffers great privations from the climatic changes. When it rains, the trenches fill with water. Often the troops in France have fought for days in trenches waist-high in water. After the rains abate, the trenches are damp and muddy and the work of the soldier is proportionately hard. Mud is not an unmixed evil, however, for it results in the falling shrapnel shells imbedding themselves in the soft earth before exploding.

The length of time that the soldier spends in the trench is dependent largely upon the activity of the enemy. When hard pressed the men stay in the trenches day after day, snatching a few hours sleep here and there during breathing spells in the mad phantasma of strife. Ordinarily, however, from twelve to fifteen hours is the limit of daily service.

When on the march there is no such thing as day and night. Just as the seasons are ignored, so are considerations of light and darkness. Often forced marches extend through the night, to be followed perhaps by a day of heavy fighting and more marching the next night. When Von Kluck was attempting to outflank the allied left as the first step in the on-to-Paris programme, his troops fought all day and marched all night. Grim task-master that he was, Von Kluck drove his men forward and ever forward until they were literally worn out; and physical condition played a big part in the crushing defeat that the allies administered to the onrushing German forces at the Marne. Another instance of what armies can do under press of necessity was the almost unprecedented advance of the Germans before Warsaw. Following on the heels of the fleeing enemy, the Rus-

Continued on Page 110.



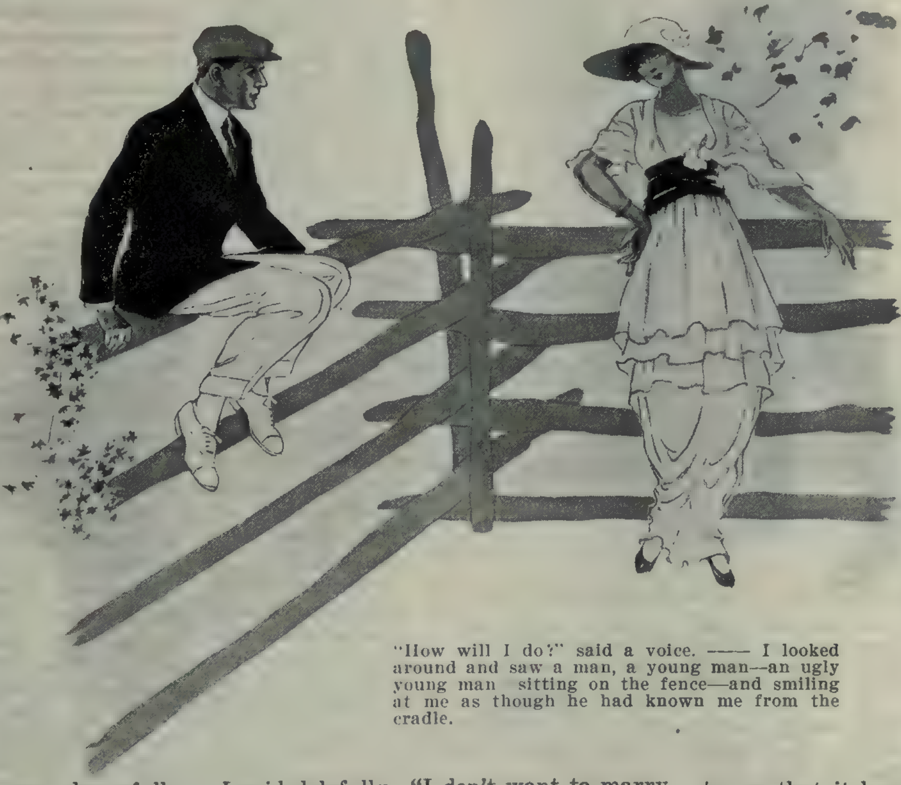
War in winter, a scene during the campaign of 1885. Canadian troops crossing the ice on Lake Superior, Col. Denison in command.

The Indecision of Margaret

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of "Ann of Avonlea," "At Five o'Clock in the Morning," etc.

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



"How will I do?" said a voice. —— I looked around and saw a man, a young man—an ugly young man sitting on the fence—and smiling at me as though he had known me from the cradle.

"MARGARET," said my Aunt Roberta, not wasting words, "you must marry!"

Experience should have told me that it was hopeless to argue with Aunt Roberta. Experience *did* tell me so. But one cannot see the last glimmer of freedom snuffed out without at least a feeble protest.

"Why must I marry, Aunt Roberta? I'm sure I'm very happy as I am."

"You can't be," said Aunt Roberta positively. "No woman of your age can be happy unless she's married. Now, Margaret, I have been very patient with you — very patient. But there is a limit to my patience. If you had no chance to marry I should not say anything to you. I should only pity you in discreet silence. But with three unexceptional young men wanting to marry you, your shilly-shallying is disgraceful. You have flirted with those men shamefully. You know you have."

"It was the only amusement Providence sent me," I interjected feebly.

But Aunt Roberta went on with a rush. "There must be an end to this. One of these men you must marry, Margaret—I don't care which—but one of them it must be. When I meet your poor, dear, dead father in the other world I am not going to have him casting it up to me that I let his daughter become an old maid."

"But I am an old maid now, Aunty," I said flippantly. "I'm twenty-eight, and you know twenty-five is the first corner. And it doesn't hurt. Really it doesn't."

"Margaret, you know I dislike frivolity. I am serious, distinctly serious. You must marry, or else—"

Aunt Roberta paused darkly.

"Or else—what?" I asked, wishing to know the worst.

"Or else I'll wash my hands of you and send you home to your stepmother and her family of seven," concluded Aunt Roberta, triumphantly.

I wilted on the spot, wilted visibly. Aunt Roberta saw it and beamed.

"I thought that would bring you to your senses. Now, just make up your mind which of those three men you want to marry and we'll have the wedding in September."

"But that is just the trouble, Aunty," I said dolefully. "I don't want to marry any of them, so I can't decide between them. I suppose I shall simply have to draw lots."

"I don't like the light way in which you treat such a solemn subject, Margaret," observed Aunt Roberta severely. "The selection of a life partner is a very important matter. I leave your choice unrestricted. They are all well off, so that I shall feel I have done my duty by you and your poor, dear, dead father when I see you established as the wife of any one of them. It's not as if I could do anything for you at my death. You know that I have only a life interest in everything. What will become of you if you don't marry?"

"There is a special Providence for the unprotected," I answered. "I think I will go for a walk in the beech lane."

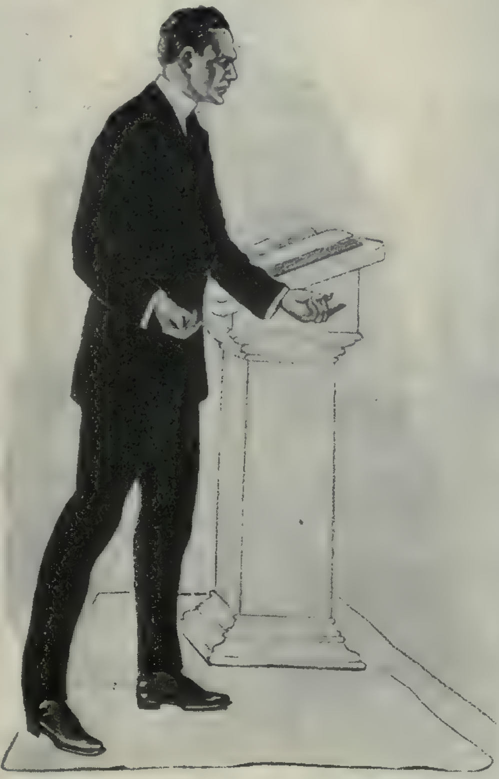
I felt that the beech lane would do me good. I always carried my troubles and perplexities to the beech lane. It was so green and still that it was an excellent place for thinking things out. And I foresaw that I should have a lot of thinking out to do. Oh, for somebody to help me in it—somebody to advise me! I do so hate to have to make up my mind on any point myself. I am always afflicted with indecision. Just as soon as I decide on one course I feel in my bones that some other would have been the correct one. I was born a see-saw and all Aunt Roberta's steady pressure could never prevent me from teetering. Just now I felt that it would be the greatest relief in the world to have somebody assist me in selecting a husband from the availables. Aunt Roberta wouldn't do it. Aunt Roberta is a living embodiment of the reconciliation between predestination and free-will. She decrees what you must do; but she leaves it to your own choice how you will do it.

Before I went to the lane I stepped up to my room and looked at myself in the glass. I always go and look at myself in the glass after I have looked at Aunt Roberta for a while. I want to reassure myself that I don't resemble her. I really don't, but I am always afraid that my nose will develop Byrne tendencies as I grow older, and I examine it anxiously every day to see that it hasn't. Aunt Roberta has the Byrne nose in the Byrnest degree. I am so thankful I escaped it.

My nose looked passable so far and so did everything else about me. My hair was smooth as brown satin and my eyes were grey; they are green sometimes when my dress doesn't suit them, or when I am in a vixenish mood. But it took me half an hour to decide what hat to wear for, even though I was comfortably sure I should not meet anyone in the beech lane, I wanted to feel for my own personal satisfaction that the hat was harmonious. At first I inclined to the pale nile-green one with the daisy wreath; but I had no sooner put it on than I thought the pink one with the floppy brim would be much more becoming. When I got *it* pinned in place I liked the nile-green one better. At last I put them close together on the bed, shut my eyes, and jabbed with a hat pin. The pin speared the pink one, so I put it on.

The beech lane was lovely, all sunshine and green shadow and purring wind. I would have enjoyed it all so much if I hadn't had to decide which of those three detestable men I must marry. They *were* detestable. I had liked them all very well before, but now I hated them. I couldn't decide. No sooner did I think favorably of one of them than the others seemed less detestable. It was just as it had been about the hats, only worse, because there were three of them. How I wished I could settle it the same way by standing them up together and jabbing with a hat pin!

But the worst of it all was I knew perfectly well that, whichever I married, I should regret all my life that I hadn't married one of the others.



Peter preached. And by the time he had preached ten minutes I felt so small and insignificant that I thought I must be all but invisible to the naked eye.

At last I stopped midway in the lane and leaned my elbows on the fence with a despairing groan.

"Oh, I can't decide," I exclaimed miserably. "I do wish I had somebody to help me!"

"How will I do?" said a voice.

I didn't jump. Aunt Roberta says I never do anything that might be expected of me. I looked calmly around and I saw a man, a young man — an ugly young man—sitting on the fence between two big grey beeches and smiling at me as if he had known me from my cradle.

I really thought that he was the ugliest young man I had ever seen. He had a big, loose-jointed figure with absurdly long legs. His hair was brick red and all tously under a tweed cap. His eyes were green and his mouth was crooked. As for his ears—but I never think about his ears if I can help it.

He was so ugly that I felt he could be trusted to the last degree. Providence would never have made anybody like that without giving him a most beautiful soul and disposition to atone for it. Perhaps Providence had sent him to my assistance. I was so glad I had on my pink hat because the nile-green one always does make me look a little pale.

"I think you would do very well if I knew who you are," I said.

"Oh, it's all in the family. I'm Peter Campbell."

"Cousin Peter," I cried.

"Only a third cousin," he protested.

"And you're a minister, too!" I exclaimed incredulously.

"All the better to help you. That's what ministers are for. Now, what is the trouble?"

"I'm in dreadful perplexity and I can't make up my mind," I sighed. "I was born that way, so there is no use blaming me for it as Aunt Roberta does."

"I'm the very person you're looking for," averred Peter. "I'm the best hand at making up minds I ever met. What is your difficulty?"

"Well," I began, "there are three men."

"Only *three?*" he remarked in a skeptical tone.

"It is three too many," I said decidedly. "I wish there was none at all. These three men want to marry me."

"Naturally."

"And Aunt Roberta says I have to marry one of them."

"Which one?"

"That's the difficulty," I cried. "Aunt Roberta won't say which and I can't. *You* must aid me to decide. You must tell me which of those men I am to marry."

"Let me see," he said meditatively, putting the tips of his big, long, knotty fingers together. "I must understand this matter thoroughly. You say your Aunt Roberta says you must marry one of them. Now, *why* must you?"

"Because Aunt Roberta thinks it is an indelible disgrace to be an old maid. She is determined that I shan't be any old-maider than I am already. And she says she'll send me home if I won't marry. I *can't* be sent home. There's a stepmother and seven children. And I couldn't get along without Aunt Roberta's flesh pots now that she has accustomed me to them. I've lived with her for five years, ever since father died. I'm the most useless person in the world. So I have to obey her. Oh, that's all settled. The question is—which?"

"You must tell me something about The Three," commanded Cousin Peter. "I must know what I'm doing."

"Well, there's Alec Walker," I said. "He's very nice and very handsome. He's a doctor, and he's good-tempered, and he has the loveliest curly black hair. I do so admire curly black hair."

The young minister took off his cap, ran his fingers through his rampant red hair, and crushed the cap down on it again.

"Is there any particular objection to Alec?" he asked.

"No. But that's just the trouble. He's so perfect. Fancy how horrible it would be to have a perfect husband—somebody you could never find fault with!"

"Well, that's one. Go on with the others."

"Dave Boyd is a hustling business man. He's fairly good-looking, dresses well, and has a classic nose. I adore classic noses."

"I mean," I added hastily, "that it would be a comfort to have a nose in the family that could be depended on. I can't depend on mine. It may turn Byrney any day."

"What is Dave's capital fault?" asked Peter.

"I'm afraid he's a little mean. I *know* he has picked up bargains in chocolates at bankrupt sales. But he's as good as gold and a member of the church."

"Remains but one. What about him?"

"His name is Alonzo Grant. He is rich enough to live without working so he would have plenty of time to help me make up my mind about everything. And he has the most adorable dark blue eyes."

Peter actually winked one of his green ones at me.

"Why not marry Alonzo?"

"Think of marrying a man named Alonzo," I said dolefully. "Besides, I have an instinct that warns me that he is one of those men who would open their wives' letters. Now, you know all about them. Which one shall I marry?"

Peter shook his head.

"I don't know enough about them. Look here. Ask your aunt for three weeks in which to reflect. Meanwhile I shall cultivate their acquaintance, size up their dispositions, and get a good working idea which one will suit you best. I'm up here on my vacation and I'm staying over at Bob Reid's."

"That will be the very thing," I exclaimed. Then I sighed. "You must think me horribly frivolous," I said.

Somehow I didn't want him to think me frivolous. That was ridiculous, of course. Why should I care what a red-headed person, whom I had never seen before, was likely to think of me? But then he was my third cousin. One likes one's relations to think decently of one.

"I shall tell you in three weeks' time what I think of you," he said.

He got down off the fence and we walked home together. I took him in to see Aunt Roberta. Aunt Roberta was decidedly cool to him. He is my cousin on my mother's side and Aunt Roberta never liked the Campbells. But Peter didn't seem to mind her chilliness.

"A very plain young man," observed Aunt Roberta, when he had gone. "Really, Margaret, it is fortunate you didn't take after your mother's people."

"But I did—in the matter of noses," I returned wickedly, patting mine. "And I don't think Peter is so very ugly at all."

I did. But I wasn't going to admit it.

"It is not very good taste to call a young man by his given name on the first occasion of meeting him," said Aunt Roberta majestically.

"But he's my cousin," I protested. "You wouldn't have me call my cousin Mr. Campbell? Besides, he told me to call him Peter."

Aunt Roberta sniffed.

"Third cousin is a very diluted relationship. And are you going to do everything this Peter tells you?"

That reminded me.

"Aunty," I said hastily, "you remember what we were discussing before I went out? Well, I find that I can't make up my mind right off. You must really give me a little time. Let me have three weeks to think it over in. It's such a solemn subject—you said it was yourself. I'll promise that I'll tell you which man I'm going to marry at the end of three weeks."

"Very well," assented Aunt Roberta.

Alec and Dave and Alonzo all came up that evening; and Peter came over, too. He didn't say a great deal, just sat back in a corner and watched and listened; but he outstayed them all. Not that it did him much good. Aunt Roberta sat in the room and read a magazine stonily. I went to the door with him when he went away and walked across the lawn with him. He didn't look so homely in the moonlight, and oh, he was so nice! Niceness fairly exhaled from him.

"What do you think of them, Peter?" I asked.

"Nice fellows—but don't ask me anything more about them till the three weeks are up," said Peter. "There are better things to talk of on a moonlight night than matrimonial candidates. Look at those white lilies over there by the old beech. They look like you, Margaret. Will you pick one for me?"

I picked him a whole bunch.

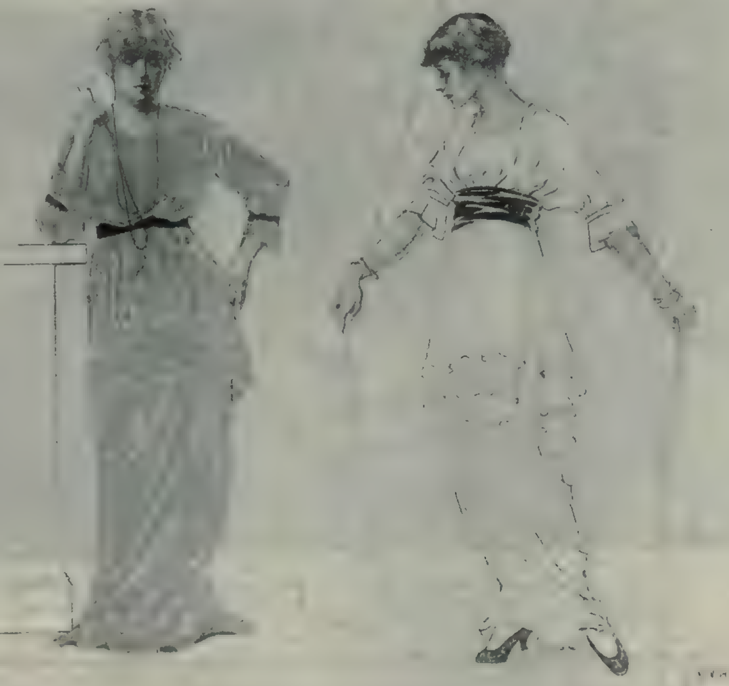
When I went back to the house Aunt Roberta met me in the hall.

"I hope, Margaret, that you are not going to flirt with this Peter Campbell," she said majestically.

"Indeed, I am not, Aunt," I assured her solemnly.

And I meant it. I had no intention of flirting with Peter. I didn't feel much like flirting, knowing that I had to marry one of "The Three" in September. But it was such a relief to know I wouldn't have to do the choosing. I slept like a child that night.

During the rest of the week Peter haunted our house. He came over when "The Three," or any fraction of them, were up because he said he wanted to study them to see which would suit me; and he came over when none of them was about because he said he wanted to study me and see which one I would suit. "The Three" liked Peter because he never butted into anything and spoiled it; and he was so ugly and cousinly that they never dreamed of being jealous of him as they were of one another. Aunt Roberta apparently didn't like him and went on consistently not liking him. This puzzled me. I couldn't see how anybody could help liking Peter.



Aunt Roberta frowned at me when I went in——"I thought you assured me you were not going to flirt with that young man," she observed.

Came Sunday, and Peter preached in the village church. I went, of course; but I couldn't realize that Peter could be going to preach. The fact that he was a minister persisted in seeming a huge joke to me. I put on my prettiest dress and spent an agonized ten minutes deciding on my hat, for our pew was right in front of the pulpit and I wanted to look nice under Peter's eye.

Well, Peter preached. And by the time he had preached ten minutes I felt so small and insignificant that I thought I must be all but invisible to the naked eye.

Peter never said a word about women; and he never even looked at me. But I realized then and there what a pitiful, frivolous, soulless, little butterfly I was, and how horribly different I must be from Peter's ideal woman. *She* would be grand and strong and noble—I felt it—I knew it. He was so earnest and tender and true; he was everything a minister ought to be. I wondered how I could ever have thought him ugly, with that intellectual brow, which the roughly falling hair hid on week-days, those inspired eyes, and that thrilling voice.

People said it was a splendid sermon. I am no judge of sermons, but I know I could have listened to him forever and that I felt utterly wretched. I just wanted to slip down on my knees and bury my face in my hands and pray God to make me a better girl and more worthy of such a third cousin as Peter.

He caught up with me on the road home and grinned as cheerfully as usual. But his grin could never deceive me again. I had seen the *real* Peter behind the outer mask.

"Peter," I said, "you were born to be a minister. You *couldn't* be anything else."

"No, I couldn't," he replied soberly. "I tried to be something else for a long while. I didn't want to be a minister. But I came to see at last that it was the work given me to do it; and, God helping me, I shall try to do it."

His voice was low and reverent, almost as if he were speaking to himself. I thought that he would do his work and do it well and nobly; and happy the woman fitted by nature and training to help him do it. *She* would be no feather blown about by every fickle wind of fancy. *She* would always know what hat to put on. Probably she would have only the one. Ministers never have much money. But who would mind having only one hat or none at all, when she had a Peter?

Aunt Roberta frowned at me when I went in. I suppose she thought Peter and I had stayed too long talking at the garden gate.

"I thought you assured me that you were not going to flirt with that young man," she observed.

"I'm not flirting with him," I said piteously. "Why, Aunty, he is a minister."

"Ministers are oddly like other men," commented Aunt Roberta.

"Peter isn't," I responded decisively. "He isn't like any other man in the world."

Then did Aunt Roberta push up her spectacles and look at me.

Next day when Peter came over she asked him right before me if his congregation was a desirable one and what his salary was.

Peter told her his salary. It wasn't much more than I had known Aunt Roberta to spend on my dresses in one year.

"As for my congregation, it isn't a very fashionable one," he remarked gravely. "It is a little mission church in the slums down on Patterson street. I have to live there; the surroundings are not pleasant nor the people exteriorly attractive. But it's *mine*—my chosen life work."

Peter didn't say and Aunt Roberta didn't know—that he had received a call to more than one wealthy and cultured congregation but he had refused them all because he believed that he had his Master's call to labor among the poor and downtrodden of the earth. And Bob told me that the people of that little mission church just worshipped Peter, and that he was a burning and shining light in the darkness of the neighborhood where he worked.

"I suppose," observed Aunt Roberta

Continued on Page 90.

From Plumber to Parliamentarian

By Harry W. Anderson

PARLIAMENT had just prorogued. The ceremonial was concluded. Royalty had driven away. Scarlet-coated soldiers and brass-buttoned bandsmen had "fallen out" and mingled again, as ordinary citizens, with the curiosity-satisfied onlooking proletariat. The show was over.

Yonder in the deserted Commons Chamber scores of messengers and pages were already busy packing up. One after another the desks of departing members were being overhauled — cleaned out. Nondescript piles of papers and packages were scattered about with inartistic abandon—miscellaneous debris in dreadful disarray. School was out, and nobody cared now for appearances.

A big, solid, square-shouldered man in his shirt-sleeves was among the busiest of the house-cleaners. He devoted his efforts to the contents of one desk. There was no disorder there. The blue-books, all thumbed and marked and checked, were first deposited in a neat parcel, and then carefully corded together. The plethora of parliamentary papers were industriously sorted and indexed and fyled. It was a hot day, and, once in a while, the worker paused to wipe the perspiration from his forehead.

Above is a likeness of Alphonse Verville, M.P., from a recent photograph. Below is a view of the plumbing shop that he ran in partnership with Joseph Laurier, Montreal, before his entry into the field of Dominion politics.

From one of the entrances came the sound of feminine voices. A coterie of radiantly - attired ladies, evidently from attendance at the recent elaborate function in the Senate Chamber and, mystified by the labyrinth of corridors into which they had strayed, made a somewhat flustered appearance. The big, solid, square - shouldered man in shirt-sleeves was just depositing a massive corded consignment of blue books on the floor. To him the leading lady appealed.

"Are you," she asked, "one of the servants in this building?"

The big, solid, square-shouldered man in shirt-sleeves bowed. "I am, madame."

Then he stolidly conducted the strayed party to the exit sought.

As he turned back the distinguished figure of Sir Wilfrid Laurier came into view. With hand extended the former Prime Minister stayed his progress, exchanged a few friendly words and patted him affectionately on the back.

"Who is that man?" queried one of the now surprised ladies of a nearby attendant.

"The man Sir Wilfrid is talking to? Why, that's Mr. Verville, the member for Maisonneuve," was the response.

"Oh," gasped the fair visitor, adding in an aggrieved tone, "And he told me he was a servant!"

But he told the truth. Alphonse Verville is a democrat who believes in democracy. He still serves. Being a member of Parliament means wider scope for service. That's all.

In a double sense Verville holds a unique position in Canada's Parliament. He serves more of his fellow Canadians than does any other member on either side of the present House. The constituency which elects him has a larger population than any other of the two hundred odd ridings represented. He polls more votes than any other parliamentarian. But, beyond this fact, significant in itself, he is Labor's one and only representative. His constituency is not limited even to the cosmopolitan and populous confines of Maisonneuve. It really extends from ocean to ocean. To-day he is fighting the legislative battle of the British Columbia miner; to-morrow he is waging war for better working conditions in the big industries of Nova Scotia. Labor, when it sent Verville to plead its cause among the nation's legislators, supplied a real asset to the national life. There are plenty of men, Heaven knows, inside and outside of Parliament, who make it their profitable business to look after the Interests—with a capital I, always. But apostles of the people—the common, everyday, ordinary folk—are still scarce enough in the halls of the mighty. Verville has done some little leavening, but the whole lump can stand more yet.

Most men come to Parliament as politicians or theorists. They come looking for preferment, or seeking a career. Verville came to do a job. He wants to put something human into the dry bones of legislation. He wants to make things better for the crowd, the crowd outside. He hasn't overmuch patience with the elect. He isn't concerned with the liquidation of partisan liability. Nor is he worried with the niceties of precedents, of formulas, of "non-intervention," of taking-the-matter-under-consideration, and the other acrobatic arts of parliamentary trapeze-work. He doesn't know—and doesn't care—much about these things. But he does know life at first hand, and he does care about the conditions which surround it.

ALWAYS A WORKER.

Verville has been a worker all his days. He has trained for Parliament, not in the political club or caucus, but in the big industrial workshop of a young nation. He hasn't studied the classics to any extent, but he has thoroughly studied himself and his fellow men. He is singularly open to impressions from without. Few men oscillate so rapidly from side to side when their own opinion is yet unformed. But there is with all this an intense and abiding adherence to what he deems to be essential and a staunch tenacity of grasp when an idea has once become fixed with him. Like a big ship swinging at her anchor, he sways about with the ebb and flow of the tide; but he does not drift from his moorings. And he is not the man to flinch from an unpleasant or perilous situation once he hears the call of conviction.

A PLUMBER'S APPRENTICE.

Nearly fifty years ago Alphonse Verville was born in the modest village of Cote St. Paul, Quebec. He grew up, as most boys do. Money was not superabundant in the Verville home, so the boy was sent to work. In his early 'teens he was apprenticed to the plumbing trade. He worked during the day, and studied during the night. He learned his trade and became a master plumber. He absorbed history and economics and set himself to a practical application of their teaching to everyday conditions.

Time went on—and so did Verville. For twenty odd years he worked at his trade, and met with such success as enabled him to set up business for himself in Montreal. But Verville is an example of the heterodox theory that a man can do two things well at the same time. He was not giving all his time to his trade. He had grasped the idea that life could not be measured in terms of business alone. He took an interest in public affairs. Most of all he took an interest in the affairs of the men about him. He became active in Labor circles. For a time he was business agent for one of the biggest unions in Montreal. His interest in the work and his unusual ability were recognized by other Labor men. For six or seven terms he was president of the Dominion Trades and Labor Congress, and probably would have been president yet if he had not seen fit to retire after the congress was held in his own province.

It was in 1903 that his associates began to realize that Verville would be a good man for Labor to have in politics, and when the Quebec provincial elections of 1904 came round he entered the lists in Hochelaga county. It was Labor's first venture in politics in that province and when the ballots were counted it was found that Verville was still on the outside looking in. His opponent, later the Hon. J. Decarie, was duly elected.

That was only the beginning. Verville hasn't acquired the habit of letting defeat daunt him. In 1906 the death of Hon. Raymond Prefontaine created a Federal vacancy in the Maisonneuve division of Montreal. Mr. Grothe ran as the Liberal nominee, and back of him had the full power of the Laurier Government. Verville had back of him the Labor organizations. Grothe didn't get to Parliament. Verville did—and with over 1,000 majority, at that. He came back in 1908 with 4,000, and in 1911 with 3,000. And people who ought to know say he will keep coming back just as long as he wants to.

Top.—A photograph of Mr. and Mrs. Verville taken shortly after they were married. Lower left—A recent photograph of Mrs. Verville. Lower right—Where the Labor member resides.

Verville in Parliament has generally given an independent support to Liberalism. He has strong views on the cost of living, and other intimate economic subjects. Incidentally, by instinct and upbringing, he is a radical. But he is a Labor representative in the last analysis. If the Liberals tramp on labor's toes, Verville is liable to do some tramping himself—and he has a substantial foot!

THE MAN HIMSELF.

This man Verville is, however, essentially a peace-loving man. He looks it. His quiet, full, round face, albeit marked by many deep-cut lines, is benign and pleasant. His greyish-white hair fits in with his mild manner. But parliamentarians on both sides have a wholesome respect for Verville. There is always something to and in his short speeches. Despite his mild-mannered, easy-going appearance, he has splendid courage and, when placidity ceases to be a virtue, there comes stern determination to stand by his conviction no matter what the opposition or the cost.

Labor in the Dominion Parliament differs much from labor in the Ontario Legislature. There is equal earnestness, equal intensity, equal determination to serve with an eye single to the cause espoused. But little Allan Studholme lashes himself into hysterical fury as he pours forth counsel and anathema by the hour. Sturdy Verville speaks by the minute, but there is something doing every sixty seconds. Every sentence is winged toward the bullseye. Studholme, Anglo-Saxon though he be, rhapsodizes with Latin fervor and declaims with illimitable gesture. Verville stands stolid, stationary. Occasionally in tense moments, he raises his right hand or sweeps the chamber with his arm, and the accent of Mother France steals back into his clear English pronunciation. What a strange, freakish creature Dame Nature is at times! Surely little, vivacious, dynamic Studholme should have been the Gaul, and quiet, steady, plain-spoken Verville the Asquith-like Yorkshireman.

Labor men — and other people, too—have learned a lot of things about this plumber - politician. For one thing, he's honest. He believes in his cause, and makes it manifest not in words alone, but in actions. His head is clear. He is no coiner of elegant phrases. His are simple, forceful words which permit no mistaking their meaning. His heart is kind—what man succeeds who lacks kindness of heart? His courage stands the acid test when trial comes.

What do the coming years hold for Verville? Politics is not the sphere for the prognosticator. It's too uncertain and dangerous. Yet—and yet—there are those bold enough to undertake to interpret the future.

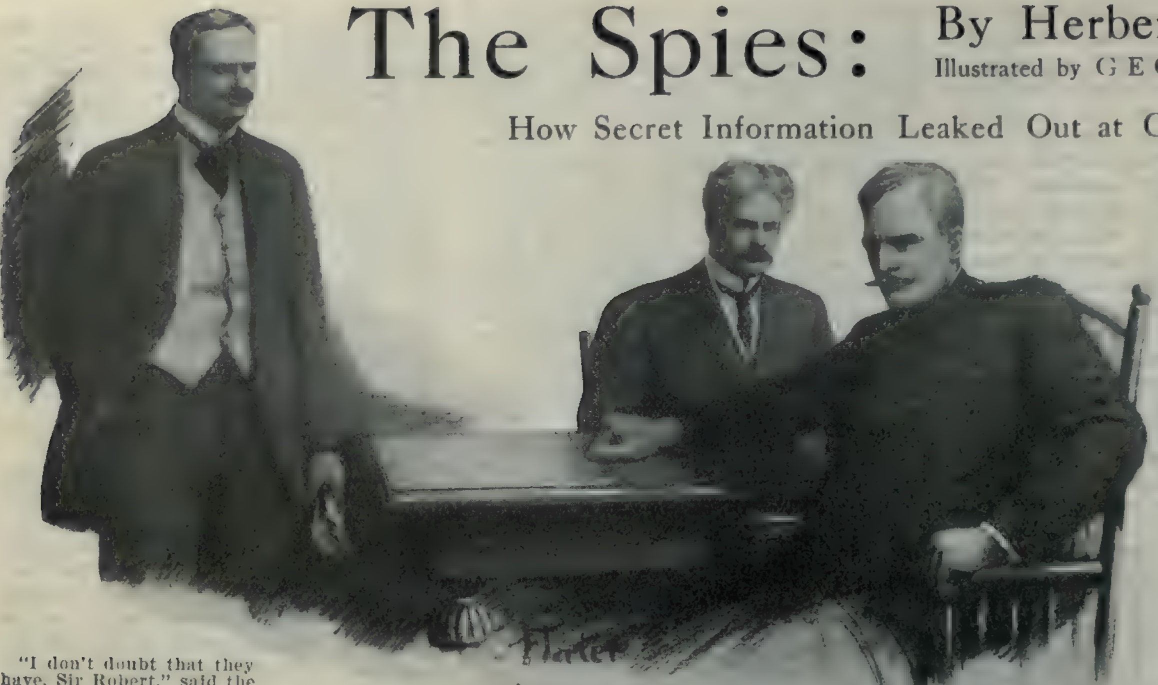
Of course politicians consider other things than fitness. And the idea that a labor man, out-and-out, whose Liberalism is strongly independent in character rather than of the clear-cut party color, might not suit the Liberal politicians. Again, there is the possibility that the man himself might not be willing to give up his place as the untrammelled representative of the men of toil to become advisor to His Majesty in a party ministry. At any rate it would be safe to assume that he would not care much about the "Honorable." He would prefer to remain just plain Alphonse Verville.

The Spies:

By Herbert Hammel

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

How Secret Information Leaked Out at Ottawa



"I don't doubt that they have, Sir Robert," said the Minister of Militia. "They have spies everywhere."

"THE fact remains that most important matters are getting out. Where the leak is I can't say. We have exercised every precaution. And yet every move we decide upon is cabled to Berlin within a few hours."

The Minister of Militia paced up and down the room with long strides, a growing irritation showing in every action and in the tone of his voice. The two men seated at the table were outwardly cool, but the gravity of the situation was reflected on their faces.

"There is something almost diabolical about the espionage system of the Germans," said the one in uniform. "But, even allowing for the undoubted genius which they show in their spying methods, it should not be over difficult to locate the leak in your department."

"I am willing to explain matters again," said the minister. "Every order of importance is dictated either by myself or my military secretary. We have the same stenographer do this work—a very reliable young Englishman. The orders are then sent over the Government wire to Valcartier or to London, as the case may be. The despatcher is a soldier and absolutely above suspicion. Copies of all important orders are kept under lock and key. Absolutely no one could see them but the four I have mentioned."

The third party to the conference, a handsome, broad-shouldered man with wavy, grey hair, whose face was well known in every corner of the Dominion where newspapers circulated, now spoke for the first time.

"Are you sure the news gets out at this end?" he asked. "Is it not more likely that they have spies in camp?"

"I don't doubt that they have, Sir Robert," said the Minister of Militia, bitterly. "They have spies everywhere. But no matter how many may have sneaked into camp, they can't get any word out. Every scrap of paper that is passed in or out is examined. For two weeks not a soldier has been allowed outside the inner line of sentries. Visitors are not permitted to visit camp."

"Then, Colonel Hanley, your work is at this end," said the Premier, rising as a signal that the conference was at an end. "It is not necessary for me to impress on you the need for the utmost despatch. You understand how matters stand."

Colonel Hanley, head of the secret service of the Dominion nodded assent. He fully appreciated the gravity of the situation. For seven months the war in Europe had been waged without either side gaining a decisive victory. Then suddenly, the huge Russian forces had issued from their winter entrenchments and struck the Germans a terrific blow, driving them to a new front behind Posen. This much accomplished, the Russians hurled their left wing across Galicia on the isolated Austrian army, driving it in utter rout to the shelter of the Carpathian mountains. The campaign, which then followed, was truly Napoleonic in its daring conception and aggressive handling. Wheeling about, the victorious left wing crumpled up the German right and by forced marches threatened to envelop the whole eastern army of the Kaiser.

Nothing was left for the German general staff but a hurried assembling on the eastern frontier of such reinforcements as could be rushed from the battle front in France. The result of this weakening of the already over-taxed western line, was an immediate break at several points where the allies exerted pressure. The French plunged forward, sweeping the Germans back. Advancing by way of Antwerp, the British and Belgian forces compelled a retirement of the hostile corps in Belgium. In ten days the last German had been shoved over the Belgian border and the French were already conducting a brilliant offensive campaign in Alsace and Lorraine.

The time had come to strike hard on every side at the harassed foe. Kitchener shot his partly trained recruits across the channel as fast as the transports could handle them. A hurried call was sent to Canada for the third contingent which was to consist of forty thousand men. The Canadians were ready to the last man, hard as nails from months of training in the open and eager to be in at the finish. But at this point a serious difficulty arose.

About the time that the German army crept back into its shell behind the Rhine, the German navy crept out. The first prow had barely shown itself outside Heligoland when the horizon was dimmed with the smoke rising from almost countless funnels. Like a cat pouncing on a foolhardy mouse, the British navy raced to the Bight of Heligoland and roared a thunderous welcome to tardy Von Tirpitz from the iron throats of many guns. After four hours of homeric conflict, the question of naval supremacy had been settled once and for all. Eleven German men-o'-war were sunk and the rest were scattered to the four corners of the compass, hotly pursued by the victorious British. But the victory had not been without its cost, for, after the battle, a score or more German war vessels, the remnants of the shattered fleet, scoured the Atlantic, preying on British commerce. Advised by wireless messages from the American seaboard, these ships had been able to elude capture and to seriously threaten the trade routes.

The second complication had come with the discovery that important information was leaking out at Ottawa. So successful had the espionage system at the Canadian capital proven that the cabinet could see no reason to doubt that the order for embarkation would be conveyed to the prowling German warships as soon as it was issued. The third contingent could not sail until this danger was removed.

An hour after the conference had closed, Colonel Hanley visited the offices of the Minister of Militia. He found the daily routine work quickly proceeding. A few visitors passed in and out but no communication was allowed between outsiders and the members of the staff. Parsons, the stenographer who handled the confidential work, proved a mild-mannered, young man, very short-sighted and quite uncommunicative. He answered the questions that the colonel addressed to him, frankly, but briefly, regarding his interrogator with dull eyes that showed, behind his heavy glasses, no trace of curiosity. He was of a chubby build with short, stubby hair. His speech would have labeled him an Englishman anywhere.

"Parsons has been in this office three years," explained the minister afterward. "He came, I understand, most highly recommended and without any doubt he's the best stenographer we have. Since we became certain that department secrets were leaking out, Parsons has been shadowed. We found that he lives a quiet life and never has anything to do with strangers. In fact, he seldom goes out in the evenings at all. I feel sure of Parsons."

After brief colloquies with certain other members of the staff, Colonel Hanley took his departure. "I'm certain of one thing only," he said to himself. "Our investigation starts with Parsons."

Accordingly he requisitioned the services of a detective on the Ottawa city force and at five o'clock his man fell into step a few paces behind Parsons when the latter waddled slowly out after his day's work. The stenographer bought a paper, and, holding it close to his face, scanned the head lines. Detective Gormley had already seen the paper and knew that a fresh advance of the Russians was announced; accordingly, when the fat figure of the man ahead straightened up and a visible smile showed on his face, the detective said to himself most emphatically: "He's no spy, this fellow."

Nevertheless he carried out his instructions by trailing Parsons to a restaurant where the latter ate pork and beans followed by crullers and coffee with every evidence of relish, and from there to a large rooming house where he lodged. Gormley then notified Colonel Hanley that his man had settled down for his usual quiet evening.

The next day Parsons was kept under close watch without revealing anything to the keen eyes of the detective except the fact that he was interested in photography; said interest being manifested by a quarter of an hour's scrutiny of a drug store window in the teeth of a heavy sleet while Gormley, around an adjacent and much exposed corner, swore vindictively. Parson's return to his room that evening, however, found Colonel Hanley ensconced in the next room with convenient peepholes arranged for himself and the detective. Stretched at full length on the floor, the colonel was able to command a view of almost the entire room.

Parsons threw off his overcoat and, drawing a handkerchief from a vest pocket, very carefully wiped the moisture off his spectacles. For fully half an hour he busied himself about the room, tidying up his belongings and munching from a bag of candy on the table. Then he settled himself at a piano in one corner of the room and started to play.

Seated at the instrument, the dumpy figure of the stenographer seemed to take on a new dignity. His fingers, as round as sausages, raced over the keys with a surprising nimbleness and the melody that they brought forth was such that Colonel Hanley, figuratively, if not literally, sat up and took notice. Passage after passage from the old masters was rendered, the musician dropping from one strain into another, by clever graduations. Altogether it was a bewildering performance and its conclusion left Colonel Hanley in a decidely puzzled frame of mind.

Parsons' next move was to draw out a chess board. Placing it on the table, he opened a magazine and started to work out a problem that called for the use of a dozen or more pieces. For fifteen minutes he worked at the problem studiously, moving his men back and forth on the board. Many times he considered the same moves, advancing certain pieces and again withdrawing them. Finally he gave it up in disgust, swept the chess men into the box and started to undress for bed. In twenty minutes the rythmic snore that came from the darkened room convinced the two listeners that at any rate there was nothing resting heavily on his mind.

"That guy 'ud make a funny sort of spy," whispered Gormley. "He'd fit in with a girls' sewing class better. I might as well shadow an old lady's home or gumshoe around an Epworth League meetin' as waste time on this sissy."

"You're going to stay right here," said Colonel Hanley. "Don't close your eyes or ears for a second between now and the time he gets up. And be careful not to make a sound. Lock the door when I go out."

Parsons slept serenely through the whole night and Detective Gormley saw him safely to the office next morning before reporting to his superior. Without making any comment, Col. Hanley handed over a telegram which he had just received. It read as follows:

> New York Vorwaerts published in morning edition news of decision to further delay sailing of contingent. Full particulars given.
>
> Kemp.

"Kemp is one of our men in New York," explained Hanley. "The curious feature of this is that the delay was decided upon at a conference late yesterday afternoon. The order was dictated to Parsons but *no word was sent out of the office.* The tip must have come from within the department.

"Then Parsons is not the man," declared the detective emphatically. "That little gink hasn't been out of my sight for a fraction of a second and I'll stake my job on it that he didn't say a word to no one from the time he left the office last night until he pattered in again this morning."

"Nevertheless, no one else could have given it out," persisted Colonel Hanley. "Have you enquired as to his acquaintances at the rooming house?"

"Hasn't any," replied the detective promptly. "Never speaks to a soul."

"Could anyone see into his room except from the room where we were?"

"Only from above."

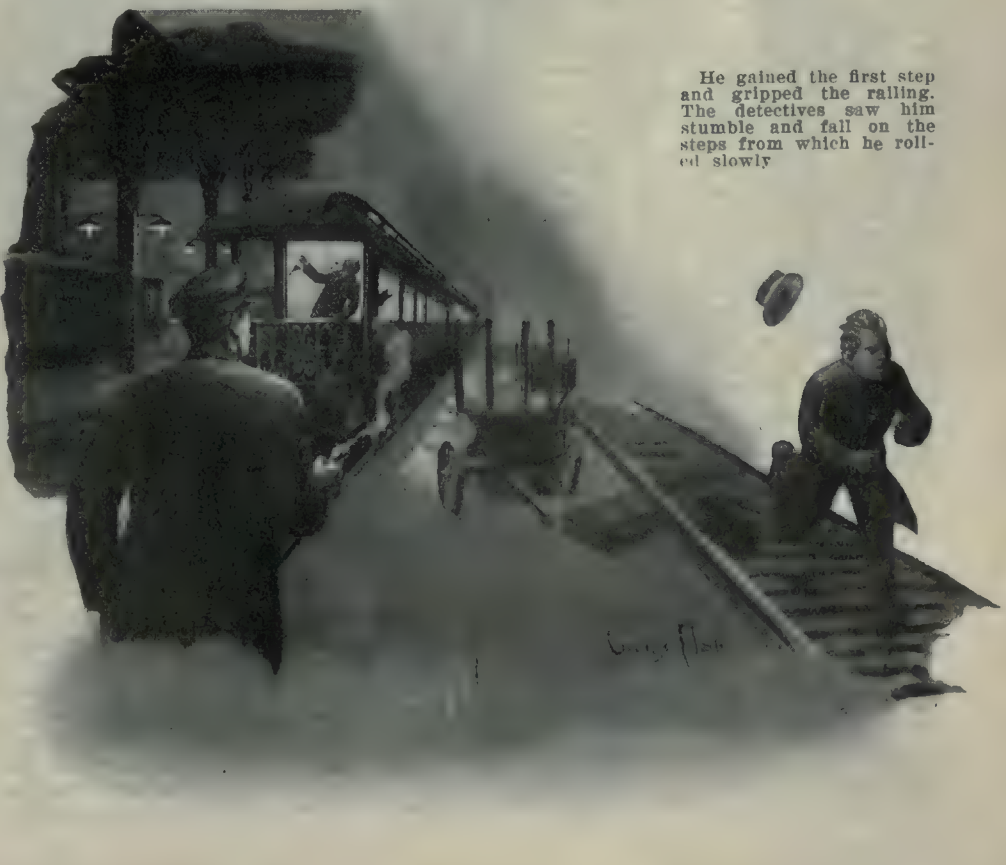
"Who lives above?"

"Don't know," replied Gormley. "I'll find out for you."

At noon he reported back with the information. The room above us was occupied by a young American named Hartley, who had been in the city off and on for six months in the interests of a New York book and stationery house. He was tall, well-dressed, inclined to baldness and, according to all reports, a hustler. He sold a lot of goods in the city and had made many acquaintances. He frequently found it necessary to wire to head office.

"Did he send any message last night?" asked Colonel Hanley.

"Yes. At 10.30. I went to the agent and got a copy of what he had sent. Here it is."



He gained the first step and gripped the railing. The detectives saw him stumble and fall on the steps from which he rolled slowly

The message was a long one and not very coherent, dealing mostly with certain orders for stationery.

"I can make nothing of it," said the chief, after a close examination. "I can't imagine a *bona fide* traveler sending such a long-winded message, however. It must be written in code."

An idea occurred to him at this point which plunged him into deep thought for a few minutes. He examined the message a second time.

"I believe I have it, Gormley," he said finally. "Take a nap this afternoon and prepare to guard the slumber of our sly Mr. Parsons again to-night. I think it will be for the last time."

Gormley accordingly stood on duty that evening and witnessed a performance very similar to that of the preceding night. Parsons played on his piano, smoked and worked out chess problems before retiring. It was perhaps a coincidence that Hartley sent another verbose message to his firm in New York and that the same newspaper contained more information next morning that was supposed to be known only to a few officials of the department. But Colonel Hanley did not consider it a coincidence.

He reported to the Minister of Militia his firm conviction that in some way Parsons was getting information to Hartley, who sent it to New York in the guise of business telegrams. "I would advise the detention of the pair," he said, "only I am not convinced that by so doing we would get our hands on all that are in it. In fact, I think there must be more of them in this plot and by springing our trap too soon we would spoil any chance of getting them all. I would advise, however, that as a precautionary measure Parsons be instructed to sleep at the Armories where we can keep him under lock and key."

This was done, but again the next morning indisputable evidence was brought to the attention of the department to prove that more official secrets had been given away. The case was becoming more puzzling all the time. Colonel Hanley reviewed the facts and was almost forced to admit that Parsons could not have had anything to do with it after all.

At a cabinet conference held that morning it was decided to rescind the order delaying the date of sailing and to start the embarkation at once. An urgent message from the War Office at London was responsible for the change in plans.

Word of the new order was brought to the head of the secret service by the Minister of Militia.

"Colonel Hanley," he said, "the safety of forty thousand troops may depend upon you. We look to you to see that no word of this change in our plans gets out. The troops must be well on the way before any hint of their departure reaches the other side of the line."

Accordingly no one was allowed in or out of the militia headquarters that day. And when Parsons left for dinner at night he was accompanied by two officers. To make doubly sure both Colonel Hanley and Detective Gormley decided to dine at the same restaurant as the suspect. The young Englishman took this very apparent surveillance without any show of concern. He coolly hung his hat and coat on his usual peg, balanced his cane against the wall and sat down to his usual substantial meal. He was well along with a plate of corned beef when another patron walked in and took possession of the next table, depositing his hat and coat on the nearest peg. Hanley felt a sudden pressure on his arm beneath the table.

"Hartley," whispered Gormley, not lifting his eyes from his plate.

The colonel scrutinized the newcomer closely. Hartley was tall and well built, giving an impression of unusual strength. He was neatly dressed and groomed with unusual care. There was nothing about him to differentiate him from the rest of the patrons of the place except an easiness of carriage and bearing that is seldom gained save by wide travel. He paid no attention whatever to Parsons who went on eating with stolid unconcern.

Hartley ordered a sandwich and cup of coffee which he finished slowly. He then paid the waiter, donned his coat and hat, picked up his cane and sauntered from the place. The colonel did not miss a single move, but Hartley had reached the door before the full significance of one part of the performance flashed upon him. Hartley had left his own cane and taken Parson's by mistake.

By mistake! With one bound Hanley was on his feet and tearing for the door. With a cry of rage he discovered that Hartley had vanished as though off the face of the earth. There was not a soul on the street.

After a fruitless chase through the neighboring streets he ran back to the restaurant to find that Gormley had taken the law into his own hands. Parsons was still sitting in his chair but his hands were in front of him and manacled. A look of bewilderment was the only expression to be read on his face.

Hanley strode to the wall and picked up the remaining cane. As he expected, the head screwed off. It was neatly hollowed out—and empty.

"Get this fellow to headquarters," he said, taking Gormley aside. "I'll look after the other one. Have the stations covered and instruct the telegraph companies that no messages are to be sent out to-night. And for God's sake, hurry!"

Inside of ten minutes the search for the missing spy had been organized on a thorough scale. The stations were guarded and patrols were placed on all roads leading from the city. Telegraph offices were put under close surveillance. A guard was put on every livery stable and the rounds of the hotels were made, all guests being called upon to account for themselves. For two hours Colonel Hanley directed the efforts of over two hundred men, dragging the city with characteristic thoroughness. But no trace of the spy was to be found.

At eleven o'clock the head of the secret service drove over to the C.P.R. Station to watch the passengers on the late outgoing trains. Fully expecting that the man Hartley would endeavor to escape from the city that night, Hanley had each passenger stopped and questioned. The traffic, as it happened, was unusually heavy.

Hanley himself scrutinized the passengers as they passed between the file of detectives and stepped along the narrow platform leading to the trains. His keen eye sized up proportions, appraised the *bona fides* of beards and eyebrows and peered into the possibilities that lurked behind the veils of elderly ladies. When the raucous "All Aboard" of the Pullman porters on the Toronto train gave notice that the time for pulling out had arrived, he was prepared to swear that Hartley had not slipped through the lines.

A few more passengers gave assurances to the secret service men on the score of identity and rushed for the train. The last of all was a young fellow, ostensibly a college student, in heavy ulster coat, knickerbockers and tweed cap, who started to sprint for the train as soon as he had passed the file of detectives. Hanley stepped in front to intercept him and was hurled aside with one lunge from a powerful arm. The strength of the sprinting student was so altogether out of proportion to his apparent youthfulness that Hanley's suspicions were instantly aroused. Recovering his poise, he whipped a revolver from his pocket and covered the figure ahead of him.

"Stop!" he cried, starting in pursuit.

The student turned his head for a moment. Perceiving his danger, he lost for the merest fraction of a second the expression of callow youthfulness that had deceived the detectives, and Hanley saw a flash of ferocity and cunning flit across features that were unmistakably those of Hartley. So sure was he of this that he fired low to intimidate the fleeing spy and reiterated his demand to the other to stop.

Hartley faced around suddenly and a revolver appeared in each hand. Both spit fire at the pursuing colonel, without taking effect. Pandemonium broke lose in the train shed in the second following the double shots. One detective took refuge behind a post on the main platform and started to empty his revolver at the spy. Others joined in and the platforms, which had been emptied as though by magic, were enfiladed with shots. The train started to pull out and the spy turned again and broke for the platform of the rear coach. He gained the first step and gripped the railing. The detectives, now pouring down the paved walk in pursuit, saw him stumble and fall on the steps from which he rolled slowly and inertly, striking the pavement and rolling over several times from the motion of the train. When they reached him, he was quite still and doubled up in a position oddly cramped and unnatural.

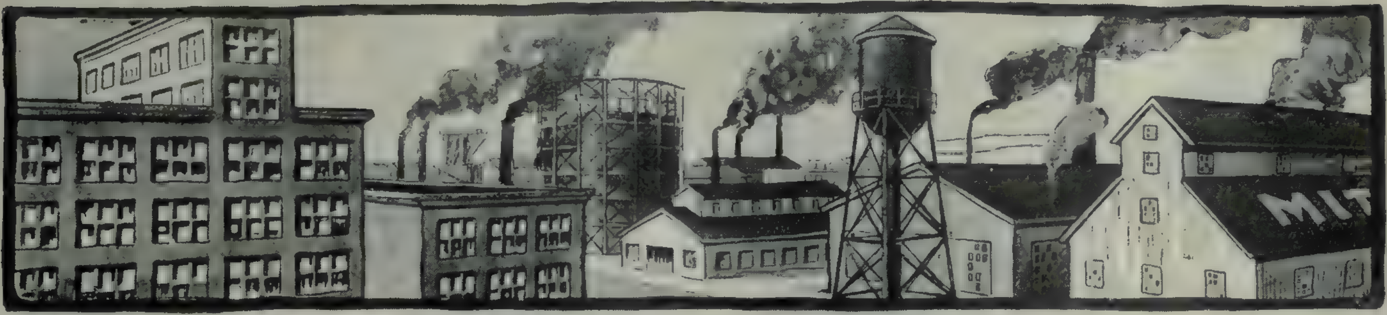
"Done for," said Hanley, tersely. "Get all the papers on him at once, Gormley. They are important."

* * *

"They were the cleverest pair of spies that I have ever had any dealings with," said Hanley, discussing the case with a friend afterward. "Both had learned to absolutely sink their own identities, even

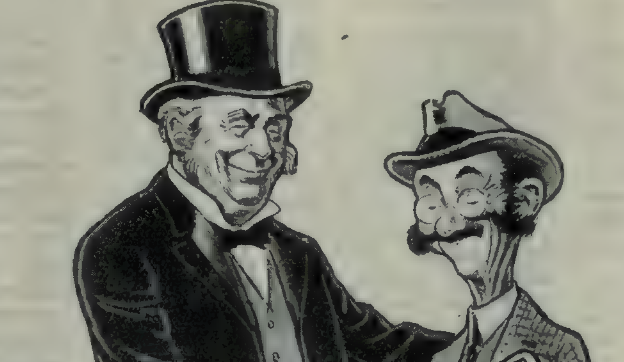
Continued on Page 112.

"The Public Be—Pleased!"



By ROBSON BLACK

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL



THE gas plant in the town of O—— was for sale. O—— lies between Toronto and Montreal and has just enough thousands of liberty-loving population to justify a drill-hall and a jail. President Bannerman, of the bond brokerage firm of Bannerman & Co., Toronto, stepped off the train at O—— with the same sense of novelty that he applied to lacing his shoes. This was not strange in one whose life had been lived as a business geographer. If some men know their Canada as a string of hardware stores, or a list of the printing trade, or a chain of golf clubs, Bannerman knows it by the white flags of undeveloped opportunity. It might be an acreage of wheat land at Pincher Creek or a fishing privilege off Prince Edward Island—whatever it was—his instinct for alighting at the right station at the right hour with the right idea was a plain piece of necromancy. This almost infallible coincidence of the Man and the Main Chance made him at thirty-five years one of the richest burghers of his city and retained, withal, a reputation well-poised and antiseptic.

He poked his way through the gas plant at O——, patient as a numismatic. He saw an output in first-class working condition, the machinery modern, the processes without flaw. Yet it was offered at ten thousand dollars. Across in the business office dwelt a manager, a bookkeeper and a cashier; they were there, it seemed, to "take in money." "And the selling force?" Bannerman asked it casually; the answer was quite as casual: "No salesmen are needed in the gas business." That explained it exactly for, although the books showed an excellent list of customers for lighting-gas, the idea of using it for cooking and heating had never been coaxed into the townsfolks' heads.

Bannerman bought the plant. On the second day he commenced a personal visitation of the housewives. Would they not make a trial of gas for cooking? The answer could not have been more final if he had been hawking a leather edition of Bacon at a ball game. The idea was too novel; no one wanted to be accounted a grumbler at mother's good old coal range. Moreover, they told Bannerman, new gas pipes meant cutting up the front lawn—and to touch the front lawn in a small town is as bad as defamation of character. From home to home he made his way, only to find that where five people were willing to introduce a new money-saving fuel twenty-five objected to the fuss and muss which digging operations and signing of contracts might cause.

"I shall get over that," said Bannerman to his clerk. So he bought fifty yards of linoleum, stored it in his office and then went forth and persuaded one one good lady to allow him to make an installation free of charge. And this is how he went about it. He first covered the sacred lawn with the linoleum so that grass and walks were thoroughly defended from the excavated mud. Sods were cut with the utmost car and laid against the fence in orderly piles. When the piping was laid, the dirt was shoveled back, the sods replaced, and there, beneath the linoleum lay the green grass as fresh and undefiled as on a dewy morning. Where a careless footprint might have settled on stoop or wooden walk, the workmen solemnly swept and scrubbed, while the good lady looked on from her doorway with a sort of incredulous ecstasy. She had never given Man so much credit before. For two days Bannerman allowed the leaven of the new idea to work its own results. One morning he was met at the office by a smiling cashier. "There have been four telephone messages," she said; "they want to know what are your terms for installing gas like you did at Mrs. Blank's."

The new president called upon the four inquirers, discussed the gas question in a straightforward manner and watched them put their names to contracts. The sewing circles and Ladies' Aids became his best selling agents. Over the pin-cushion-covers and the barrowcoats the housewives discussed the polite gasman and his polite propaganda. It was, they agreed, a delightful substitute for "corporation indicerence." Before six months were through he had booked street after street of customers and set the gas company upon a new basis of profit. One day, a man came along. Need I say more? The man bought the plant for thirty thousand dollars, which represented a turn of twenty thousand dollars—twenty thousand for one year's application of a notion. A weird notion, too—The Public Be Pleased.

ENMITY TO CORPORATIONS.

During the last five or ten years Canada has experienced a good deal of the public animosity towards powerful corporations which has taken such a mighty grip upon sentiment and legislation in the United States. To the leader of the industry attacked, this manifestation has usually been pigeon-holed as a mere hatred of success by the incapable and uninformed—a judgment, of course, as hopelessly astray as is the pabulum of the paid "denouncer." The truth may lie in a borrowing from either side. "Predatory" corporations, so far as Canada knows them, have acted, as a rule, quite within their *legal rights*, no matter how pitiless their methods may have seemed. The reason of nearly all the incessant bickering between Canadian municipalities and monopolies consists in regarding *legal* rights as the sole basis of the public relationship. One needs no lawyer's diploma to be able to say that never was charter drawn which did not teem with opportunities to "fight foul" if the desire or need should arise.

"The basis of such relations," remarked Sir Edmund Walker, referring to the responsibilities of corporations for public service, "should be arrived at by the exercise of good nature and common sense and especially by the determination on both sides to insist on fair dealing. No matter what may be the rights under its charter of any corporation performing a public service or dealing in an article of wide consumption, its true interest and final profit will be found in dealing fairly with the people; and no matter how great the profit exacted in the past or how complete the monopoly established, the people will only do well by themselves and secure justice when they confine themselves to punishing acts which are criminal, and not when they legislate so as to destroy property legally created and in innocent hands."

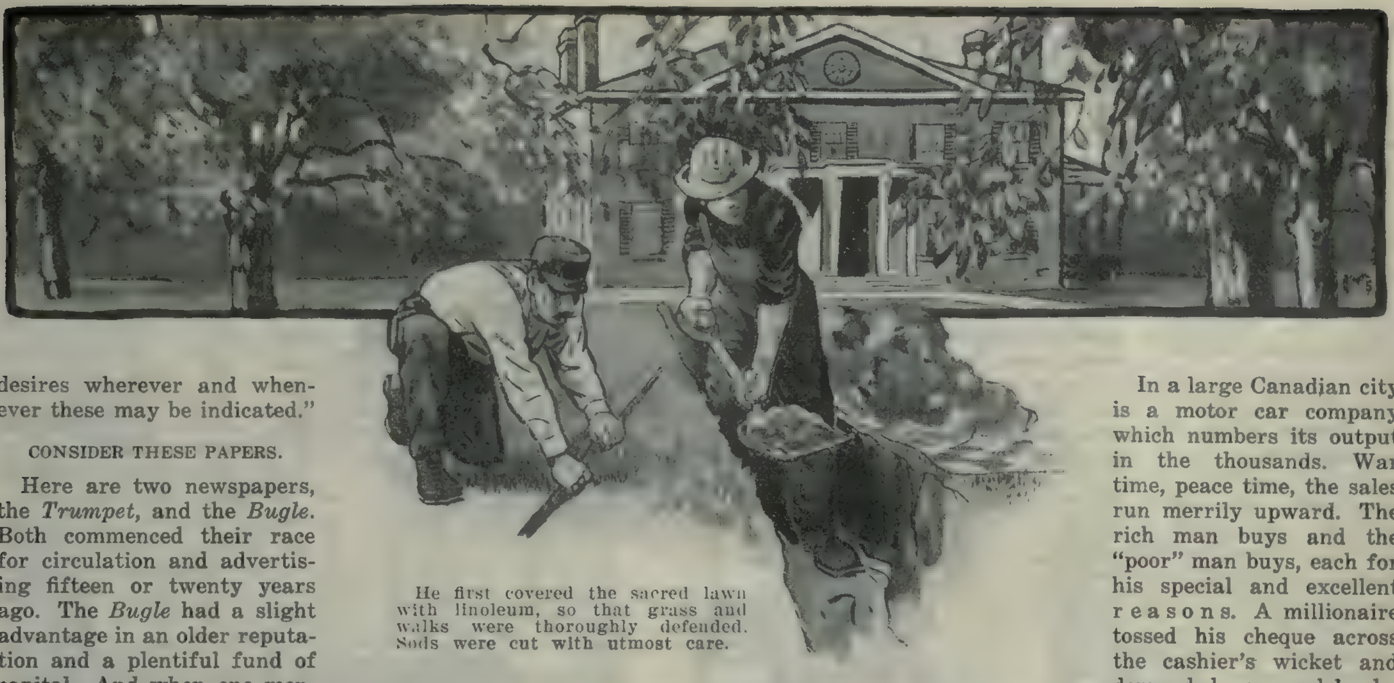
In spite of all the pleas in the world for legislative mercy towards the merciless corporation, public resentment sooner or later requires the maximum penalty. However brilliant and conscientious the tirades on "usurpation" and "confiscation" for which some of the ablest Canadian public men stand sponsor, nothing will persuade the masses of the Canadian people that their steps thus far against monopoly should cast them into remorse and bring them to their knees with salvers of compensation. Experiments in semi-communistic control of public utilities have been few enough in Canada but those which have come about were certainly not the product of public vanity or demagoguery, but of the wilful and stubborn misrule of franchise-holding organizations. Of the many towns and provinces where to-day the people seek to advance public ownership it has become a rule, almost without variance, that the franchise holders have exercised and persisted in a contempt for fair-dealing; under these circumstances the municipalities cannot be blamed for asking a "change of management."

All public utility companies in this country are not, fortunately, "franchise frame-ups." While the first and the following illustrations relate to gas, the character of the commodity is simply a coincidence and does not argue an exceptional virtue for corporations engaged in its manufacture. The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto has been selected more than once by United States public-service authorities as typifying certain excellences. Practically every home in Toronto, something over 100,000, pays it tribute for light and fuel. The monthly bills are variable in amount and, no doubt, hard to understand. They are sent to every brand of person, the cautious poor and the careless rich, the miser who clings to his pennies until the last hour of the last day, and the prototype who thinks so little of money that he seldom pays an account. Complaints come in, like letters to a newspaper, often with no reason behind them except a desire "to smash somebody." Here we find gathered up in a corporation all the seeds of a guerrilla warfare, the possibilities of endless friction, charges and counter-charges, and ultimately a political campaign to oust them from their monopoly. Why have so few of these evidences appeared? Why is the Consumers' Gas Company practically immune from newspaper and other criticism, and why is its franchise fairly secure in public favor? The answer has nothing to do with an apostolic management or a benevolent board of directors. The truth is, the charter happened to be written not by the craft of a solicitor but on the dogma of public rights. The *dividend is limited* to ten per cent. The price at which new stock issues shall be sold is defined as 150. The Mayor of Toronto has a seat on the board of directors and civic auditors examine the books once a year. How far these safeguards have been supplemented by the shareholders' personal anxiety for fair-dealing is not easy to guess but from the record of other public utility corporations it is reasonable to think that the peculiar charter has been of some slight value. Whatever cabalistic spirit might be set in action by greed for dividends is effectually reduced by the presence of the Mayor, who acts in a very real sense as the people's agent. Of course, the best of all restraints is the limited dividend for it strikes to the root of the evils of monopoly.

So much for the terms of a charter! What of its working out—the points of contact with the consumer whose name the company bears. Take the matter of complaints: Some are freakish, of course, but the majority are genuine. In the old days of gas companies—and in *these* days of some of them—a complaint was merely another taper for the waste-basket. "Kickers" who called were shifted from one clerk to another and finally wearied of the task. Nowadays, the importance of the "kicker" and the welfare of the company persuaded the Consumers' management to keep a staff of experts on duty all night. Accidents, in whatever part of the city, are attended to without delay. Telephone at two a.m. and a workman on a motorcycle is at your door at 2.15. Post a complaint, or a request, on Monday night and at 7 a.m. Tuesday that letter is opened and read by a special clerk, and your telephone will ring a very short time afterward. If at all urgent, a workman will be on your premises before 9 a.m. Inquiries or complaints in person are are given equal consideration. People seldom understand, of course, why their gas bills should be higher than a neighbor's or a relative's; the topic is never a pleasant one. Yet on the back of every gas account are full and explicit directions how to read the meter and every instrument is inspected and sealed by Government agents and will be changed upon the customer's request. Persistent complaints of high bills are dealt with at times by a personal call at the home. A representative makes a polite survey of the situation, asks questions and answers them, and is frequently able by "Talking the matter over" to adjust the point to everybody's satisfaction. From general-manager to office boy no one in the company's employ permits himself to "overlord it" in matters great or small. The antagonism characteristic of monopoly is habitually absent. Telephone calls are answered quickly and without the frequent groan of agony that is supposed to mean, "Hello!" To pay my monthly account I step into the corner bank rather than trudge to the main office, although it costs the gas company two cents for every bill so handled. To ensure the utmost speed in the filling of orders every proven device on the market has a place in the company's premises. And to make assurance trebly sure, the secretary and an assistant take semi-annual journeys to United States cities to pick up whatever "efficiency hints" may have been developed by other heads and hands.

Now, hundreds of Canadian industrial companies may rightly say: "Nothing of all this is new; we ourselves are equipped and managed on the basis of public service." That is because competition invites or compels it. The fact is not shared by the franchise-holding monopoly, the gas, light, traction companies except in rare instances. And the Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto happens to be one of those instances.

"The constitution of this company," said the general manager during an interview, "is not far from ideal, having regard particularly to the interests of the public. By the necessity of earning profits, it ensures the maximum of enterprise and scientific thoroughness, while the limited dividend and the set price of stock sales establishes the chief benefits of public ownership. The energies of every officer are directed not towards maintaining a running combat with the people but to convenience public needs and



He first covered the sacred lawn with linoleum, so that grass and walks were thoroughly defended. Sods were cut with utmost care.

desires wherever and whenever these may be indicated."

CONSIDER THESE PAPERS.

Here are two newspapers, the *Trumpet*, and the *Bugle*. Both commenced their race for circulation and advertising fifteen or twenty years ago. The *Bugle* had a slight advantage in an older reputation and a plentiful fund of capital. And when one mentions "capital" in connection with a new metropolitan newspaper one usually means that there are enough "dear old gentlemen" or enough politicians on the list to bleed or be bled on the altar of ambition. The management of both newspapers has been unchanged down to this day so that the contrast in success, which is very vivid, may be taken as a straight commentary upon *methods*.

When the *Trumpet* made a dollar it placed ninety-eight cents back in the reporting staff, the business office, wire service, or composing room. Had the manager's theory of successful journalism been reduced to a slip of paper, I think it would have read this wise: "We believe the public to be the wisest jury under creation. To fool the people for a day is to win their censure for a month. This newspaper, like all newspapers, will succeed only as it supplies the people with the greatest variety of news, presented in the snappiest manner and as quickly as the best machinery will allow. Our first business is to get *news*, not to float opinions. A big budget of crisp news means a big budget of readers and that fetches the advertising. So here goes!"

He turned back the profits into new plant, better reporters, more telegraphic specials. Good men were picked from the other local newspapers and encouraged to look upon the *Trumpet* as their own affair. Patiently he developed the classes of news which women like to read, the question-and-answer stuff of the county courts, the details of the Governor-General's ball, marriages, shoplifting, and the latest theology on heaven and hell. The *Trumpet's* editorials grew as pure and elementary as Alice in Wonderland. Its city pages became the pattern and envy of rivals. The manager hired special writers, now and then, at whopping salaries to throw in a little vaudeville, and ran up engraver's bills that bought the engraver a new car. All this aggressiveness was ruinous to immediate dividends. The company paid nothing year after year, while the shareholders sat back content because the circulation figures told a better tale than four per cent. To this keen journalistic force the people gave a hearty response. "I like the *Trumpet*," said the men folks, "because it prints the news and keeps its mouth shut." "I like the *Trumpet*," said the women, "because—well, I don't let my husband come home without it." To-day, the *Trumpet's* circulation is one of the largest in Canada. The property could not be purchased for a million cash. That million is the market estimate upon one man's determination; he merely insisted on pleasing the public.

We turn to the *Bugle*. Fifteen years ago it stood shoulder to shoulder with the *Trumpet*. When the *Bugle* made a dollar it placed five cents in the shareholders' pockets, five cents in subscription premiums, five cents in ill-starred experiments, and the balance into the running of the paper. I do not attempt to quote the manager's theory for it seldom was the same from week to week. His actions, however, told the secret quite as well. One day when he found that the dividend surplus was not working out as he expected, he called the news-editor to his office and asked him to cut off enough reporters' salaries to make up the dividend discrepancy. If the editorial room's expenses exceeded a certain ratio toward the business staff, he omitted illustrations from the reading columns for sufficient length of time to restore the balance. Meantime the *Bugle* readers received precisely what the *Bugle* management thought they could be deceived with, a daily news service of uneven quality and quantity, to-day very good, to-morrow very bad, but always accompanied by a delicious bumper of editorial opinion. Even the rising figures of the *Trumpet's* circulation and advertising patronage suggested no improvement. And in the fullness of time the *Bugle* went its way—the only way it could go—the way of all who contest wilfully or ignorantly the intelligence of the twentieth century public.

In a large Canadian city is a motor car company which numbers its output in the thousands. War time, peace time, the sales run merrily upward. The rich man buys and the "poor" man buys, each for his special and excellent reasons. A millionaire tossed his cheque across the cashier's wicket and demanded a model delivered in three days. Right behind him was a blacksmith and in his hands was a packet of bills, fresh dug from his cellar; he, too, wanted a horseless carriage.

"I'll tell you why I'm here," confessed the blacksmith; "I never met a customer of your's *who looked sorry*." And the millionaire had this to say: "I understand you people *back* your car after it leaves the factory."

When they had gone, I asked the manager what these men were talking about. "They seemed to be looking for something more than an engine and a gas tank," I said.

"They wanted service," he explained. "They insisted not only on a good article in exchange for their cash, but a *useful* article next month and next year. When we surrender the title to an automobile we only *enter upon* our obligation to the customer. We have located service stations at almost every town and village, and these places keep on hand a supply of duplicate parts ready for unforeseen emergencies. By this means, the purchaser is obliged to go the minimum distance in the minimum time and pay a minimum price for repairs. You may have noticed, the man who buys a car for the first time often talks it over like he would a pair of boots—the shine, fit, size, and so forth. The second time, however, he makes an altogether new inquiry: "Suppose this thing goes lame or develops the glanders! What's the best you people can do for me?" He is looking for upholstery no longer; he wants a company that will stick by him through thick and thin for the life of the machine."

"You believe, then that a pleased customer—"

"Is worth more than a staff of salesmen. For instance, a farmer in a wealthy district, buys one of our cars. He heads it for a telegraph pole and breaks a wheel. *One letter* to the nearest agent brings a new wheel. There is no criss-cross of correspondence, useless inquiries,

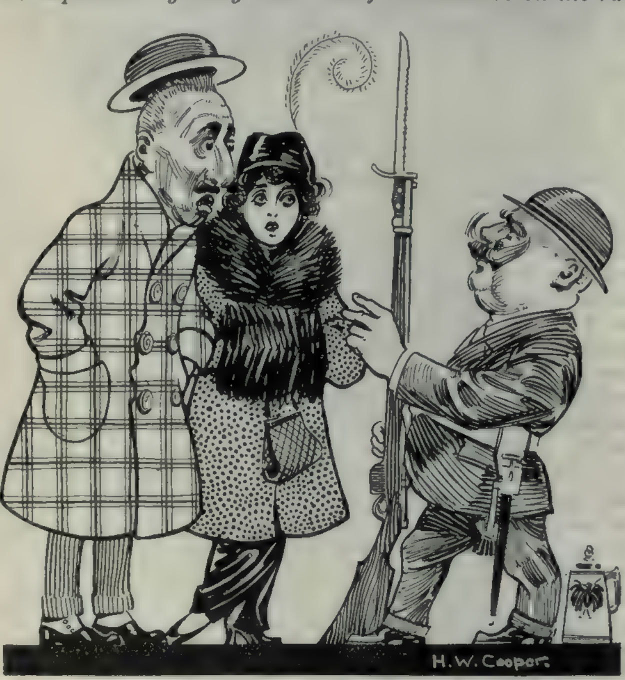
Continued on Page 96.

When the German Raiders Came

By THOMAS BERTRAM

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Ever since war broke out the possibility of an invasion of Canada by the German-American residents across the line has been discussed. It has even been fostered in some quarters and the methods by which such an invasion could be made have been freely debated on the street corners, in the clubs, even in the press. The weakness of the plans put forward has consisted in the fact that they provided only the means for raiders to get here. The ease with which this part of it could be accomplished has been something of a joke at the expense of Canadians. The moral of the accompanying story is that in the sequel—the getting back—the joke would be on the raiders.



At each corner stood a man armed with a rifle, a most officious person, who ordered them back into their houses with guttural brusqueness.

THE first step toward the Great Project was taken in 1913. Meetings had been held in half a hundred American cities, and towns to hear the celebrated strategist and author, Von Barnhardt, explain how the conquest of Europe would be accomplished; and while listening to Von Barnhardt, the Great Project first suggested itself to the fertile mind of one, Professor Burgmaster, incumbent of the chair of modern history at the University of Milwaukee. Professor Burgmaster had no difficulty in enthusing others with the magnitude of the idea. Active support was enlisted in every corner of the United States, and inside of a month, men met in secret conclave and discussed the details of the Great Project with intense earnestness, fired to unwonted enthusiasm by its boundless possibilities. It was characteristic of the race from which these men had sprung that, although fully two million people in all were aware of the secret plans, not a hint, not even a whisper, of the Great Project reached the general public.

The first tangible evidence of the plan underfoot was a gradual exodus of German-American families from United States to Canada. Many thousands threw up jobs or closed their stores and migrated across the line, locating themselves in Toronto, Hamilton, London, and other Ontario cities. They sought employment, sometimes successfully, more often not—for times were none too good in the Dominion—but whether employed or idle, the new comers invariably seemed to have ample funds at their disposal to live comfortably. Pretty soon the cities of Ontario were honeycombed with German-American families, who, as they volubly explained, had left the United States to avoid the industrial depression settling down there.

For the benefit of economists and theorists generally, it may be pointed out that this influx was one of the real causes of the inexplicable increase in unemployment which became so marked during the fall of 1913, and for which no entirely satisfactory reason could be found.

Although the quiet but steady transfer of population was the only outward evidence of the movement which had begun when the germ of an idea took root behind the corrugated brow of a German professor, the plans for the Great Project were pushed in countless other directions with true Germanic thoroughness.

As Professor Burgmaster walked out from a meeting, where final arrangements had been ratified a special edition of an afternoon paper was thrust into his hands. It announced the handing of the belligerent Austrian ultimatum to Servia. The profesor smiled and threw out his chest.

"On scheduled time!" he declaimed. "Nothing can in the way of a great nation stand when matters of international magnitude are years in advance planned out. International diplomacy? Balance of power? Pah! mere idle terms!! The Kaiser decides, and we with stop watch, follow the plans out."

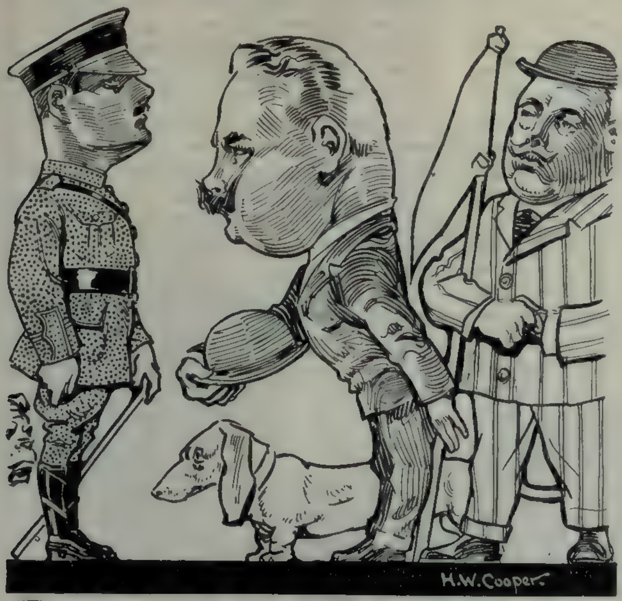
Nevertheless the war in Europe broke and was carried along with ruthless determination for months without any definite move being made by the Professor and his fellow conspirators. Everything was ready from the careful packing of the last rifle into the upholstery of a couch billed for Canada, to the final survey of maps and charts. The final word was patiently awaited.

One day early in January, a tall man with a reddish beard, a heavy hooked nose, and a lofty forehead that betokened intensive study, walked into the rotunda of the King Edward Hotel at Toronto, and signed the register with an academic flourish. "Otto Hansalt, of New York," was the name the clerk made out and, consulting his books, he found that rooms had been reserved for Mr. Hansalt for this very date, four months previously—the best suite in the house. It was rather a coincidence, he remarked to himself, that all the rooms in the house should have been reserved for this day by individuals hailing from the other side, Mr. Hansalt being the last to arrive. Had the clerk known it, the same coincidence was being remarked upon in nearly every hotel in Ontario that day.

The distinguished looking Mr. Hansalt was shown immediately to his room. As he crossed the rotunda toward the elevator, a young man who had been lounging all the morning on one of the seats commanding a view of the desk, rose slowly and sauntered toward the main entrance. Hansalt watched him out of the corner of his eyes, and, as they drew close together, slowly inclined his head forward. The young man quickened his step, and vanished through the revolving doors.

Next morning citizens of Toronto poured out of their homes at the usual hours, and individually met the surprise of their lives. At each corner stood a man armed with a rifle, a most officious person, who ordered them back into their houses with guttural brusqueness. As the rifle was there to enforce the command, they obeyed. During the two hours that elapsed betwen six o'clock and eight, probably fifty thousand citizens of Toronto rushed indignantly to phones with the purpose of calling up the nearest police station. And in no instance did they get an answering "hello" from Central to their vociferous demands.

The programme for the next couple of hours was pretty much the same all over the city. Infuriated but very much puzzled citizens made attempt after attempt to beard the mysterious guardians of the street corners, only to be chased back, sometimes with shots viciously cutting the air behind and around them. In cases where sorties in force were attempted, the prompt blowing of a whistle brought up more mysterious men armed with very business-like rifles. Not knowing that the same thing was happening in all parts of the city, the residents of each locality came to the conclusion that they were being held up by escaped lunatics or daring robbers operating on a colossal scale; and more frenzied but fruitless efforts were made to get a response from telephone headquarters.



"Have you come to surrender?" demanded the officer.
"Nein," said Schmidt, "we come to enlist."

Toronto continued in a state of siege until noon. The telephone exchange, the police stations, the armories, the fire stations, and telegraph offices, had all been quietly taken possession of during the night. The attacking party had in each instance descended on the guardians of the public safety with a suddenness and force that made opposition almost impossible, and quite short lived.

No blood had been shed in the steathly midnight operations which put a city of nearly half a million people at the mercy of a hostile force that had descended upon it from an unknown source. It seemed almost as though some modern Jason had sown a plentiful crop of dragon's teeth during the night, and armed men had sprung up with daylight at every crossing.

At noon the first trains to put in an appearance pulled in at the Union Station. Four specials from Buffalo arrived, filled to the platforms with noisy strangers who produced weapons as they poured out through the station exits. Trains from all other directions had been held up outside the city and the crews and passengers marched off at the point of the revolver.

During the rest of the day trains plied back and forth from the frontier, carrying in thousands of Pan-Germanic enthusiasts who roared "Deutschland uber alles," interminably, and fired shots through the windows of the coaches to frighten the bewildered residents of the country districts through which they were whirled. The trains were sent here, there and everywhere, depositing their passengers according to a set schedule which provided for so many men to be left at each city and town.

In a crowded room in the King Edward Hotel, Professor Burgmaster, alias Otto Hansalt, sat at a table and perused the multitudinous reports which were handed to him. A watch lay at his right hand. Early in the evening he shoved back his chair and stood up. A smile of inexpressible triumph lighted up his face.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the last report is in, confirming the successful issue of all our plans. Every city and town in the populated section of Ontario has our forces been patrolled by. Every weapon has been seized. Every telegraph wire in our possession is. Everywhere are militia and home guards—but powerless to stop us. Their rifles and ammunition we have. Gentlemen, one minute of eight it lacks. We are a minute ahead of schedule. Thus are the affairs of the Fatherland carried out!"

The next day the foreign garrisons of the Ontario towns converged on bases previously determined upon which enabled them to command the railroads and guard against advances from other sections of the Dominion. Each town as it was abandoned, was cut off from the outside world by the effectual wrecking of telegraph and telephone systems, and, so far at least as the invaders could tell, not a weapon of any kind was left in the hands of the townspeople.

"Canada has nod troobs to disslodge us for tree month," chuckled Hellmuth Schmidt, who as a result of early training as an officer in the German army, had been put in charge of field operations. "And pebore dot comes, Chermany will smash dose Allies, like dot! Then comes out Cherman troobs and Canada is ours."

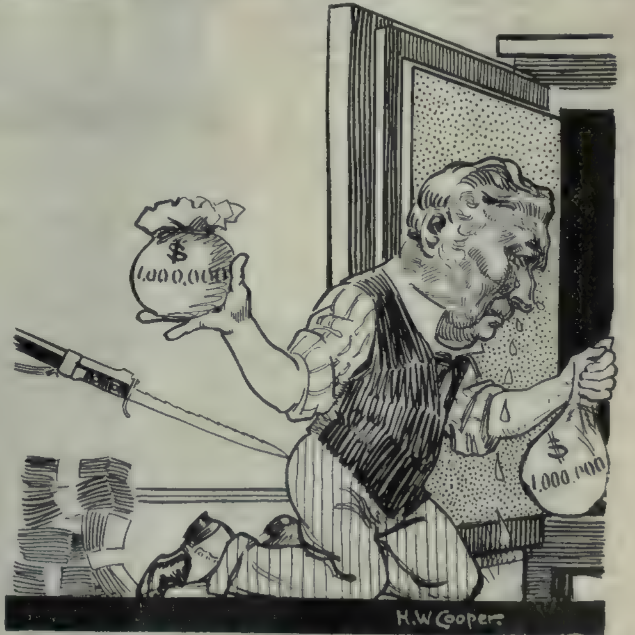
"It cannot fail, our plan," assented Professor Burgmaster, with cool confidence. "Word of the conquest of Canada to all parts of the United States I am wiring."

The next morning the citizens of Toronto were allowed out after nine o'clock. Placards were found on every corner announcing the official occupation of the city preparatory to the annexation of the Dominion in the name of the Kaiser. Until further notice citizens would be allowed on the streets only between the hours of nine and five. In no case would more than three men be allowed together. Places of business were to be kept closed and under no circumstances would visiting from house to house be permitted. Numerous other restrictions of a like nature were listed and a warning was given that any one violating the regulations would be immediately shot. The main streets were patrolled regularly to see that orders were carried out.

It was decidedly the most exciting day that Ontario had ever known. The programme followed in each city and town throughout the occupied section was identical with what transpired in the capital city; so that a description of the events of that momentous day in Toronto will serve as an indication of what was happening the whole province over. Early in the morning the officials and branch managers of the banks were called upon and escorted by armed squads to their respective offices. No time had been lost in securing proper addresses. All such information, in fact, had been very carefully and accurately compiled in advance. At the point of the bayonet, the managers were instructed to open up the vaults and produce all the gold on hand. As the blow had fallen like a bolt from the blue, the banks were caught totally unprepared and, as a result, the haul proved enormous.

The next step in the campaign was the summoning of prominent citizens in parties of twenty or more to the headquarters of the general staff. Half a dozen skilful appraisers were kept busy dealing with each individual case. The conversations ran something like this:

"Edward D. Bland. H'm, Mr. Bland, you are estimated to be worth one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. We have reason to believe that quite a large share of this is so placed that you can get your hands on it. We are also informed that you are too public-spirited to see your fair city suffer as the result of failure to raise the levy we have unfortunately been compelled to place upon it. Mr. Bland, we have estimated your share at twenty thousand."



The managers were instructed to open up the vaults and produce all the gold on hand.

"I won't pay you a cent!"

"Sir, do not lose your temper. Observe that we are maintaining a courteous attitude toward the people of this conquered country when we might adopt an entirely different tone. Remember that Canada henceforth belongs to Germany. Keep that fact in mind and you will look at this matter of a little contribution in an entirely different light."

"You miserable thieves! I'll see you damned before ——!"

"Mr. Bland, another word and you will be transferred into the hands of another department whose work is to bring recalcitrants to a reasonable frame of mind. The methods employed in that department are somewhat sterner. For your own good, let us advise you to produce the contribution without further dispute."

A levy was placed on every man who was deemed to have the wherewithal to meet it and in three days' time the amounts collected reached a staggering total. Manufacturing and business concerns with tangible assets were levied upon in the same way. The outstanding feature of this work was the almost incredible extent and accuracy of the information in the hands of the invading force. Only by a wholesale system of espionage carried on for many months could such a formidable array of statistics have been obtained.

And so it went. Professor Burgmaster located himself in the Rosedale mansion of a real estate magnate and requisitioned all the cars in the neighborhood for the use of his personal staff. Hellmuth Schmidt took a fancy to a large house on the hill. The The other leaders quartered themselves as their fancy dictated or to fit in with the scheme of rigid street patrol that was followed out.

One of the first steps had been to secure control of the food supply. Butcher shops and grocery stores were rapidly depleted of all fresh food stuffs and central distribution depots were established. The heads of families were permitted to call at the nearest depot once a day. A set list of questions was asked in every case before supplies were handed out.

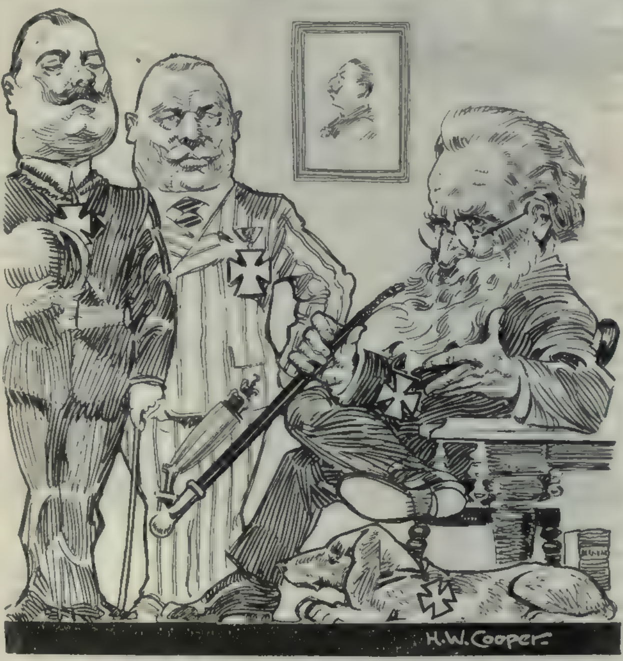
"Name?" ————

"Address?" ————

"Number in family?" ————

"Six. Let's see," consulting list under counter. "Our information is to the effect that there are only four people in your house. You are entitled to rations for four only but since you have tried to deceive us you shall receive for four and pay for six."

Attempts at organized opposition were made in various places but so watchful were the raiders that all uprisings were snuffed out almost before they were begun. Ontario, like Gulliver, had been caught unawares and securely manacled by a pigmy band.



"I am a strategist. You, gentlemen, represent the fighting end of the organization."

The news of the well planned raid and its successful issue took the world even more by surprise than the first declaration of war. An outbreak of hostilities had been expected in Europe at any time, but to conceive of a band of civilians sweeping across a peaceful border line, and effectually seizing so large a section of country as Ontario was unbelievable, a cataclysmic overthrow of impossibilities. The names of Professor Burgmaster and Hellmuth Schmidt were on two hundred million lips during the days that followed the daring coup.

The people of the Dominion awoke with a start that literally rent the soul of the nation. The sloth that a sense of false security had imposed, fell away. Business everywhere stopped, and every man with the strength to carry a gun clamored for a chance to help drive the raiders from the country. Eighty thousand men were enrolled in Montreal on the day that followed the receipt of the astounding news from Ontario. The trains could not begin to hold the volunteers who poured into the western centres. Revolvers, muskets, shot guns, were brought out to help arm the rapidly forming citizens' armies. In a week's time, two forces of fifty thousand men each, were being mobilized within striking distance of the sections acquired by the audacious Germans.

The plans laid by Professor Burgmaster and his bands of strategists for the seizure of Toronto and the settled parts of Ontario had been perfect. Every detail had been settled ahead of time, every contingency thought out and provided for. The strategical features had been quite as complete as the plans of the German general staff for the capture of Paris; and much more successful. But they possibly resembled the on-to-Paris programme also in that they did not provide for what was to follow the successful culmination of the coup with any degree of certainty.

Inside of a week, the complexion of things had materially changed. Two strong Canadian forces were closing in on the occupied sections of Ontario, one from the West, by way of North Bay, and the other from Montreal and the east. The noisy enthusiasts who had crossed the line on the special trains had for the most part been showing evidences of a cooling ardor. The prospect of severe fighting did not appeal to many of the raiders and every day saw a larger number of deserters skulking back over the border. By the end of ten days, practically the only forces left at the disposal of the leaders were the men who had come to Canada with their families before the outbreak of the war; and they couldn't get back.

A hard blow was struck when the corps detailed to block the advance of the Canadian volunteers from North Bay decided that resistance would be futile, and hastily embarked in such boats as could be secured in the Georgian Bay ports. They had not been heard from since, and it was expected that they had drifted on the Michigan coast or were still cruising on Lake Huron, looking for a safe spot to land.

The carefully planned raid looked to be on the point of a complete collapse. Strangely enough, the whole course of events had not as yet been marked by the loss of a single life.

The most disquieting feature of all for the men embarked on the Grand Project was the attitude which the United States Government had adopted. The sincere desire of Uncle Sam to maintain complete neutrality was clearly indicated in the way that the Federal authorities handled the question of the attempted seizure of Canada. Naturalized citizens of the United States had crossed with warlike intentions the border of a country with which the United States was at peace. That it devolved on the American people to assist in suppressing the raid, if possible, and in any case to punish the offenders, was the almost unanimous view of the American people. Public feeling ran high and the Government was strongly urged to send the United States army to assist in quashing the invasion. The authorities did not go to this length, but regiments were despatched to watch all points on the border line. Any effort to send more volunteers across the line to help the instigators of the Grand Project was thus effectually blocked; and a warm reception was promised the raiders on their return home. Orders were issued to seize every man who attempted to recross the border.

Thus things were looking very dark for the guiding spirits of the invasion and it was no wonder that glum and lugubrious faces showed around the council board when the general staff met to talk the situation over. At the head of the table sat Professor Burgmaster, listening with a saturnine frown to the panicky suggestions of his lieutenants. He did not read-

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Private Cars: *And Those Who Ride in Them*

By W. A. CRAICK

There are two royal cars in Canada, the "York" and the "Cornwall."

H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught touring in his private car—His Excellency is shown at a reception to the left and to the right standing on the observation platform of his car—The Royal Standards are always placed at the rear of the vice-regal coach.

WHEN His Majesty King George V. in the days when he was still known only as H. R. H., the Duke of York, made his famous round-the-Empire trip thirteen years ago and as part of his itinerary traveled from ocean to ocean across Canada, there were built for his accommodation at the Angus Shops in Montreal, two palatial coaches. These coaches were named in his honor, the "Cornwall" and the "York," and they were at the time the very latest word in private car construction, equipment and ornamentation. In them the future King and Emperor traversed the Dominion, accompanied by the Duchess of York and their immediate attendants.

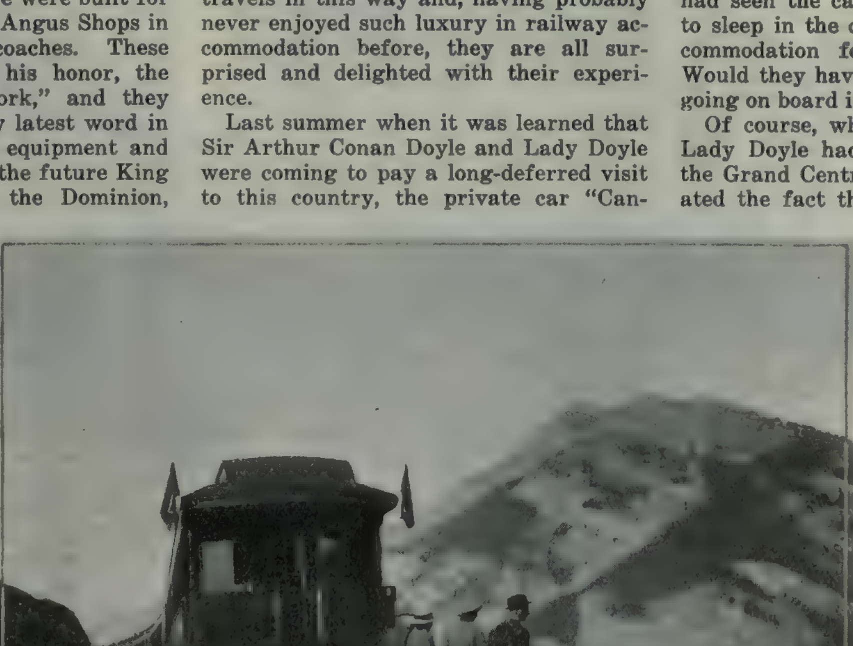
So enamoured were the royal couple with their temporary home on wheels, and so thoroughly did they appreciate the comforts and conveniences that were provided for them on these cars, that his Majesty is reported to have said as he left them for the voyage homeward across the Atlantic: "If there is any one thing in this magnificent Dominion that I long to be able to take with me, it is these splendid coaches in which we have traveled so pleasantly and safely.

The royal sentiment has been echoed time and again by other and less distinguished personalities who have been privileged to make journeys on private cars in the Dominion. Practically every visitor of note who comes to Canada travels in this way and, having probably never enjoyed such luxury in railway accommodation before, they are all surprised and delighted with their experience.

Last summer when it was learned that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Lady Doyle were coming to pay a long-deferred visit to this country, the private car "Canada," once the official car of the late C. M. Hays, was despatched to New York for their convenience. The railway official who went to meet them was rather amused at the questions which were asked by the novelist and his wife before they had seen the car. Would there be room to sleep in the car? Would there be accommodation for Lady Doyle's maid? Would they have to get breakfast before going on board in the morning? etc,

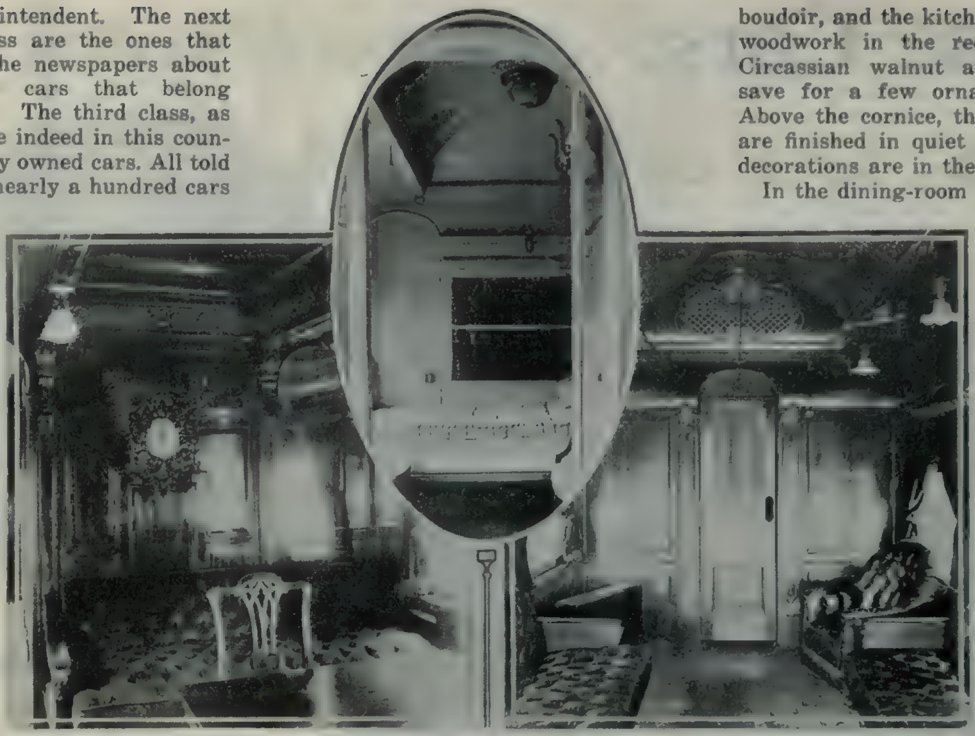
Of course, when once Sir Arthur and Lady Doyle had entered the big car at the Grand Central Station, they appreciated the fact that a real private car is just about as commodious and comfortable as the average city flat and by the time they had ridden across Canada and back again in its roomy compartments, they were loth to have to say good-bye to their temporary Canadian abode.

Such private cars as one may see occasionally attached to the rear end of some regular passenger train or hauled "Special," fall into three classes. The great majority of them are the property of the railway companies and are assigned to the use of various officials from the president down to



It is the custom of H.R.H. the Governor-General to frequently have the train stopped to enjoy a particularly fine view or to go for a short stroll.

the humblest superintendent. The next most numerous class are the ones that are mentioned in the newspapers about election time, the cars that belong to the Government. The third class, as yet a very small one indeed in this country, are the privately owned cars. All told there are probably nearly a hundred cars of the genus private or official in Canada, of which the greater part are small, plainly-furnished coaches for the use of superintendents and other railway officials.



Views of the private cars of the Governor-General. Above is shown a view of his bedroom on the "York" and below are the dining-room and sitting-room on the "Cornwall."

THE CAR IN SECTIONS.

For the benefit of those whose acquaintance with the interior of a regulation private car is slight, it may be explained that the average car consists of four sections. First at the rear comes the observation compartment, which corresponds to the living-room in a flat. It is comfortably furnished with lounges and great deep-backed chairs, usually upholstered in leather. The floor is heavily carpeted and the woodwork is elaborately inlaid and varnished. Adjoining this room and opening from a passage extending along one side of the car, are the bedrooms, which may be two or three in number. They are customarily fitted with brass bedsteads and are daintily decorated and furnished. In the latest cars, bathrooms are attached to each room with real life-size enamel bath-tubs and tiled flooring. Indeed these sleeping quarters, while of necessity small, are quite as cosy as the average bedroom at home.

Next to the bedrooms is to be found the dining-room, which extends to the full width of the car, with the table in the centre and the sideboard at one end. It usually has ample accommodation for ten people, one at either end of the table and four on each side. The pantry and the kitchen take up the remaining space in the car, though here and there all through, odd corners are utilized for storage, refrigerator and other purposes.

In the case of the larger cars, two men are usually attached for service, a cook and a porter. The latter keeps the car clean waits on table and generally makes himself useful. The former has enough to do in preparing meals and washing dishes. At night beds are made up for these employees in the dining-room. Space for sleeping, when needed, can also be arranged in the observation compartment, so that an average car can readily accommodate ten people.

One can easily perceive, even from this cursory description, that a private car makes a very desirable habitation on an extended journey. The discomfort of sleeping in a crowded Pullman, stowed away in a confined space, is avoided; the unpleasantness of dressing amid a jostling throng in a common wash-room is obviated. There is no scrambling for meals or being forced to wait in a drafty corridor for a vacant chair in the diner; no being poked and prodded out of bed by an impatient porter before daybreak; no long waits in dirty, unpleasant waiting-rooms for behind-time trains. In brief, everything is avoided except train-sickness, which even the finest private car built is not guaranteed to prevent.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL'S EQUIPMENT.

Undoubtedly the most highly-privileged traveller in Canada is the Governor-General. His Royal Highness not only enjoys private car accommodation but customarily has the felicity of moving about the country in his own special train. He does not need to depend on the fixed schedules of regular trains but, when he undertakes a journey, a special schedule is made up to suit his convenience and all other traffic must stand aside to give him right of way.

The royal train, of course, varies in size according to the length of the journey but in its make-up are always to be found three cars devoted exclusively to the use of the royal household. These are the "Cornwall" and the "York" (already mentioned as having been built for King George) and the "Canada." On an extended trip there would be added to these by the railway company hauling the train, a compartment car, two sleepers, a diner and three baggage cars, making ten cars in all.

The "Cornwall," which is always at the end, is the day coach. In it are to be found a reception room, opening on the observation platform, a dining-room, a boudoir, and the kitchen and pantry. The woodwork in the reception-room is of Circassian walnut and is undecorated save for a few ornamental mouldings. Above the cornice, the walls and ceiling are finished in quiet antique gold. The decorations are in the style of Louis XV.

In the dining-room the woodwork is of African coromandel, the coves and ceiling being carried out in a lighter tone. Ornamental car touches in bas-relief display at one end the heraldic bearings of the King; at the other the combined coats-of-arms of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, while the arms of the Dominion and the private device of the Duke of Connaught face each other on opposite sides of the room.

In the "York" are arranged the sleeping compartments of the Duke, the Duchess and the Princess Patricia. The rooms used by the Duke and Duchess are in the centre of the car. That of the Princess communicates with the Duchess' room through a common bathroom. The rooms are finished in white, the panelling in the Duke's room being of red silk armure; that in the Duchess' room of light blue moire. The ornamental mouldings, ventilators, screens, etc., are touched with color relieved in gold, and the furniture is of satin wood. There are mirrors, wardrobes and numerous other conveniences, with compartments for the Duchess' ladies-in-waiting and the Duke's valet.

The car "Canada" contains six compartments and a drawing-room and is devoted to the use of the staff. Its occupants enjoy the luxury of a shower-bath, which has been cleverly fitted up in one end. The other coaches composing the royal train are attached for the accommodation of other members of the staff, the servants and such railway officials and employees as are assigned to the train, while in the baggage cars are stored trunks, supplies, carriages, motors and all the other impediments needed on lengthy journeys.

HANDLING THE ROYAL TRAIN.

It is of course a rare occurrence for the Governor-General to take a journey on short notice. His time is so carefully allotted to this and that event that his probable movements are known weeks and sometimes months ahead. Thus a trip to Western Canada would be arranged long in advance of the day of starting. Even a journey from Ottawa to Toronto would be announced to the railway officials many days before it was to take place.

Because of this ample margin of time, the transportation companies are able to perfect their arrangements for His Royal Highness' safety and comfort. Usually the notification of a projected journey comes to the head office of the railway from the Governor-General's secretary. The actual work of arrangement is then entrusted to the assistant general-manager, who sends out a formal notice to all the general superintendents over whose divisions the train is to travel. The latter arrange the local schedules and notify district superintendents, station agents, roadmasters, section foremen, operators, etc., of the day and time of passing of the royal train. The chief officers of the municipalities through which the train is to run are also informed so that they may take steps to have extra police protection at the stations.

Safeguards are numerous and elaborate. For instance, the district superintendent is invariably required to travel on the train. He is usually accompanied by a staff of experts who are supposed to be ready to meet any emergency. There are car men to attend to the running gear, electricians to see that lighting arrangements are satisfactory, a representative of the bridge and building department to remedy defects in any of the permanent structures, a roadmaster to handle track troubles and a telegraph operator to despatch messages should any accident happen or necessity arise.

On the engine, which is in charge of a trusted driver, there also rides the master mechanic of the district. This official is required to provide the best possible motive power and to see that everything is in readiness to haul out the train on schedule time. The custom of sending a pilot engine ahead of the Governor-General's train, as is done before the royal train in England, has never been adopted, it being considered that the other precautions taken are sufficient to ensure a safe journey.

Views of the private car of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, "Killarney."

These views give an idea of the complete comfort possible on a private car.

Several important rules are observed in operating the train. On the day it is scheduled to run, the crew of every other train on the line is supplied with a copy of its running schedule. These copies are duly signed and filed at the office of the district superintendent. This puts every man on record in black and white and, should anything go wrong, no excuse through ignorance, can be advanced in extenuation.

An absolute block is maintained against all trains operating in the same direction as the ducal train and a fifteen-minute headway is enforced against trains running in the opposite direction, The absolute block ensures that no train can leave a station until the special reaches the next station. The fifteen-minute headway means that an opposing train scheduled to meet the special at a certain station must be in on the siding a quarter of an hour before the time set for the special to arrive at that point.

A further precaution is taken in that all switches not in constant use must be spiked down while the special train is passing. Should the special itself be placed on a siding during a visit to a town or for any other reason, the switch leading to the main line is invariably spiked.

Strict orders are issued requiring every telegraph operator to remain on duty while the Governor-General's train is in the neighborhood. The track is specially patrolled by the section man and at all important crossings guards are stationed. In short, both on the train itself and all along the line, everything possible is done to provide against accident and to render the journey as safe and comfortable as possible.

The Duke of Connaught is regarded in railroad circles as a sensible traveller. For one thing he does not fancy rapid transit. To him comfort is more to be desired than speed and a nice easy-going rate of progress is his preference. This is not to say that he has not travelled fast on occasion. Indeed it is said that his special holds a Canadian record. When the war cloud loomed up in Europe, his ten-car train was on its way to the coast. Naturally there was great anxiety, the Duke himself being deeply concerned. On the morning of Saturday, August 1, when the party had reached Banff, conditions had grown so serious that it was decided to return to the capital at once. The train was turned and, with orders to make the fastest time possible, it pulled out of the station at 11 a.m. on its 2,221-mile journey. The entire distance was covered by 7 a.m. on Tuesday, August 4, the day war was declared, a rate of 33½ miles an hour being maintained throughout, including two stops of an hour each on Sunday and Monday mornings and the necessary pauses at divisional points to change engines. All things considered this was a remarkable achievement.

Whenever he travels, the Duke always insists on an hour's stop in the morning. This enables him to shave in comfort and get a little exercise. He sometimes requests a stop at meal-time, if the road happens to be rough; otherwise the speed is reduced while the royal party are at table. On long journeys there is also a short stop between ten and eleven at night when his Royal Highness can have a constitutional before retiring.

There is yet another privilege enjoyed by the Governor-General which many a humbler traveler might envy. This is a certain immunity from ear-racking noises. Who is there that travels by night who does not sometimes have occasion to complain of the noisy shrieking of whistles and clanging of bells, as one's train halts in some busy wayside station? When the royal train is on the line, the movements of other trains must be toned down. They must

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A Case of Equity:

By Virgil Inglis Shepherd

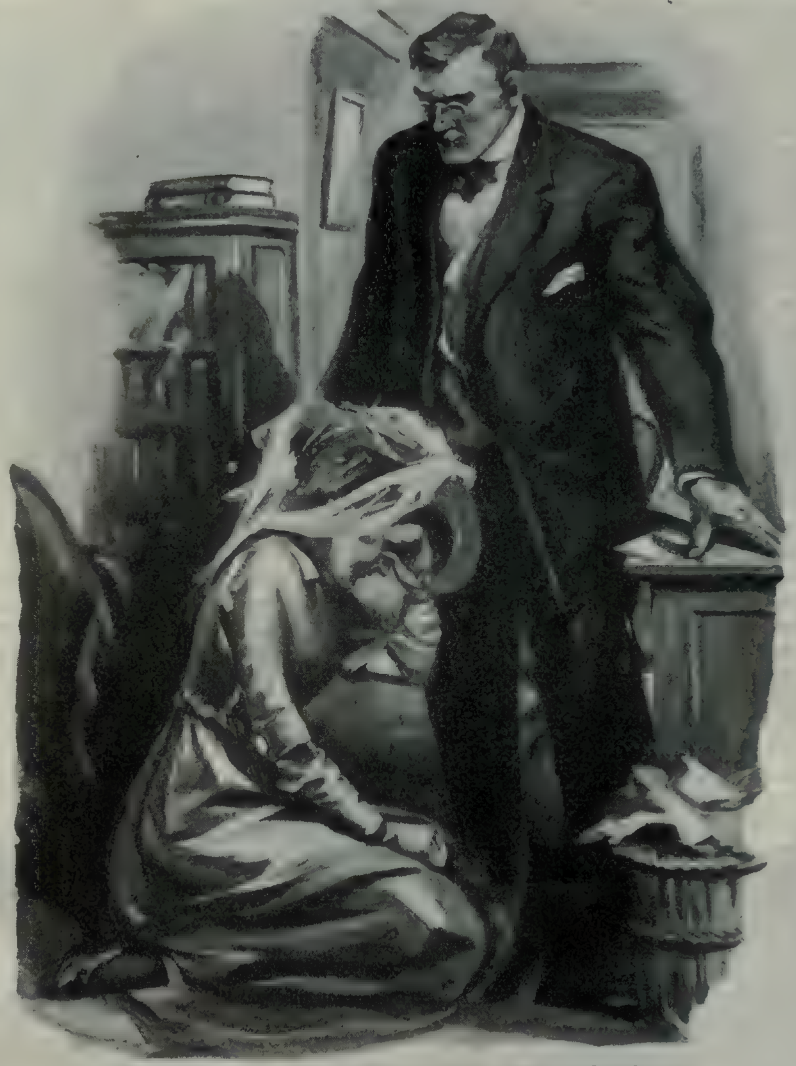
Illustrations by Chas. L. Wrenn and L. A. C. Panton

THE typewriter clicked away in feverish monotony. The blonde with singular nonchalance piled sheet after sheet of the crisp typewritten copies of the testimony in the case of "People vs. Richard Travers," president of the Union Gas Company. When they were finished she turned. "Mr. Curtiss they are done," she said.

The man addressed wheeled in his chair, jerked the black cigar from his mouth and took them. He followed every line and word with minute analytic scrutiny.

"Rogers," he said, handing the papers to his junior law partner, "I've got Travers nailed four points down this time." He relit his cigar and pulled away in grim confidence.

Rogers after careful reading nodded approvingly. "I see no possible means of his evading that," he said. "In my opinion the testimony is damning in its completeness."



Her limbs were giving under her. She sank to her knees.

The two lawyers bent to their separate tasks, Rogers examining some reports apropos of the case at issue. Curtiss singling out telling points in the testimony. Curtiss turned.

"Rogers."

"Yes."

"What time did you say those parties would be up?"

"They told me they would call this morning at ten. It's quarter of ten now," he said glancing at the clock.

Curtiss walked up and down the room, smoking impatiently. "I wish they would come. This case has almost unstrung me. I know we have Travers where he can't move but I won't rest until I have squared accounts with him.—Damn him! and yet——" he paused. "Rogers," he said, "has it ever occurred to you that as consummate a rascal as Travers is, he has a family that must suffer his disgrace?"

"There are other families besides that of Travers," said Rogers.

Curtiss was all business again. Flicking the ash from his cigar he clucked his lips in vexation and turned to his desk when the door opened and the plaintiffs entered.

They were serious looking men of the "let well enough alone" type, who, when they are aroused by corruption affecting them as individuals become at once singularly persistent in their efforts for civic reform.

"Good morning, Mr. Curtiss. Mr. Rogers, you see we are punctual," gushed the spokesman—a fat-faced portly gentleman.

The men filed in. The lawyers gathered their books and papers and followed. Curtiss closed the door after them.

The conference was going on in subdued tones in the ante-room when the blonde was again interrupted in her labors. A veiled woman had entered. She was something above medium height, tastefully gowned in a blue silk princesse which delicately traced the exquisite contours of her form.

The girl at the typewriter removed her gum in ill-concealed admiration and pointed obviously to a chair.

The woman sat down, nervously fingering the tassels on her cape. "Is Mr. Curtiss in?" she asked.

"Yes ma'am, but he is busy with some men now in his private office. But I will tell him you are here," she added respectfully.

"Thank you."

"Shall I give any name?"

"No, just tell him a lady would like to see him at his earliest convenience—and please ask him when that will be."

"Very well."

The girl opened the door of the anteroom. "Mr. Curtiss."

"Yes," came from within, "what is it?"

"A lady wishes to know when she may see you."

"What is the name?"

"She didn't give any."

"Tell her to call to-morrow at two o'clock."

The woman clutched the girl's sleeve. "I must see him to-day. Please ask him if he can oblige me."

"Mr. Curtiss."

"Yes," somewhat impatiently.

"The lady says she must see you today."

The lawyer rubbed his chin dubiously. "Very well, tell her we will be through here in an hour if she cares to wait."

The girl closed the door and turned to the woman. "You heard what he said. Will you wait?"

The stenographer fixed her belt, adjusted her marcel wave and unearthed a magazine from the debris on Curtiss' desk. "Perhaps you would like to read a little while you are waiting?"

The woman took the magazine. "Thank you very much," she said.

The girl resumed her pounding on the typewriter, occasionally turning to cast an admiring glance in the direction of the woman.

The woman fingered the pages aimlessly. She was listening not for words but for the conference to cease when she was suddenly startled.

"You are quite certain then, Mr. Curtiss, that Travers can't wiggle out of this and incur upon us a needless expense?" one was saying.

"Yes, read that letter and judge for yourself whether or not the case has merit," came in clear-cut tones.

There were murmurings of approval. An icy chill sent a shiver through the woman. The magazine was almost crushed in the shapely white fingers. The typewriter kept up its incessant clatter. The old-fashioned clock ticked ponderously from its station in the corner. The woman watched the long hand as though fascinated as it crawled slowly around to eleven o'clock. At last it tongued out the hour.

The men, followed by Rogers, were filing out through the main office. Rogers turned toward the woman.

"Mr. Curtiss will see you now," he said.

"Am I to go in there?"

"Yes," replied Rogers, following the men out.

The stenographer was fixing her hat preparatory to going out for the noon lunch.

The woman stood alone trembling. She feared to face the lawyer.

With a supreme effort she softly opened the door and walked in. The lawyer was standing by a window chewing the end of a cigar in a tense attitude of preoccupation. She only had a side view of him but it was not reassuring. A plain black business suit hung loosely upon an immense frame—the shoulders were too broad to be well proportioned—one wing of a black tie stood out in an aggressive tilt under a jaw that belongs to the fighter. A high broad forehead supported a shock of thick black hair slightly streaked with grey. She did not see the eyes until a subtle sense of her presence caused him to turn and she thought them grey and forbidding.

"You are Mr. Curtiss?" she asked with a brave effort at control.

"Yes, won't you be seated?" He motioned courteously to a chair.

"Thank you," she said, but remained standing.

The lawyer noticed that she was agitated. "To whom am I indebted for this visit?" he asked kindly.

The woman was studying a design on the cheap carpet with contained intensity.

"I am," she said slowly, "Miss Travers."

"Well?" There was a note of suspicion in the curt tone.

"I came to see you about this trial."

"Very well," with professional courtesy. The meaning conveyed in his tone stung the woman, but she recovered herself.

Mr. Curtiss," she began as firmly as she could, "I am a woman and do not know the mysteries of your profession, but I would like to know if there isn't some possible way of settling this thing without disgrace to our family."

"Yes," he answered coldly, "but not probable."

"What do you mean?"

"You are a woman," he said, "and in deference to your sex, I will say that I do not believe you would have come here, had you known the nature of a settlement and its terms proposed by your father."

"No, I don't know," she said in a low voice, "what was it?"

"Miss Travers, your father pretends to be confident that he will come off victorious in this trial but disliking what he was pleased to term 'the slight embarassment incident to a trial, its publicity, and so forth,' he sat in that chair yesterday and informed me that if I would persuade my clients of the folly of further prosecution he would pay me a fee double that advanced by my retainers. I was not for sale and he left in a fury."

"Oh-h-h—I did not know that."

Then the woman was silent. When she had first entered the office her thoughts were as much for her father as any one, for she loved him. She had entertained a vague hope that the point involved was some business irregularity which might be rectified. But what she had just overheard, combined with this, caused a sickening fear to possess her. She sank into the chair, covering her face with her hands. She was not thinking of her father now but of her sick mother and the little ones at home—the thought of whom had brought her to the office.

The lawyer was somewhat annoyed by her attitude. "I am sorry," he said, simply.

Vaguely encouraged by the tinge of kindliness in his tone she looked up.

Curtiss was studying her intently but he did not see the tears through her veil.

"Tell me," she pleaded in a voice scarcely audible, "Is—the—charge—fraud?"

"Yes."

"And there is no way out?"

"No. I think not,—and even if there was——

"Then——"

"Miss Travers, I regret all this very much, but I must speak plainly. In the first place I am bound to my clients. In the second place, after a man has by his mere money power defeated every decent political venture I have made for ten years—and then presumes I am for sale, it is hardly reasonable to suppose that I should suddenly become a charitable institution in his behalf. I am afraid it will be useless as well as painful to you to prolong this interview.

Every word fell heavy on the woman's heart. She felt her mission hopeless.

"You—you are sure—that you have the proof?"

"That is hardly for me to say under the circumstances," replied Curtiss. "Hadn't we better leave the matter?"

"I was not listening to your conference in here—but I heard you say something about—proof—a—letter." Her body shook with a convulsive sob.

The man did not see her agitation. He only heard what she said. His face purpled with suspicion. He thought she had been acting a part.

"So your father sent you here to spy —to see what you could find out—how much more did you hear? But of course you wouldn't say. I am sorry—for you Miss Travers. I knew your father would stoop to most anything, but, Great God, I didn't think he would fall so low—as to —employ his women as his—tools! I——"

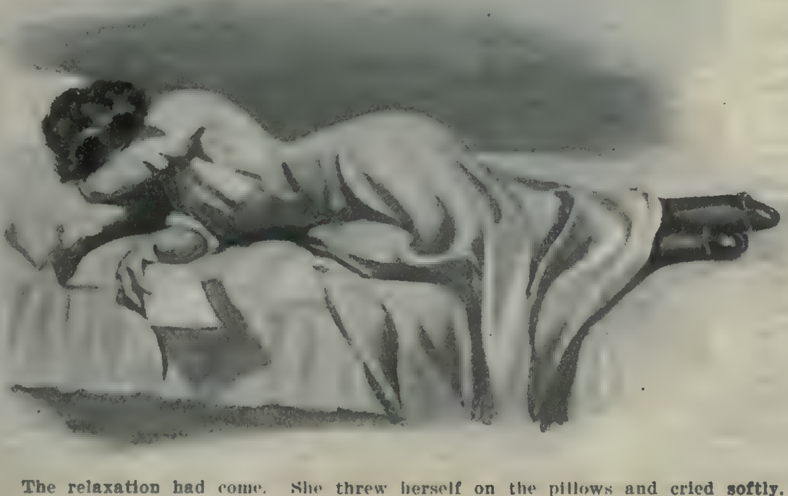
She had risen, her superb figure throbbing with passion—her bosom heaving "That is not true!" she panted. "My father did not know I came here."

The man watched her uneasily.

"Mr. Curtiss," she went on in a milder tone, "I realize that you have been deeply wronged—and insulted. I can see why you would believe almost anything—but you are mistaken in thinking that I was sent here. When I came I didn't know the case was so serious, although I knew its effects would be. I thought I knew what I wanted to say—but I have failed —I——"

Even as she spoke the inevitable seemed to blind her. Objects in the room assumed a darker hue. She held her hand out in a little mute gesture of appeal. A pitiful cry escaped her. Clutching the sleeve of his coat she burst forth in a stream of incoherence.

"I don't want you to do anything—dishonorable—Don't be revengeful," — she pleaded. "Tell me—couldn't you settle this thing — honorably and — avoid—the—disgrace——"



The relaxation had come. She threw herself on the pillows and cried softly.

The lawyer was beginning to feel some sympathy, but to her his face was inscrutable.

Crushed by the obvious futility of what she had said, she laughed a little hysterically and lapsed into the pleading tone of a little child.

"Oh, I know—you don't understand—you don't know mamma is sick—that it would kill her. And my poor little brother and sister.—Tell me you will do something—please—I——"

The man was plainly moved.

"Try and calm yourself," he said gently.

But she didn't hear. Unconscious of her actions she gripped the lapels of his coat.

"Tell me—that—you—won't—please——"

And then it was all dark—she couldn't see the lawyer's face. Her limbs were giving under her. She sank to her knees.

Mistaking her attitude, Curtiss stooped to help her up, "Miss Travers, I will help you, but I cannot permit this."

But the form was limp. He bent closer. She had fainted.

Gathering her in his arms as though she were a child, he carried her over to a couch and laid her down carefully.

Rushing into the main office he returned with some cold water. Gently removing the veil, he paused for a brief second, overwhelmed with a feeling of self-abasement. There were the unmistakable lines of suffering. The countenance was noble in its sorrow. It was the face of a beautiful woman.

He moistened the colorless lips and bathed the temples. Then rummaging behind some old law books he unearthed a flask of brandy.

Moving a chair close to the couch he sat down. Holding her wrist with one hand he applied the flask to her lips with the other.

Finally the white eyelids trembled. He held her wrist tighter. "Miss Travers—Miss Travers," he was calling gently.

Gradually a faint color suffused her cheeks—the long black lashes parted perceptibly—the lips murmured, "Where —where am I?"

And then she saw. It was not the lawyer sitting there, but the man. There was a tinge of mist in the grey eyes. She gazed long and searchingly into them.

"I understand," he said. His tone was tender as a woman's.

"Then—then you—will do something?" There was a plaintive note in the pleading tone—like a child lost in the night.

"Yes, but you must be quiet. It will be all right." He was fanning her with his broad felt hat.

The clock in the corner struck twelve. The woman roused herself suddenly and sat upright. An obvious silence followed. There was something about the man which Jeanette Travers could not understand. Only a few minutes before she had feared him—the lawyer, but now she was conscious of a subtle feeling of safety that amounted almost to security. She was the first to break the silence. "I am ashamed of this weakness," she faltered.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of. I regret that I spoke so harshly." Then he resumed in a more matter of fact tone, "I will do my utmost to settle this affair quietly."

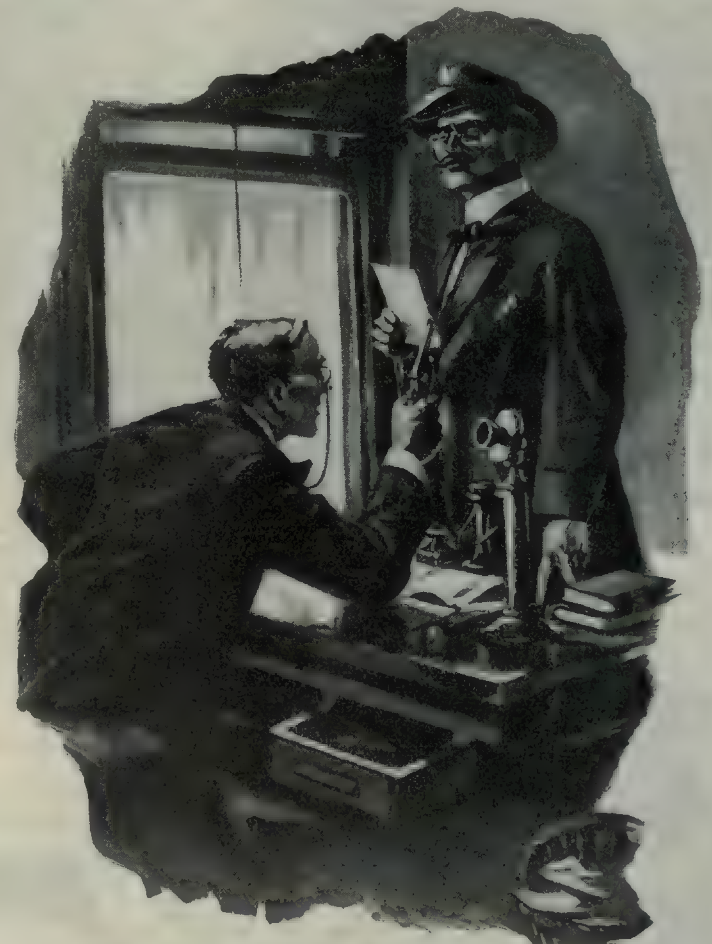
"What will you do?" she asked, her gaze bent to the floor.

"I shall go to your father this afternoon and try to convince him that——"

"But you know his temper," she said, a little frightened, "he might forget himself. You wouldn't stri——"

"Your father is a much older man than I am. I shall respect his age," he said, bowing.

She was moving toward the door. Turning, she paused, "Mr. Curtiss, I don't know—how to thank you—I——"



Curtiss drew the letter from his pocket and held it up before Travers, only to confront cold steel. "Drop that letter," hissed Travers, "or I'll——"

"Never mind that," replied Curtiss awkwardly.

Jeanette Travers extended her hand to the lawyer. Her whole womanly nature overwhelmed with gratitude, she looked into his eyes as though fascinated. "*You are—a—man,*" she said brokenly and was gone.

Rogers entered the office. "What's the matter, Curtiss?" he said, "you look like you had lost your best friend."

"No," returned the other. "Sit down, Rogers, I would like to speak to you a moment on a very delicate matter."

"All right, I am listening."

"Well," said Curtiss, "that lady you met in the hallway was Miss Travers."

"Old Travers' daughter?"

"Yes."

"The devil you say—well, what about it?"

"I hardly know how to tell you, Rogers.—You wouldn't understand, for you weren't here, but——"

"Go on."

"Well, Miss Travers, displaying the most pitiful ignorance of legal matters, the justification for this trial and all that, came here to plead for those that would suffer at home—at first I——"

"Fine sentiment," observed Rogers in a hard tone. "Good God, Curtiss, you don't mean to tell me that a mere woman's trick has blinded you to the best opportunity that has ever come your way?"

"Rogers!" There was a note of anger in the tone. "You know me better than that," said Curtiss pointedly.

"I beg your pardon—tell me about it.—I don't understand, but I will try and follow you."

Curtiss without reservation related the interview to his partner just as it had happened — stumbling over the last part and omitting her last words.

Rogers drummed nervously on the desk. "I think I can see why it should have unnerved you—but, Curtiss, I'll tell you, frankly, you have always mixed too damn much sentiment in your profession for your own good. I am afraid also that you forget that old Travers has had the thumbscrews on you for ten years. Besides you are running the fifth time for District Attorney. You get my meaning, don't you?"

"Not quite, proceed."

"Don't you know that even assuming that a settlement could be effected, the transaction would look shady enough on the outside to destroy your chances for the office."

Curtiss was silent. He paled as the truth of the words dawned upon him. At last he spoke. There was a tense ring of finality in his tone.

"Rogers," he said slowly, "I would see the best office in the land in hades before I would be haunted with the vision of such sorrow as I witnessed a few moments ago—if I could help it."

Rogers saw the futility of further argument. "Do you really think it possible to prevent it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How?"

"Briefly this: You know the proof in the case is absolute."

"Yes."

"Well," continued Curtiss, "I believe that by showing Travers the proof I can force him to settle damages without a trial."

"I know, but what kind of a story will you put up to your clients?"

"That is a comparatively easy matter. I am confident,' 'observed Curtiss ironically, "that if they can get their money without having to pay the heavy costs of a trial, it will sufficiently soften any feeling which they may entertain."

"You are beyond me," laughed Rogers. "I can't say that I agree with your attitude. But I am willing to help you," he added sincerely.

Curtiss went to the telephone and asked Evans to call with his colleagues immediately.

They came. The spokesman for the plaintiffs nodded sagely in acquiescence to the lawyer's proposal. Whether they imagined there was an African in the fence or not they said nothing. Their material thoughts were concerned with the diminished lawyer's fee.

When they had gone, Curtiss poured out a glass of brandy and swallowed it at a gulp. "I am going now to have it out with Travers," he said.

"Good luck to you, old man," Rogers called after him as he closed the door.

The two men faced each other. The attitude of the lawyer was one of strained courtesy: of the other, scarcely concealed eagerness.

"You have thought better of my proposal," said Travers blandly. "Have a seat," he motioned courteously to a chair.

"I prefer to stand," said Curtiss pointedly. "I do not propose to mince matters with you, Mr. Travers. Let us get to business."

"What is your game?" asked the other coldly.

"No game about it. Our proof is so convincing that my clients and I have concluded that provided you make complete settlement of all outstanding claims we will withdraw proceedings."

"Um-m," mused Travers. He could attach no other meaning to such a proposal than lack of confidence. He chuckled to himself. Then to Curtiss:

"You are obscure, sir. Pray be more explicit."

"I assure you, sir," replied Curtiss with considerable asperity, "that I can make the matter clear to you."

"Well!"

"I wouldn't be here if I didn't have convincing proof of your guilt. My motive in desiring you to settle is because I wish to avoid incurring unnecessary expense on my clients. Is that clear, sir?"

"No," returned Travers with biting irony. "You will pardon me if I observe that I have only your word respecting the proof."

Curtiss controlled himself with difficulty. Moving closer to Travers' desk, he gripped the sides and looked the man full in the face.

Travers quailed slightly before the intensity of the other's gaze, but he only said:

"You are quite dramatic, sir; proceed."

The lawyer was losing his temper. "Then!" he hurled at the other, "if I show you the proof will you agree to settle?"

"But you have no proof."

"I have, and I repeat, sir, will you agree to settle if I show it to you?"

Travers began to realize that the lawyer was in earnest, but he said evenly, "Let me see your—your proof, as you call it."

"Do you agree to settle if I do?"

"Damn your impudence!" snarled Travers. "What the devil do you take me for? Do you think me so ignorant as to suppose that you would seek a settlement if you had evidence enough to justify your going ahead with this trial? This proof! Poof! It's a lie, sir!"

Curtiss felt an insane desire to throttle the man. "Your grey hairs stand you in good stead, sir," he said. "I give you one more chance. Do you or do you not agree to my propsal?"

"No! Do not presume to intimidate me with a bluff."

"Very well," Curtiss was moving toward the door. "You will have sufficient cause to remember this interview."

Curtiss had held the proof intact for he knew that Travers himself was well versed in legal technicalities, and he feared that if he showed the proof, without Travers first agreeing to his proposal, Travers, being forearmed as to the nature of the evidence brought against him, would have time before the trial to find a loophole in the evidence, large enough to make the outcome of the case doubtful. Moreover, it was the trial which he wished to avoid.

In his anger Curtiss had almost forgotten the cause of his coming, but as he opened the door to leave he paused. *"Tell me—that you will do something."* The strange words were as clear to him as though spoken. He closed the door and turned to Travers.

"You shall have one more chance."

Travers laughed sarcastically. "Your generosity, sir, is exceeded only by your —your anxiety."

Curtiss paid no heed to the remark. "You are aware, are you not, that one of your partners has left the city?"

"Who? I do not catch your meaning."

"The name," said Curtiss eyeing the other intently, "is E. H. Bear."

Travers shifted uneasily in his chair. "No, I did not know it."

Curtiss knew the man was telling the truth.

"Well, what has that got to do with this thing?" snarled Travers.

"Everything! Let me refreshen your memory. You may doubtless recollect that Bear had a certain letter in his possession with your signature affixed to it. Something in the nature of an agreement or *plan*," he added, pointed.

"I don't know what you mean," hissed Travers. He had paled visibly and was trembling.

"The plan," went on Curtiss, "was something like this: You were to raise the price of shares in your company and keep a gradual increase up to a certain point. That point would be when all shares were sold. Then there was to be a sudden slump when the shares were to remain at so low a figure that the buyers would be forced to sell. At that point your agents were to again buy up the shares—which they did."

"Proceed," said Travers, huskily.

"We suspected something of the sort—in fact were certain about your means, but we had no proof. However, we made it worth the while of your *late* secretary to give us any information if he had it to give. He said you had written a letter to Bear, who was then in Denver. We sent a man out there who made the case out pretty strong to Bear and finally persuaded him that if he would surrender the letter and appear in court to verify your signature, he would not be involved in the proceedings."

"What did he do?" gasped Travers, off his guard.

"He gave me the letter."

"The cur!"

"You will also recollect, Mr. Travers that the letter was written and dated previous to the placing of the shares on sale. You are aware, sir, that fraudulent intent carried out constitutes fraud."

"Show me the letter," said Travers sharply.

"Will you agree to——"

"Yes." Travers' eyes gleamed cunningly. Unseen by Curtiss, he reached under the desk.

Curtiss drew the letter from his pocket and held it up before Travers, only to confront cold steel.

"Drop that letter!" hissed Travers, "or I'll——"

Curtiss regarded the man coolly. "Were we out in the wilds," he said steadily, "I should probably be obliged to comply with your request, but here you know very well, sir, that before the echo of a shot could die out, this room would be full of police. I advise you to put up your weapon."

Travers complied doggedly and sank back in his chair. "I accept your terms," he said sullenly.

The lawyer then hastily drew up a paper in which he specified the various claims to be settled, ending at the bottom of the document with the sworn promise to meet them within thirty days.

"Sign your name there," Curtiss indicated the place.

Travers signed his name silently.

Curtiss returned the document to his pocket and turned to go.

"Wait," said Travers, "I don't yet understand why you employ this means. You certainly have no love for me. I should think you would have preferred the notoriety—the heroic display of disgracing me in public. Perhaps, though," he added sarcastically, "there may be some sinister reason of which I am unaware. The unusualness of this—this interview has thrown me off my guard."

"Mr. Travers," replied Curtiss coldly, "I have already stated my reasons. You are at liberty to infer what you please. Good day, sir," and he was gone.

Continued on Page 99.

Why Not Take a

By Hugh S. Eayrs

Canadian Photographs by Courtesy of Canadian Northern Railway Co.

What is more exhilarating than tobogganing and skiing? Could better holiday sports be devised? The upper views show jolly parties on Mount Royal, Montreal—To the left a scene in Jasper Park.

THE Duke of Wellington used to say that habit was ten times nature. He claimed that when he saw an ex-soldier fetching his dinner from a nearby tavern, and cried out, "Attention!" the veteran would immediately drop his mutton and potatoes, and stand at attention. It is somewhat hackneyed nowadays to observe that we are creatures of habit but it is true nevertheless. If someone were to ask us why nine out of every ten people who use the telephone invariably put the receiver to the left ear instead of to the right, we should say: "We always do!" A friend of mine buttonholed me the other day and told me that for three months he had cut out breakfast.

"What, no breakfast?" I said. And yet, why not? Why *do* we eat as soon as we get up? More than half the reason is that we always have done so. It is the province of a mere man to observe that a woman is devoid of logic, that the feminine recks nothing of reasoning.

"Why do you want to do such-and-such a thing?" you ask a woman.

"Oh, just because I do!" Exactly. The best reason she could give, for behind it lays her recognition of the tremendous fact of habit as a psychological quantity.

It is so with the question of holidays. Three people out of every four speak of their vacations as "summer holidays." But why *summer* holidays? They tell you they are going to So-and-so for their *summer* holidays. They are saving up, they will inform you, for their *summer* holidays. But why not winter occasionally? I know that a delightful ballad, "In the Good Old Summertime," had a remarkable vogue. But I think people are a little unfair to winter.

Gilbert Chesterton once wrote a book called "The Defendant," in which he defended a number of things that needed someone to take up the cudgels on their behalf. He might very well have included a chapter, "In Defence of Winter Holidays."

When you come to think of it there are not half so many good reasons for holidaying in the summer as there are for doing so when the cold, brisk weather is with us. Any day in July, August or September, you may go down to the Union Station and see a hustling, jostling, much-perspiring humanity crowding into trains, bent on holiday-making. The heat is intense, but they make themselves hotter. They are going from one town because it is hot. But they go to another, a popular resort, and forget that it is made hotter by several hundreds of people who are in a like state, crowding in every hotel and boarding-house which hangs out "Furnished Rooms To Let," whether there is room for any more or not. In fact, for the sake of being able to talk with our next door neighbor about where we are going or where we went for our "summer holidays," we are ready to go to some crowded resort, getting to it by crowded, over-heated trains, become particles of a

WOULD YOU WANT ANYTHING BETTER THAN THIS?
A typical Southern scene—Horseback-riding in the mountains, Hickory Nut Gap.

Winter Vacation?

An Article on the Possibilities of Winter Sport and Travel

Scenes in Jasper Park, in the Rockies—a perfect place for a winter vacation.

moving mass of people who are doing the same thing, gallivant here and be bored to tears there, mingling the tears the while with the moisture we exude at the behest of King Sol—and all, because of a fallacy that holidays must be taken in the summer.

Moreover, we might very well utilize the warm and beautiful summer which is the portion of Canadians by the simple method of week-ending. Canada is blessed with cities, large and small, which practically all have their own attractions either in or near their own boundaries. Muskoka is delightful, I grant you. But if I live in Toronto, I can have a miniature Muskoka by the easy expedient of a carride to the Bluffs, way past the Beach. Or I can take trips for a week-end down to the Thousand Islands, and to Georgian Bay and so on, and have several week-end vacations during the summer, without taking two weeks and spending them miles and miles from home. The man who takes his holidays in winter, instead of summer, is wise in his day and generation, because in a sense, he performs the seemingly impossible stunt of eating his cake and keeping it. He gets several trips in during the summer, and then packs his grip and goes further afield in the winter.

Of course, you want to get the greatest good from the two or three weeks' holiday you allow yourself, or your employer allows you, each year. (If you don't, you ought to!) What are the main motives which lie back of your plans for those recreative weeks? Broadly, a man takes a holiday for—first, his health; secondly, in order that he may learn something he doesn't know already, and thirdly, for pleasure. Take the last first.

You want to spend a pleasant holiday. Pleasure is a comparative thing. You may be fond of boating, and spend your spare moments in the summer in the dinghy or the canoe. That is one of the attractions of the summer holiday. But is boating any more pleasant than ski-ing, than snowshoeing, than swathing yourself in a plentitude of wool, and taking a stock in your hand, and tramping the lower reaches of our Canadian Alps? If you like Muskoka in the summer, why shouldn't you like it in the winter. Muskoka and winter sports seem to be an ideal combination. Then—you may not have waked up to it yet—but Canada has a place called the Algonquin Park. Travelers scorched by Indian suns, and chilled by Yukon snows, keep on pointing out that no country is better equipped as a huge playground than the Algonquin. Supposing when next June came round, you decided for once that you would not bother with any holidays in the summer, but took a couple of weeks in the bright, strength-giving winter months, and made tracks for St. Agathe? Don't you think from the point of pleasure that you would justify the innovation? I do.

Have our people seen everything to see in Canada that they must go to the Riviera? Why spend money and time and undergo a not-altogether humorous ex-

OR MORE ENJOYABLE THAN THIS?
Play on a golf links during January at Chattanooga, Tenn.

perience on the water to get to Switzerland? Isn't the coloring of Mount Robson just as exquisite as the Matterhorn? Wherein are the Jungfrau and Pilatus more impressive, more wonderful than the peaks of the Canadian Rockies? And the time to see the Rockies is in winter. Snow-capped, majestic kingdoms of white stand out like some gigantic, panoramic sculpturing. Have you seen the Rockies in winter? They are our heritage, yours and mine and that of the fellow next door. Variety is the spice of holidays. The old summer haunts you have seen. Have you seen the winter resorts?

Then, you are in search of health, of renewed life, of vim and of vigor. Here again the winter has much to offer. In summer, atmospheric conditions tend to make you lackadaisical. You don't feel particularly like a thirty-mile walk, do you? Rather, lounging round with a rod and line, or daintily pushing the water behind you as you slowly propel the canoe along—these are more suited. But do they do you as much good? What is more invigorating than a strong wind, filling your lungs with the ozone? You cannot get this oxygen in summer. The air is heavy, languid. "It's too hot," you say, a trifle petulantly. But the winter weather is different. The doctors never send a consumptive to the Equator. They don't tell his wife he must be covered with a quantity of eiderdown, and that all the windows of the room must be closed. No, they send him to a place and give him the "open-air treatment." He is told to tramp abroad, to swallow as much of the cold, sharp air as he conveniently can. For the tired brain, what use is a hot boarding-house, in hot weather? You cannot blow the cobwebs from a wearied mentality by a heavy-laden summer zephyr. It is, in the last resort, the tornado that does the good, because it destroys, cleans, purges, and leaves room for fresh ideas. The jaded feeling never went yet by reason of a mere change of hot atmosphere. Eighty degrees at a resort is just as enervating as eighty degrees in Toronto.

Largely. holidaying in search of health is a mistaken business these days. How is anyone to recover energy, take on renewed vitality in days when everything is lazy, dragging, indolent? The heat of an office is no harder to bear and no more derogative to supreme health than is the torpid- heavily-laden air at some summer resort. We are in the paradoxical position of making holiday away from home at a time when all our windows are open and we have forsworn blankets and hot water-bottles, and yet staying at home and working without a break for many months when all our windows are shut tight, and our furnaces roaring away, and our doors weather-stripped. To take a two-weeks' vacation in the summer, to pack our scrip and scrippage and pseudo-joyfully to take train to a place more jammed than that which we have left behind is like carrying coals to Newcastle. The thing is not logical.

A view of the grounds of the Tampa Bay Hotel at Tampa, Florida.

As for education, one may get just as much, if not more, good along this line from a winter vacation. Holidaying in winter has one big reason in its favor, like other innovations—it has, comparatively speaking, not been tried. For that reason, there are things to learn from Nature winter-dressed that all the sights of summer can never teach. If we are given to studying the work of Michel Angelo in Italy in summer, we might, with distinct advantage, study the haphazardly-beautiful pictures which the snow and the ice make over there in Jasper Park in the winter and get in some curling to break the monotony. If living is learning, why learn only one part of each year? Why learn about Nature only in summer? Nature does not quit teaching in winter. There are places to see in winter just as there are in summer. It is true that you may visit them all the year round. The summer traveler will tell you, when you urge him to go sight-seeing in the winter, that the sights will wait till next spring. But summer has a different set of sights to those which winter can show you. And, moreover, travel will lead the summer-traveled person into pastures new.

It is an education to learn how to fish. So said Izaak Walton. But is it not an education to learn how to ski? Real recreation is re-creation. Real holidays are not simply weeks given over to indolence and abstention from any kind of task. Rather, they are weeks given to something new, but still, work of some kind. That man really rests who rests from one occupation that he may turn to another. Indolence is never fashionable with the man who lives his life to the best advantage. Holidays were never intended to be idle days. And it is conceivable that a person may learn as much of how to live—which, after all is the best education—swinging down a slide at St. Agathe as he or she may by standing with a lorgnette and gazing upon a painting in the Louvre.

CANOEING IN WINTER.

PERPETUAL SUMMERING.

So far this article has dealt with the advantages to Canadians of winter vacations in their own territory. With such an immense treasure-house as we have from Belle Isle to Victoria, we have ample room and opportunity to "See Canada First."

But there are reasons why a good many people must holiday abroad. Their age, or their health may necessitate a climate less severe than our own. It takes all sorts of people to make a holidaying public. For those then who seek to enjoy life in the winter months, one might say, "Go South." The South-eastern States of America rovide a winter Utopia. To begin with they are easy of access. Two or three days' travel from New York brings you to the Bermudas. North and South Carolina, Georgia, Virginia and Florida can be reached from Canadian points in about the same time. It depends, of course, from what point in Canada you go.

Then the climate in Bermudas and the Southern States is par excellence. Floridans will tell you of a certain medico who once said that if it were possible to bottle the Florida climate and serve it up as medicine to the rest of the earth, the death rate would be almost infinitesimal. Whether the medico ever existed, whether, if he did, he made such a statement, or whether the Floridans were in the habit of drawing on their imaginations for their facts, are queries allowable to the doubting. Certainly, however, the climate in Florida seems to be everything that the lover of the warm sunshine could wish. I did know of a man who said that the passage in the Bible about "day and night, seedtime and harvest, and cold and heat" never ceasing was written by someone who had never been to Florida. He said cold never began there, much less never ceased! Florida is a fashion. No respectable, monied American keeps away. Jacksonville, with its fine broad, paved streets, its palatial hotels, its exquisite surroundings is the metropolis. St. Augustine, historically interesting, Dayton with all that it offers in hunting and fishing, and intercepting surrounding country of unsurpassed loveliness combine to make Florida live up to its reputation. The thermometer is obliging enough to hover around sixty degrees all the year round. The broad, blue ocean rolling within almost a stone's throw of the various superb hotels provides bathing. Moreover, Florida is an excellent starting point for steamer trips. Close at hand lies Cuba, the island-country in which the States have so large an interest, with its quaintly Spanish customs, modes and people. Havana is becoming known to the outside world more and more each season because of its proximity to Florida. From Miami a short sail will take you to Nassau, in the beautiful Bahamas, which is one of King George's American possessions.

The Bermuda Islands, but seven hundred miles south-east of New York, long ago gained special favor with Canadians. Bermuda, on land and on the water by which it is surrounded, is a colored fairyland. The play of the sunlight and passing clouds on the water produces a color scheme that no artist could ever hope to immortalize on canvas. Varying shades of blue and purple and green and brown come and go, and merge and intermingle in one vast, gigantic, natural palette. Nor is the land any less charming. Rich, full-tinted foliage, broad, white roads, sylvan vallies, gaunt deep-green hills alternate as in some infinite panorama. In Bermuda you need never hurry to catch a train, for they have no railways; a ban has even been placed on motor cars. Only horses and bicycles companion the pedestrian along the clean roads. The supreme charm of the Bermudas is their variety. From the coral reefs to the cliffs, from the brilliant blooming of the flowers to the white-shell-strewn sands, there are countless scenic pictures. And, there is much here for the student. Quaint, old buildings contrast with the newer and faultless architecture that has its place on the islands.

LEARNING HISTORY PLEASANTLY.

Then there is Virginia. Old Point Comfort is no misnomer. It is known far and wide as a health resort second to none on the continent. Portsmouth and Newport News, on the historical Hampton Roads, with their Navy Yards and their shipbuilding plants give an insight into the strength and system of the American navy. Richmond the capital, was once the capital of the Confederacy. Here stands the house where George Washington was quartered, and St. John's Church where Patrick Henry made his famous plea for liberty. And there is, as in Florida and all the southern states winter resorts, abundant opportunity and provision for golfing, hunting and other sports.

A scene in Jamaica—typical foliage overhanging a stream.

The pine-covered Carolinas are famous in story and song. Raleigh, Pinehurst Southern Pines, Camden all have their attractions. A temperature of sixty degrees and often higher when more northerly regions register zero is worth while to the man who finds cold unbearable. And the quail-hunting in the Carolinas, particularly at Pinehurst, is second to none. Here is the home of the Long Leaf Pine, and its health-giving properties. And, of course, first-class hotel accommodation.

In Georgia, the same climate and attractiveness is reported. Savannah, historically famous, is the largest and most important city of the South Atlantic coast, and has miles of well-kept motoring roads. The hunting here, too, is particularly good. Duck and quail draw many enthusiasts year after year. Brunswick, a city built upon a peninsula, is near to Jekyl Island, historic in the annals of Georgia's settlement, and now the home of the Jekyl Island Club, the most exclusive social organization of American financiers.

Nor can one omit to mention California, the prime pleasure-ground of Western America. As a happy hunting ground for the holiday-maker, sunny California is unexcelled. The climate is a thing precious to all Californians. Irvin Cobb said that morning, noon and night the one question which the Californian asked the visitor was, "How do you like the climate?" Certainly an invalid with whom the California climate could not agree must be hard to please. The "State of Orange-groves" becomes yearly more and more a favorite resort of Canadians.

The great winter pleasure-lands at the South and West, therefore, hold ample attractions for Canadian winter pleasure-and-health seekers. The European tells you to "See Naples and Die." But you don't have to take an ocean trip to see all the beautiful things that Nature can offer. A great many of them lie nearer than Europe.

With Canada and its winter sports and brisk, vitalizing climate on the one hand, and the Southern States with their milder weather, their scenic charms, their historical interest on the other, why not a winter holiday this year?

No reason at all!

BRITISH CRIMEAN EQUIPMENT APPLIED.

Although detachable rims with flat feet for gun-carriage wheels, such as are used in the present European war, have been considered of recent development, essentially the same device was used by the British during the Crimean War. At that time the arrangement was only crudely worked out and consisted merely of movable rails attached to the wheels in such a manner that a large bearing surface was afforded on the ground. With wheels fitted with these feet, it was possible for the British to push their equipment trains over marshy or uneven ground, which in many instances would have otherwise been impassable.

The Garden of Verse

AS THE HEART HOPES

It is a year, dear one, since you afar
Went out beyond my yearning mortal sight—
A wondrous year! Perchance in many a star
You have sojourned, or basked within the light
Of mightier suns; it maybe you have trod
The glittering pathways of the Pleiades,
And through the Milky Way's white mysteries
Have walked at will, fire-shod.

You may have gazed in the immortal eyes
Of prophets and of martyrs; talked with seers
Learned in all the lore of Paradise,
The infinite wisdom of eternal years;
To you the sons of morning may have sung
The impassioned strophes of their matin hymn,
For you the choirs of the seraphim
Their harpings wild outflung.

But still I think at eve you come to me
For old, delightsome speech of eye and lip,
Deeming our mutual converse thus to be
Fairer than archangelic comradeship;
Dearer our close communings fondly given
Than all the rainbow dreams a spirit knows,
Sweeter my gathered violets than the rose
Upon the hills of heaven.

Can any exquisite, unearthly morn,
Silverly breaking o'er a starry plain,
Give to your soul the poignant pleasure born
Of virgin moon and sunset's lustrous stain
When we together watch them? Oh, apart
A hundred universes you may roam,
But still I know—I know—your only home
Is here, within my heart!

—L. M. Montgomery.

THE SEA KING

In days of old, stood the Englishman,
In the land that lies alone.
With pride he gazed on the little Isle
That was given him for his own.
From great white cliffs, to the waves he looked;
"My home is fair," quote he,
"But I'll not be spanned by a narrow land,
I will take to myself—the Sea."

Whether it laps on a palm-fringed shore,
Or moans on a coral strand;
The Sea—is the Right of the Englishman,
As he sails from land to land.

The wild sea fought with the Englishman,
With the rage of a brute at bay,
With lightning flash, with thunder crash,
And the fury of hissing spray;
Whenever it beat him back and down—
And gasping—to his knee—
Into the slough he kept his prow—
"They shall sing—that *I Rule the Sea.*"

Whether it whirls with a blinding blue,
Or swirls 'neath flying foam,
The Sea, is the Realm of the Englishman,
His Highway, and his Home.

The sea took toll of the Englishman.
He was trained in the hardest school;
A thousand ships in a thousand storms
He paid as the price of his rule.
Still, a thousand more float proudly,
They carry a colored rag,
And the whole of the wide world knows it,
The weather-worn—*English Flag.*

Whether it roars on the shingle,
Or sighs on the yellow sand,
The surf sings the song of the Englishman,
As it booms on the Distant Land.

—Wilfrid Hubbard.

THE GARDEN OF DREAMS

When twilight has faded, and blackness of night
In garments of sable creeps stealthily on,
My eyes, heavy-lidded, I wearily close
And slumber in peace till the breaking of dawn.

Mystic wings bear me far to that bright slumberland,
I am wafted along o'er its murmuring streams,
While delectable valleys and vine-clad green hills
All around me are spread in the Garden of Dreams.

In my garden the richest of perfumes distill,
The rarest of flowers gorgeous petals unfold;
Plashing fountains aloft fling their silvery spray,
Rainbow-tinted with colors of purple and gold.

Across its stretch pathways of light and of shade,
Glassy lakes in their bosoms reflect the blue sky.
The groves are all vocal with melodies sweet,
And gay plumaged birds in the sunshine flash by.

The beds of the streams are of pure golden sand;
Warm breezes of evening blow soft over there.
In a deep wooded dell gleams a mansion of light,
Nero's Palace of Gold was never more fair.

But what should I care if the paths were all pearl,
And the land were illumined with Heaven's own beams,
When celestial joys are vouchsafed me, because
My love meets me there in my Garden of Dreams!

—Harold Garnet Black.

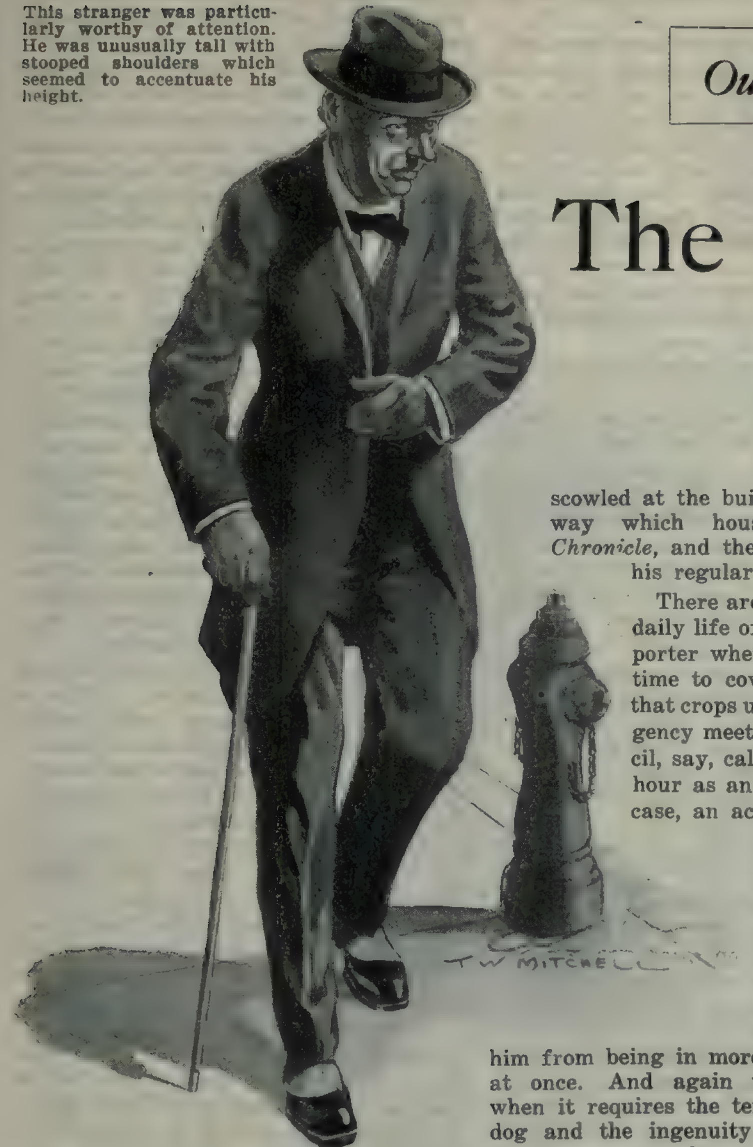
Our Monthly Business Story

The Grey Envelope

By William Byron

Author of "The Tortoise"

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL



This stranger was particularly worthy of attention. He was unusually tall with stooped shoulders which seemed to accentuate his height.

JACK COOMBES stuffed a few loose pages of copy paper into his pocket, jammed his hat over his eyes and walked slowly down the steps that led from the editorial rooms to the business office. When there was anything important on or a rush of local happenings to be covered, Jack took the steps four at a time going down and three going up.

"Things pretty quiet to-day?" asked Byrne, the bookkeeper, who knew and understood the reporter's habits.

"Town's dead," said Coombes, disgustedly. "I've only got half a column on the hook and most of that's church stuff. What's more I haven't a notion where I can get another line. Guess we'll be filled up to-night with rotten telegraph."

"Bet the *Chronicle* will be full up of local news. They've got a real reporter over there," said Byrne, who once in awhile essayed a feeble attempt at "kidding" the local news-gatherer of the *Star*.

"Shut up!" growled Coombes, not deigning a fitting retort on so unworthy a subject as a spindle-shanked bookkeeper. Reporters generally have small regard for the men engaged in the business end of a newspaper.

Reaching the street, he looked up and down the far from busy thoroughfare, scowled at the building across the way which housed the hated *Chronicle*, and then ambled off on his regular morning round.

There are occasions in the daily life of a small city reporter when he cannot find time to cover all the work that crops up. With an emergency meeting of the Council, say, called for the same hour as an important court case, an accident or two, a society wedding and several obituary notices to cover, one man is likely to feel the inconvenience of the natural law which prohibits him from being in more than one place at once. And again there are times when it requires the tenacity of a bulldog and the ingenuity of a sleuth to run down so much as a personal item. In the latter case the real, simon-pure reporter is morose, ill-tempered and cynical; whereas when things are happening so fast that he does half a dozen men's work he is as happy as a tramp who has unobtrusively cut the lines of communication between a picnic party and the base of supply.

A series of fruitless calls ended at the establishment of the local undertaker, from which he emerged with indigation at boiling point.

"The people of this town are too slow even to die," he thought savagely." Not that I wish anybody any harm but I did count on old Skull and Crossbones for a story or two to-day. The law of averages proves that inside of the next week somebody or other is sure to fall down a cistern or linger too long around the business end of a mule or mistake arsenic for epsom salts. So why couldn't they have the decency to bring it off on a day when I need the story as badly as I do now?"

This train of thought was interrupted by the approach of a stranger. A stranger is always a source of interest to a newspaper man; there may be a story in connection with his visit. This stranger was particularly worthy of attention. He was unusually tall with stooped shoulders which seemed to accentuate his height rather than take away from it. He walked with a distinct limp. A highly protuberant nose was thrown into extra relief by a chin that almost did the disappearing act; and a fringe of straggling, sandy hair did not add anything of beauty to a countenance that sadly needed embellishment. Add to all this that he had a nervous habit of contracting one side of his face every few moments and one begins to realize that the stranger in point of personality was not exactly fetching. He was immaculately attired in a gray morning coat, with fedora and spats to match.

"Pardon me," he said addressing Coombes abruptly, "but is H. M. Hinds' store still at the corner of Main and Market streets?"

"It is," said the reporter. "Right along this street, two blocks down on the other side."

"I know the way," said the stranger, a nervous contraction of his face giving him a temporary appearance of ferocity. "Thank you, young man."

"Say—" began the reporter, loth to let anything in the way of news material get away from him. But the stranger had hurried on as fast as his limping gait would permit.

In the course of his noon rounds, Coombes dropped in at the dry goods store of H. M. Hynds at 12.30 as usual. That was the only hour at which H. M. Hynds would see the representative of the *Star* and the interview always had to be concluded at 12.45 at which time the *Chronicle* reporter was due. If either man failed to put in an appearance, the proprietor of the paper generally heard about it. H. M. Hynds was a big advertiser who liked to see his name in print. Putting these two facts together explains why no event of any importance could come to pass without the views of H. M. Hynds thereon being embodied and printed in the form of an interview. Sometimes when Coombes dropped in at the specified hour, he would be handed a typewritten communication commencing: "When interviewed by the *Star* to-day in connection with the agitation for a new town pump at the West End Market, H. M. Hynds expressed the opinion, etc.," *ad infinitum.*

After which it is not necessary to give any further description of H. M. Hynds. You know the kind of man he was.

The only thing that kept Coombes from refusing to cater to the Hynds eccentricities, and possibly losing his job on the head of it, was the fact that his visits to the store were not an unmixed affliction. Hynds had a remarkably pretty stenographer and Coombes always made it a point to stand where he could enjoy an uninterrupted view of her while he listened to the merchant's expositions. She made a very attractive picture, bending over her machine and busily tapping the keys. One crinkly, golden curl had a way of coiling down over her ear and Coombes, who had an eye for the artistic, appreciated that single departure from the prim orderliness that distinguished her.

But this day when the reporter sauntered into the office of the mercantile nabob there was no ray of sunshine in the form of a pretty stenographer to lighten the gloom of a fifteen-minute monologue from H. M. Hynds. The latter was pacing up and down in the narrow space between his desk and the store safe in a condition of nervous excitement.

"Nothing for you to-day, Coombes," he said. "I want to warn you though about something which is not to go in the paper under any circumstances."

"Oh," said Coombes. You had better tell me what it is so I won't get it from some other source and use it by mistake."

"There's been a robbery," said the merchant. "A robbery right here in this office. I received a sum of money this morning from a very unexpected source —a most unexpected amount it was too. There would be a real newspaper story in how that money happened to come into my hands to-day, Coombes. That is if I had a mind to tell you about it. Which I haven't, of course. The money was handed to me in a large gray envelope and I left it in a drawer of my desk for about an hour while I went upstairs to look at some samples. I came back a quarter of an hour ago and found the envelope on my desk—empty!"

"Publicity would help you to find the thief—" began the reporter in a despairing attempt to secure the right to use the story.

"No, no, no!" said the merchant testily. "It wouldn't help in the least. As a matter of fact it would spoil all chance of getting the money back without ruining the reputation of a certain—er—employee of mine."

"You suspect some one?" said Coombes in a tone of affirmative interrogation.

Hynds, who had seated himself in his swivel chair, fidgeted around uneasily for a moment or two before replying.

"I don't know," he said at last. "It's curious thought that this —er—employee who is always here until one o'clock should have left the store at 11.30 and not come back. I telephoned her house and they have not seen anything of her there."

"See here," said Coombes, indignantly, "you don't mean that you suspect—"

"I don't suspect anyone—yet," declared Hynds, hastily. "I'll leave all that to the police."

Coombes instantly conjured up a picture of the pretty stenographer subjected to the third degree at the hands of Sergeant Freeman, the detective of the local police force—a lumbering giant with the frame, and some people added the wit and tact, of a gorilla. The picture was not a pleasing one. It effectually dispelled his desire to publish the story of the theft.

"But see here, Mr. Hynds," he began. "You surely don't think that Miss Carter could have taken the money?"

Hynds spread out his hands with a deprecatory gesture.

"What can you make out of it then? The girl is gone. We can't find any trace of her anywhere. She knew the money was there, right in the envelope in the drawer. And it was a larger sum than I can stand to lose—over six hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars with compound interest at six per cent. for twenty years. I've had that money out a long time and I'm not going to lose it now!"

"Don't speak to the police yet!" pleaded the reporter. "If anybody can find where Miss Carter is, I can do it. Things are pretty dull to-day and I've got time to scout around a little on this case. Give me a chance at it. You'll find someone else got the cash, I'm sure."

"You stuck on the girl, too?" asked Hynds, abruptly.

It was not jealousy—for Coombes' admiration of Ivy Carter was but a single manifestation of the respect that he entertained for the whole sex—but rather the detective instinct latent in every reporter that prompted the thought: "Too? Am I to judge from this that Mr. Teddy Hynds has fallen in love with papa's stenographer?"

Ted Hynds was the most irresponsible young fellow in the town. He was always in trouble, always in debt, an inveterate borrower, a sometimes skilful and always cheerful liar, and a real optimist. Everyone liked him, even those from whom he borrowed. Sometimes even his father liked him. H. M. Hynds would probably have entertained a real fondness for his good-looking son if he had not been called upon so frequently to extricate him from difficulties by the cheque route.

"I've got an idea at the back of my head," said Jack aloud. "It's part theory and part clue. Give me an hour before you let the police know. The girl can't leave town anyway, you know."

"She'd better not," said Hynds, emphatically. "I'd bring her back no matter what that young—"

Coombes did not wait to hear the rest of the sentence. He hurried down the store and crossed over to the men's furnishings department which he found occupied solely by a smart young clerk with his hair parted with mathematical precision in the center and smacked down on each side of his face.

"Where's Ted?" he asked.

"Mr. Edward Hynds, Esq., has gone out," said the nobby-dressed clerk peevishly. "He went out over an hour ago and has left me to do all the work here ever since. I tell you, it's a cinch to be the boss's son."

"You seem to be overworked," said Jack. "Don't worry too much over your responsibility or you'll get brain fever."

Out on the streets, the reporter turned down town, hands plunged deep into his pockets and his brow puckered with the intensity of his mental concentration.

"That big scarecrow I saw this morning had something to do with this robbery," he said to himself. "He was going to the store when I met him. Now let's see— Yes, I guess Miller's the man."

There was a saying around town: "When in doubt go to D. B. Miller." No man in the place was better informed on local topics than Miller, a merchant tailor who had occupied a gloomy but prosperous little stand on Main street for nearly forty years and who had held every position that church and lodge circles offered. Miller was a veritable encyclopedia of the past happenings and present habits of the population. He was a gold mine of gossip for the reporters.

"Say D. B.," said Coombes, rushing precipitately into the store. "I met a former resident of town this morning and I guess you can give me his name."

"If you don't know who he was how do you know he was a former resident?" asked the tailor, quizzically.

"He asked me if Hynds' store was *still* at the corner of Main and Market streets," explained the reporter.

"Right. Quite simple after all when you explain it, Mr. S. Holmes," said Miller. "I'll tell you his name if you can describe him to me."

"A tall, gangling dummy of a man, knock-kneed and lame in one leg. A nose like a French loaf and no chin worth mentioning. A fringe of red hair that a stage Irishman would be ashamed to wear—"

"Did he pucker up his face every minute or so as if he had St. Vitus dance or something?" asked the tailor, with every evidence of suppressed excitement.

"Yes, that was one of his lovable traits."

Miller laid down his ruler and rubbed the palms of his hands together with great satisfaction.

"Abe Sattercum back home again!" he breathed. "By George, this will be a sensation in town!"

"Say, who was this Abe Sattercum anyway?" asked the reporter.

"I shouldn't tell you because you might go and put it in the paper," said the tailor, winking. "But then all of us old fellows know about how Abe stole $200 from H. M. Hynds. It got into the papers at the time, of course. You see, Abe worked for H. M. and a wonder of a clerk he was. H. M. always said that Abe could sell more goods than any other three clerks that he had. And he was a wonder at arranging goods in the windows. It was always my opinion that Abe was largely responsible for the business that was worked up. H. M. wasn't any too popular here in the early days—"

"He isn't now," interjected the reporter.

"Well, he's been successful so he's respected now. But in those days, he was a pretty hard man to deal with and he certainly did hate to pay money out in wages. He kept Abe down so low that finally Abe got the fever to go out to the North-west. The only thing that kept him from going was the fact that he hadn't enough money to buy his ticket. Then one day H. M. had $200 in his desk and Abe saw the money—"

"This was just twenty years ago, wasn't it?" asked the reporter.

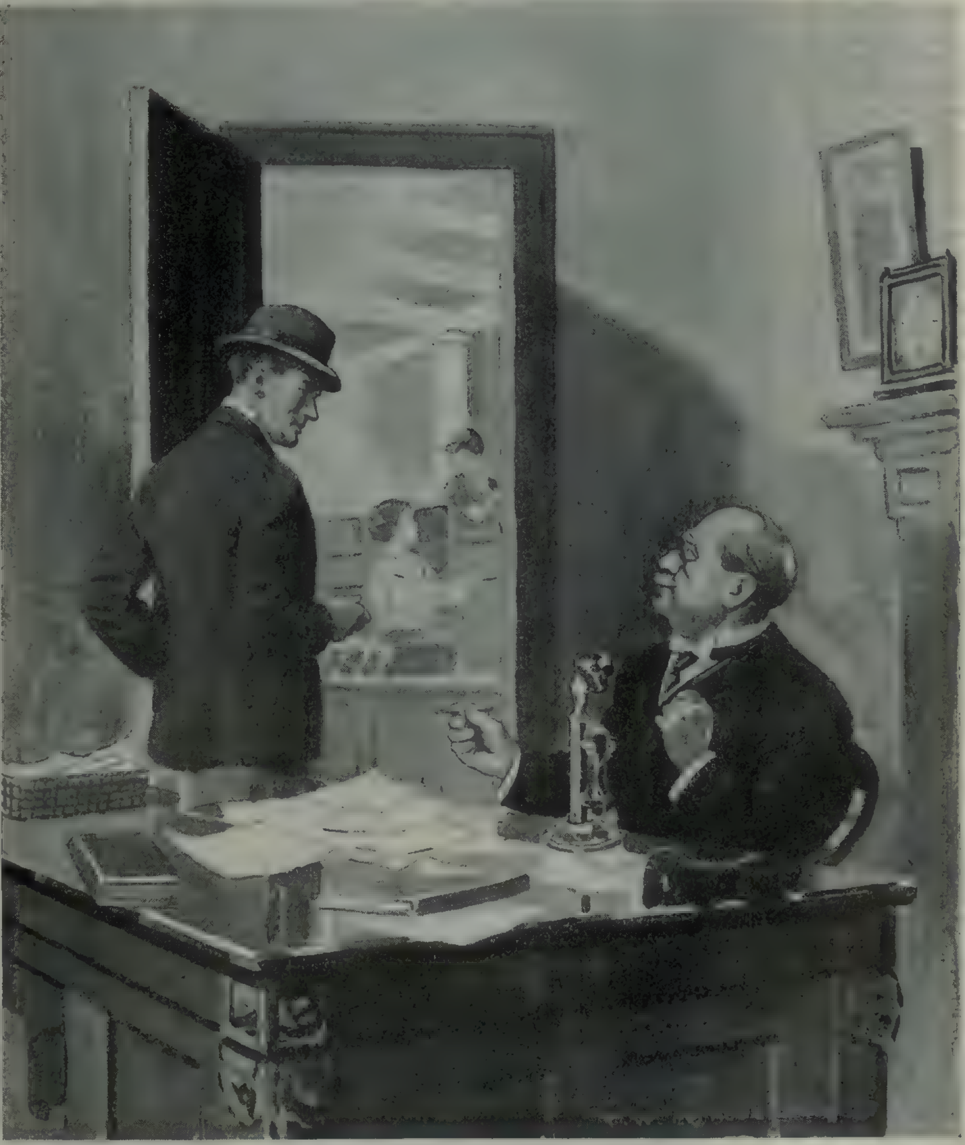
"Let's see—ten, twelve—why yes, just exactly twenty years ago. Well, as I was saying, H. M. had the money to make a payment of some kind and he picked out a big grey envelope—"

"Eh, what's that? Are you sure it was a grey envelope?" asked the reporter. Then he chuckled. "To think of that lanky, big chump having the draatic instinct!"

"What are you talking about?" demanded Miller, testily.

"Nothing at all. Just some of my usual brand of talk you know. On with the tale, D. B."

"Well, Abe grabbed the money, envelope and all, and hiked it for the West. H. M. raised an awful to-do about it and had the police of the whole continent on his tracks. But they never got any wind of cunning old Abe. And to think that he's come back! By cricks, I wish I could have seen the interview he had with H. M."



He was hurrying out when a sudden thought struck him. "I'll be in at 11.30 for our daily talk to-morrow, Mr. Hynds," he said.

"Will you do me a favor, D. B.? Don't say a word about this to anyone until to-night. If you'll keep it to yourself I can promise you a sequel that'll make this story look tame."

"I never spread gossip," said the tailor. "I won't say a word about this."

"No, but really, will you keep it to yourself? No hints to anyone or little whisperings or winkings or anything? I know you, D. B. You're so busting over with generosity that you hate to keep a good thing to yourself."

"You can depend on me," said Miller, rather offended at the gently-voiced implication.

"Then that's settled. I suppose this Abe person will be beating it at once. The old town wouldn't be a healthy place for him. I've got to get at him before he leaves town."

"He's gone by now," said Miller, positively. "Abe was a most sensitive fellow and he wouldn't dare show his face here any longer than he had to. But I know where he'll be. He has some friends living just out of Hanseton. That's where Abe will be."

Hanseton was a small town about five miles away. In ten minutes Coombes had the clerk of the Hanseton House on the wire and in eleven minutes he had learned that no such person as Sattercum had been seen thereabouts. In twelve minutes he was in receipt of another startling piece of information.

"What!" he exclaimed. "Ted Hynds there—and married!—Yes, I know the girl—Ivy Carter, his father's stenographer—Runaway match, sure—Say, get Ted on the line, will you."

The eloping bridegrom came to the 'phone and received Jack's felicitations. "I'm the happiest fellow in the world," he declared. "We were married half an hour ago. Left the store at 11.30 and drove up here. We're catching the 4.40 for Toronto for our honeymoon. Look here, Jack, old fellow, don't write this up. If you do, the old man will never forgive me."

"I'm not sure that he'll do that anyway," said Jack. "But I am sure that you won't take the 4.40. You're coming back here on the double quick."

"What's up?" asked young Hynds.

"Well, you see that father of yours has missed a big sum of money and I'm afraid that he kind of connects it with the sudden departure of his er—your wife. He's talking about calling in the police. I think you'd better get back, Ted."

"Good Lord! This is a mess," came the reply from the other end of the wire in agonized tones. "See here Jack, we'll be back right away. If Ivy knew about this, it would break her heart. Get over to the store and tell Dad that he musn't speak to the police on any account. Tell him I'll explain all about the money when I get back. Promise me to hurry."

"I will," said the reporter. And he did.

"I'll break it to old Hynds gently," he said, as he walked into the store. He found the merchant still in a state of eruptive indecision.

"I've got word from Ted," said Coombes.

"What about? Where is he?" asked Hynds.

"In Hanseton," replied Coombes. "He's coming back at once."

"Of course he's coming back. Where else would he be going to? He'll hear from me as it is."

"He was thinking of going on to Toronto."

"Eh?"

"On his honeymoon. But I persuaded him to come back."

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General—The—Honorable—Sam

An Uncensored Character-Sketch of the Minister of Militia

“. . . . . for they shall inherit the earth.”

By ROBSON BLACK

SOME men are born great and some have to mention it. Some have greatness thrust upon them and some thrust themselves upon greatness. And so it goes.

I started out to speak of Sam Hughes, known to Babylonian writers as Colonel-the-Honorable-Sam. His is the name, nowadays, on every Canadian tongue. Some roll it like a delicious morsel, some like a quinine capsule; only everybody's rolling it. Out of a pretty sense of fitness the Federal Cabinet a few weeks ago, realizing that war was on and that colonels in Canada were managing all sorts of things except regiments, took Mr. Hughes aside and suggested a generalcy. Mr. Hughes was completely taken by surprise and expressed his sentiments in a neat speech; and a pleasant time was had. Concerning the rest of the basic facts of this gentleman's life, he belongs to the Orange Order, his favorite sport is riding alone, he is married and has a grandson. There now, we have the biographical data as it is tallied in Who's Hughes?

After all, despite the boasts of democracy, these are the days of militant autocracies in business, politics, art and arms; Wilson and Goethals, Asquith and Kitchener, each a dictator of dictators within his own barbed-wire compound. And then there is General Hughes, the Minister of Militia of Canada. He built an army of thirty-three thousand men in eight weeks. Before New Year's he will have organized according to the estimates at this writing, total forces of perhaps seventy-five or one hundred thousand trained soldiers, or *twice that* if the need arises. And I predict he will not ask any more credit for that than for the first.

Canadian-public-opinion-as-a-whole (as the London *Times'* correspondent would say after an hour at the club) regards Hughes as “quite a genius,” which does not mean anything near as much as a genius, but just that he manoeuvres like one and that “time will tell.” In England, where Hughes appears now and then to store his spleen anew on John Bull's idiosyncrasies, they call him “quite a character.” That may be the Englishman's way of utter blasphemy or just a teasipping major-generalism that a chap has “individuality.”

For three years, since the election of 1911, Hughes has eaten the cake of fame. A mere thirty-six months and he has stored into their hide more than any other Canadian politician before his day. I said “Canadian” politician to protect me from Mr. Roosevelt; for I recognize that our Sam and the Americans' Teddy have the same distrust of obscurity. The instant apathy threatens, that very instant the smoke curls upward and Vesuvius is restored to the cable sheets.

With the exception of Mr. Roosevelt, I would say there is nobody in the United States even slightly counterfeiting General-the-Honorable Sam Hughes. As an active military officer, he foresees and agitates reforms and developments in line with a more efficient soldiery. As a tempestuous public orator he carries the propaganda before the common people. As a member of the Federal Cabinet he gives his own invention form and authority. Hughes proposes and—Hughes disposes.

On the day of the declaration of war Canada had no mobilization camp worthy the name. Hughes sent his staff to buy one. They selected a magnificent plain at Valcartier, Quebec, seven miles by three and a half. The colonel rushed along his contractors to turn it into a city over night. He started them on a sewage system, erected waterworks and an electric lighting plant. Every fifty yards a hydrant, every dozen tents or so running water and bath tubs. Then railway sidings, grocery stores, ordnance buildings of steel, and on a great stretch of valley 1,800 targets, making the biggest ranges in the world. I do not know to a fraction how much Colonel Hughes had to do with all this, but I am certain he held the stop-watch.

The flood of recruits poured eastward. Trains were ready, food was ready, ranges were ready. Nobody balked, nobody whined. The big thing was done and to the everlasting glory of the Militia Department. Colonel Hughes said it was a fine thing himself. I think I read interviews to that effect as often as twice. When the troops were trained to a reasonable efficiency, he embarked them for England on a score of transports sandwiched all the way across the Atlantic by a fleet of British growlers.

Canada has the notion that Hughes has handled the war business remarkably well. The difficulties, mind you, were stupendous. Apart from having no large standing army, the country was sleeping on the conviction that the peace of nations had been padlocked by Norman Angell. There were no army boots, no tunics, no horses, no war chest. The only “Der Tag” was Christmas. For Utopia, therefore, the first installment in war-making was excellently managed. I mentioned Utopia. That's Canada. Until this war came, not a corporal's guard of her citizens from the highest to the voter had the faintest evidence to justify military preparations. Two sessions ago, the Federal Parliament introduced a naval bill to spend $45,000,000 on Dreadnoughts to be loaned to the British navy. The Conservative members and their press and followers throughout the country accepted the Prime Minister as a modern Noah and raised party bitterness to white heat because the Opposition insisted that Sir Robert Borden was all sizes of a bluffer. The Naval Aid Bill died, as you may remember. It was not *killed*. The Senate of Canada operated upon it; the operation was successful but the patient perished.

All this time, while the whole country cheered for one or another form of naval aid, Colonel-the-Honorable Sam tried to edge in a word for his Canadian *army*. Somehow the army was in wrong. No member of the Opposition so timid of his eloquence but would flip a few hand grenades across the floor at Colonel Sam. “Will the Minister of Militia explain why he is building a drill hall at McCandlish's Corners and what's he gonna do with it when completed?” “Will the minister say how much he paid for valet service on his recent trip to England?" "Will the minister untangle his innuendoes at the Orange picnic yesterday?" Day in and evening out, Colonel-the-Honorable-Sam stood to his mitrailleuse, took his punishment, and made suitable reply. He asked for more millions for the development of the militia, and members pecked at his requests as "senseless waste of a military-mad politician." They labeled him "War Lord," likened him to Bernhardi and held him up to the agriculturists of the country as the man who would turn their grindstones into artillery wheels and their Christmas puddings into bombs. "See!" cried they, "ten millions appropriated for drill halls against two-dollars-fifty for the extermination of the San Joosey scale! What think you of that, ye yeomen?"

Normally, Canada is fiercely anti-militarist. One may truthfully say there is not in the whole country a pugilistic faction big enough to crowd the seating capacity of a country store. The tradition of British might had reversed public caution into something like toleration of the domestic soldiery. When Hughes began campaigning for a real citizen army, plenty of folks and a good many church societies sent him resolutions saying, in effect: "Dear sir; behave yourself." But the colonel accepted abuse like coin of the realm. Changing the metaphor, he had the sense to recognize abuse as the woof of fame.

A big, over-topping majority of friendly Tories in the House of Commons provided him the money for a general house-cleaning. Authority was already his. Officials lost their jobs. New men stepped in. It is usual for the biographer to say that "efficiency was the gauge of new appointments." It wasn't—not invariably. Col. Hughes' appointments were only fairly good. He lost many excellent men and provided jobs to others of doubtful capability.

Then this war came. War is the day of judgment for the militarist, as for the dilettante. Hughes and his friends got busy assembling a Canadian army. The country, once hesitating and disputeful, handed the minister a carte blanche for all he needed and wished him Godspeed instead of devil-take-you. Is Hughes a hero-of-the-hour in Canada? Not yet. His manner antidotes applause. He is his own claque. Popular appreciation, waiting with bouquets behind the arras, has taken to its heels, frighted, offended, resentful. Hughes refused to let his *actions* speak for him—like Kitchener and Goethals. He insisted on a duet, to do *and* to say. From the day of Goliath downward there is but one option—to *do*, or to join the Chatauquas.

Champions of Hughes, and I am one, tell me the secret of his rise to cabinet rank is his fearlessness, constructive radicalism and persistence. Those are long-trousered words and cover a multitude of shins. Personally, I never believed there was any secret whatever to a cabinet appointment. I hope there is, but I fear not.

He was a newspaper editor, as I indicated. And in Lindsay, too. Like Bernard Shaw, an Irish-Protestant and a Philistine—a combination that keeps the generation guessing. The spirits of great soldiers stirred his blood even as a boy, for the family album told him of a great-grandfather, General Saint Pierre, who fought beside Napoleon and died at Waterloo with two of his sons. Between the newspaper and local soldiering, he lost no time in impressing himself on the populace as "a coming man." Once he fought the local blacksmith and had the courage to write up the encounter and print it in the paper. Being an honest and respectable person, the electors sent him to Parliament, the blacksmith probably voting with the majority.

His name became "widely known" but minus the halo of either awe or admiration. His independent twist, called "fearlessness," led him to attack General Hutton, then the supreme military officer in the Dominion. Hutton was an Englishman and had a sense of propriety. Sam being a junior officer of a regiment had the temerity to criticize the chief's methods and the latter immediately launched a punitive expedition. "Stop!" advised Sam. "As a member of parliament I defy you." The technicality was sound and there the incident ended. Ended, did I say? There came the South African War. Canada sent a contingent to help the Mother Country and Hughes applied for a commission. I have an impression that Hutton did not grant it. Hughes demanded, stormed, execrated, but headquarters organized without him. At the last moment the colonel secured from the Prime Minister a pass on the transports but Hutton refused to let him wear a uniform. It was a bonny sight that day at old Quebec as the ships pulled into midstream—high on the deck, perched upon a heap of luggage, was Colonel-the-Indomitable-Sam, his face down-drawn and colored with dejection. And thus to Afrique came he.

Major-General Hughes snapshotted on the occasion of his recent visit to Toronto.

His contact with the English Hutton should not have biased the views of a lifetime but it did. D'Artagnan on his yellow charger never looked for trouble as Hughes looked for Englishmen. Friction started from the first month on new soil. He advertised himself a free-lance and was given employment on transport work. Too competent for the British army, his commander moved him along to Inspector-General Settle, who had charge of the lines of communication, and Settle made him chief of his intelligence staff in the Gordonia and Prieska campaign. Later on we find him attached to the staff of General Charles Warren in Griqualand and Bechuanaland and after that he was made head of the Mounted Brigade until the end of the war.

Sweet are the uses of advertisement. No Canadian correspondents being near, he bethought him to write a letter home. His observant senses threatened his brain with bursting. So he put it all in writing, stuck a stamp on one corner and dropped it in the regimental mail. O hapless day! The letter fell into the hands of an indiscreet friend who gave it to the papers. Hughesonian to the last atom, it gloried in the frequent tilts with superiors which had been like unction on the burning wounds of pride. And then he wrote a phrase, unexpungable by time or tide; he spoke of his orderly as "My man Turpin," spoke of him half a dozen times. That "my man Turpin" sounded so funny from the adventuring Lindsay editor that by one of those curious turns to public feeling it robbed the colonel in a trice of the fame he expected and deserved from the African exploits. Had that been General French's letter, no one would have taken exception (barring French, himself) but for *our Sam*, familiar to us as the kitchen range, for him to have a "my man" and that his name should have been "Turpin"—well, democracies have their own impudent way of looking at things.

For nigh eleven years after the South African homecoming he battled with the fates that forever coaxed him nowhere. At fifty years of age he looked the same lone charger he had been at thirty, always contending, always in conflict, with many effective bits of strategy but no correlation, no progression, no goal. When Sir Robert Borden, Premier of Canada, appointed this singular soldier Minister of Militia in 1911, he probably put a high estimate on his *potentialities*, for Colonel Hughes' past performances gave the party no conceivable prestige.

Since "assuming the reins of power" he has gently booted off the governmental buckboard at least one brilliant English officer, General Mackenzie, and driven away at least a score of others so unfortunate as to hold diplomas from the British War Office. He has driven the "wet canteen" from every military camp and banished liquor from every officers' mess—

a move which required a deal of firmness and had proved a true success. The list of good deeds standing to his credit is prodigious. Let it be said, frankly, that no other military man in Canada, allied to politics, could have accomplished so much real work in so short a time considering the handicaps. The very qualities of pugnacious self-assertion and super-confidence were so startling in the cabinet that the Militia Department got not only what it wanted but what it *needed* and became the liveliest and noisiest branch of Government.

A TYPICAL VIEW OF MAJOR-GENERAL HUGHES.
Watching the last of the Canadian transports passing out to sea with Col. S. McBain.

Keen and capable as Colonel Hughes soon proved himself, that editorial inclination of his, lugged along from Lindsay, kept a line of reporters intermittently at his office door. Nothing is an item if it doesn't get in the paper. That's journalism, not militarism, but the colonel was never averse to a union of ideas, particularly a collision. He issued "statements," half-column, front-page stuff on controversial questions connected with the Militia Department. And it made nice reading. When the troops left for England in October, he dashed off an "address." If you ever read Napoleon's oration before the battle of the Pyramids you will recognize that Bonaparte got off one thing which Hughes could not have seen—that one about the "forty centuries look down upon you." But, of course, the Dominion had no forty centuries and, anyway, if she did have, they would not look down upon but up to a contingent organized by the Honorable Sam.

He saw Kitchener the other day at the War Office in London, discussed the disposition of the Canadian troops and, on returning to his hotel, this is what the newspapers quote him as saying: "Kitchener and I were in perfect agreement."

Do you wonder, now, that Kitchener makes so few mistakes?

And then, another time, General Hughes looked a reporter in the eye and spoke: "I am quite content to abide by the opinion of Lord Roberts who said to me privately and repeated in public on many occasions, that the mobilization, equipment, and transportation of the Canadian contingent showed a driving power and a genius for military affairs on the part of your humble servant without parallel in history?"

". . . . for they shall inherit the earth."

Motoring in Winter Time

Cars are Being Used all the Year Around Now by Enthusiastic Motorists

By ALEXANDER JOHNSTON

OUTDOOR sport in winter is only just coming into its own. Certain European countries, particularly Switzerland and the Scandinavian lands, have always indulged in systematized winter sports, but the rest of the world is only now beginning to appreciate the delights of playing in the snow. The winter season of the Swiss mountain resort has of late years assumed an importance equaling that of the traditional summer period of relaxation. Thousands of pleasure-seekers from France, England, Italy, and the rest of Europe, to say nothing of America, now gather each winter in the snow-filled Swiss valleys, to enjoy the skating, skiing, and tobogganing, as well as hockey on the open-air rinks. In mid-Victorian days, all these folks would have been properly horrified at the idea of ricking colds, pneumonia "declines," and Heaven knows what else by visiting a country where the thermometer systematically undermines the morals of the zero mark. To-day we know that pure cold air is not only innocuous but of positive therapeutic value. At the Swiss resorts, hundreds of visitors attend the open-air hockey matches, and sit out in the falling snow, with no worse results than ravenous appetites.

In this country, we have not advanced quite so far as has Europe in the matter of outdoor winter sports. We are still inclined to hug the fireplace, when we are able, and there is still a very large class of motor-car users which puts up its cars for the winter, or uses them only as utility vehicles on the cleared streets of our larger cities. But even at that, the tide is turning, for the motorist of a few years ago was own brother to the bear in his hibernating habits. The bear, we are told, on the coming of cold weather, retires to his den and sleeps until a more propitious season. The early motorists, on the approach of winter, retired to their garages, and ceased to exist, as motorists, until revived by the warm sunlight of late spring. To-day there is a large and constantly increasing group of motor-car enthusiasts, who have learned that winter is by no means a closed season for the enjoyment of their favorite sport.

The motorist who declines to motor simply because the calendar tells him that it is winter loses a supremely delightful experience. There is exhilaration in the onward rush through the biting wind. There is health and healing in the pure, clean cold. There is tonic in the sweep of the crystal clear air, keen as a whetted scimitar, and whipped home by the added impetus of flight in a fast-moving motor-cart.

Nature, coy lady, charming in all her moods and tenses to the receptive mind, is certainly not least so in the one wherein she wraps herself in her mantle of virginal snows. The world clothed in the colorful garment of its summer verdure is frankly alluring, boldly inviting. But to him who posses the truly sympathetic understanding there is an attraction about Nature, wrapped in the austere beauty of her snows, that is far more provocative than the frank allurement of her summer mood.—*The Countryside Magazine.*

The Best Gift of All

By DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

I KNOW of a little girl who was greatly distressed because she had no Christmas gift for her grandmother. She had only four precious pennies which she had been a long time in saving, but she found that even if she spent these for a present she could not pay the postage on it, and so she decided to buy a two-cent stamp and spend the other two cents for a sheet of paper and an envelope, and this is the letter she wrote: "I have no gift to send you, my dear grandma, but I do want you to know that I love you, love you, love you, and here are a hundred kisses." The grandmother, with tears in her eyes, said that none of her Christmas gifts gave her so much pleasure as this simple love missive.

Most of us strain too much in our Christmas giving. We think too much about the value of the gift itself and not enough about the spirit of good will, the real Christ spirit that should accompany the gift.

How natural it is for people with small means to think of what wonderful things they would do for the poor and unfortunate at Christmas time if they only had money, yet it has been my experience that people who did not manage somehow to do a little good with their small means never did the big things which they dreamed they were going to do when they became prosperous. Helping others, making them happy, encouraging them, is largely a matter of inclination or desire. However poor we have no great difficulty in making those happy whom we love very much.

Have you ever thought of the wonderful amount of Christmas cheer you can scatter even if you have very little of this world's goods. It is really astonishing how many people we can make happy and how much we can do to help others even when we think we have nothing to give. No one is so poor that he cannot give something to brighten other lives.

I recently heard of a poor woman who sells apples on the streets of London and who lives in a very cheap two room tenement, and yet she has managed to rear twenty orphan children who were homeless. She taught them all she knew and helped some to get a scant knowledge of trades, and has paid the steerage passage for some of them to America.

Here is a striking instance of what a warm sympathetic soul may accomplish even when very poor.

We are apt to place entirely too great an emphasis upon what money will do at Christmas. It will not supply the only thing or the best thing we can give. To give ourselves is often of infinitely more value.

> "Who gives himself with his alms feeds three.
> Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

Many people set aside a certain amount of money for Christmas gifts and when these are purchased and sent away, they consider the Christmas ordeal over. They seem to think that if they send to the poor and needy a little check, some groceries, coal, clothing or some useless things they had stored away in their own home, that they have followed the Christmas rule. They do not seem to realize that merely giving things does not put one in harmony with the true Christmas spirit,—that one must give himself, his sympathy, his helpful spirit with his gift.

If you feel that you are too poor to buy Christmas gifts just try to sit down and think what you can do to make others happy. Try to think what thought gifts, heart gifts, sympathy gifts, love gifts, encouragement gifts, you can bestow without money.

There is nothing else for which the human heart so yearns and hungers for as sympathy, love, things which money has no power to purchase. In fact, the most precious things that come to a human being are unpurchasable with money. Only that which comes from the heart can feed another's heart hunger, only a heart can feed a heart.

Many a heart has starved amid plenty, surrounded by luxury, because the famished affections were not fed, and there is nothing else so dear to a human being as sympathy, human intercourse.

Who gives himself gives the greatest thing in the world.

You cannot send the best of yourself in a ton of coal, a book, a dollar, or a check; you must go with it for "the gift without the giver is here." You must give yourself.

Many a heart will be hungry, vacant, aching, after receiving beautiful Christmas gifts this year simply because the giver's heart was not in his gift.

At all seasons of the year and in all countries, in all climes, love, sympathy, helpfulness, are the most highly prized, the most longed for gifts.

"What can we do for you?" asked a church investigator of a poor old soul whom they found on a pallet of straw in an attic. He thought she would say, "Bread, bread, coal, covering," for she lacked all these. She was again asked. "Folks," she murmured. "Send some one to talk to me. I am lonely."

Do not think that because you cannot afford to purchase new presents that you have nothing to give. Look about your home and you will probably be surprised to see how many things you have about the house which would make somebody happy, the books you have read, the duplicate Christmas presents, the scarf, the ties, the gloves, the things that you have stored away and do not need. There is scarcely a home which does not have something which would give somebody pleasure. Pass them on.

One cold night just before Christmas I saw in front of a big show window in New York a poor ragged boy looking very longingly at a big doll. I asked him if he wanted anything in the window. "No, no," he said, "but it does make me feel bad 'cause I can't get a doll for my little sister. She never had a doll."

Think of the poor children who never had a Christmas present, the poor little girls who never owned a doll. Even if you haven't anything stored away which you could give these poor people without impoverishing yourself, you can at least call on some of them, give them your sympathy, your encouragement.

It is the spirit of Christmas that counts; it is everything, and if it doesn't go with the money you give, if it isn't in the check or the groceries you send, you are giving nothing that is real.

Ruskin said that it is not written in the Good Book "Blessed is he who feedeth the poor" but "Blessed is he who *considereth* the poor." In suffering, in distress, the friends most prized are those who give their love, sympathy, and encouragement, more than those who give material assistance. Money and other mere materials things are poor substitutes for heart gifts.

I know a very poor woman in New York who never has any money for Christmas and yet weeks before Christmas she goes from house to house among the needy, the sick, the crippled, the unfortunate, those who are in trouble, and gives out such a wealth of love, sympathy and encouragement, and scatters so much sunshine and good cheer that the poor people feel enriched and cheered months afterwards.

If you have no material gifts to bestow upon those who are unfortunate and whom you would like to help this Christmas, why not try to show them how they can better their condition? You may be able to help them, by practical suggestions, to get away from their sordid poverty. Perhaps you can show them how to plan a little better, make their homes a little brighter, more comfortable, their lives a little brighter.

No matter how humble our position in life may be we can always give a kind word and perform little deeds of helpfulness and good cheer in our family and among our friends and acquaintances. A cordial grasp of a discouraged hand with a little sympathy and encouragement will often do more good than a costly gift.

You can render no greater service to others than by holding kindly, magnanimous thoughts towards them, giving them cheer, your sympathy, your helpful encouragement. These are an everlasting benediction and a perpetual delight.

Unfortunately, the true meaning of Christmas, the Christ spirit, the helpful, charitable spirit, has been largely lost, and we have drifted into a custom of using Christmas for the paying of Christmas debts. With many people Christmas has become such a formidable occasion, so expensive, so strenuous, that instead of suggesting good cheer, happiness, kindness for all, the holiday season brings dread and even terror to many people who are not able to keep up with the pace. It is becoming a serious drain upon both the strength and the pocketbook.

A very popular young lady tells me that the very thought of Christmas terrifies her. She says that it costs her at least three hundred and fifty dollars a year for Christmas presents, and that with a large family and a small income this expenditure cripples the family for many months. She says that in addition to the great drain on her purse. Christmas giving is becoming a great strain upon her health. In short, Christmas is becoming a nightmare to her instead of a joy and a glorious occasion for making everybody happy.

How many people feel this same dread of these holidays which ought to be a season of great joy and happiness.

It is easy to say that it is very foolish to try to keep up appearances as we do in our Christmas giving. It may be foolish for Edith, who only earns nine dollars a week to give Lillian who receives fifteen dollars just as expensive a present, but we are all weak along the line of our vanity and our pride, and we do not like to feel that *we* cannot do what others do.

I know of young women working for small salaries who buy presents way beyond their means, paying for them on the installment plan, and thus involving themselves in debts which tie them down for months.

Now, this is not right, this is really straining to keep up false appearances, trying to appear in better circumstances than we really are.

The average person uses less sense and good judgment in the purchase of Christmas presents than in anything else. Many people seem to have a sort of mania for making the best possible show for their money in their Christmas giving, and in their mad hunt for bargains they buy the most senseless things,—articles which are practically useless to others and only cumber up the house. It would be interesting to go through the homes of the country and collect or take an inventory of the Christmas gifts which are lying about in attics, cupboards, and closets,—useless, foolish, articles which people have no use for and yet which they feel they must keep because they were given to them.

Some time ago I overheard a prominent woman of society tell another that her home had been so literally overloaded with all sorts of articles of furniture and bric-a-brac and other things which had been given to her that she was really embarrassed for room. She said that these things had accumulated so that she felt obliged to send several loads to an auction sale. A newspaper reporter recognized some of them and criticized her severely in his paper for selling them. The lady then explained through the press that she had been obliged to keep the gifts in storage for years and that they had accumulated so that she had felt it foolish to keep them longer.

How many people have Christmas presents which they have been storing up for years, things that are in the way and of no earthly use to them, which they could pass along this Christmas to others to enjoy?

Why cling to things simply because they were given to you, when you have no real use for them? Those who gave them should be only too glad to know that they are making somebody happy.

I would like to ask you, my reader, to join me this year in a special effort to make children happy, and especially those who have no money with which to buy presents. Christmas is really children's day. We give too much to adults and expend too little effort in making the young folks happy. It is really their day and it is a splendid opportunity not only to make them happy but to help them to make others happy, and to show them what Christmas really means; that it is the Christ spirit, the love spirit, the helpful, unselfish, sympathetic spirit.

Two young girls were overhead talking about what they were going to buy for Christmas. One said, "I have twenty-five dollars to spend on my family; how much have you?" The other replied, "I have two dollars and fifty cents to spend, but not on my family. They do not need it. I am going to buy presents for poor children who have no money for Christmas." The latter girl was in comparatively poor circumstances and her $2.50 meant much to her, but she had the true Christmas spirit.

No matter what your nationality, your creed, color, or condition, this is the way to celebrate Christmas; Do what you think Christ would do if He were on earth and had your means.

"All who joy would have must share it,
Happiness was born a twin."

Open your heart, be generous at this Christmas time, and see how many people you can make happy!

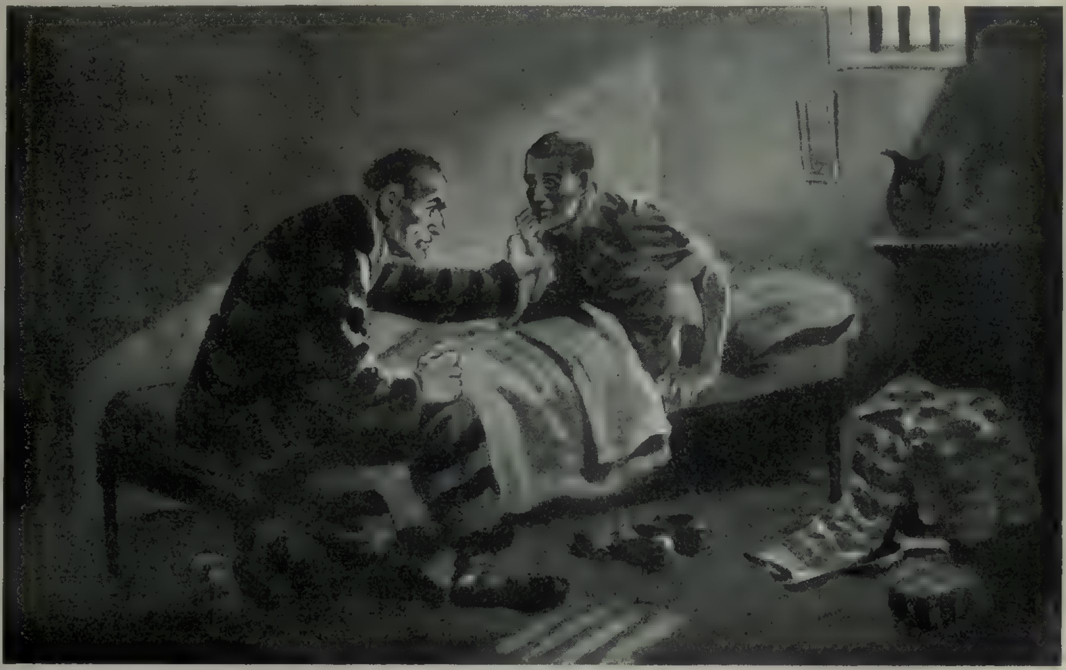
There is something about giving to and helping others in need that has a wonderful reaction upon the giver or helper. By some strange alchemy, what we give comes back to us. It becomes our own.

"Scrooge," in Dicken's "Christmas Carol" never knew what joy was until he awoke from his miserly selfish dream, and began to love and think of others. When he went to church and walked the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted the children on the head and questioned the beggars, and looked down into the kitchens and up to the windows of houses, he found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that such common things could give him happiness.

In unselfishly trying to make others happy, you will double and treble your own happiness.

Everyone should regard Christmas as an occasion for clearing his heart of all grudges, for forgiving all offences, and all enemies. It is a good time to forget and to forgive a good time to forget self and think of others.

Christmas ought to be a great heart-mellowing, affection-quickening, friendship-renewing, occasion. It ought not to be considered a burden or a bore. It ought to be a season of great joy and happiness, a season of peace and good will. Everybody, rich and poor, should look forward to Christmas with anticipations of delight.

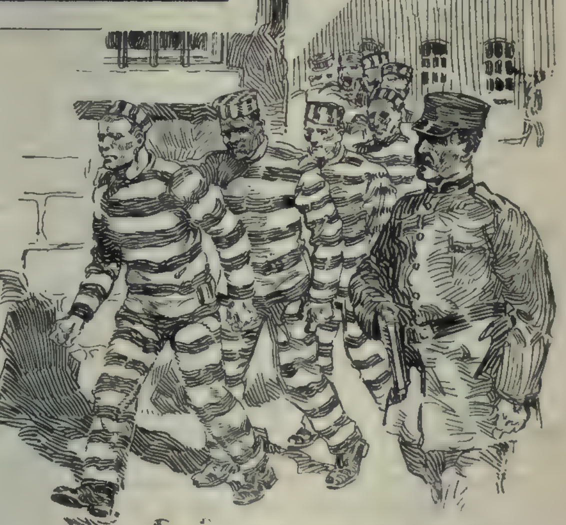


The boy gasped: "It's you—Jim?" He was trembling with suppressed excitement. The big man sat down on the cot beside him.

The Spark

By G. Frederick Clarke

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER



CONVICT 342 turned to where the youth stood gazing with helpless eyes from the pile of stone before him to the heavy hammer in his hands.

The big man rolled his quid in his tanned cheek and spat contemptuously. "Hell!" he muttered, "he's a young 'un; new to the job." He turned heavy-lidded eyes to the sun that had perched on the top of the stone enclosure preparatory to sailing into the blue.

"Looks like a cock gettin' ready to crow," he said to the little man beside him, who was attached to an iron ball as heavy as himself.

The little man leered. Then his face resuming its stolid expression, he swung his hammer savagely at the rock he was breaking.

The big man—he was not tall, but broad and heavy, with great arms and thick, hairy hands—made no further attempt at conversation. His muscles played beneath his stripes as he worked steadily for some minutes.

At last he stole a glance across at the newcomer. The youth was making fruitless, puerile efforts to crush the stone. He lifted his hammer awkwardly, bringing it down with a lifeless movement of his thin shoulders. The sweat already rolled from his white forehead. His big, brown eyes were set in a dull, hopeless bewilderment.

The guard came bustling up, waving his stick angrily.

"Hey, there," he bawled, "not that way. Think you're breakin' eggs?"

A few of the gang looked up and smiled—a mechanical, mirthless movement of the facial muscles, that was all. The majority worked on in stolid silence.

"Here!" shouted the guard, "No layin' back there!" He reached out and grasped the hammer from the youth's hands.

"Now, watch me!" He swung the hammer, raised himself slightly on his toes and delivered a good, strong blow as he settled back.

"There, put more back-bone into your delivery, young un."

The youth's white hands took hold of the hammer again.

"Keep at it," said the guard. "Watch the others. You'll soon catch on—and learn to like it after a spell." This latter he evidently thought a good joke, for he went along the line, laughing.

He stopped opposite 342.

"*You* don't need no instruction, anyway," he said, looking down with some admiration at the pile of broken stone which surrounded the convict.

342 shot him a savage look—a look that had in it the hate of primordial man. His great hands fingered along the handle of the hammer nervously; then, pulling himself together with an effort, his hand slipped into his pocket, brought forth a plug of tobacco, and, still staring into the other's face, bit off a piece with his strong, yellow teeth.

The guard moved on.

"I'll get you, some day," muttered the man, and worked savagely for an hour.

The sweat rolled down his thick, browned neck. Once he turned, and shook his big, hairy fist at the ball of fire in the sky.

At the end of the hour he heard an exclamation of pain from the youth. He turned his head and glanced sideways at him. A piece of jagged stone had glanced off and gouged the lad's hand. The tears stood in his eyes. He held the bleeding hand from him; with his left holding tight to the wrist of the bruised member.

"God!" he moaned, "God!"

The crowd of men eased from their labor and gave vent to a low rumble that might pass for a laugh.

The boy's face was pale. The hand he held out, save where the blood oozed forth, was as white and slender as a woman's. His brow was broad and intelligent. His lips, pressed in anguish over perfect, even teeth, were finely chiseled, though weak.

The crowd laughed again, brutally; some ventured sneeringly sarcastic remarks. A tall, cadaverous man, with pock-marked, evil face, suggested to the lad that he call the "amburlence."

"Shut up; all on yer, an' leave him alone," warned 342. His dull eyes flashed from under his shaggy brows.

They stared at him amazed, grumbled a little and grew silent under his savage stare. He was a quiet, stern man, who seldom made any comment. His six year sentence would end in ten months.

"Jim's got a case on the young un," said the cadaverous man in a low voice.

The fat man with a round, bald head, and the eyes and face of an overgrown boy, looked up.

"Wot yuh givin' us," he sneered. "Jim? He ain't got no feelin's,—not so much as you could see with a microscope. Ain't I knowed Jim ten years? I ought to *know*."

The cadaverous man lifted an apologetic face and shifted from one foot to the other. There was small profit in refuting the sarcastic knowledge of the fat man. He felt that he had made a mistake.

The lad turned to his task with shamed face. His hands burned like fire and blistered. Still he worked on. His back ached; but not for worlds would he groan again or give any evidence that he suffered.

Jim threw him a glance now and then. Of a sudden, something in his left side ached oddly.

"Looks like her," he said beneath his breath. "Her hands was just like his'n, soft an' white, an' long." He hadn't thought of her for years. His ears burned. He wondered if she knew his shame.

He had felt few of the finer emotions in twenty years, twelve of which he had spent within stone walls. The other eight, between long sentences of hard labor, he had spent herding with the flotsam and sharing their crimes. Twice he had attempted to escape. The first time he had two years tacked on to his sentence. The last time, three.

"I wonder where she is now?" he mused. "Married, perhaps." He remembered her face as he had last seen it twenty-three years ago. "Golden brown hair, and brown eyes,—eyes like the youngster over there." And long, thin hands, that had clung to him as he said good-bye.

"I might have gone back to her, after the first time. Gone back an' told her some sort of a damn lie, an' made it up. But I wasn't that bad, after all. It'd a killed her if she'd ever got to know."

He swung his hammer with gigantic strokes, as though by the application of great bodily effort he would beat her image from his mind. But it was useless. Back she came, sad-eyed, pleading —little tricks of speech she had—the way she parted her hair—the gay, cheap, little ribbons she wore. He remembered a locket, a small heart-shaped thing, he had given her. She had placed his picture therein and proudly wore it about her throat. He turned and looked at the boy a dozen paces away.

"Just the same,—the very same shaped hand," he muttered. "White, an' soft, an' long, like hers."

He applied himself to his task with new vigor, and worked until the harsh clang of the prison bell announced the dinner hour. Then the guard came bustling up; the men fell in, two and two, while he beat time on the stone flags with his stick.

"Ready—March!" he ordered, and the long line of heavy-eyed, hopeless-faced men shuffled in step to the prison doors.

II.

IN a few days the youth had settled down to the weary routine of prison life. He spoke to no one, unless appealed to direct. His face lost its paleness. The sun tanned it as brown as the others'. Heeding the guard's advice, he watched his comrades and soon was able to do a fair day's labor.

From his place at the far end of the table Jim's heavy, dull eyes often stole to the lad's face. He wondered what he had done to get heavy sentence. His mind ran over the catalogue of crimes,—manslaughter, theft, larceny. He threw out manslaughter. The boy wasn't capable of that yet-a-while, with that face. He might be, when he got older and more hardened. But he couldn't wear that face, with a "big one" over his head. No, it must be theft.

"Generally starts that way," mused Jim. "Generally begins with the little ones and ends with the big, as—as a sort of anti-climax to the chair." Though he knew a few who had run the whole gamut of crime and got off. They were the lucky ones.

One Sunday, as they sat in the big prison chapel and listened to the sermon and hymns, he heard a sob behind him and turned. The boy was weeping.

"I was right," said Jim. "He ain't done nothin' so very big."

That night, after tossing about an hour or more on his straw pallet, he fell into a troubled sleep and dreamed of home and the girl he had loved. Once again they walked along the bank of the little stream in the village where they had both been born. She was dressed in a pretty muslin thing with bands of lace about the collar and sleeves, and he whispered his love to her anew. Then she vanished, and once more he was a boy, light-hearted, care-free, wading the brook, an alder pole in his hand, an old fish basket slung over his gingham-shirted shoulder. So clear the dream, he could see the frothy place by the pine log where, in old days, the biggest and most wary trout made their habitat.

Now back came the girl—woman-grown, wild-eyed—pointing with terrified hand beneath the bridge, where the water was deep and swift — and there, struggling, he saw the lad—the lad of the prison.

He threw off his coat, leaped over the low railing—and fell with an awakened thud on the cement floor by his cot.

Jim got slowly and painfully to his feet, and a moment later crept shivering to his hard couch.

"God!" he breathed, "I never thought of *that*. I never thought of *that!*"

Thereafter while the others slept, Jim worked, his only instruments a long, heavy file, from which he had forced the handle, and his pocket knife. He started on the cement holding the stones in place behind his bunk, and only stopped when his fingers were so stiffened that he could hardly hold the file. Then he would creep to his bed and snatch a couple of hours' sleep before the prison bell. Many times, as he stopped to rest, the face of the girl came to him, and as often he repeated: "God, I never thought of that!"

From policy, he avoided the lad as much as possible, though often times he would steal him a glance as he sat at the table or worked in the quarry, searching for the least likeness to himself. Then his heart would cry: "It can't be—it can't be."

But at night he worked on. Unless someone heard him, he figured he would be through and into the other cell in two months.

The days went by, the weeks. At the end of the sixth he was able to remove the stone. He heard the steady, deep breathing of the boy in the other cell.

He crawled slowly and carefully through the opening. The boy groaned in his sleep.

Jim bent and whispered in his ear. The boy started up.

"Sh—h," warned Jim, "It's me—Jim. Quiet. For Heaven's sake, whisper. If they find me it'll be three more years."

The boy grasped his arm. "It's you—Jim?" He was trembling with suppressed excitement.

The big man sat down on the cot beside him.

"What's your name?" he whispered.

"Brown," the boy answered.

"Come—come; your right one. Don't lie to me."

The boy hesitated.

"Quick," urged Jim.

"Crowe—James," the lad said.

The big man gulped in his throat; his hand tightened on the young man's arm.

"That's your mother's name. Who's your father, boy?"

A tear splashed on Jim's hand. A sob was wrenched from the lad's throat.

"I never had one—to know."

The big man was trembling. "Where's your mother—now?" he asked.

"Home—Sheerville."

"What did you do to get in here?" demanded Jim.

"Theft," he whispered.

"Does she know?" Jim tried hard to steady his voice.

"No—thank God." A rain of tears fell on Jim's hand.

The big man remained silent for several moments.

"You—you say you never knew your father?" he said at last.

"No."

"Did your mother ever speak of him?" The man's heart thumped oddly against his chest.

"A few times."

"What did she say?" There was a curious note in the big man's voice.

The boy gulped in his throat. "She told me he was the finest man in the world. She used to pray I'd grow to be like him."

Something splashed from the big man's cheek to the floor.

He brushed his hand savagely across his eyes.

The boy continued: "He went away and left her—but—but she always loved him. She was always sure he'd come back—some time."

The big man got up. "I got to go now," he said. "I'll come tomorrow night." He went over, crawled slowly and carefully through the hole into his own cell and replaced the stone.

He stood by the barred window, gazing with wide, unseeing eyes into the starlit night. A half hour went by; an hour. Dawn filled the world. A bird from the open country alighted on the stone wall and voiced a hymn to the new day.

The man raised his head: "God," he whispered, "she prayed he'd grow to be like him! She doesn't know—she doesn't know——"

III.

THE next night Jim sought the youth's cell again.

He found him sitting on the edge of his cot.

He was sobbing, his body shivering under a storm of emotion.

"What's the matter?" asked Jim.

"I—I've heard from her—she's sick—slowly dying."

Jim gasped. "Dyin'? I thought you told me she didn't know you were here."

"It's true." The youth became calmer. "I told you the truth. A friend wrote me. She's dying—calling my name." The lad broke down again.

Jim sat beside him. The flesh on his body turned cold.

"My God!" he said, "My God!" and dropped his head on his hand. The sweat stood in drops on his brow.

The boy reached out, grasped his arm. "What can I do, Jim? What can I do? She wants me." His eyes glowed in the darkness. "Is there no way, Jim?"

The man raised his face. "Way? What?" he said.

The boy's knees knocked together. "Can't we get out—escape? You got in here;" he said with sudden hope, "Can't you loosen the bars at the window?"

"It ain't no use," the man said, "I tried it twice. They got me both times."

"But—but," the lad protested.

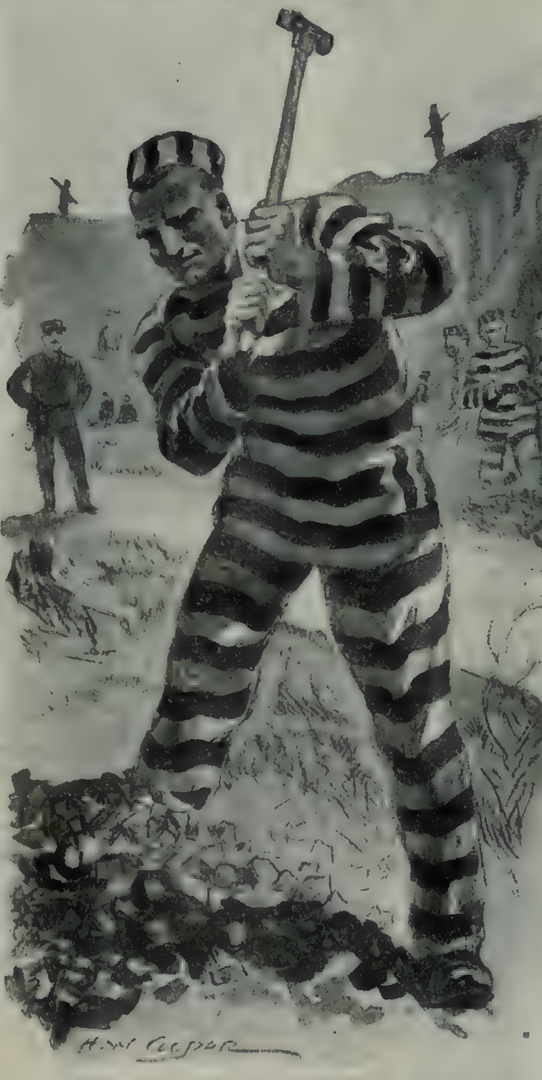
"And had to do three years." Jim's voice was gruff.

The lad drew his hand away and sank back on his cot, trembling with sobs.

The man sat in silence. At last he spoke: "Listen," he said; "Go along with your work as though nothing has happened—I—I'll see what I can do."

IV.

THE time drew near for the expiration of the little man's sentence. He joked about his luck to his comrades. Jim managed to get speech with him. They argued for some minutes.



The subject of their conversation worked in silence. The lad had gotten safely away.

"One hundred dollars," said the little man, "is a small amount for sich risk. But I'll do it. At the northeast corner?"

Jim nodded.

"All right," said the little man. "But where's the blunt?"

"In the bank—I'm not a pauper," said Jim. "If you fail me I'll kill you when I get out," he warned grimly.

The little man seemed to shrivel up with fear.

"You ain't never killed no one yet, Jim."

"No, but it ain't never too late to begin." Jim laughed as he ended. But the little man detected tragedy in the mirthless face.

"Every night for two weeks, Jim?" he hastened.

"Yes, at the northeast corner. And if you might happen to forget our bargain, I'll be out in ten months," he said significantly.

"I'll be there," said the little man.

V.

JIM began on the bars of his window. The sweat poured into his eyes as he worked. His fingers, cramped about his knife, ached till he thought they would split open.

He worked for five nights, while the boy, by the cell door, listened with all his ears for the approach of anyone along the corridor.

At last Jim stopped, grasped a bar with his thick, strong fingers, and, with brute strength, wrenched it from it weakened socket. He gave a sigh of relief and tried the other. It wouldn't budge. The muscles of his forearm ached. He put both hands on the bar, pulled himself up and, bracing his knees against the wall, set his muscles in a final effort. It gave with a suddenness that left him sprawling on the floor. With a quick, catlike motion, marvelous in one of his massive build, he was on his feet and across the floor in a couple of bounds.

"Quick," he hissed.

Feet came running down the corridor; hands fumbled at the lock. Jim groaned—groaned as one in great bodily suffering. He dragged the boy to the window.

"Catch on," he whispered, and picked him up bodily. By a great effort he could yet have pushed the boy through the window and gotten through after him. But his brain, so slow to work ordinarily, saw his course plain. Even with both through there was only a chance of one getting over the wall. It must be the boy—for *her* sake. What mattered three more years to him, four, five? He must hold them in check, until the lad was safely away.

He grasped the boy's hand. "Go," he hissed. "Run to the northeast corner by the quarry—Beat on the wall with this;" he pressed the heavy file in the boy's hand. "Go back to her. Tell her Jim—no—no, tell her nothin'. Hurry!"

As he let go of the lad, something fell to the floor with a little tinkling sound.

He turned. There was a rush of heavy bodies. His fist shot out, and one of the two guards fell with a crash to the floor.

He grappled with the other; threw his arms about him and drew his face down to his massive chest, shutting off his cries. He must not give the alarm yet—

Continued on Page 72.

Canadian Women in Business

By MADGE MacBETH

ONE of the most remarkable and most picturesque figures in the list of Canadian women who have succeeded in business is Mrs. H. M. Simpson, of Montreal. The present generation of business men know Mrs. Simpson only as a woman who has built up a splendid connection among the best clients of Montreal. Those who handled real estate twenty years ago recall her first start. Her husband, a prominent physician, stricken with deafness had to abandon his practice. Something had to be done to maintain a large family.

Miss Cecile Holman—the Cecile of Ottawa, who puts the imagination of a sculptor into her "creations."

As everybody knows, 1893 was the year of an American panic, and it was not until the clouds had rolled away that observers noticed that a shrewd woman had gone into the house-renting business, with offices in the financial section of the city. A woman in business was somewhat unique in those days, but Mrs. Simpson displayed such acumen that it was not long before the best people of Montreal were consulting her in connection with their real estate transactions. There are men in Montreal, whose names are household words to-day throughout Canada who would not think of entering into a real estate deal without first securing the opinion of Mrs. Simpson.

Always prominent in society, she came in touch with people who were able to handle big deals. In her younger days she was known throughout Montreal as a singer, having a voice of unusual sweetness and range. Her versatility is revealed in her work as a writer. At a period when real estate was not active, she achieved considerable distinction as a writer for the Montreal newspapers.

Mrs. Jane Hample, Winnipeg, whose effective catering is still talked of to-day.

Montrealers remember this remarkable woman particularly because of the wonderful tenacity she displayed during a very trying period fifteen years ago, when she fell on an icy sidewalk and sustained serious injuries. Regardless of this, she had a telephone installed at her bedside, and kept her business together throughout the long period of her incapacitation. This spirit won the sympathy and admiration of her clients.

One of her biggest deals was put through under the eyes of some of the smartest real estate men in Canada, a transaction which put her on her feet, and secured her a wide reputation as a business woman. A few years ago she came across A. E. Rea, owner of the large Ottawa department store. At that time the Carsley boys were running the present store of Goodwins Limited, and were understood to be willing to dispose of the business. Mrs. Simpson interested Mr. Rea to such an extent, he eventually bought the place, which meant a commission to her larger than some agents make in several years.

Although still hampered with lameness necessitating the use of a stick, Mrs. Simpson continues the active head of the business. She has a country house at Senneville, Que., a fashionable suburb of St. Anne's. She maintains a splendid home on Sherbrooke street, and has offices at the corner of St. Catherine and University streets. Mrs. Simpson inherits her business ability. All her brothers have known more than average capacity. One of them, J. H. Plummer, is president of the Dominion Steel Co.

MISS FORSYTH AND HER BLUE MOON.

The inspiration to open a Tea Room was given Miss Jean Forsyth by a little tea-shop in Edmonton, kept by two Englishwomen. This diminutive place (accommodating only about six people) was called the "Cozy Corner"—and it was quite that. But it was more. There was an atmosphere, an incentive to conversation, to brilliancy, which led a certain six people, to practically monopolize the place. Miss Forsyth was one of them, and it will be readily seen how her idea grew. She decided to open a Tea Room of her own, probably more to enlarge the social privileges of the "Cozy Corner" than as a business venture. In her own words:—"At the time, I had little thought toward the business end of it."

The name, "Blue Moon," was original; that is about the only reason for it. It was a welcome change from Kettledrums, Brown Bettys and the like. And it *was* largely blue. The four little rooms on Jasper avenue were tinted cream, and were offset by blue window curtains, blue willow china and blue ornaments. The furniture and woodwork were Mission, and the whole effect very artistic. Friends, including the staff of the Edmonton *Journal*, about which a word will be said later, sent quantities of flowers to the enterprising young business

Miss Jean Forsyth, of the "Blue Moon," Edmonton.

woman, and she sat with bland anticipation awaiting the arrival of tea drinkers. This was on a certain October day in the year of 1910.

Whether it was the day, the hour, or the woman in the case—the street filled, the stairway jammed, and there was nothing like accommodation for the thirsty crowds. Of course, Miss Forsyth moved to larger quarters. Successful people are always moving to larger quarters. And she added to her business, serving breakfast, lunch, supper and tea. A cook and at least four waitresses form her staff. Last year, in order to keep up with the times, she instituted that popular form of amusement, the Thé Dansant, with signal success.

A section of Cecile's establishment, Ottawa.

She pays cash for everything, thus obviating the necessity of keeping books. Her expenses are enormous—as an Englishman said recently, when he learned the amount of her rent. "You could have the 'Star and Garter' in Richmond, for much less money."

The Blue Moon has a reputation which reaches out beyond Edmonton. Almost every prominent person is entertained there. Actors, actresses, politicians and just plain visitors are always charmed to find so satisfying a place in which to spend an hour. And Canadian men have acquired the tea habit as well as the Englishmen, owing probably more to the indefinable something we must call for lack of a better word, atmosphere, than to the dainty meals which are served.

Miss Forsyth possessed a charming personality, wit and flashing satire long before she possessed the Blue Moon. That accounts for some of her success. She has had not one, but several, careers; both in London and New York, she studied for the stage and has appeared in many of Gilbert and Sullivan's operas. She produced "Patience" in Edmonton with a very fine cast, and led the orchestra herself, a feat she confesses to being immensely proud of—"there being but few women," she says, "who have batoned an orchestra."

After living for some time in Dawson, Miss Forsyth went for a few years to Winnipeg, where she formed the Humane Society. A love of dumb creatures is one of the first characteristics a stranger would note in meeting her.

Nor is that all. For a good many years Miss Forsyth was on the staff of the Edmonton Journal, writing under the name of "Celeste." She had a Special Column and outside that work contributed to several other periodicals. Her writing is original and full of whimsicalities.

A FORTUNE TELLER'S PROPHECY.

Fancy a fair slip of a girl at Port Said; viz-a-viz, a mysterious, burnoused native, telling her fortune. Fancy the native, after many mumblings, looking squarely at her and saying:

"I see far ahead, that the lady will talk for seven years much about clothes; the lady does not think about clothes, as ladies will, but she must talk much about them for seven years. It is written."

Cecile Holman finished her eastern trip and forgot all about the fortune teller's words, until about two years ago. Then with the inspiration which is born of genius, she remembered them forcefully. Evidently it was written that the time had come for her to talk seven years about clothes, for she opened what is one of the most successful and exclusive shops in the Dominion.

Further, she opened it at the psychological moment, for bluntly, and without circumlocution, it must be stated that there were not many places exactly suitable for the train of a Royal Governor-General to shop. The reason is obvious. The equipage from Rideau Hall no sooner stops at the curb in front of an ordinary store, than the street is crowded with curious spectators; the shop itself is jammed with all who have the courage to enter without buying, and altogether much disagreeable prominence is given to the event.

In a dress-making establishment of the usual kind, something of the same thing would happen, besides which such distinguished patronage would lead to unpleasant competitive friction. This is just the humble opinion of an onlooker.

Miss Campbell, Ottawa's busy policewoman.

In *Cecile's* case, everything is different "Shop" means a suite of attractive rooms in an office building, into which people cannot crowd; neither could the average person screw up sufficient effrontery to loiter around her rooms. There is not much in the way of "counter display" to attract the shopper who is just looking around," so that a certain privacy prevails. Appointments are generally made so that people do not overlap one another.

Miss Holman's business training commenced long ago, in the days when she little thought to use it. She was educated largely in France where she received a bourgeoise education. That means she was taught to cook and sew and wash and iron—homely, useful things. Then her artistic bent made itself felt, and she seriously thought of going in for sculpture.

"Dressmaking is not so different from it, though, as one might think," she says "In one case, I worked with inanimate material, draping, modeling, shaping and trying to make beautiful. In the other, I work with living forms, which I drape and model and try to make beautiful."

Before opening her shop, Miss Holman made a personal canvas in the city to ascertain from the various dressmakers whether they thought she would be interfering with their business.

That's the kind of woman she is.

Receiving negative answers, she went straight ahead, and through the assistance of a great friend who had some influence and a wide knowledge of foreign houses, she was able to lay in her stock in trade. Buying, it goes without saying, is half of the business. A good buyer in any house is always worth his or her large salary. She does not overload herself with material, thereby causing a drain upon her capital. She does not make a display, thereby leaving gowns and blouses shop-worn, and familiar in the eyes of her customers. Her lingerie is made to order, either from exclusive plates or original drawings. Gowns, the same. Superintending the work-room is a big undertaking in itself.

Speaking of prices, Miss Holman—who is professionally known as *Madame Cecile*, and whose dainty boxes and wrappings generally are labeled with an artistic *Cecile*—Miss Holman says that there is less profit in gowns to-day than there was seven years ago, because at that period the price advanced far ahead of the cost. To-day, the price remains about the same, while the cost of everything has increased; wages, materials, trimmings, etc.

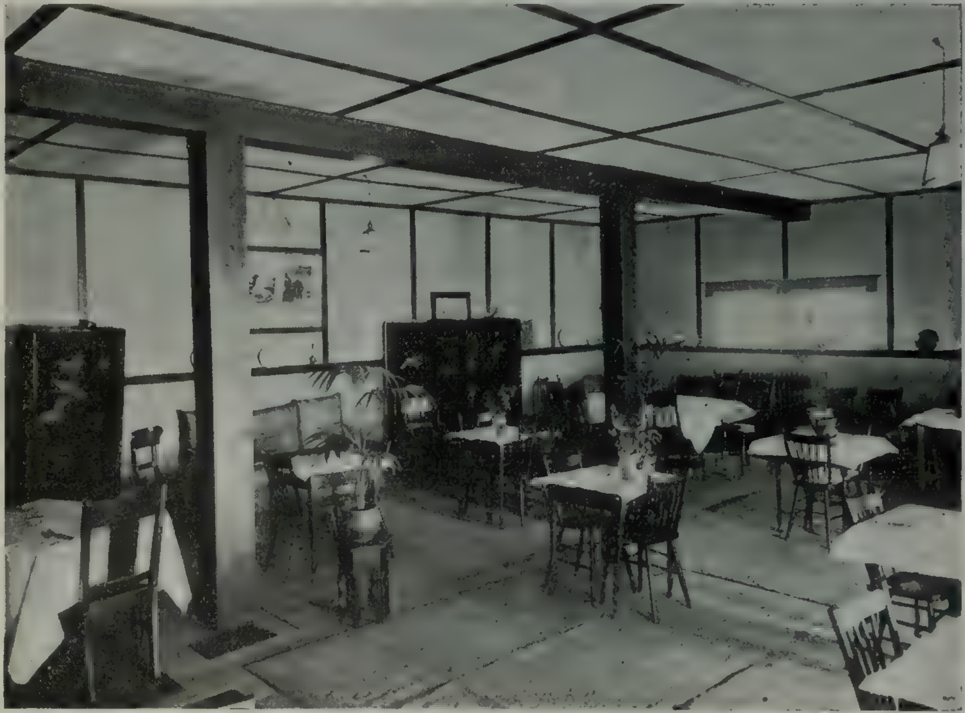
SIXTEEN YEARS OF CATERING.

The private life of Mrs. Jane Hample, Winnipeg, is so interwoven with her business career that it is difficult to place one's finger on the spot where the first left off, and the second began. As her son says—a high and deserving tribute: "She was and is the best mother in the world. No matter how busy she was, she was *mother* first of all!"

She is a self-made woman in the truest sense of the word. Would that a few more were made after the same pattern!

She was born in England, one of a large family, and grew up well acquainted with restrictions and hardships. Her brother came out to Canada and took up land at Moose Jaw, writing glowing accounts about the opportunities in this young country. His letter inflamed his sister with a desire to broaden her horizon, also. But where could she get the nine pounds required for the passage? Only by working for it. Work, and save and work some more. In a small place in England, nine pounds was a deal of money, but she got it and eventually said good-bye to the Old Country, and turned her face westward.

Arriving in Winnipeg, she found her brother with the troops at Battleford — this being the June of 1885, and the year of the Northwest Rebellion. Undaunted by this disquieting discovery she applied to the Immigration Department and was given a position, which she kept, not only until the trouble was past but until her brother went back to England and brought the whole family out to Canada.



A corner of the "Blue Moon" tea room, Edmonton, opened and managed by Miss Jean Forsyth.

Some two years after this, she married Mr. A. G. Hample, a naturalized Canadian of Swedish parentage. A few years later, Mrs. Hample opened for herself, what we may truthfully call a career. Spurred by a desire to help defray the running expenses of the home (for illness had crept in, and practically incapacitated the husband and father) Mrs. Hample cast about for some means by which she could augment the family treasury. The visit of some important personages to Winnipeg furnished her with an inspiration. They had to be banqueted and she volunteered to do the catering.

The value of such work did not pass unnoticed or unrewarded. Immediately Mrs. Hample was asked to undertake the same sort of thing on various scales for people throughout the city. Although the pay was small, expenses were proportionate, and Mrs. Hample was glad to take whatever came her way. After some consideration she decided to open what to-day we call a delicatessen shop, and this was an enormous success, not only because the demand was large and her food deliciously cooked, but because there was no competition in that line of business. The venture grew and prospered, which was well, for after the death of her husband, Mrs. Hample felt the pinch of Poverty's shoe too often to be comfortable. She says, herself: "Blessed work poured in; dinners, luncheons and banquets. I worked hard, oh, so hard, early and late, so that when bedtime came, I would totter upstairs secure in the knowledge that I would sleep soddenly until the alarm clock called me. I am sure that work saved me, though."

From one or two helpers, the staff grew to five women and two men, as regular assistants, with a large outside contingent of waiters and waitresses—these working in the evenings from eight to midnight and being paid, variously from one dollar and a half to four, according to their experience and capability. Gradually the staff increased until there were fourteen men and women drawing steady wages.

Not the least amongst the reasons for Mrs. Hample's amazing success is a particularly interesting one. She made it a rule never to dispute the value of work done. That is to say, if a waiter demanded pay for three hours work, and he had only given two hours of his time, he was paid for the three hours. But in future he was watched carefully, and before engaging him, a hard and fast bargain was driven which did not place much latitude in his hands. The same rule applies to capability. Often it is easy to put too high a valuation upon our own work. The same mistake never happened twice, and Mrs. Hample had very little trouble with her help. This is another reason for her success, for upon the service as much as upon what is served, depends much of the pleasure of a function. Assistants came to her untrained and inexperienced, usually. They were taught their business and stayed from one to twelve years. Housekeepers, please note—their wages were raised as their capability and length of service increased, *without their asking for it.*

Nor, as I have shown, did this remarkable woman allow business to interfere with her duties and pleasures of motherhood. Neither did she bury her talents, nor hide her savings in the toe of a stocking. She watched her opportunity and invested money in real estate and never lost it. Recently, not as a millionaire, but as a comfortably well-off citizen, she turned her business over to a worthy young assistant — a girl who had been in her employ for twelve years, and this girl following in the pioneer's lead, now, after but a few years of catering, values her mundane estate at seventy-five thousand dollars!

Just a word about Mrs. Hample's other activities before closing.

She was one of the prime movers in the foundation of the Knowles Home for Boys, an institution filling a great need as any Winnipeg citizen will admit. She worked unsparingly to give a parcel of little bits of boys a "chance" in this old world of ours. For her motto is, "Do unto others that which—in your wildest dreams —you hope they will do unto you."

A POLICE OFFICER.

Women are nowadays filling positions which were once deemed the sole prerogative of men; and the world is becoming accustomed to it. But a woman police officer!

The idea met with the ridicule most pioneer movements are accorded. Mrs.

Continued on Page 108.

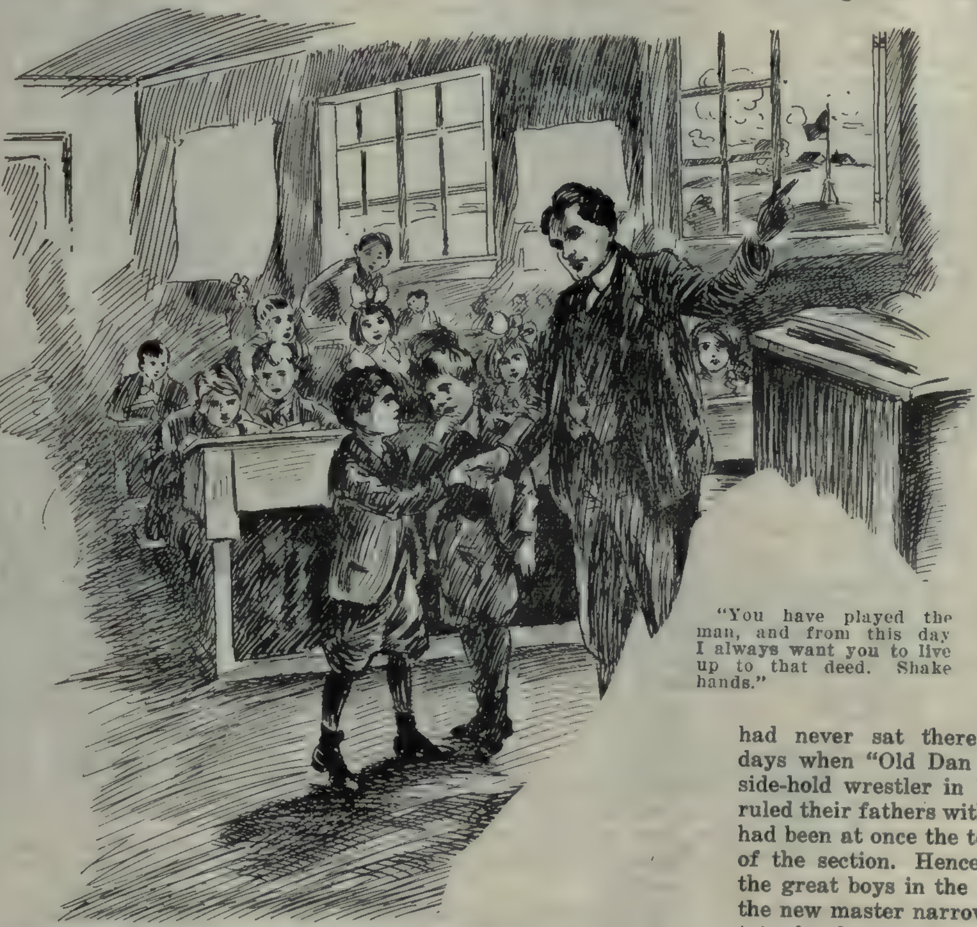
The Making of Billy Ned

By Justus Miller

Illustrated by HELGE HAMRE

IT began, I suspect, some thousands of years ago when the Creator gathered a quantity of choice clay from the banks of an Eastern river and into it breathed a spirit: but certain scientists would have us believe that only six generations were responsible. Be that as it may, when the predestined hour was fulfilled, Billy Ned gave ample evidence of both clay and spirit—in the order named.

His babyhood was filled with fretful days and violent nights and later with kickings of stubborn heels and with spankings. A remarkable affinity for mud and a morbid craving for foreign backyards developed soon after. His antipathy to parental authority was early marked and the naggings and beatings of his good old-fashioned parents were abundantly able to twist the ugly tendencies of his disposition into uglier channels; but they failed to change them. Thereafter his depredations extended to pilfered candy-pails and broken windows, until at ten years he was the scandal of the neighborhood, the distress of his teachers and the despair of his parents.



"You have played the man, and from this day I always want you to live up to that deed. Shake hands."

Yet for all his turbulence, Billy Ned was a soft-hearted child. Quick to tears as to anger, he grieved in the sorrows of his playmates. Were any little boy in danger, his were the loudest cries of warning; were anyone to tell him that his poor mother was weeping in the little gray home, he scurried back to comfort her—until he discovered the innate crookedness of the human heart, and would be fooled no longer. With bated breath he listened to his mother's Bible stories and to her tales of Scottish heroes. In all his life he had never told a lie nor played a game unfairly. Yes, there were stirrings of the spirit within him too. Altogether he was as stormy a little character, as queer a mixture of generosity and fierce temper as had ever descended upon the village.

And Billy Ned was not accountable for any of these things—the bad or the good. He was in the iron clutch of heredity. He could no more prevent them than could the young hawks from growing up in hawkish ways, or than could the clusters of apple blossoms in the garden from bursting into pink and white fragrance. Those six-thousand years—or six generations—were at work in bone and blood and brain, breaking through his being in ways the wisest can not quite explain, but which left their marks conspicuously enough upon the dusty face of the village. And even six generations—just to satisfy those professors—of Donegal blood mingled with that of the Covenanters offered possibilities that might lead anywhere, as they seemed to be leading Billy Ned upon the life-long down grade.

His school life never lacked excitement. When at the age of six he gravely informed Bub Mitchell he could whip him, the boys took him good-humoredly. At thirteen he was the undisputed champion and the school, the village and the neighborhood yielded their persons to boss-rule. Nor did they bear him malice for this. For it was an honor, they felt, to have such a hero among them and, when they would meet a lad from the Second or Post Road schools who boasted of the deeds of some worthy from those parts, they would proudly retort: "Huh, that's nothin'! I bet Billy Ned Hudson cud clean up on him in a minute."

But his mental acquirements did not keep pace with his pugilistic enterprises. With a greater desire to beat up the village than to study, his various lady teachers had found him not only a poor student, but a grave obstacle to anything like discipline in the school.

Each teacher's term of office lasted but one year and after many floggings they threw up a hopeless task leaving him at the bottom of his class and a little more qualified to develop eventually into a ward boss or a cab-driver.

Then one September John Murray occupied the teacher's chair. A school-master had never sat there since the golden days when "Old Dan McLeod," the best side-hold wrestler in South Oxford, had ruled their fathers with an iron hand, and had been at once the terror and the pride of the section. Hence upon this day all the great boys in the back forms studied the new master narrowly, while the little tots in front wriggled their toes and dimpled in shy wonderment.

And at night not a boy knew just exactly how to take this quiet, smiling chap with the clear, direct eye that somehow searched out his thoughts and got down into his soul fibre.

If the master watched Billy Ned, he gave no sign. He was not over-bearing or harsh; he just smiled kindly at Billy Ned and treated him as he did the rest. And when at recess he took his place behind the plate and at noon taught the boys a fast start in the hundred-yard dash, a subtle feeling grew that a great new force had been brought into Salford school.

Now this was all very new and very strange but to Billy Ned it became a great weariness. For he was the rogue elephant, and he felt himself called upon to start something. On the fourth day he started it.

"William Edward, please come forward."

Billy Ned thumped up while Bub Mitchell tenderly separated prickly burrs from his glowing locks.

John Murray just gazed into the long dark face with its aggressive jaw and stubborn brows. His eyes didn't snap or flare but shone with a calm, cold light until every corner within the lanky body, where a six-thousand-year-old soul could be hidden, was opened out, and Billy Ned felt himself wilting from the inside like a blighted onion top.

"You're too big a boy for me to whip. You are a man and a man shouldn't be whipped. I wish to use you like a man. Why can't you play the game fairly?"

It was a wonderful moment for the old school. Billy Ned suddenly found himself gripping the master's hand and trying to swallow his throat, while the big girls wiped their cheeks and the boys frowned severely upon Champlain and from that day, for many months, Billy Ned stood on guard for the only man who had ever used him as a man.

So the fall withered drearily into winter and the snows drifted over the bare school-yard until they, too, vanished. Then one morning a robin caroled from the rough old maple by the gate-way, and the beauty of six thousand springs burst through a gray world, until a perfumed soul seemed trembling above the purple lilacs leaning over the village street.

And then one day a cloud came driving up over Billy Ned's horizon.

On Monday morning a shock-headed boy awkwardly lumbered up the gravel walk. He deposited an enormous dinner pail upon the entry shelf and feeling, perhaps, the hostile atmosphere which surrounds the new boy, leaned up against the wall.

"Hello Skinny, where'd you come from?" accosted Billy Ned.

The newcomer glared and replied shortly. He was powerfully built and was not to be dismayed. But Billy Ned's salutation seemed to meet popular approval and thereafter the new boy was known always as "Skinny."

Skinny was a lad of promise. At recess he climbed to the top of the flag-pole where none had climbed before. At noon he threw Bub Mitchell twice and admitted to a group of admirers that he knew how to box.

By night the cloud had almost obscured the sun. In little groups the lads discussed the new boy as they plodded homeward.

"They ain't no other kid around here can throw me as easy as he did," volunteered Bub. "I threw Billy Ned once the other night. You just wait till Skinny starts into him and see what'll happen."

It happened on Thursday night, after many recriminations and false starts, in Sull. Rennie's calf-pasture behind the church shed.

On Friday morning Skinny Lewis nursed a battered eye and a brackish thirst for vengeance. His skill in boxing had not availed against the inherited fierceness of his rival, but there were other ways of winning out he promised himself, darkly.

The other way presented itself that very day. At noon he struck out four batters in succession with a curve ball, and was chosen first pitcher of the school team. That evening he pitched in Billy Ned's place against Verchoyle, their successful old-time rivals and won the game when only failure was expected. And in the silence of his attic bedroom that night Billy Ned felt all the black hatred of the old Celts behind him rise up into a new hate for the boy he could not defeat.

But on Monday morning the issue was lost for the moment in a more general interest. When the boys came out for recess a great lion glowered at them from the side of Frank Gray's barn. Over on the board fence across the road a tough-looking Arab rode a camel through jungle grass with tigers crouching around him. But upon the blacksmith shop the bill-men had really exercised their genius. Prancing horses and racing chariots, scantily dressed ladies swinging from flying rings, animals unheard of by Salford boys, wonders unthought of, flared and flamed from that warped old building. At noon and thereafter during spare moments a cluster of boys lay in the shade of the wide old horse-chestnut dreaming boyish dreams of the perilous hunts in the golden days to come.

Skinny Lewis boasted of having seen a circus parade and commented knowingly on camels and elephants and knights done in brazen armor. As Billy gazed and listened a fierce yearning kindled the fires of his being to hear for once the roar of lions, to see lithe monkeys swinging from their perches, to watch the lumbering march of elephants and to behold the flash of racing chariots. And the subtle yearning unfolded presently into a faint hope which grew stronger through the days—a hope that his good old Presbyterian mother would see eye-to-eye with him this once upon a question which involved his soul.

But upon the great day the axe descended. The last glimmer faded at breakfast.

"No! William Edward!" his mother declared. "The circus is the tents of the Evil One. You're a bad enough boy now without that. Anyhow Woodstock is too far away for a young fry like you to go gallivantin' around."

To no avail Billy Ned reminded her of good people who did attend circuses. His mother belonged to the stern old school which believed in the eternity of things. Once a decision was given she was as immutable as the Oxford hills.

So he went grimly about his morning chores with the spirit of Covenanters showing in the poise of his wagging head—but without alas! their grace. He turned the cow out upon the road, watered the horses and with a muttered growl, reached down the hoe from its peg. He assaulted the cabbage patch with an industry altogether unprecedented—until Skinny Lewis drove by circus-ward with the hired man. Then those six thousand years brought Billy Ned down like a shot partridge. With the air of a Brock shaking defiance at the Heights he threw down his hoe. Ogdensburg had fallen.

Surreptitiously he sneaked behind the barn, hastened across lots and scrambled over the back fence to the home of Bobby Wade. His torn heart was seeking sympathy and he could always depend on Bobbie. He had stood between Bobby and trouble upon various occasions, and had taught him to swim and wrestle and had eaten the oranges that blue-eyed cherub had purloined from his father's boxes. And to Bobby he was a hero little less than Tyrus Cobb and Jack Johnson and infinitely greater than Nelson or the Iron Duke.

Bobby had just started toward Hudson's for the daily milk supply, but wheeled with nice precision at the command of his leader. His innocent little heart was reaching after sympathy also. Like Billy Ned he had looked forward through the weeks to this day, and like him had been reminded of the particular, untiring devil who concerns himself with circus tents. He was not of heroic mould, however. If left to his own devices he would never be tempted to strain too violently at hobble or tether. He simply cried when crying did him good—and sought less verdant but unforbidden herbage. But he was an excellent follower, so he hopped slyly after Billy Ned into the fastness of Clarke's orchard.

"Never mind, Bobby, it ain't goin' t-be so very long now 'fore we can start out West trappin'," consoled Billy Ned morosely. "Maw don't wanta forget that. I bet they'll be sorry after an ole grizzly has et us. An' that Skinny Lewis don't wanta get too fresh either. I dared him to knock a chip offa my shoulder again last night and he dasn't do it. I bet—"

"Jimmy, there goes the bell," interrupted Bobby, aghast.

"Who cares! Let's play hookey."

"Pa'd leather me," said the hesitating Bobby.

"Huh, come on, cowardy-custard."

Now trapping grizzly bears in British Columbia while lying on his stomach in Clarke's orchard on a soft June morning with his toes stripping the grass heads, was a highly pleasing recreation. But playing truant, with the certainty, first of being beaten up by his father and later of dealing with the cold, quiet eyes of the presiding genius of the school room, was a pastime of an entirely different nature. Bobby looked from the empty pail to Billy Ned in a startled way, and in a moment of heroism finally agreed, with a wrought-up air of near-courage as hollow as a worm-eaten hickory nut.

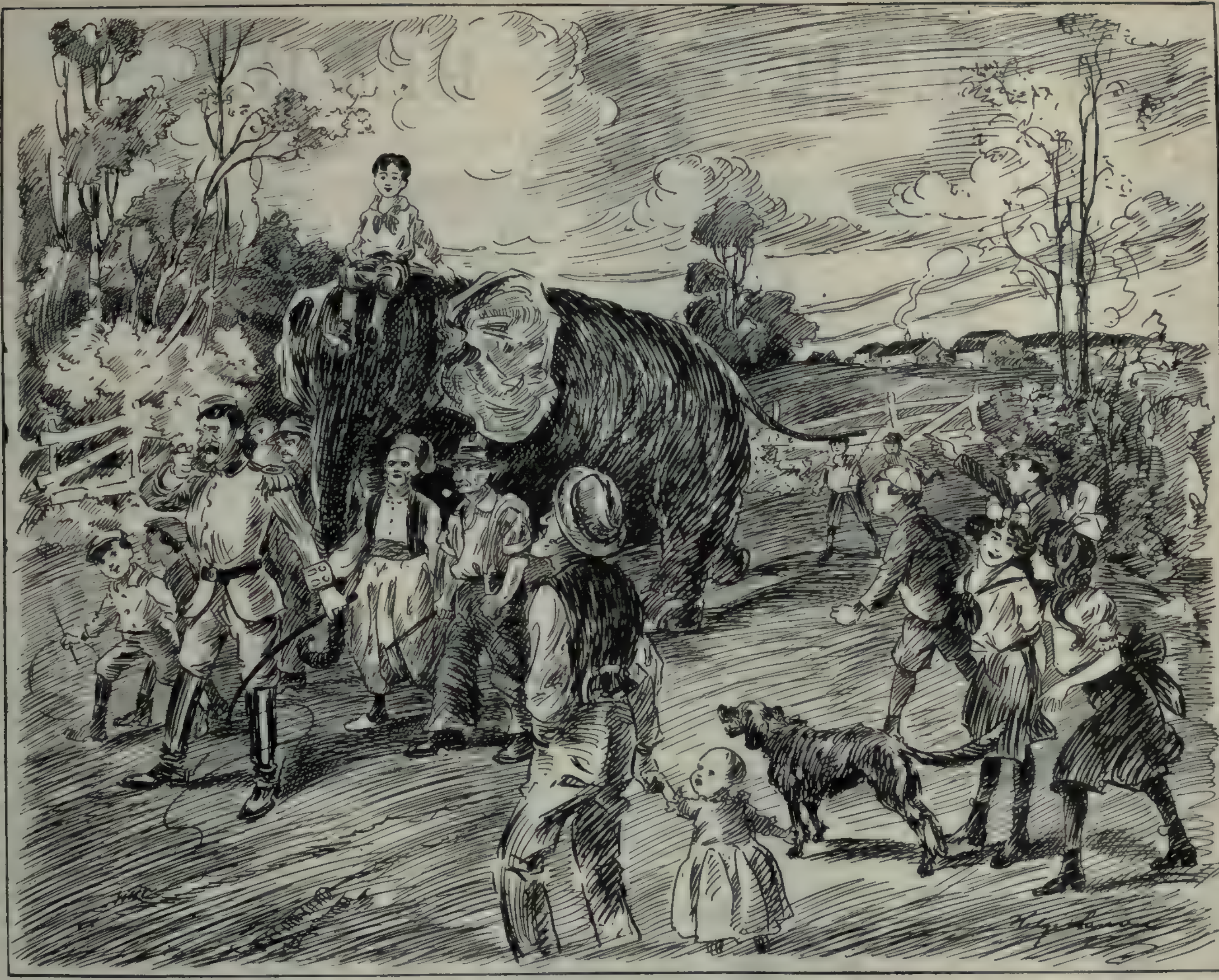
"Let's pretend we're trappin' tigers," suggested Billy Ned hopefully, as they loped over the meadows and spring grain.

On the stump fence in the gloom of Piper's woods a Canada bird trilled his love for the homeland, but the boys, visioning tigers in African jungles, heeded him not. They stumbled through second-growth thickets of beech and maple and peered into hollow trees until, the chase rewarded, Billy Ned skinned Bobbie in pantomime and stretched the pelt upon a tree.

Suddenly an ominous, hollow roar froze them.

"Painter," whispered Billy Ned. "They most al'ays yell like that."

Bobby peered anxiously into the leafy vastness of elm and maple and basswood



And so he rode through the fields followed by an envious group of farmer lads——Dazed, dreaming and in a haze of glory he rode on.

above them. For painters were abundant thereabouts but, being deceitful beasts, never had showed themselves in the flesh. Even their bellows could never be traced to a definite direction. When untrammeled by household duties, they spent their leisure moments crouching in tall trees and would then cry like babies to lure the unwary, upon whose heads they would playfully disport themselves. Altogether painters were not creatures to be recognized without a proper introduction.

The lads slipped furtively into the denser swamp by the creek where great trees were fewer—while a whip-poor-will, all unconscious of the consternation his vibrating pinions had caused below, went sliding up the invisible mountains of the sky.

"Gee whiz! this is a long day," protested Bobby, peevishly, beside the crab cache. "Likus not them painters'll be comin' down here next. I wish we hadn't played hookey, Mister Billy Ned."

"Huh, crayfishin' now are—"

The rest of Billy Ned's sarcasm stayed inside. With a startled gasp he stood looking right in a pair of masterful eyes peering from a tangle of wild grapevines near the creek bank.

"Well I swan!" declared Mary Janet, emerging into fuller view.

She was an awkward colt of a girl—was Mary Janet—with fat hands and a face from which the features, if there ever had been any, must have slid off in babyhood. But she had a heart of gold and a deal of native shrewdness sharpened by an intimate contact with the numerous younger Haydens—and John Murray boarded in her home. No! Mary Janet was not to be misled by fatuous explanations nor yet to be bought by favors.

At sight of her, and visioning the swift coming punishment of his sins, Bobby began to whimper.

"Baby-calf!"

"Now you shut up, Billy Ned. I'll bet it was you brought Bobby here in the first place. Don't cry Sonny, mebee you won't get a lickun if you hurry right back. Run an' you'll be in time to go in after recess."

Bobby smeared a muddy cheek and promised.

"You too,, Billy Ned. An' mind if you dont—"

"Gosh!" howled Billy Ned, "See what's comin'."

Bobby looked gave one scream and stood stock-still, his big eyes glued upon a vast, sagging body crashing down upon him.

In a twinkling Billy Ned sent his chum headlong out of the danger zone, slipped on a stone and fell in the shallow water right in the path of a sprawling, dyed-in-the-wool, Asiatic elephant.

With a wonderful dexterity the great brute caught the helpless boy in her trunk as she slithered into the ditch. She held him as gently as his mother might have done while she arose from her battered knees. Then she laid him carefully upon the bank, where he sat blinking and swallowing in stupefied amazement.

Bobbie was clambering up the ditch bank with desperate haste, yards away. His neatly fitting knickers and pretty blouse were wrecks and his hat came floating down the stream past the elephant's feet; and without a backward glance he bolted through the bushes like a homing rabbit. Of the late Mary Janet only a distant twinkle of white underskirts was visible—that and a bit of pink apron fluttering rakishly from a wild gooseberry bush where a basket of scattered ferns lay broken.

After a leisurely drink and a muddy

Continued on Page 79.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

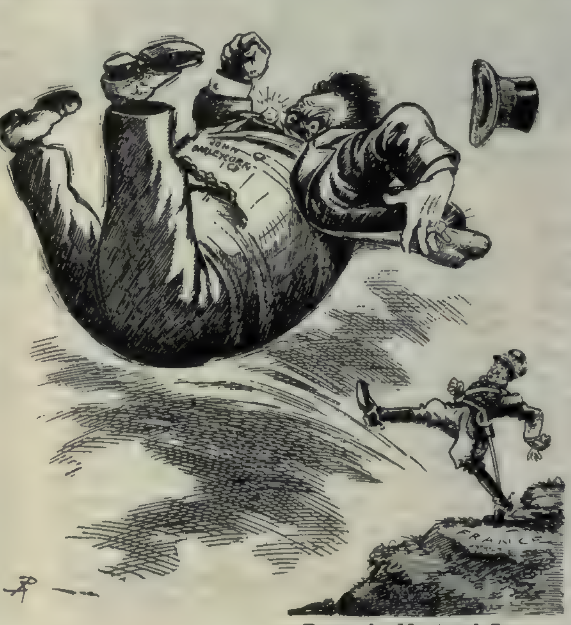
The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Has Napoleon's Secret Been Found?

The Strategy of the Emperor is Said to be Employed by Joffre in the Present Campaign

By F. N. MAUDE

It is claimed that close study of the campaigns of Napoleon has given the French general staff a close insight into the tactics pursued by that greatest of tacticians. Napoleon handled his columns according to a mathematical rule that was supposed to be infallible. Particular interest is lent to this by the fact that Joffre is supposed to be following the precepts of Napoleon in the present campaign as against the plans of Von Moltke, the elder, which are rigidly adhered to by the Germans.



—Racey in Montreal Star.

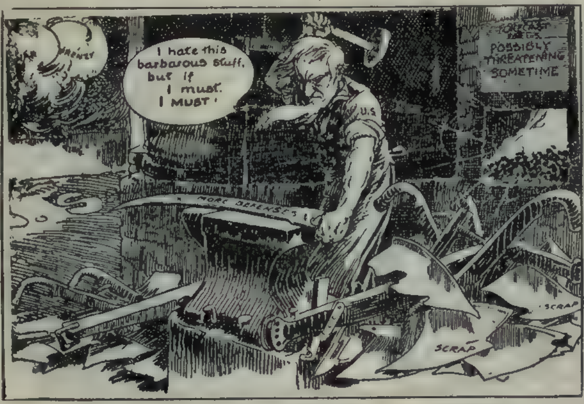
First Russia, Now France—Next!
Another country discovers that booze and victory will not mix

IT is common knowledge that the French armies of 1870 were very badly handled, but few except experts realize how completely the whole apparatus for the conduct of large armies in the field had deteriorated since the days of the Great Emperor.

Immediately after the War of '70-'71 the ablest of the surviving officers, thoroughly conscious of the mistakes that had been made, took in hand the reorganization of the staff services. Almost as a first step they obtained from the Government a decree for the formation of a Military History Department, endowed with ample means for research into all the documents of the revolutionary and Napoleonic epoch, which existed in the archives of the War Ministry. In this department they then tested every applicant for staff duties, and carefully selected those who showed any capacity for research, combined with the power of adequate literary expression. By degrees they gathered together a very exceptional body of writers. Then suddenly arose among them the genius.

I have no documentary evidence to produce on this point. I tell the story as I received it from my French friends, and especially Colonel Charrier. According to my informants it was a Captain Gilbert of the French Engineers, who (whilst collating the Napoleonic campaigns, with Moltke's practice always at the back of his mind) suddenly noted the fact that until the outbreak of the campaign of 1805, the first stage of which ended at Ulm, there had never been in history anything even remotely resembling the strategical method employed by Napoleon, and for the very good reason, that until that moment the problem of combining on one battlefield the action of several corps moving on more or less parallel roads under a single undivided command, had never arisen. This was because circumstances for the first time compelled an army to distribute itself into many columns, thus risking defeat in detail, in order to find food for men and horses numbered by the 100,000, and marching without organized transport service. To meet the difficulties these proceedings involved, Napoleon devised the following expedient, though he well understood its dangers. To guard against the risk of a concentrated attack upon a single column he adopted the quite commonsense solution of sending cavalry as a screen far in advance of his main army, to give timely warning of his enemy's whereabouts, so that his scattered columns could be closed within supporting distance before the enemy could overcome the resistance inherent in any one of them. In this manner he marched to Ulm, where at length he succeed in more or less surrounding some 20,000 Austrians, and inducing their surrender. A singularly inadequate result to obtain by the employment of nearly 200,000 troops for two months.

Moreover, it was only by accident that he found even these 20,000 within the sweep of his net, because, but for unexampled bad luck, the Austrians should have cleared out of the trap with their last baggage wagon a good five hours before the trap closed on them. Now, Captain Gilbert noticed that this march half across Europe to Ulm served Moltke and the Prussian staff as the model for their great advance from the Rhine to the Moselle, which resulted in the investment of Bazaine in Metz. With regard to this event both Captain Gilbert and his colleagues possessed information of which at that date (about 1885) no one in Berlin had even a suspicion. Further he noticed that, whereas Napoleon never afterwards repeated this particular method, yet invariably hereafter secured a crushing numerical superiority at the decisive point on each battlefield, Moltke and his staff continued to develop the Ulm model, and eventually hypnotized themselves and their whole army into the conviction that they had at last secured the royal road to victory, a means which only needed ruthless energy in its execution to bring about an unfailingly decisive result; and from this result of auto-suggestion they have never since deviated. Pursuing his investigations, Gilbert was next struck by a letter written by the Emperor to Marshal Soult on October 5th, 1806, in which he explains his designs against the Prussian army in Thuringia. In the letter there occurs the following phrase: "Vous pensez que ce serait une belle affaire que de se porter autour de cette place en un bataillon carré de 200,000 hommes." Probably many hundreds of eyes had read this paper before Gilbert came upon it, but it took the intuition of his genius to discern that it was no mere figure of speech, but contained the whole of an extraordinarily wide ranging idea. Plotting the position of the troops Napoleon was leading, in diagram form, one notices at once that they are grouped at the four angles of a square, one diagonal of which is directed towards the enemy. About 60,000 are in each group, and can be readily formed for action to meet an unexpected attack coming from any direction. Under the tactical conditions of those days, it was quite beyond reason to suppose that 60,000 French troops under a picked marshal could be overwhelmed by any force in Europe in less than forty-eight hours' fighting and manoeuvring; therefore, if these groups were not more than thirty miles asunder, according to the condition of the district, fresh troops could appear on the battlefield in ample time to avert anything in the nature of a disaster—and victory generally falls to the man who has the last fresh reserve in hand. So it would have happened at Jena, had the Prussians attacked Napoleon's "bataillon carré," or had they even elected to receive its onset united. But their staff and generals, being in fact beaten by the terror of Napoleon's name, even before his advance guard appeared, obligingly separated themselves into two portions, each of which could be dealt with by the nearest groups of the French square, without calling on the mass of the reserves at all.


I hate this barbarous stuff, but if I must. I MUST!
U.S.
MORE DEFENSES
POSSIBLY THREATENING SOMETIME
SCRAP
SCRAP

Time to beat some plowshares into swords?
—Bradley, in Chicago News.

The Prussians, however, were the last army of the old school, viz., one organized to march as a single unit, living from its own transport and not from the country, which Napoleon encountered in person before Waterloo. From this time forward his enemies were compelled to move against him, and for the same cause, in lines of parallel columns, exactly as he himself had done against Mack at Ulm in 1805.

Now it was that the Emperor perfected his method, inventing the phrase: "on ne manoeuvre pas qu' autour d' une pointe fixe," in plain English: "you must have a pivot to swing on." It became the duty of his strong advance guard, cavalry, infantry, and artillery to attack the enemy wherever it met him, and hold him by fighting, retreating, or manoeuvring, whichever best suited the situation and circumstances, whilst the square in rear, *i.e.*, the three remaining groups, wheeled round to either flank as convenient, and delivered with fresh troops a smashing blow upon the enemy at a point of the Emperor's own choice. Thus not only did he ensure the employment of unwearied men against those already worn out with much fighting, but in addition he destroyed all power of initiative on his enemy's side, while preserving the secret of where his blow was to fall until it was too late for the latter to bring up reinforcements to meet it: and this advantage proved greater in proportion to the total number of troops on either side.

Napoleon had said that he never engaged in a battle unless he had 999 chances out of a 1,000 in his favor. Now the Emperor was a born mathematician, and particularly careful about figures—for his own consumption. In his words, therefore, this meant that once his plan was made, and his manoeuvre or "swing of the square" had begun, nothing the enemy could do would prevent the realization of his, Napoleon's, will. Only an earthquake, or some other meteorological manoeuvre, could prevent his manoeuvre from attaining its purpose. But Clausewitz, in all essentials Moltke's tutor, in a long summary of the many causes which interfere to hamper a general's design, had wound up by stating that of all these many dangers the greatest would always remain the "independent will-power of one's opponent." Contrasting these two attitudes of mind towards the same problem, both men possessing intellectuality of a very high order, it became perfectly apparent to the French staff that Napoleon, in making his statement, affirmed absolutely that he had, in fact, acquired the power of destroying the independent will-power of his adversary, and as a consequence had nothing to fear from him. A few trial campaigns on the map served finally to establish the truth of this assertion.

That the conclusions drawn by the French staff are sound can be shown by a simple diagram, within the reach of everyone's capacity. Draw on a sheet of paper some half-dozen parallel lines representing columns of troops twenty or thirty miles long, and then anywhere near the center line pin down one corner of a square of paper which will serve for the Napoleonic lozenge or square; then pivot it about to either hand. It will be immediately apparent that whichever way the "square" rotates it must bring superior numbers against the columns it confronts, because the center of gravity of the "square" has a shorter distance to travel, and the greater the number of the enemy's columns, the greater the advantage to the "square." Thus if Germany invaded France on a front of 180 miles, say in ten columns of 60,000 men each, a French army of only 400,000, in four equal groups at the angles of the square, could always bring its whole 400,000 into action against 200,000 or 300,000 of the enemy, before the latter could bring reinforcements from the distant flank to the assistance of the columns assaulted.

Now, if we turn to the events of the present campaign we can understand the tremendous efforts the German staff put forth to overwhelm and destroy the British contingent.

To begin with, we find a strong allied advance guard between Mons and Charleroi, which immediately fixes and destroys the "independent will" of their German adversary, that acts almost automatically on the suggestions conveyed by its antennae, its cavalry. At once the great columns swing in to attack and envelop their opponent, exactly as Napoleon endeavored to do at Ulm, and as Moltke successfully did at Woerth and Sedan. But now, quite unexpectedly, the British, who by good fortune for all of us, held the post of honor, developed the kind of resistance no German officer ever expected from troops—least of all, from the "despised mercenaries," as they were pleased to consider our men.

Up to about the third day of the retreat, I believe the German staff still felt confident of victory; but about that time I imagine they began to question whether indeed they had not under-valued the essence of the Napoleonic strategy, and when, putting out all their strength, bringing odds of at least five to one against us, they still failed to break us, the suspicion must have grown to conviction that Joffre, as generalissimo, was holding them, and they began to lose their heads; I know them so well. From this time onwards, it seems to me that the machine, so carefully organized and trained by Moltke, began to take charge of the man. The staff no longer controlled the machine as intelligent thinkers, but became mesmerized by their own phrases, sedulously repeated in every lecture-room and text-book for several military generations.—*Contemporary Review.*

BUILD ROADS WITH BAMBOO.

In the Dutch possessions of Sumatra, in the East Indies, the natives are pressed into service in road building by their foreign masters. Though such service is compulsory, the Government very wisely permits the natives to carry on the construction work in their own way. Bamboo stakes are driven deeply in and crosspieces are laid over these. The result, though the method is crude, is satisfactory.

What the War is Costing

Six Months of Warfare Will Cost the World Over Sixteen Billion

By YVES GUYOT

The writer of the accompanying article is President of the Society of Political Economy of Paris. In figuring the cost of the war he has undertaken a problem involving many suppositions, many "ifs" and "ands". Nevertheless he has used the material available with care and has presented an estimate that seems as close to the mark as it is possible to get.

THE cost of past wars will be of little use to us in estimating the cost of the present European war, for each of the important factors of cost has enormously increased even since the last great conflict was waged.

The factors which I shall consider are three: the cost price of the military operations themselves; the losses resulting from interruption of production by withdrawing men from industry; and the loss of human capital in the destruction of life.

I do not take into account the destruction of the human monuments, such as cathedrals or art collections that have belonged to successive ages, for there is no possibility of predicting the extent of such ravages; and the values, besides, are not wholly estimable in terms of money. Nor do I attempt to measure the destruction of mere physical improvements—the railways, the bridges, the public and private buildings which have been paid for through the centuries—since the extent of this destruction likewise can not be measured in money.

The length of the war is of course supremely important. What, then, are the possibilities of the duration of the present war?

In 1877 von Moltke wrote: "We admit that there will be no renewal of the Thirty Years' War nor of the Seven Years' War. Nevertheless, when millions of men shall line up to face one another and shall wage desparate war against each other for their national existence, it is hard to believe that the matter will be solved by a few victories."

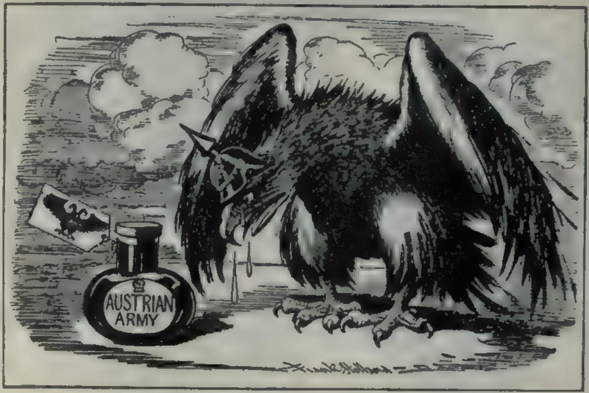
Leer, a German general, considered that this war would last from one to two years, and M. Jean de Bloch, in his work entitled "La Guerre," considered the time limit mentioned by the German general as a minimum.

When we estimate that the war will last six months, we think we are within rather than beyond the limits of probability.

It is evident that the belligerents expect the war to cost an enormous sum, even if waged for only this short period.

In Germany the Reichstag authorized extraordinary expenditures amounting to $1,250,000,000, to proceed from a loan, and $75,000,000 from the gold and silver stock of the empire.

The mobilization of the Austrian army since the end of 1912 has drained its budget. I do not know how great a loan the Austrian government can place.



—Frank Holland, in Reynold's Newspaper, London

BOTTLED UP

"German Eagle: "Alas, my poor brother!"

The French government obtained authorization, on August 5th, for a special credit of $600,000,000, and further authorization to open by decree all credits that might become necessary.

The British Government obtained a credit of $500,000,000. This is added to the credits already voted for the army and navy.

It is very difficult to know, even from the official statements, exactly how many men are at the front in France, England, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Russia. In a study published by the Military Review of the German army staff, Captain Henk states as a prevision:

	Soldiers.		Soldiers.
Germany	3,000,000	France..	3,000,000
Austria.	2,000,000	Russia..	4,000,000
			12,000,000

To these must be added 700,000 Englishmen whom the German officer had not counted upon. And it is well known that the English soldier is as expensive as he is worthy. But let that be. We will keep the figure at 12,000,000.

What is the cost of a soldier in a campaign? A German, Herr Riehl, estimates the cost price between 10 and 12 marks, or $2.50 to $3.00 per day. The estimates made in Great Britain and France vary between these two figures. Twelve million men at $2.50 make $30,000,000 a day. If the war lasts six months, the figure will be $5,400,000,000.

Now, what are the amounts of capital available in each country?

The report of the English Census of Production of 1907, drawn up by Mr. W. Flux, estimates that during this year a sum between $1,600,000,000 and $1,700,000,000 served to provide for additions to stocks of durable goods for personal enjoyment, and for new capital investments at home and abroad.

This sum added to the estimates for France—$800,000,000, and Germany—$1,200,000,000, *results in a minimum figure of* $3,600,000,000.

So *four* months of warfare would suffice to exhaust the available annual capital of Great Britain, France and Germany. If the war lasted *six* months, the nations would be deprived of available cash for a year and a half.

And to the daily expenditure for men and horses must be added the consumption of munitions, the wear and tear of clothing, arms, cannons, the destruction of railroads, bridges, etc. War destroys everything and produces nothing.

We have spoken only of the land armies. But the vessels on the sea devour mountains of coal, and wear out their machines. Heavy cannon deteriorate rapidly after a certain limited number of shots.

To the above estimates must be added the more or less entire destruction of forts, entrenched camps, etc.

LOSSES RESULTING FROM NON-PRODUCTION.

This is an element equally important in the cost of war. It must be remembered that for the entire length of the conflict, 12,000,000 men are taken away from their usual occupations. What is the value of those men?

If we compare the two industrial censuses of France and Germany, we find the active population as follows:

	France.	Germany.
Men	13,027,000	18,620,000
Women	7,693,000	9,578,000
	20,720,000	28,198,000

Most of the military authors who have studied the economic capacity of nations to sustain war, have sought to prove that those who have the larger agricultural population are in better condition than the others.

We find that agriculture comprises in France forty-two per cent. of the entire population, and in Germany thirty-four and one-half per cent. Therefore the war will be more deeply felt by the active population of Germany than by that of France.

It must be noted that war does not take all the men of the active population. If we accept Captain Henk's figures as exact, the soldiers in a state of war represent twenty-three per cent. for France and sixteen per cent. for Germany of the active population. Nevertheless, it is the strongest who are taken, and their presence in the army means an empty place in the fields and factories, and thereby is production impeded.

We do not possess in France nor in Germany a census allowing us to establish the value of the yearly production of each of those two countries. The best estimate for the amount of salaries distributed annually in France would be $4,000,000,000. It is evident that all salaries are not stopped. Yet it would not be rash to estimate the real loss of salaries at $1,500,000,000.

The active population of Germany is thirty-six per cent. higher than that of France. The loss of salaries for that country therefore would be $2,000,000,000.

We may estimate that salaries represent on an average fifty per cent. of the value of production, and the cost of services such as transportation, etc. *Six months' warfare would therefore represent a loss of* $3,000,000,000 *for France and* $5,280,000,000 *for Germany.*

The United Kingdom will be less affected than France and Germany. According to the Census of Production, persons employed in agriculture and industry total 9,308,000. The value of production of each person is estimated at $510. Lord Kitchener intends to put on foot an army of 700,000 men. For a service of only six months, therefore, it represents an industrial loss of $178,500,000.

The working value of the Russian is much lower; but the Russian army will number at least 4,000,000 soldiers. Estimating their productive value at about half that of the Frenchman or the German, 4,000,000 men during six months will entail a loss of $400,000,000.

Belgium is prodigiously active. The productive value of her work must be equal to the English. According to the census of 1896, her industrial population numbered 1,130,000. Since then her population has increased and production has received an enormous development. Therefore, a conservative estimate will place Belgium's loss on industrial production at $288,000,000.

In these values I speak neither of Servia nor of Japan. We may conclude, therefore, that the value of lost production is:

France	$3,000,000,000
Germany	4,120,000,000
Great Britain	178,000,000
Belgium	288,000,000
Russia	400,000,000
	$7,986,000,000

LOOSSES OF HUMAN CAPITAL.

Man is a capital whose value has been most variously estimated. In general, he has been attributed a value inferior to that he really possesses. The celebrated actuary, M. Barriol, gives the following figures:

United States	$4,720
Great Britain	4,140
German Empire	3,380
France	2,900
Austria-Hungary	2,620
Belgium	2,560
Russia in Europe	2,020

How much human capital will the war devour?

According to the works of army doctors, a conservative estimate of the proportion of losses to the number of combatants would ben ten per cent. If we divide this proportionately to the numbers of the armies and the value of the men, we should find:

	Losses in men.	Value in Dollars.
For Great Britain	70,000	$289,800,000
Germany	300,000	1,014,000,000
France	300,000	870,000,000
Austria-Hungary	200,000	544,000,000
Belgium	20,000	51,200,000
Russia in Europe	400,000	808,000,000
		$3,578,000,000

I do not count the depreciation for men who die of illness in the hospitals. In 1870 the figure for Germans admitted for illness into hospitals was 380,000; in Manchuria the figure for Japanese was 554,000.

By antiseptic methods wounded men are now cured who were formerly lost. Undoubtedly a certain number of men cured of their wounds will be as valid as before. Others, on the contrary, will feel the effects all their lives. They will have contracted infirmities which will have lessened their productive power. However, I will not attempt to number this loss of human capital, which must nevertheless be added to that of the disappeared.

The various calculations made above, therefore, give the following totals for six months' warfare:

Cost price of military operations	$5,400,000,000
Value of the lost production	7,986,000,000
Value of lost human capital	3,578,000,000
	$16,964,000,000

—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Dundonald's Destroyer

A Century Old Question Revived by the Present War

THE FAME of Thomas Cochrane, tenth Earl of Dundonald, has been almost forgotten owing to lapse of time. What was the invention of that extraordinary genius which would infallibly enable one belligerent to annihilate another at a stroke, but which would be so appalling in its results that the British Government would not shock humanity by employing it, but kept and still keeps it shut and sealed securely away from the knowledge of fighting men?

What it may have been we can only conjecture.

It was in 1811 that the great captain made his invention and laid it before the British Government. That body appointed a secret committee to investigate it and report upon it. The composition of the committee indicates the seriousness with which the Government regarded the matter, and also the weight which is attached to the report which was made. The chairman of the committee was the Duke of York, second son of George III., commander-in-chief of the army, and while an unsuccessful soldier in the field, perhaps the ablest administrator of military affairs of his age. Associated with him were Admirals Lords Keith and Exmouth, two of the very foremost and most competent officers of the British Navy; and the two Congreve brothers, of the ordnance department, one of whom, Sir William, was the inventor of the military rocket which bore his name and of many other military and industrial appliances of great value. It would probably have been impossible, in Great Britain or elsewhere, to select a committee of five of a more competent and authoritative character.

The cub delivers the goods.
—Baltimore Sun.

To these men Dundonald disclosed his device, at least sufficiently to convince them concerning it. He had said that it afforded "the infallible means of securing at one blow our maritime superiority and of thereafter maintaining it in perpetuity — of at once commencing and terminating a war by one conclusive victory." Again he declared of it that "no power on earth could stand against this attack." The committee, after careful investigation and consideration, reported that he had not exaggerated the potency of his device. There was no question that it would do all that he claimed for it. As a method of attack upon an enemy, on either sea or land, it was irresistible and infallible. Of this, they declared, there was no room for doubt. His demonstration left nothing to speculation, but placed the scheme upon the basis of indubitable and absolute certainty.

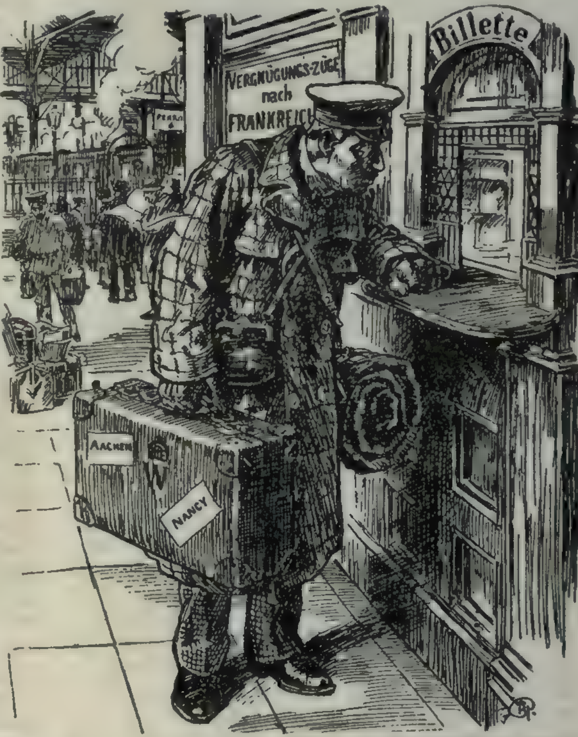
The committee would not recommend the adoption of the scheme. Why? Not because of any doubt of its efficiency, but rather because of the certain assurance of its too great efficiency. Its destructiveness was too great. Its devastation would be inhuman. It would transcend the limits of permissible warfare. Therefore they recommended that it be not adopted, and that it be kept a profound secret, so that no other Power, less scrupulous than England, could get it and use it for the annihilation of England and the conquest of the world.

The need of some means of coping with Napoleon was so great, however, that the British Government laid the plan away with much reluctance. It even wanted to use a part of it against the French at Toulon. To this, however, Dundonald would not assent, and the committee supported him in his dissent. To use only a part of it would not be fair to him. Moreover—and this was a much more grave objection from one point of view—such partial use would reveal the whole plan to the enemy and to other countries, and enable them in turn to practise it against England. If used at all it must be used fully, and carried to the logical extent of establishing and maintaining British supremacy over the whole world.

Yet in order to demonstrate the efficiency of the thing, and to strike a decisive blow at the enemy, he offered himself to employ it against Flushing, which was then Napoleon's center of menace against England, provided that he was permitted to use it in all its fullness. To this, however, the Government would not agree, on the ground that a full application of his device would be too unspeakably dreadful. It would not be war, they said; it would be annihilation.

The close of the war ended for the time all need of such a device. Dundonald then went to South America, there to be the chief agent in liberating Chili and Brazil from European domination. Before he went he entered into a solemnly sworn obligation not to disclose his device to any of those countries, nor to use it or to permit it to be used anywhere, unless in behalf of England. This promise he loyally kept, although in doing so he forfeited a large bounty which the South American countries would have paid him for placing the invention at their disposal.

In 1846 there were fears of trouble with France, and Dundonald again called the attention of the Government to his device. Again the Admiralty appointed a secret but most distinguished and authoritative committee to investigate it, and to see if it seemed as efficient and as dreadful in the then advanced state of military science as it has seemed in the more primitive times of a generation before. In January, 1847, this committee reported that the former estimate of it still held good. There was not a shadow of doubt that Dundonald's device would not merely defeat, but actually destroy, annihilate, sweep out of existence, any hostile force against which it might be directed. But the use of such utter devastation was contrary to the principles of warfare to which civilized nations were committed. Besides—and this was a most significant statement, which Dundonald himself had made before—the first application of it would so reveal it to the world as to put it into the hands of all other nations. So the thing was not tried.



—Bernard Partridge in Punch.

Tripper Wilhelm—"First Class to Paris.".
Clerk—"Line blocked."
Wilhelm—"Then make it Warsaw."
Clerk—"Line blocked."
Wilhelm—"Well, what about Calais
Clerk—"Line blocked."
Wilhelm—"Hang it! I must go somewhere! I promised my people I would."

During the Crimean War Dundonald twice again put forward his proposal. The first time he was met with a prompt refusal, on the ground that the thing was too horrible. The second offer was made much later, when both Sebastopol and Cronstadt still seemed impregnable. The hour was almost irresistibly alluring, and the British Government deliberated over it long, and at one time was inclined, in sheer desperation, to accept the offer. Indeed, it told Dundonald that it would accept and use his device if he would disclose it to two engineer officers and instruct them fully how to employ it against Sebastopol. But he refused. If it was used at all, he insisted, he must be commissioned to do it himself. While the Government was still haggling with him over this point, the war ended and the whole matter was again dropped.

He made no further offer of it, and he died in 1860, before another great war gave any occasion for the employment of his invention. But he insisted to the end, without contradiction, that the thing was all that he claimed it to be, and that one day it would be so recognized by the world. "Had it been known to the rebels in the Indian Mutiny, not an European in India would have escaped." The testimony of the experts who investigated it confirm this declaration as entirely reasonable. Since his death the plan has not been revived. It is supposed that an account of it is carefully hidden away somewhere in the pigeonholes or vaults of the British Admiralty, but even that is not certain. It may be that the essential details of it perished with its inventor.

What the device was remains a profound mystery, and piques both military and scientific curiosity. Of it we know little, but we do know some significant things. One is, that it was capable of being used on either land or sea, against navies, armies, or fortresses. This is demonstrated by his proposal to use it against the French fleet, or against the Russian fortresses, and his statement that it would have been effective against the British army in India. A second is, that it was exceedingly simple, so that comparatively unskilled people, like the Indians, could use it. A third was, that it was quite obvious in its application and operation, so that any one seeing it used once would know all about it and be able to use it. This latter is perhaps the most extraordinary feature of it, so far as we know it.

These three known characteristics eliminate the possibilities of its having been an aerial engine, unless it was simply a gas balloon dropping explosives or inflammables; a device which would scarcely have justified the estimates of it which experts made. It could not have been a submarine boat or a torpedo, for they had been known before, and they would be incapable of use on land or against forts. It could not have been any of the inventions in military science which have since then been made by others and been adopted into the use of armies and navies, for none of these approximate the destructiveness and decisiveness which Dundonald claimed for his device. In brief, we know pretty certainly what it was not; and must conclude that it was some mechanical, electrical, or chemical device such as never has been hit upon by another and thus has never been put into practice, or else that Dundonald himself and half a dozen of the most accomplished scientific and military experts of his time were victims of a most extraordinary delusion.—*The North American Review.*

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A Powerful Outline of the Reasons Behind the War

By SIR. A. CONAN DOYLE

Many attempts have been made to present the causes of the war from various standpoints. In the accompanying article a powerful and succint review of the British case is supplied by a man eminently fitted to present it. Sir Conan Doyle's probe into conditions preceding the outbreak of war gets to the roots of things.

IT is a matter of common knowledge, one which a man must be blind and deaf not to understand, that for many years Germany, intoxicated by her success in war and by her increase of wealth, has regarded the British Empire with eyes of jealousy and hatred. It has never been alleged by those who gave expression to this almost universal national passion that Great Britain had in any way, either historically or commercially, done Germany a mischief. Even our most bitter traducers, when asked to give any definite historical reasons for their dislike, were compelled to put forward such ludicrous excuses as that the British had abandoned the Prussian King in the year 1761, quite oblivious of the fact that the same Prussian King had abandoned his own allies in the same war under far more damaging circumstances, acting up to his own motto that no promises are binding where the vital interests of a State are in question. With all their malevolence they could give no examples of any ill turn done by us until their deliberate policy had forced us into antagonism. On the other hand, a long list of occasions could very easily be compiled on which we had helped them in some common cause, from the days of Marlborough to those of Blucher. Until the twentieth century had turned they had no possible cause for political hatred against us. In commerce our record was even more clear. Never in any way had we interfered with that great development of trade which has turned them from one of the poorest to one of the richest of European States. Our markets were open to them untaxed, whilst our own manufactures paid twenty per cent. in Germany. The markets of India, of Egypt, and of every portion of the Empire which had no self-appointed tariff were as open to German goods as to British ones. Nothing could possibly have been more generous than our commercial treatment. No doubt there was some grumbling when cheap imitations of our own goods were occasionally found to oust the originals from their markets. Such a feeling was but natural and human. But in all matters of commerce, as in all matters political before the dawn of this century, they have no shadow of a grievance against us.

And yet they hated us with a most bitter hatred, a hatred which long antedates the days when we were compelled to take definite stand against them. In all sorts of ways this hatred showed itself, in the diatribes of professors, in the pages of books, in the columns of the press. Usually it was a sullen, silent dislike. Sometimes it would flame up suddenly into bitter utterance, as at the time of the unseemly dispute around the deathbed of the Emperor's father, or on the occasion of the Jameson Raid. And yet this bitter antagonism was in no way reciprocated in this country. If a poll had been taken at any time up to the end of the century as to which European country was our natural ally, the vote would have gone overwhelmingly for Germany. "America first and then Germany" would have been the verdict of nine men out of ten. But then occurred two events which steadied the easy-going Briton, and made him look more intently and with a more questioning gaze at his distant cousin over the water. Those two events were the Boer War and the building of the German fleet. The first showed us, to our amazement, the bitter desire which Germany had to do us some mischief, the second made us realize that she was forging a weapon with which that desire might be fulfilled.

Vainglorious boasts were made that Germany was the successor to Britain upon the seas. "The Admiral of the Atlantic greets the Admiral of the Pacific," said the Kaiser later in a message to the Czar. What was Britain to do under this growing menace? So long as she was isolated the diplomacy of Germany might form some naval coalition against her. She took the steps which were necessary for her own safety, and without forming an alliance she composed her differences with France and Russia and drew closer the friendship which united her with her old rival across the Channel. The first fruit of the new German fleet was the *entente cordiale.* We had found our enemy. It was necessary that we should find our friends. Thus we were driven into our present combination.

Those of the British public who were familiar with the past and could look into the future might be well aware that our interests were firmly bound with those of France, and that if our fagots were not tied together they would assuredly be snapped each in its turn. But the unsavory assassination which had been so cleverly chosen as the starting-point of the war bulked large in the eyes of our people, and, setting self-interest to one side, the greater part of the public might well have hesitated to enter into a quarrel where the cause seemed remote and the issues ill-defined. But at that very moment Germany took a step which removed the last doubt from the most cautious of us and left us in a position where we must either draw our sword or stand for ever dishonored and humiliated before the world. The action demanded of us was such a compound of cowardice and treachery that we ask ourselves in dismay what can we ever have done that could make others for one instant imagine us to be capable of so dastardly a course. Yet that it was really supposed that we could do it, and that it was not merely put forward as an excuse for drawing us into war, is shown by the anger and consternation of the Kaiser and his Chancellor

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when we drew back from what the British Prime Minister had described as "an infamous proposal."

What was this treaty which it was proposed so lightly to set aside? It was the guarantee of the neutrality of Belgium, signed in 1839—confirmed verbally and in writing by Bismarck in 1870—by Prussia, France and Britain, each of whom pledged their word to observe and to enforce it. On the strength, of it Belgium had relied for her security amidst her formidable neighbors. On the strength of it also France had lavished all her defences upon her eastern frontier and left her northern exposed to attack. Britain had guaranteed the treaty, and Britain could be relied upon. Now, on the first occasion of testing the value of her word, it was supposed that she would regard the treaty as a worthless scrap of paper, and stand by unmoved while the little State which had trusted her was flooded by the armies of the invader. It was unthinkable, and yet the wisest brains of Germany seem to have persuaded themselves that we had sunk to such depths of cowardly indolence that even this might go through. Surely they also have been hypnotized by those foolish dreams of Britain's degeneration from which they will have so terrible an awakening.

There was no retreat from the position which had been taken up. "It is to us a vital matter of strategy and is beyond argument," said the German soldier. "It is to us a vital matter of honor and is beyond argument," answered the British statesman. The die was cast. No compromise was possible. Would Britain keep her word or would she not? That was the sole question at issue.

There is a settled and assured future if we win. There is darkness and trouble if we lose. But if we take a broader sweep and trace the meanings of this contest as they affect other than ourselves, then even greater, more glorious, are the issues for which we fight. For the whole world stands at a turning point of its history, and one or other of two opposite principles, the rule of the soldier or the rule of the citizen, must now prevail. In this sense we fight for the masses of the German people, as some day they will understand, to free them from that formidable military caste which has used and abused them spending their bodies in an unjust war and poisoning their minds by every device which could inflame them against those who wish nothing save to live at peace with them. We fight for the strong, deep Germany of old, the Germany of music and of philosophy, against this monstrous modern aberration, the Germany of blood and of iron, the Germany from which, instead of the old things of beauty, there comes to us only the rant of scolding professors with their final reckonings, their welt-politik, and their Godless theories of the superman who stands above morality, and, to whom all humanity shall be subservient. Instead of the world-inspiring phrases of a Goethe or a Schiller, what are the words in the last decade which have been quoted across the sea? Are they not always the ever-recurring words of wrath from one ill-balanced man?

"Strike them with the mailed fist." "Leave such a name behind you as Attila and his Huns." "Turn your weapons even upon your own flesh and blood at my command." These are the messages which have come from this perversion of a nation's soul.

Thus I say that, for the German who stands outside the ruling classes, our victory would bring a lasting relief, and some hope that in future his destiny should be controlled by his own judgment, and not by the passions or interests of those against whom he has at present no appeal. A system which has brought disaster to Germany and chaos to all Europe can never, one would think, be resumed, and amid the *debris* of his Empire the German may pick up that precious jewel of personal freedom which is above the splendor of foreign conquest. A Hapsburg or a Hohenzollern may find his true place as the servant rather than the master of a nation. But, apart from Germany, look at the effects which our victory must have over the whole wide world. Everywhere it will mean the triumph of reasoned democracy, of public debate, of ordered freedom in which every man is an active unit in the system of his own Government, whilst our defeat would stand for a victory to a privileged class, the thrusting down of the civilian by the arrogance and intolerance of militarism, and the subjection of all that is human and progressive to all that is cruel, narrow, and reactionary.

This is the stake for which we play, and the world will lose or gain as well as we. You may well come, you democratic over-sea men of our blood, to rally round us now, for all that you cherish, all that is bred in your very bones, is that for which we fight. And you, lovers of Freedom in every land, we claim at least your prayers and your wishes, for if our sword be broken you will be the poorer. But fear not, for our sword will not be broken, nor shall it ever drop from our hands until this matter is for ever set in order. If every ally we have upon earth were to go down in blood and ruin, still would we fight through to the appointed end. Defeat shall not daunt us. Inconclusive victory shall not turn us from our purpose. The grind of poverty and the weariness of hopes deferred shall not blunt the edge of our resolve. With God's help we shall go to the end, and when that goal is reached it is our prayer that a new era shall come as our reward, an era in which, by common action of States with State, mutual hatreds and strivings shall be appeased, land shall no longer be estranged from land, and huge armies and fleets will be nightmares of the past. Thus, as ever, the throes of evil may give birth to good. Till then our task stands clear before us—a task that will ask for all we have in strength and resolution.—*The Strand.*

By means of a direction finder invented by Marconi a secret wireless station in Rome capable of communicating with foreign countries was discovered, and was destroyed by the Government.

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Military Fliers of the Warring Nations Set New Records for Daring Aerial Feats

THE one new thing that has been definitely proved by the experience of the European war thus far, is the value of the aeroplane as a military arm. Without the flying machine—the bird-shaped "Taube" craft of the Germans, the high-powered monoplanes of the French, and the slower but steadier and none the less efficient English biplanes—no such tremendous bodies of troops could have been handled, no such extended battle lines have been controlled and directed as has been the case in the great war.

The reports of observers near the battle lines daily tell of daring exploits of the airmen of all nations. Ingenious methods of signaling the position of the enemy's troops make it possible for these courageous fliers to locate with accuracy the positions of the enemy's forces and direct the gun fire of their own armies accordingly. The simple method of signaling is for the airman to fly directly over the enemy's position, and when vertically above the point which it is desired to attack to let fall long strips of tinsel, which glitter in the sunlight as they descend and are visible for miles. Observers within the airmen's own lines have their telescopes and range finders turned upon the flying scouts continuously. When the tinsel drops, the range is instantly obtained, and the guns aimed accordingly. In dull or cloudy air, smoke bombs are used by some of the forces instead of the tinsel.

For code signals a glittering disk suspended by a wire a number of feet below the air craft is used. By swinging this disk, the airman can signal as though it were a flag, using the dot-and-dash "wigwag" code. The German observation balloons, derisively called "sausages" by the allies because of their peculiar shape, use this "wigwag" code. One of the most thrilling air battles reported from the field centered about one of these sausage balloons. Anchored at a height of 2,000 feet, well within the German lines, the observer in the balloon was watching the French advance and signaling back to his commanding general. Two French airmen were detailed to attack and destroy the "sausage." Flying at a height of a mile above the two armies they pounced down upon the observation balloon from above, bent on puncturing the gas bag and putting it out of commission. Two German aeroplanes rose in the air and flew to the defence of the "sausage." A Krupp aeroplane rifle from within the German ranks took part in the engagement, the gunners attempting to bring down the French machine without injuring either their own aeroplanes or the balloon. Finally so many bullets tore through the envelope of the balloon that it collapsed and, with the aid of daring and skill, the French fliers succeeded in rising high above their German foes and escaped back to their own lines, their work completed.

Such incidents as this are typical of many aerial engagements. Nor does daredevil aerial bravery begin and end with the aeroplane men. The crews of the Zeppelins and of the dirigible balloons of the allies are also called upon for exhibitions of reckless courage. While patrolling the French coast to see that the way was clear for the landing of a British expeditionary force, one of the English dirigibles was disabled by the breaking of a propeller blade. Two members of the crew volunteered to undertake the hazardous feat of putting on a new blade without descending. While the dirigible floated 2,000 feet in air, these men climbed out on the slender framework, unfastened the broken propeller and dropped it into the sea, and put the new one in place without mishap. Not long after came the report from Berlin of the decoration with the Iron Cross of a mechanician of one of the German Zeppelins for performing a similar feat.

Aerials duels between German airmen and those of the allies have been of frequent occurrence. A German airman has told vividly of his own part in one of these battles in the air. With an army officer as observer, he had flown nearly an hour over the enemy's lines, when a French monoplane was seen approaching. The German tried to ascend into the clouds, but the French machine blocked this move. Suddenly another French machine appeared.

"Now it was time to act," says the German pilot. "I darted at the flier before us, then a turn—the major raised a rifle to his cheek. Once, twice, thrice he fired. Then the hostile machine, now beside us and hardly 100 meters away, quivered and fell like a stone. Our other pursuer had meantime reached a position almost over us and was shooting at us with revolvers. One bullet struck in the body close beside the fuel controller. Then impenetrable mist enfolded us. When we came out from the clouds there began to burst before us, behind us and beside us, roaring shrapnel shells. I found myself still always over hostile positions and exposed to French artillery. A yellow-white burst of flame made the machine bound upward. The motor still booms as before, but the propeller fails. An exploding French grenade had knocked it to pieces, torn one of the wings to shreds and smashed the major's shoulder. Steeply my machine sinks to the ground."

Neither of these airmen was seriously injured, and they landed safely within their own lines.—*Popular Mechanics.*

Austria and the Sons of Zeruiah

How the Austrian Nation Was Misled by the War-mongers

By EDITH SELLERS

That Austria has allowed herself to be used as a cat's-paw by Germany to pull the chestnuts out of the fire for her is plainly seen from the diplomatic correspondence lately published. A descriptive account is here given by an English writer resident in Vienna, showing how, since the commencement of the war the Austrians themselves have also began to realize the fact, and how the war, which was at first entered on with enthusiasm, has now become hateful to them.

THERE was wild delight in Vienna and Buda-Pesth when it became known, last July, that the Emperor Franz Josef had declared war against Servia. In the one city as in the other, classes and masses alike quite lost their heads in their fervent joy that, at length, the day of reckoning with their audacious little neighbor was at hand. They had never a doubt but that she was straightway going to receive the lesson they had long been clamoring to give her; the lesson she must have, they were firmly convinced, if they were ever to live in peace.

Both Austrians and Hungarians had, or thought they had, sore grievances against Servia. She had flouted them openly; she had set them at nought; had treated them as if theirs were a mere dying empire, one of less account even than the Turkish. Such, at any rate, was the tale they had been made to believe; although she had, of course, a very different tale to tell.

Then not only the Austrians, but the Hungarians also, had a strong reason for welcoming this war, quite apart from their anger against Servia, quite apart, too, from their firm conviction that the war was a just war, one in which they had right on their side as well as might. It was their own war; it was only a little one, so little that it would be scoffed at, of course, in Berlin. Still, it was their own: it would be a straight fight between them and their foe, or so they thought when it was declared. And they knew that they could score a triumph over Servia if they had only her to fight against; and they firmly believed, nay, they held proof, as they thought, that they would have only her. Herr von Tchirsky had seen to that.

It would be interesting to know what instructions Herr von Tchirsky received when he was sent to Vienna as the Emperor William's representative. Was he told to play the stirrer-up of strife, or did he assume the *role* untold, just because it appealed to him? This is a question which many Austrians are now asking, asking in vain, however; for the only two of their nation who could, perhaps, have answered it, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand and Count Aehrenthal, are dead.

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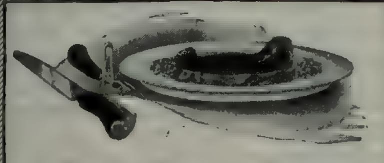

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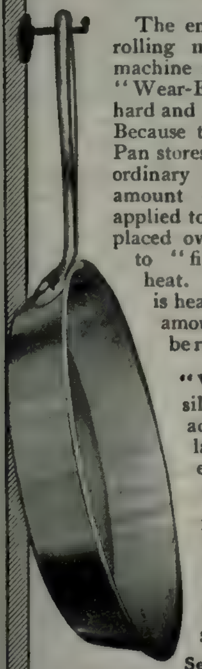

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At the very time when the Emperor Franz Josef and his Austrian Ministers were striving their hardest to avert war, straining every nerve to keep the people calm and prevent their clamoring for war, Germany's agents were going about from cafe to cafe in Vienna—in Buda-Pesth, too, perhaps—deliberately stirring up strife. Wherever men congregated there was always someone or other at hand to excite them, to kindle their wrath against Servia, to tell them that Servia despised them and had killed their Archduke in sheer wantonness; to tell them, too, that a war against Servia would be a mere picnic, a pleasure jaunt; that within a week of war being declared Servia would be prostrate before them, and their flag would be flying over Belgrade.

While his Excellency's carefully disguised agents were doing this work among the people, he himself, with the help of the Austrian Emperor's own general staff, was doing much the same work in higher quarters. An ultimatum would not mean war; but if it did, so much the better for Austria Hungary, unless, indeed, she had lost her taste for Balkan pickings, her hankering after Salonika. This was the burden of all his talk, of the talk, too, of his distinguished fellow-workers. The whole company scoffed aloud if anyone ventured to suggest that Servia might, perhaps, not be left to fight alone, if it came to fighting. Who was there to join her? Russia, France, and England all had their hands tied. To show that they had them tied, the oddest stories were soon bandied about in salons as well as cafes, stories in which Russian anarchists, French anti-militarists, Irish volunteers, Ulstermen, and even Suffragettes figured largely. Besides, England would never fight against Austria, all her sympathy was on Austria's side, it was announced with authority, in Vienna; while France would have no excuse for fighting, unless Russia fought; and Russia could not fight. This was a point on which Herr von Tchirsky was emphatic. His colleague in St. Petersburg had proof, he claimed, that she could not; and even if she could, she would not; for Pan-Slavism was dead, and Tsar Nicholas knew no will but Kaiser Wilhelm's, when once the shining armor was donned.

He spoke as one who knew, and they who heard believed. What he said was passed from mouth to mouth with many additions. It was repeated in the press, on the platform, through the empire from end to end. Before long Austrians and Hungarians alike began clamoring for war, sure that they had everything to gain and nothing to lose by war, as it was only against Servia that they would have to fight. Had they—the great mass of them—had any idea that they would have to fight also against France, England and Russia, not a war-cry would have passed their lips. Never would the fatal ultimatum have been sent in the form it was, had not M. Tisza—to say nothing of the Emperor William—insisted on having a hand in framing it.

For some little time after war was declared, the Austrians became more and more jubilant. When they heard that

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their delight knew no bounds. Th Viennese, indeed, were quite delirious i their joy that punishment was being meted out so swiftly to the murderers o their Archduke. Even when it was firs rumored that Russia was threatening t mobilize, they still went on with thei heedless rejoicings, so sure were they thanks to Herr von Tchirsky and his tools that although the Tsar might talk h would never fight. Why, their little wa would be over before the Moscovite eve woke up to the fact that it had begun they were sure. It was not until thos days of weary waiting came, those day when newspapers had no news to give when letters were not delivered, and eve telegrams were held back, that the though ever entered the head of the great mass even of the Viennese, that the campaig against Servia might, perhaps, prov something more than a pleasure jaun Nor was it until Russia was actuall marching against them that they realize that the German Ambassador had misle them, had either blundered, or deliberate ly lied, when he assured them that th Tsar would not, and could not, fight.

Then, although they still continued fo a time to be content that the war ha come, sure that it was well for Austri that it had come, they at one fell swoo lost all the delight that they had ther tofore felt in the war. And they lost i not because they were sorry to have fight against Russia as well as Servia, a though they were sorry, of course; n because they knew that fighting again Russia was a serious business for a cou try packed, as Austria-Hungary is, wi Slavs; but because they knew that t war would no longer be their war, th they could not fight it alone, but mu fight it side by side with Germany; a that it was the Germans, not they, w would have the lion's share of its spo and its laurels. And deep down in the hearts the great mass of Austrians ha not only a profound mistrust of the Ge mans, or rather of the Prussians, as people; but a bitter dislike of them pe sonally, near akin to them though they l.

Then, not only do the Austrians disli and mistrust the Germans, but, as th frankly confess, they are afraid of the; for, brave as they are, their misfortun have rendered them nervous—they l faith in themselves at Koniggratz. Fr 1866 until 1908 they were haunted by t thought that the fates were against th and on the side of the Germans; that th were doomed to wane while the Germa waxed. And those in authority over the during most of those years, did their b to render them nervous and add to th fears; for they deliberately taught th to doff their hats before the Germans, a speak to them with whispered humb ness. Little wonder they lost all pleas in their war when they realized that was one they must wage side by side w Germany, as Russia had joined in fight.

Curiously enough, even when the R sians were already in the field, thus g ing the lie to Herr von Tchirsky's stor of them, the Austrians still clung to stories of the French. It seemed har

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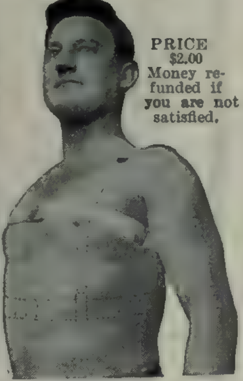

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to occur to most of them that the war could in any way concern the French, until the day when they were informed officially—and they were not informed until the fact could no longer be concealed from them—that the German army was in Belgium, and that Austro-Hungarian soldiers were on their way to France. Then any satisfaction they still had in the war was speedily gone; for they have a very kindly feeling towards the Belgians' Queen, Karl Theodor's daughter, their own dead Empress' niece; and the French are more popular among them than any other people, excepting the English. And Austria is one of the few countries where the English are very popular among all classes. It is one of the odd features of the present war that the Austrians regard with friendliness three of the nations against whom they are fighting, and not one of them, excepting the Servians, with animosity.

"The friendship between you and us is traditional," I have often been told by Austrians. "We have always been good friends, and we always shall be. Why, we did not quarrel even in the Boer War days, although our German press did rave against you. Our old Emperor loves England. We all love England; we never could fight against her."

They are fighting against her now, but it is a bitter grief to them that they are. They would rather by far be fighting against any other country. There was sore trouble among them, as well as keen anxiety, when it first became known that their Slav fellow subjects, who had joined with them in welcoming the war against Servia, were throwing down their arms and refusing to fight against Russia. There was sore trouble, too, when it became known that they were fighting against France and Belgium. It was then that they first began to hate war; but, it was not until they knew that they were fighting against England, that they hated it with all their hearts and souls, hated and loathed it so intensely that they almost ceased to care how it went. Curiously enough, for they are a superstitious race, even the announcement of the death of the Pope, and the whisper by which it was followed that the war had killed him, had broken his heart, and that he had refused to bless their arms, spread less dismay among them, less real grief, than the announcement that they were at war against England. Until the news came that we had actually declared war, they never believed that we should find it in our hearts to declare it against them, our century-long best friends. Almost until the last day they were sure our sympathy was on their side; they were assured, indeed, again and again almost officially that it was. Then, when the truth became known, there was no indignation in Vienna, no wrath; for that the people were too troubled. "That England should turn against us," was the only cry they raised; and they raised it not in anger, but in heart-felt sorrow. The very man in the street hung his head as if grief-stricken, as he went on his way.—*The Fortnightly Review.*

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Million a Year Employee

How Daniel Cowan Jackling Makes Himself Worth this Fabulous Salary

By George Frederick Stratton

Daniel Cowan Jackling, who a dozen years ago paid income tax on $3,000 a year, now has an annual income of a million dollars. His big ideas and the resourcefulness to make them practically successful, have been the chief agents in bringing about the change. The remarkable story of his success is well told in the accompanying article.

ABOUT a dozen years ago a mining engineer in Utah was drawing a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a month. Aside from that he hadn't a dollar. In 1914 he pays tax on an income of nearly half a million dollars. In addition to this he has other sources of income, exempt under the provisions of the law, from which he derives almost as much more. The greater part of that amount is salary and fees for expert work, and the remainder dividends on his accumulations of a decade.

Daniel Cowan Jackling is the man. As a giant of industry, of promotion, of development, and of finance he is connected with eighteen great companies which include copper mining organizations, railroads, banks, and light and traction corporations. The total pay rolls of the various companies with which he is connected amount to nearly twenty-five millions of dollars a year.

Twenty years ago this high-salaried man, although an expert in chemistry and metallurgy, was earning a salary of only one hundred dollars a month as assayer and assistant engineer at Cripple Creek and attracting little more attention than one of the muckers who, candle on cap, went down daily into the six or eight-hundred-foot levels and dug out ore. To-day the widely scattered mines of which he is the executive head are producing more than one-third of the copper mined in the United States.

There has been no pay streak of luck in all this, no astounding discovery of high-grade ore in the mines he has developed. It has been the astute knowledge of ledges and veins, the astounding ingenuity and inventiveness in new processes, and perhaps, more than all, the tactful, imperative ability to bring capital and labor into partnership and develop the highest efficiency of both.

In 1894 he went into the famous Cripple Creek district, assaying and "telling" and constructing great crushing and reducing mills, and still telling. Then he went to the Mercur Gold Mines, up in a canyon opening on to the Skull Valley in Utah. Those mines had been abandoned because the paying ore was exhausted. Jackling emphatically supported one or two other men in the contention that the salvation of the mines lay in cyanidation

—a process of extracting gold from certain ores by use of a solution of potassium cyanide, thus dissolving the metal, which is afterward precipitated by zinc or electrolytically. Lastly it is fused and cast into ingots. Here he showed his first streak of financial ability by promoting the consolidation of the Mercur Mine with the famous Golden Gate Mine in the same range. In two years those deserted camps were paying wages to five thousand men and earning enormous dividends. They were the first mines in the United States to adopt and develop the cyanide process.

Over in the Bingham Canyon, Mormon prospectors and old Western explorers had found some gold in 1857. They found silver and lead also, and a dozen companies worked these mines for those metals for forty years. Then the ore either gave out or became so poor that most of them closed down. The treasurers stowed away their books, the muckers were paid off, bulkheads were spiked over the shaft and tunnel openings, and for several years the great Oquirrh mining camps were abandoned to coyotes and mountain lions.

Then Jackling came over and showed them. He went to a few of the old stockholders who had cash but no confidence and said:

"There's copper there in enormous quantities! Abandon the silver-lead mining and go for the copper!"

"Copper!" they exclaimed incredulously. "How much of it?"

"Hundreds of thousands of tons!" he replied.

"Bah! How much to the ton of ore? That's what counts!"

"Two per cent," he asserted.

They jeered contemptuously. "You're able to tell us that, Jackling; but if it is so you'll have to get out the ore yourself! We aren't going to put in a dozen dollars to look at one."

He tried to explain to them his newly-devised plan of operating, but they would have none of it.

"You're just an engineer, Jackling!" growled one of them, "and you can't promote—not with us. And you've had no experience in management! You've got theories—they may be right or wrong; but you can't get us to put up any capital to experiment with them. Run away and play at something else!"

He ran away, but to play the same game with somebody else. He went to New York, interviewed men interested in copper, and by his absolutely clear descriptions of his proposed new methods convinced them and filled them with enthusiasm. He is an engineer—a scientific engineer, but he does not persist in pointing his remarks with decimals or emphasizing his assertions in quadratics. He instinctively understood that concrete figures and a few distinct lines drawn on a scrap of paper while explaining his project were far more effective than tabulated fractional statistics and elaborate blue prints among men whose point of focus is "dividends."

So he got those New York capitalists focused. He came back to Utah with a small committee of men, some expert in turning over rocks, others expert in judg-

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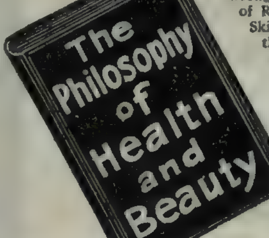
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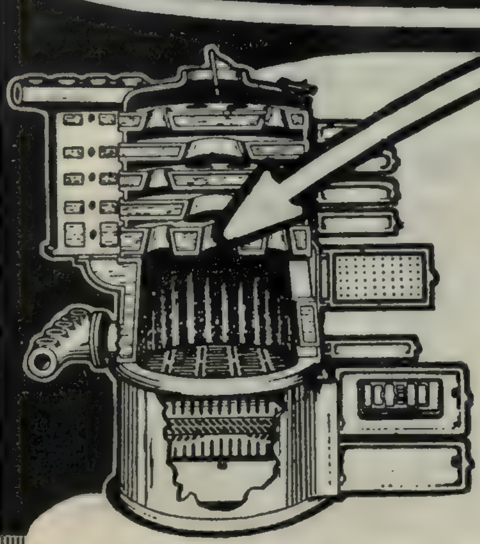

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ing property, no matter how valuable or how worthless. The old mines were bought up at bargain prices; the Utah Copper Company was formed, and the commencement of Jackling's operations was the beginning of open mining in America. To-day that open mine is greater than any in the world, and no other exploitation of metal in either North or South America has been able to show a profit on ore of as low grade as one and four-tenths per cent, which they get at Bingham.

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In rapid succession he was called upon to take charge of other great mines in the West—the Ray in Arizona, the Nevada Consolidated, the Chino in New Mexico, the Butte and Superior in Montana. These mines, with that at Bingham, produced this year fifteen million tons of copper ore, and the pay rolls aggregate more than seventeen million dollars. If the contemplated plans for development are carried out that production will be doubled within two years.

"When big Eastern capitalists began to look into the possibilities of Alaska, a few years ago, they came for Jackling and took him over there to examine the country. They paid him a quarter of a million dollars for his exhaustive report, and then made him consulting engineer. That was not only for what he knew about ledges and veins and ore values: it was as much because he is as good a practical underground man as any miner; as good a mechanical engineer as a mining engineer. He has invented a score of labor-saving and metal-saving appliances; and when it comes to organizing big forces and getting the very best out of them, he has no superior.

"Look at the way he goes at it! After his second trip to Alaska he went over to New York and was appointed the engineer of the company. That very day he went to a firm of ship designers and ordered plans for a sea-going steam yacht to carry him to and from his job. Those plans were sent to Seattle and the ship was built there. She's the speediest and staunchest boat that runs out of any Pacific port, and she cost him three hundred thousand dollars. That's so that he can jump on board at either port at just the moment he wants to and have the starting bells jingling before he's reached his cabin.

"That's Jackling, all over!"

Outside of his regular routine of managing five great mines and two railroads, of acting as consulting engineer of the stupendous operations of the Alaska Gold Mining Company, as vice-president of another railroad and two banks, as director of seven other great business operations, he is not infrequently called upon for expert investigations of great natural resources. He recently received a fee, in stock, of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for an exhaustive examination of the petroleum fields of California. He was active in the promotion and engineering development of the greatest hydro-electric power company in the country—the Utah Power and Light Company—which has purchased a large proportion of the numerous plants in Utah and Southern Idaho and by embracing system of transmission unified them into one gigantic public-service operation. This company will furnish power for the western section—four hundred and sixty miles—of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, the whole of which road will soon be electrified; and it will supply power to almost all the city and interurban street railways in Southern Idaho and Utah; and to the great mines and smelters so numerously distributed through those sections—*Technical World Magazine.*

Modernizing the Holy Land

How Palestine is being Subjected to the Improvements of Western Civilization

By HAROLD J. SHEPSTONE

Since the accompanying article was written, Turkey has voluntarily ranged herself on the side of the German allies in the great war. The future of the Holy Land will undoubtedly be changed by the course of the war, and it is not only possible but highly probable that the end of hostilities will see Palestine in other hands than Turks.

FOLLOWING her war with the Balkan States Turkey early came to an understanding with Germany and other interested Powers regarding the development and future of Asia Minor, and with France over important matters concerning the welfare of Syria and Palestine, more particularly with regard to railway concessions.

Following hard on this came the news that a modern electric tramway system was to be at once laid down in Jerusalem, the present inadequate water supply improved, and other important innovations introduced, while all over the country various enterprises were to be put in hand which would have the effect of greatly changing the present condition of affairs so far as this ancient and historic land is concerned. At first one may be inclined to deplore this modernity among the sacred places and holy sites of Palestine. In our imagination we love to picture the Holy Land as unchanged since Christ saw it. We like to think of its old Bible cities, surrounded by strong walls and massive towers, with their narrow entrance gates, so vividly described in the ancient Book; and the peasants toiling in the field, sowing and reaping their crops by hand, and letting the oxen tread out the corn on the primitive threshing floors; and the women grinding at the mill, and the lonely shepherd in the field watching the flock.

Yet, on mature consideration, we realize that there is no sufficient reason at all why Palestine should not develop like the rest of the world. If the sound of the motor horn is not profane to our Western cities, is it necessarily so in Jerusalem? If the shrill telephone call forms a part of the music to which our modern cities dance, can we wonder that the ancient cities also should put in a claim to this addition to their orchestra? Be that as it may—motor, telephone, and all have come to Jerusalem, and come to stay. And it is the introduction of these Western methods and reforms that raises the question. How will they affect the future of Palestine?

Indeed, Palestine's future lies first in its wonderful and even unique agricultural possibilities. And here it is gratifying to note that improvements are being gradually but nevertheless surely brought into vogue. Then, too, much is being done in affording better transportation facilities by roads and railways. Much still remains to be done in bringing about a better understanding between the Moslem and Christian populations, and there are indications that much of the strife which has existed for centuries between these two factions is gradually disappearing, through the unselfish efforts of the various Christian missions and schools. These bodies have worked unitedly with a single mind for the welfare of the general community, and have done an immense amount of good.

As already stated, Jerusalem is now to have its own tramway system and a more efficient water-supply. The fact is, few realize the rapidity with which the Holy City is extending through the return of the Jews in such large numbers to the city of their forefathers. A generation or so ago there were no buildings outside the city walls, which have a circuit of about three miles, enclosing about 209 acres, thirty-five of which are devoted to the Temple area.

Now, to the north and west of these walls there have sprung up, within the last decade, large Jewish colonies, thriving residential sections, hotels, and boarding-houses, as well as convents, hospices, institutions, and schools, with the result that to-day there is a greater Jerusalem outside the walls than within. Curiously enough, this line of improvement has followed closely the description of the rebuilding of Jerusalem as given in Jeremiah.

Perhaps the Holy City's most daring innovation was the building of the roadway into the ancient capital of the Jaffa Gate. A portion of the old city wall here was pulled down, the old moat filled in, and a spacious roadway constructed to meet the demands of the ever-increasing

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traffic in and out of the city. This entrance is often referred to as "the breach in the wall." A drinking fountain was subsequently erected here, while above the ramparts there is now a magnificent clock the timepiece of which shows both European and Arabic times. It was built of stone obtained from Solomon's quarries, of which the Temple was constructed.

This is to-day the principal entrance into the ancient city of David, and the electric trams will start from here, running outside the city walls through the new parts of Jerusalem. It would be virtually impossible to bring the trams into the old city, for its streets are narrow and crooked.

TRAMS FROM THE CITY WALLS.

The concession to build and run these trams has been secured by a French syndicate, which has also to illuminate the city's streets with electric light, and bring in an adequate supply of pure fresh water. Only those versed in the present condition of affairs in the Holy City will realize what blessings the trams and water will mean.

According to the contract four tramway routes are to be laid down. The first, which will have a length of about two miles, will give easy access to what may be termed the business quarter of the Holy City, running westward along the Jaffa Road to its junction with the Ain Karim Road. The second line, of similar length, will link up the large Jewish colonies to the north with the city's principal entrance, while the third will encircle the old city, embracing many of its most historic sites, such as Gordon's Calvary, believed by many scholars to be the scene of the Crucifixion, the Tomb of the Kings, the Mount of Olives, and the Valley of Jehosaphat. Many places famous in Holy Writ will be linked up by these trams. The fourth and remaining line will connect the Holy City with Bethlehem, some six miles distant, traversing what is perhaps the most sacred thoroughfare in the world. Along much of the road which Christ and His disciples passed as they came to and went from the Holy City the electric trams will shortly whistle and hum.

Then the municipality has given attention to the pavement of the streets of the Holy City, and also to the sewerage system to meet the needs of the ever-increasing population. Some months since a water cart was brought out from England to water the roads, which had hitherto been sprinkled from skins, while it was but a year or two ago that Jerusalem was equipped with a telephone service. Its police, too, will shortly be supplied with bicycles.

The other cities of this sacred land are also gradually adopting Western ideas and Western methods. At Jaffa the French will shortly commence the erection of a harbor, which is badly needed, ships at present having to lie a mile or more out at sea. The oldest, and yet in many respects the newest, town in Palestine is Beersheba. As in Bible times, when "from Dan to Beersheba" was proverbial, so now it marks the southernmost limit of Turkish rule, for all attempts to establish government centres farther south have failed. The consequence is, the old village of Beersheba has been converted into a busy outpost with barracks, Government buildings, and a mosque. Recently one of the old wells, known to have been in existence in the days of the Patriarchs, has been made to supply the town with water. It is raised by a modern motor, and pumped through pipes to the mosque, fountains, and principal residences. The same remarks apply to Jericho, where a motor and piping supplies the hotels with water obtained from Elisha's fountain, which lies to the west of the town near the ruins of ancient Jericho.

MOTOR BOAT ON THE DEAD SEA.

Furthermore, there was recently placed upon the Dead Sea a motor boat, so far the only self-propelled craft on Palestine waters. It is now proposed to place similar vessels upon the Jordan and the Sea of Galilee. They would not only be an immense boon to tourists for getting to and from places of interest, but invaluable for ordinary passenger and goods traffic. Here it may be added that a company has already been formed in Jerusalem to erect a fish-curing station on the shores of the Sea of Galilee with the intention of canning its fish and sending it far and wide. Fish from the Sea of Galilee therefore may soon figure on our breakfast menu.

Equally important are the improvements which may be noticed in the agricultural development of this sacred land. Around Jaffa the orange groves are now scientifically irrigated by modern motor pumps, with the result that the growers are not worried over periods of drought. Then on the great Plain of Sharon, lying between Jaffa and Jerusalem, one may find modern harvesting and threshing machines. In the matter of irrigation much still remains to be done, particularly in the Beersheba district and in the wonderful Jordan Valley. The latter locality is at present practically uncultivated, but experts have shown the Government how, by running canals from the Jordan, down which rush six million tons of sweet water daily, 200,000 acres of deep rich alluvial soil, with a semi-tropical climate, could be turned into a veritable paradise. Here, owing to the great heat, everything grows with surprising rapidity and to an enormous size. Lucerne or alfalfa, under irrigation, produces ten crops a year. Bananas, oranges, sugarcane, cotton, and all the fruits of a semi-tropical climate can be raised. Fine wheat and barley are also produced. The growing season is prolonged throughout the whole year. The climate, though very hot during the summer months, is most delightful in winter.

Then in the south, in the Beersheba district, where to-day, as in Bible times, wheat and barley yield a hundred-fold to the sower, there is an artesian underflow which could be easily utilized for irrigation. And those who imagine that the apparently barren, rocky hills are worthless, are mistaken. They can be transformed, and are being transformed, into productive fruit orchards. Palestine is distinctly a limestone country, and the very stones which the passer-by thinks are the curse of the land are its salvation. In civilized countries it is the practice to fertilize all cultivated land, and were this precaution neglected for a considerable length of time it would cease to yield profitable crops. Palestine, on the other hand, has been farmed for thousands of years absolutely without fertilization. What saves it is the continual disintegration of the limestone, giving the soil that property which enables it to make use of the nitrogen in the air. The nitro-gathering bacteria are present in every locality. Moreover, the porous rocks underground seem to hold the moisture throughout the summer, so that it may be gradually utilized by tree roots and summer plants during the long dry season.—*The Quiver.*

The Women of Russia

How they Minimise the Ravaging Effects of War

By PRINCESS SASHA KROPOTKIN

DURING war more than at any other time the general efficiency of the women plays an important part in the success of their country. This is especially so where there is conscription, for it is inevitable that life should become dislocated when all or most of the men are withdrawn from it. In Russia women fill so many posts which in other countries are the privilege of men, that they are still there to carry on the work when the men are gone—and in any case they are willing to take up a variety of occupations from which they are barred at ordinary times. It is true that they are welcomed and given all kinds of jobs. Women act as clerks in banks and they occupy every kind of position in the municipal organizations even in times of peace. In certain villages they are occasionally elected as "dessiatki"—that is a kind of policeman amongst whose duties is that of collecting the young men whose time has come to serve in the army. During the Napoleonic wars there was even a woman "starosta" (elder of a village). Nastasia—that was her name—led her villagers, armed with scythes and pitchforks, aginst the French invaders and took a great number of prisoners.

The Cossack women for many years fought side by side with their men, going into battle armed with anything they would lay hands on. This tradition, for it became a tradition that the women should take an active part in any battle, seems to have originated in 1774 when the Cossack town of Naaur was being beseiged by the Tartars. The Cossack women helped by pouring not only boiling water and tar on the besiegers, but also the soup which they were cooking. Finally they became so bellicose that they sallied forth from the town dressed in their best red sarafans, armed and angry, and attacked the Tartars with great success.

And the Russian peasant women of to-day seem capable of living up to these traditions. Only a few days age when a German aeroplane fell in a village near the frontier, the women who were bringing in the harvest rushed to the spot and smashed the machine, belabouring the two aviators with their fists and hay forks. They overcame them, although the Germans endeavored to defend themselves with revolvers, and held them until some soldiers arrived and rescued the prisoners.

The women are ready, however, to show their energy in more peaceful ways as well, and we hear that they are conducting almost the entire tram and postal service in both the capitals.

In the villages their work is more varied and strenuous. At all times the peasant women work side by side with their men in almost all the field work—especially at harvest time. But when the men are gone the entire work of the village has to be carried on by the women, with the help of only the very old or the very young male population. Once the harvest is brought in—and for that they work from before dawn till after sunset—the peasant women have to turn their hands to threshing the corn, to felling trees, shoeing the horses and, later, ploughing; and all this besides their own work, which includes spinning and weaving.

There are several villages in Central Russia where shoeing horses is an every day task for the women, for the whole village is engaged permanently in blacksmithing and the women do exactly the same work as the men.

It is a tragedy for every agricultural country to lose its men, but, where the women are capable of carrying on the work, the tragedy is lessened. And in such countries when there is war the success of the war is to a great extent ensured by the minimized possibilities of famine.

Though Russian women have, as yet, no vote, still in almost all classes they enjoy absolutely the same rights and privileges as the men. And in the struggle for greater political rights the sexes work together demanding them for both.

It is greatly to be regretted that at such a time as the present English women are not more freely admitted to work which under ordinary circumstances is discharged by men. They would most undoubtedly acquit themselves creditably, and prove their powers of adaptability not less than their Russian sisters.—*The Ladies' Realm.*

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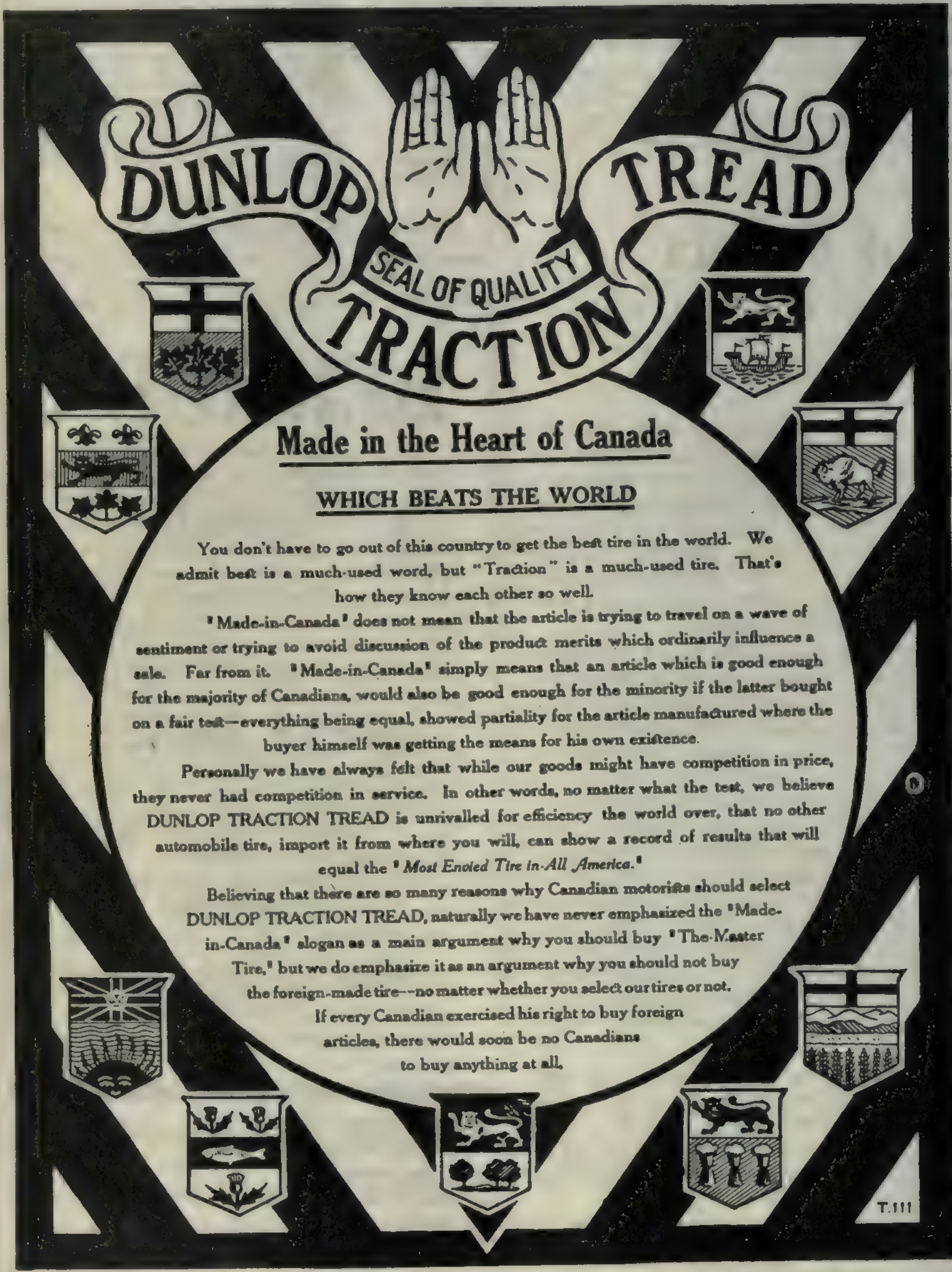

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The Spark

Continued from Page 45.

not yet. Her boy—his boy—must go over the wall and away, first.

The man fought like a demon. Tall and powerful, he tried to claw Jim, in his frenzy. But the great, gorilla-like arms were wrapped about his shoulders and neck. Sideways Jim bent him, held him with brute, savage strength. Little by little the man gave. Suddenly Jim twisted one of his powerful legs about the other's and threw him to the floor. Like a panther he was upon him, pinning him down. His thick, hairy hands closed on the man's throat. The lust to kill was on him. The man gave a hoarse, dry cough like a wounded animal. The moon struggled through the window, fell on his face, on the tongue protruding from foam-flecked lips.

"God! I was goin' to kill him," Jim breathed, as he released his grip. A dozen feet came running along the passage and burst into the cell. Jim rose, walked heavily over to the window and looked out. The end of a rope dangled over the wall by the quarry. Turning, he stopped, picked up the something which the boy had dropped in his flight and thrust it into the opening of his shirt. Then he turned to meet them.

VI.

A BLAZING sun beat down on the men in the quarry. The guard was at the other end of the long line, out of earshot.

Said the cadaverous man to the convict next him: "Did you hear the rumpus last night?"

The fat man wiped the sweat from his brow with his sleeve.

"No, what was it?"

The cadaverous man nodded towards Jim.

"He tried to get off again. Yes, he *did*," as the man blew out his cheeks incredulously.

"Why—Jim's a fool to try that; he might know—"

The cadaverous man nodded. "Didn't I say Jim was soft? But that's not all."

"Wot?"

The cadaverous man tried to impart his intelligence with an unconcerned air.

"He helped the young un get away."

"Wot?" The fat man stared with round, astonished eyes. "Wot?" he repeated, "Jim?"

"Just wot I told yer all along. Jim's soft in his nut."

"But why—why?" protested the fat man. His mouth opened and closed helplessly like a gaffed fish. "Jim ain't got no feelin's."

The subject of their conversation worked in silence. The lad had gotten safely away. In fancy he saw the mother's eyes filled with a great peace.

In the hollow against Jim's hairy throat rested a locket. It was heart-shaped. Curiously, it contained the face of a man.

Private Cars

Continued from Page 25.

not pass at high-speed, must refrain from whistling and bell-ringing and must in general pay the homage of silence to the special.

As a rule the Governor-General travels in great privacy. The doors of his cars are guarded by uniformed officers, who prevent the entrance of any persons, save those of his own household. Even railroad officials and members of the train crew are not permitted to pass except for the best of reasons. At the same time when, as sometimes happens, the Duke does emerge from his seclusion and converses with the train men, he shows himself genial and unaffected. He impresses them most perhaps by his practical knowledge of railroading.

A little anecdote will illustrate the practical turn of his mind. On the western journey, his train stopped at a small station on the north shore of Lake Superior. The district superintendent, who was accompanying it, stepped to the platform and began to walk up and down beside the cars. Presently the Duke appeared on the platform at the end of the train. Noticing the railway official he beckoned to him to approach.

"What is the weight of your rail here?" he asked.

"Eighty-five pounds to the yard, your Royal Highness," was the answer.

"How long is it?" was the next question.

"Thirty-three feet, sir."

"And how many ties have you under each rail?"

"Eighteen, sir."

"Ah, indeed," said the Duke. "Now do you know in Russia they have only sixteen."

This little indication that the Governor-General was posted on railroad construction greatly increased the superintendent's respect for the royal traveler, a respect that was still further augmented when he discovered that the Duke knew a great deal about locomotives and was interested in learning about the special features of the engines that hauled his train.

HE SAW THE DUKE.

Apropros of his friendliness, there is, of course, the old story of the railroad man at a small station east of Toronto, who wandered along beside the royal train, which had probably been sidetracked there for breakfast, in order to catch a glimpse of the Governor-General, then a newcomer to the Dominion. He saw a figure standing at the end of the train and presuming it to be one of the Duke's underlings, blurted out:

"I say, is there any chance of a fellow getting a sight of the Duke?"

"Of course there is," was the hearty reply. "Take a good look. I'm the Duke myself."

Other stories have been told illustrating further the democratic character of the Governor-General and those who have traveled with him can relate various instances when he has slipped from the

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bonds of formality and has acted in a very natural and unaffected way. On one occasion when he was traveling through Quebec, the train was stopped for breakfast beside a field in which an old habitant was ploughing. The Duke, who is much interested in the French-Canadians, was bent on chatting with the old man and in what might be considered as a most undignified way scrambled over the fence, walked across the freshly-plowed ground and entered into conversation with the man in the French language. This, it is said, is the sort of escapade that he delights in.

GOVERNMENT PRIVATE CARS.

While devoted exclusively to the use of the Governor-General the three cars forming the royal equipment come nominally under the jurisdiction of the Department of Railways and Canals, which owns and controls all the Government cars. The circumstance that the Dominion of Canada is in the railway business itself supplies an excellent reason for the possession of a certain number of cars and those employed in the management of the Intercolonial Railway and those used for other purposes by ministers of the Crown naturally merge together in any accounting calculations. The subject of Government cars has long been a tender one and must be approached cautiously, since at election times a favorite campaign argument has to do with the alleged extravagance of cabinet ministers in their operation.

As a matter of fact only four members of the ministry are officially in the enjoyment of the exclusive use of private cars. These are the Premier and the Ministers of Railways and Canals, Public Works, and Militia and Defence, respectively. Few would be inclined to find fault with the Prime Minister's occupation of a private car whenever he found it necessary to travel. As first citizen of the Dominion and entrusted with important affairs of state, it is obviously to the country's advantage that he should be able to move about with the least degree of inconvenience and discomfort. Accordingly, Sir Robert Borden, and before him Sir Wilfrid Laurier, always had a car at their instant disposal. Oddly enough, while other magnates and titled personalities ride in cars ornamented with fancy names, the Premier takes his ease in a coach with the entirely unpretentious designation of "No. 139."

It would be strange too, if the head of Canada's system of Government railways should not be favored with the use of a private car, when the chief executives of every other railway system in the country are similarly served. Among the department cars is therefore to be found one assigned to the personal use of the Minister of Railways, the Hon. Frank Cochrane. It is known as the "Nipissing," so-called in honor of the minister's constituency. Previously it was simply car "No. 109," but on taking office the new minister had it remodeled and renamed.

Prior to the accession of the present Government none of the other ministers were blessed with cars of their own, using

Railway Department cars whenever they could secure them, but the Hon. Robert Rogers had not been long in office before he concluded that it would be to the advantage of his department if he could control a car himself. He had to travel extensively and it was often most inconvenient to use the regular sleeping cars, which arrived at his destination at all hours of the day and night. So he put in a requisition for a car and a useful second-hand coach was purchased for his use from the Bangor and Aristook Railway. The car was handed over to the Department of Railways, under whose charge it is kept.

Then Canada's War Lord, the Hon. Sam Hughes, who was continually on the move, decided that he, too, would like to have a car which would be constantly at his disposal. The Canadian Northern Railway happened to have a spare car called the "Roleen" which was purchased a year or so ago. It is now the official coach of the Minister of Militia and Defence, and it is said to have abundance of employment. Incidentally this particular minister of the Crown is reported to be strong on special train travel, a habit which is quite excusable in these present troublous times.

Apart from these cars, the Department of Railways has several other cars under its control. There is the "Ottawa," which is used mainly by Collingwood Schrieber, C.M.G., general consulting engineer to the Government and chief engineer of the western division of the National Transcontinental Railway, who has to make lengthy periodical trips of inspection. There is the "Dufferin," successor to old "No. 28," in which the general manager of the Intercolonial Railway made his official trips for many years. The "Dufferin" was converted into a very nice private car out of an Intercolonial chair car, a piece of economy that deserves appreciation. There is the "Empire," formerly the "National," which was used by Major Leonard during his incumbency of the office of Commissioner of the National Transcontinental Railway Commission and there is the "Transcona," the private car of Gordon Grant, chief engineer of the same commission. Besides these the department has a number of smaller cars in the service of superintendents and other officials of the Government railways.

The only other branch of the administration to have a private car is the Dominion Board of Railway Commissioners. That these commissioners are fully entitled to the use of a car is evident, since their work demands so much travel and involves the frequent inspection of new track through sparsely settled parts of the country. Their car is called the "Acadia," and was purchased soon after the board was formed, from the Pullman Company. It is a very handsome, big car, with plenty of accommodation for a large party.

There is just one other car in Canada, which comes under the category of Government cars. This is the "Sir James," which is the property of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway Commission and through it of the Ontario Government. It was named out of compliment

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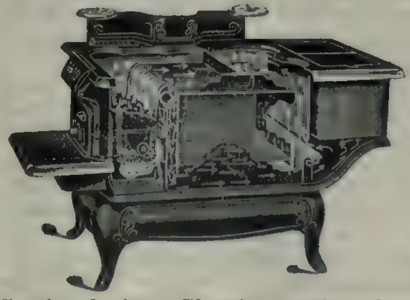

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to the late Sir James Whitney, and is used in inspection work by the members of the commission, as well as on occasion by members of the Government. The late Premier traveled in it quite frequently.

In the case of all these Government cars, the railway companies extend what are termed "car courtesies," which means that they are hauled without charge. This amounts virtually to an exchange. The Government railways return the compliment by hauling the private cars of the other railway officials under the same terms. In fact, except in the case of privately-owned cars, car courtesies are always extended.

CARS OF THE RAILWAY MAGNATES.

By far the largest class of private cars in the country are those belonging to the railway companies themselves. Each of the three big trunk lines has its list of cars assigned to officials from the president down to the superintendents. Sometimes, as in the case of the C.P.R. for instance, there are several cars on hand for general utility purposes, such as for the conveyance of directors to directors' meetings, the entertainment of distinguished travelers and the accommodation of such officials as have no car allotted for their special use. Thus, the "Loch Lomond" may be sent one day to Toronto to bring Sir Edmund Osler and W. D. Matthews to Montreal; the "New Brunswick" or the "Nova Scotia" may be despatched to Quebec to meet a famous statesman and carry him to Vancouver; or the "Calgary" may be sent south with a Western official and his family, who are going on a vacation trip to California.

Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's private car is the "Killarney," which is one of the finest coaches in America. Its fame has gone abroad and the president has on occasion received numerous hints that its use would be appreciated by certain persons of the globe-trotting variety, who announce their intention of visiting Canada. He has had to accede to these requests so often that frequently the "Killarney" has not been available for his own use.

Sir William Van Horne, ex-president and ex-chairman of the Board of Directors, retains his former official car, the "Saskatchewan," and uses it in going to and from his summer residence at St. Andrew's, or on his southern trips. The only other high officials of the road who have their own cars are David McNicoll, whose car is called the "Metapedia"; George McTier, who travels in the "St. Andrew's," and George Bury, the Western vice-president, whose car is appropriately named the "Manitoba."

On the Grand Trunk System the finest car is probably the "Bonaventure." This was originally the "Violet" and was built for Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, the former president of the company. It has accommodated in its day many notable passengers, among them Prince Arthur of Connaught, who used it exclusively on his Canadian travels. The late G. M. Hays traveled in the "Canada" (not to be confused with the "Canada" of the royal train), while the present head of the Grand Trunk, E. J. Chamberlain, uses

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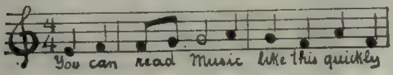

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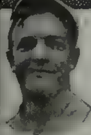

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the car, "Ottawa." Vice-presidents Kelly and Dalrymple occupy the "Ontario" and the "Muskoka," respectively.

The officials of the third transcontinental, the Canadian Northern, are not behind their contemporaries in the excellence of their private-owned equipment. Sir William Mackenzie moves about the country in a handsome coach called the "Atikokan." His colleague, Sir Donald Mann, occupies the "Athabasca," and D. B. Hanna, general manager, shows his loyalty to his home city by riding in a car called the "Toronto." These cars, it is hardly necessary to say, were in much evidence last spring in Ottawa, when the Canadian Northern magnates were in the capital in search of funds. As the officials of the roads were also on hand, the array of private cars along the banks of the Rideau Canal was most imposing.

PRIVATELY-OWNED CARS.

Despite the many advantages of private car travel, which one might think would induce numerous Canadian plutocrats to indulge in the luxury of possessing cars of their own, there are apparently only three private individuals who own cars. They are J. R. Booth, of Ottawa, Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones and J. C. Eaton, of Toronto. Mr. Booth's car, the "Opeongo," is really a relic of his own old railroading days, when he built and operated the Canada Atlantic Railway. At the time he sold the property to the Grand Trunk, he is said to have inserted in the agreement a proviso that he should be permitted to retain his car and that the purchasing road should store and haul it without charge.

Mr. Eaton's car, the "Eatonia," was built mainly for service between Toronto and Winnipeg. Both Mr. Eaton and members of his staff had to make such frequent trips between the stores in the two cities that it was deemed a policy of economy to have a car that would be always at their disposal. The "Eatonia" is a fine large car and it sees plenty of service, flitting back and forth frequently between Toronto and New York and Toronto and Winnipeg.

Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones' car is called the "Ceres" and it, too, is often on the road to the West with officials of the Massey-Harris Company on board. Some idea of what it costs to run these cars may be gained from the statement that the railway companies charge twenty first-class fares for hauling them (in the United States, twenty-five). This means that when the "Eatonia" is taken to Winnipeg, Mr. Eaton has to produce the price of twenty first-class fares, no matter whether there are two or twenty people in the car.

But after all there is not much advantage to be gained from owning a car unless one is going to travel constantly. It is quite as convenient to hire a car for a journey and this is what Canadian men of wealth have been doing more and more of recent years. The Pullman Company, for instance, have a string of well-appointed private cars at border cities and these may be rented for the modest sum of fifty dollars or thereabouts per diem. Hitherto these cars have been used almost exclusively, in such cases as they have

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been engaged, for taking families to southern winter resorts. Winnipeggers, especially, have acquired the habit and each winter sees several private car parties start for California. Toronto and Montreal millionaires in lesser measure have been doing the same whenever they undertake journeys to Florida or the Carolinas.

Grey Envelope

Continued from Page 37.

Hynds sank into his chair with a heavy thump.

"Honeymoon! Ted married? You must be joking, young man."

"No, he's married all right. To Ivy Carter. Happiest fellow on earth now—he said."

"He'll soon be the unhappiest!" declared Hynds, springing to his feet with sudden energy. "What money has he got to get married on!"

"He's going to explain all about that when he gets back," said the reporter, easily. "And he said for you not to tell the police about the money in the meantime."

The cat was out of the bag at last. Hynds' face turned a mottled, sickly grey. His hands worked nervously.

"I see it all now," he muttered after a pause. Suddenly he whirled on the reporter. "You'll not open your mouth about this, young fellow. If a line gets into the paper, I'll have you fired!"

Coombes smiled confidently.

"Please don't speak in such a dictatorial tone, Mr. Hynds," he said. "You don't seem to realize that that part of it is strictly up to me."

"It is *not!*" snapped Hynds. "I'll call up your boss and fix it so that nothing goes in, no matter what you say about it."

"Yes, you could do that," admitted the reporter. "But suppose the news got around through other means. Such news does spread, you know. Presses can be stopped, but not tongues."

"You threaten me with this, do you?" cried Hynds, excitedly. "What are you trying to do, blackmail me?"

"No!" declared Coombes, stepping up to the merchant and facing him squarely. "I'm just warning you to come off your high horses. Now listen to what I intend to do about this matter."

"I won't say a word about Ted's taking the money," he went on. "All I intend to say about that part is to put in a notice of the marriage. But I am going to publish the story about Abe Sattercum no matter what *you* say about it."

This galvanized Hynds into action again.

"What do you know about Sattercum?" he demanded.

"Everything. Twenty years ago Abe Sattercum absconded with a grey envelope containing $200 that belonged to you. He was not a criminal in the true sense of the word, this absconding clerk. The temptation presented itself and he fell. I don't suppose he had ever done anything seriously wrong before, and I'm morally certain that he hasn't turned a dishonest penny since. For twenty years he has gone on with a fair share of success but all the time his conscience has been at work. To-day he comes back to town, prosperous and penitent. He walks into your store and plumps down a grey envelope—probably the same one—containing $200 plus interest compounded at six per cent. for twenty years. The slate has been cleaned. Then he walks out and leaves town again on the first train, fearing to face any more of his old townspeople.

"That makes a real story—and it's one I'm going to use, Mr. Hynds, whether you like it or not. It's too bad that I can't tell about the money being taken again inside of an hour after you received it. That would make a climax to cap anything I ever heard. It's a shame from a literary standpoint to mar such a beautiful piece of romance in real life. I'm tempted to use it. But I guess it would be too rough on Ted and the girl."

He looked at the office clock and gave an exclamation of dismay. "I'll have to hustle if I'm going to clothe the return of Abe Sattercum in proper literary form and get it in before press time." He was hurrying out when a sudden thought struck him.

"I'll be in at 11.30 for our daily talk tomorrow, Mr. Hynds," he called.

The Making of Billy Ned

Continued from Page 51.

shower the Pachyderm continued her way along the ditch bed. And through it all Billy Ned sat in the spot where he had been placed, alternately staring at the elephant and peering into the darkness of the swamp, as though he feared that the camel and the tigers and all the hordes depicted upon the blacksmith shop might come upon him.

They found him there presently in the same place. A burly, mule-headed man with a yellow uniform burst through the willows with Bobby behind him and a motley crew of circus roustabouts and farmer lads streaming after him like the tail of Halley's comet—in an atlas.

"Hello kid! where'd the old haystack go?" inquired the yellow-coated one.

Billy Ned awoke to sudden life. A mob like this was as unusual in Piper's woods as was an elephant. But when the leader in the uniform looked reassuringly at him he pointed down toward the turn and dropped into the procession beside Bobby.

"That elephant picked me right up outa the ditch 'fore I had even time to holler," he communicated to Bobbie in an awed whisper as they proceeded.

"I stubbed my toes 'bout forty-times," confided Bobbie mournfully. "I run plumb into this gang by the stump fence. The elephant run away from Woodstock h's morning because they took her young

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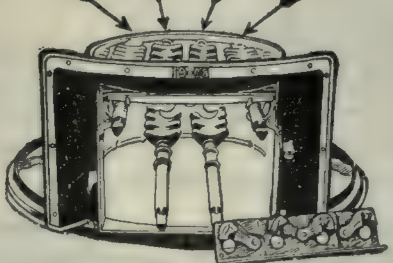

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elephant away from her. I bet them circus fellas 'll about kill her. Listen how they're swearin'."

They found her five miles down stream. She was mired in the Ebenezer swamp and the way those roustabouts cursed would have broken a weaker heart. But the husky one in yellow with the long head, borrowed Jesse Minshall's hay-rope and, after tying one end to an ash tree handed it to the elephant.

"S'pose she'll take hold?" whispered Billy Ned, anxiously.

She "took hold" with a vengeance. Twice she broke it and sank back more deeply. Then they doubled it and at last she drew herself to solid ground. And there she stood, a meekly reflective female, with great chunks of mire clinging to her corrugated old sides, while the circus hands scraped her off and swore.

"Don't look like no mother," gasped Bobby, shrinking away from the balefully twinkling points of eyes she slanted at him.

"Please, sir, kin I touch her?" asked Billy Ned with unaccustomed politeness.

"Sure kid, if you ain't afraid."

He approached her timidly but she knew him not. She was mourning perhaps for the lost baby but her eyes didn't betray much sentiment. Billy Ned rubbed her trunk gingerly and somehow a great affection stole over him for this ungainly old beast that had held him so gently. Perhaps, after all, she did understand—even as the cow and the horse and Nelly, the bulldog, had learned to understand and to love the caress of warm-hearted, fierce-tempered Billy Ned.

"Have a ride, kiddo, hey?" invited the driver. "She won't hurt you."

Billy Ned accepted doubtfully and felt every hair of his tawny pate stand when she swung him up on her head.

And so he rode through the fields followed by an envious group of farmer lads and on out upon the Culloden gravel. Dazed, dreaming and in a haze of glory he rode on.

That evening two hungry, footsore urchins plodded fearfully into Salford to distracted mothers, who forebore beating them from relief at finding the several portions of their dusty little anatomies in the accustomed places.

"You'll be the death of me yet, William Edward," quavered his mother with tears in her voice. "It's myself you've always been a heart-scald to, with your fightin and goin' on. And to play hookey too after startin' so well at the cabbages! Wha do you think your Dad'll say come Saturday night when he hears about all this?"

Billy Ned was wandering in an Eastern jungle breaking wild elephants bu the last remark took root. He gulpe down a semi-circle of fresh rhubarb pi and wiped the juice over his ear whil he stared at her thoughtfully. Thoma Hudson, two-fisted foreman of a C.P. cement gang, was a dismal tragedy o certain Saturday nights when, in h paternal capacity, he rendered unto Bill Ned the fitting reward of his week's mi deeds. No! it was not a proposition to dismissed lightly.

He hurried to bed utterly weary, his shapeless knickers and flannelette shirt lying where they fell. But his sleep was fever haunted. For Billy Ned was ashamed—ashamed of his conduct and ashamed of himself. He had ridden an elephant to be sure—and where was the fame of Skinny Lewis now! Yes, but he had broken his faith. He was a man no longer. And because he was ashamed and would not admit it, those six-thousand years of clay quickened into poison weeds. Murders by the North Sea, old hatred in Ireland, violence in a hundred forms heated his blood, while the inherited impulses of brave sweet lives arose sternly to combat the fever—and in his mother's room a wanly radiant moonbeam mellowed a sweet, tired face upturned in prayer to the Great Spirit who gave first the Spirit—and the clay.

But when through the night air Bobby's doleful howls, rising above the sleepy purr of nocturnal insects, proclaimed that Robert Wade, senior, had returned with the egg wagon, the dark forehead puckered stubbornly.

"Don't care if Dad does wale me. I guess I ain't 'fraid a' no lickun after I rid that elephant," Billy Ned muttered, and so still unvanquished, fell into fitful sleep.

Next morning Billy Ned, fighter, established boss, like a snail crept unwillingly to school in sure-enough Shakespearian manner. By his side crept Bobby, henchman, ultra-Shakespearian, with a tender solicitude for the seat of his neatly fitting knickers. In the school yard, Skinny Lewis, New Hope, surrounded by a dazzled audience, dilated upon the magnificence of the Queen of Sheba in the purple court of Solomon. Within sat John Murray, psychologist, preparing a little surprise for them all.

The bell rang as the companions in misery passed the old maple. In a pregnant hush they entered; in thick silence they sat down; and with a sly, slow contortion of the left side of his features, Skinny Lewis grinned across at Billy Ned.

"William Edward and Robert kindly come forward."

Bobbie sniffled audibly as he walked up. Billy Ned, a bunch of angles, grinned in a painful way and moistened his lips.

"I guess I ain't 'fraid a' no lickun after I rid that elephant," his brain kept flashing mechanically.

"William Edward please explain why you played truant yesterday."

A falling pin would have made a loud noise when Billy Ned began his story. In halting, dry spasms he explained. He took upon himself all the blame. Anyway Mary Janet, he told himself, had settled all that.

"Is that all, William Edward?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is not all. You have forgotten to tell me one thing, William Edward. You have not told us how you threw yourself under a mad elephant that Robert might escape. You risked your life that a comrade might be saved. And life is all that we have. The old flag out there has been made great by deeds like that. You have

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played the man, and from this day I want you always to live up to that deed. Never do a thing a man would be ashamed to do: never leave a thing undone a man should do. Shake hands."

Billy Ned cleansing six-thousand years of clay with hot tears, started down the aisle. On the way he paused at New Hope's desk.

"Say Skinny, I'm sorry I said you dasn't knock that chip offa my shoulder. An' that scrap was a draw."

'Huh! you cleaned up on me all right," responded Skinny Lewis with a husky swallow. "You shore did."

And John Murray sat smiling out upon the brave old flag while the school wiped its eyes and frowned severely upon the heroes above the platform.

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About "The Wall of Partition"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

THIS month the subject of the book review, for the second time this year, is a novel by Florence, M. Barclay, the author of "The Rosary," whose last story, "The Broken Halo," was reviewed in February, a sketch of the author's career being given in the same number. As stated then, over a million copies of Florence M. Barclay's novels have been sold. Of these sales about half were copies of "The Rosary," and there is little likelihood of there being much change in this ratio because the demand for "The Rosary" keeps up to a remarkable degree.

In this month's compilation of best sellers, it will be observed that "The Eyes of the World," continues to hold undisputed sway in first position, while "Bambi," which was second last month has dropped to third, giving place to "The Wall of Partition."

While it would be no particular loss not to have read "The Wall of Partition," those who delight in love stories pure and simple, will find it most interesting. It is a sort of glorified Bertha M. Clay love tale. The book opens with the home-coming to England of Rodney Steele after an absence of ten years. Steele and his cousin, Madge Cathcart afterwards Lady Hilary, were lovers, their engagement being broken up by revelations of a woman who had nursed Steele during an illness, a remarkable circumstance being that this nurse was able to produce love letters written to her by Steele. These letters were taken to Madge by the nurse, and Steele when confronted with them, while admitting that they were in his handwriting said that he had not the faintest knowledge of having written them. The explanation was that they had been written under hallucination caused by his illness. That even the writing of the letters had been forgotten by Steele, was accountable to loss of memory caused by cerebral hæmorrhage. The outcome is that the lovers are parted and a letter of explanation sent by Steele is returned unopened, so he goes away. Soon after that Madge becomes Lady Hilary, but later on it transpires that the nurse had made representations which showed Steel up in a very bad light, and it had been to fortify herself against her inclination to tell Steele to come back to her that Madge had married Lord Hilary. Steele, innocent and all unaware of the charge made against his honor by the nurse, is hardened against Madge although his love for her will not die.

Upon his return to London, he occupies a friend's flat during the latter's absence and it so happens that Madge Hilary, now a widow has the next apartment, so there is only a wall between them. But Steele does not know she is there. The situation is made all the more interesting by reason of the fact that the telephone number is one which had previously been that of an Emergency Hospital, and there are numerous calls for that institution, giving rise to interesting incidental conversations, some amusing, some annoying, and Madge is thus able to talk to Rodney, even if only to hear his explanation when she asks for Dr. Brown of the Emergency Hospital. Her voice awakens old memories and she becomes to him "The Lady of the Kind Voice," with whom he has regular conversations over the telephone, eventually leading to a meeting after explanations had been exchanged as

Florence M. Barclay.

to just how matters stood with each in regard to love. The surprise of Steele when the identity of his "Lady of the Kind Voice" is revealed to him, may well be imagined. Even then the waters remain troubled, but in the end all discord and delusion is eliminated and these true lovers win to perfect happiness.

CANADIAN SUMMARY.

Fiction.

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4.	The Auction Block. Rex Beach	62
5.	The Prince of Graustark. George Barr McCutcheon	35
6.	Fortunate Youth. W. J. Locke	27

Non-Fiction.

1. Germany and the Next War.
2. Secrets of the German War Office.
3. Imperial Germany.

BEST SELLERS IN UNITED STATES.

For the Month of October.

As compiled for Baker & Taylor's Bulletin.

1. Eyes of the World. Wright.
2. Wall of Partition. Barclay.
3. Pollyanna. Porter.
4. Little Eve Edgarton. Abbott.
5. Prince of Graustark. McCutcheon.
6. The Auction Block. Beach.

BEST SELLERS IN ENGLAND.

(Compiled for Bookseller & Stationer by W. H. Smith & Sons.)

1. The Wisdom of Father Brown. G. K. Chesterton. (Cassell.)
2. The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman. H. G. Wells. (Macmillan.)
3. Broken Shackles. John Oxenham. (Methuen.)
4. Price of Love. Arnold Bennett. (Methuen.)
6. The Wall of Partition. Florence Barclay. (Putnam.)

Editor's Note.—War books, with some houses, far exceeded fiction in sales, but as these reports were originally intended to deal with fiction only, war books have not been included. Another point that should be remembered is that these reports from publishers deal with November sales, whereas the compilations of the six best sellers for Canada, England and the United States are based on reports of sales during the month of October.

Bell & Cockburn:—
  1. Canadian Adventures of the Idle Rich.
  2. Landmarks.
  3. Maria.

William Briggs:—
  1. Innocent.
  2. Quinney's.
  3. The Witch.

Cassell & Co.:—
  1. Life of Lord Roberts.
  2. The Wisdom of Father Brown.
  3. The Pride of Eve.

Copp, Clark Co.:—
  1. Sergeant of Fort Toronto.
  2. Little Eve Edgarton.
  3. The Way of the Strong.

J. M. Dent & Sons:—
  1. Prophets, Priests and Kings.
  2. Young Canada (Annual).
  3. Child's Own (Annual).

Hodder & Stoughton:—
  1. The Laughing Cavalier.
  2. His Royal Happiness.
  3. Facing Fearful Odds.

Thomas Langton:—
  1. The Man and the Moment.
  2. Anne Faversham.
  3. The Quitter.

McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart:—
  1. Martha and Cupid.
  2. Della Blanchflower.
  3. The Perch of the Devil.

McLeod & Allen:—
  1. The Eyes of the World.
  2. Sweet Apple Cove.
  3. The Last Shot.

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AT the end of March, 1631, Count von Tilly sat down before the city of Magdeburg with 30,000 troops and heavy artillery. A few days before he had taken Neu-Brandenburg by assault, had sacked the city, and had slaughtered the surrendered garrison. A few days later Gustavus Adolphus as a reprisal put in action the foul principle of 'Neu-Brandenburg quarter' by sacking Frankfort and slaying the entire garrison. Tilly, despite the failure of his gift for war, soon to become apparent at the battle of Breitenfeld, was not too old to devise new savagery, and when Magdeburg, the Maiden City, fell by assault on May 20, he not only sacked the city and destroyed the garrison, but also slaughtered with the most fearful cruelties the greater part of the population of 36,000 souls. After the carnage had gone on for more than two days Tilly pardoned the rest of the inhabitants. The town was destroyed by fire, the Cathedral and a few other buildings alone being saved. Tilly denied that he was responsible for the fire. Count zu Pappenheim, who was in command with Tilly, admitted to the Elector of Bavaria that 'no such awful visitation of God had been witnessed since the destruction of Jerusalem.' Sir Augustus Ward tells us that 'the moral impression made by the sack of Magdeburg on both friend and foe was without precedent or parallel even in the Thirty Years' War; it remains reflected in scurrilous songs of savage triumph, in wrathful outcries, penitential psalms, and wild accusations.' But we do not agree at all with Sir Augustus Ward, when he adds that "the main share of the infamy attaching to the sack of Magdeburg" should fall not on Tilly, "but on the practice of the age of warfare in which he held a conspicuous place." The destruction of Magdeburg was something new to mankind, and shocked the conscience of the then civilized world. It was not within the laws of war as recognized in that age. Admittedly the laws of war at that date were in a very unformulated state, but the best proof that the destruction of Madgeburg did not represent the practice of that, or, we were going to say, any other later age, is that for 283 years, despite the prevalence of war in Europe, the precedent was never deliberately followed.

So we come to the actual war that is now devastating Central and Western Europe. With the causes of the war it is not necessary now to deal, save to say

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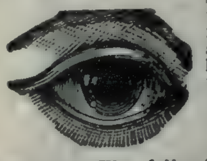

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this: that the German and English White Books and the speeches of the German Chancellor show clearly that the outbreak of the war exactly fitted in with the doctrine of necessity that German jurists had formulated, and the effect of which had been so entirely foreseen by Dr. Westlake, Lieutenant Hall, and others.

The immediate rupture between Germany and England is, however, directly pertinent to our theme. According to the rules of International Law a war between Germany and Belgium was impossible. A war may be a "just" war, however unjust the motives that lie behind it, even as a marriage may be *justae nuptiae* however improper may be the real grounds of the marriage. But between certain persons there can be no marriage, however good the intention, and so between certain States there can be no war. War in the international sense could not take place between Germany and Belgium, for Prussia as long ago as 1831 had guaranteed in the most sacred fashion the independence and the immunity of Belgium from attack from any quarter. Again the philosophic theory of the "necessity of success" was brought into operation. Germany, while formally admitting that she was breaking her most sacred obligations, poured her devastating armies into this guaranteed land. The demand for the free passage of German armies was one that Belgium as a guaranteed State had no power to grant. Germany in entering Belgium became not a "just" belligerent, but a land-pirate.

The next point to be considered is the conduct of the German campaign in Belgium. In considering this question we do not propose to rely on the evidence as to outrages committed by individual German soldiers or even small bodies of troops. For the moment we will brush aside individual outrages on women, children, and old men as the unauthorized acts of a flushed, savage, and often drunken soldiery. We prefer to take a large issue. Belgium was ordered to allow the passage of German troops. She refused, and in strict accordance with her international position and her absolute international duty she at once offered at Liege and elsewhere such resistance as was in her power, and called upon her guarantors to help her. Her first resistance was overwhelmed by resistless weight of numbers, and then she was apparently summoned a second time to allow passage. Resistance to outrage did not cease and "punishment" for having obeyed her strict statutory duties was inflicted. The "punishment" consisted in an organized disregard of the laws of war. The country was devastated; villages were reduced to ashes; non-combatants including many priests were shot without mercy; the Red Cross was not respected; the whole of a large area of Belgium was terrorized; Louvain, an undefended town considerably larger than Magdeburg, was sacked, officially sacked, numbers of the inhabitants slaughtered, further numbers sent to Germany under circumstances of cruelty and indignity that scarcely bear description, and the town was not accidentally, as in the case of Magdeburg, but deliberately, burnt and its University destroyed.

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Thirdly, the German commanders in the field have deliberately, and as part of an arranged plan of campaign, set aside the established rules of war. They have set to work to create general terror and distress. They have defied the opening provisions of the Convention of 1907, and have refused to recognize in the case of Belgium the town guards and other forces clearly covered by the terms of the Convention. We may point out that the German *Landwehr* cannot be recognized if the German practice of war is adopted. The German armies have enforced this breach of the Convention by an inconceivable series of outrages on a civil population whose right "to carry arms openly" was specifically recognized by Germany in 1907. The behavior of the German authorities in France has been disgraceful in the extreme. At Senlis and many other places they have defied with callous indifference every article of war, and their official manifestos to the inhabitants of towns on the subject of hostages show how little they care for the opinion of posterity. The German Government in their treatment of prisoners of war have outraged the consciences of mankind and have again deliberately infringed the Convention of 1907. The articles against pillage have been systematically violated. Pillage in the sense that the Germans exercise it had become so unknown in war that the term had ceased to be "a term of art." "Back to Tilly" has been the cry of German kings, philosophers, and men. It measures the exact significance of what Professor Eucken, just before the war, called the "soullessness" of modern German culture. The doctrine of "War Treason" has been enforced with ruthless barbarity. It is a doctrine held by no civilized power. "The honor and rights of the family" have been violated on a titanic scale. Money contributions have been levied, to the extent of enormous sums, in direct contravention of the Hague Convention. The destruction of fishing boats in the North Sea and the imprisonment of their crews is a notable instance of the reckless German defiance of law, for this rule of inviolability is almost prehistoric.

What is to be the end of these things. how is civilization to reassert her control over the affairs of nations? We need not despair. The present war, despite the sorrows and miseries and crimes that it entails, is an event of supreme importance in the history of civilization. If Germans could conduct war as they are conducting it, how then were they conducting peace, that peace the legitimate outcome of which, according to Clausewitz, is war? Men and nations do not become suddenly wicked. Temptation, says Thomas a Kempis, shows what men are. Modern German "culture" and "civilization" were dangers to the whole world beside which this present manifestation of brutal war is small indeed. The corrupting influence of the universal German doctrines that Might is Right and that the End justifies the Means was not only eating out the soul of the great Germanic race but was, as Germanic influence, through commerce and literature, spread across the world, bound rapidly to corrupt the other great races and specially the Slavonic and Anglo-Saxon peoples. Signs of such corruption are indeed not absent to-day. The belief in Might as the basis of Right was rapidly spreading when the war came. In ten years it might have been too late to save civilization. If the world was affected for good by the schools of thought represented by Kant and Goethe, it was equally bound to be affected for evil by the intolerable doctrines of Nietzsche and Clausewitz, doctrines that have made German Protestantism bankrupt and sent the shudder of cynicism vibrating through the world. This cleansing war has, we believe, come in time to save not only Europe and America but the Germanic peoples. The war is cleansing because of its inevitable end.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Should Uncle Sam have Intervened

American Papers Discuss the Attitude of the United States on the Violation of Belgium Neutrality

Should Uncle Sam have joined with Great Britain in protesting against the violation of the neutrality of Belgium? There are many in the United States who think so, basing their opinion on the fact that the United States was signatory to the Hague conditions, which were broken by Germany. In the accompanying article this question is presented from two viewpoints.

THE question of Uncle Sam's position with regard to the war in Europe is one that is being seriously debated across the line. In some quarters it is being urged that the United States has a direct interest, so direct in fact that intervention on behalf of Belgium should have been undertaken. On this point the *Outlook* says:

On the eve of his departure for Europe, Mr. Robert Bacon, formerly Secretary of State and Ambassador to France, issued a statement concerning "aspects of the European war with which we (the people of the United States) have a vital concern." He said that many men believe that we have a high responsibility concerning the violation of Belgium's neutrality.

The United States, Mr. Bacon points out, signed at the Second Hague Conference, among other conventions, one concerning the rights and duties of neutral Powers. They were signed also by Germany. Two articles of this convention are:

"Article 1. The territory of neutral Powers is inviolable."

"Article 2. Belligerents are forbidden to move troops or convoys of either munitions of war or supplies across the territory of a neutral Power."

Thus there was made a treaty between the United States and Germany regarding the very subject which has been raised by this war.

That Germany violated Belgium's neutrality, Germany's official spokesman, the

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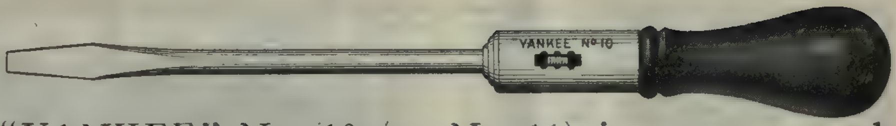

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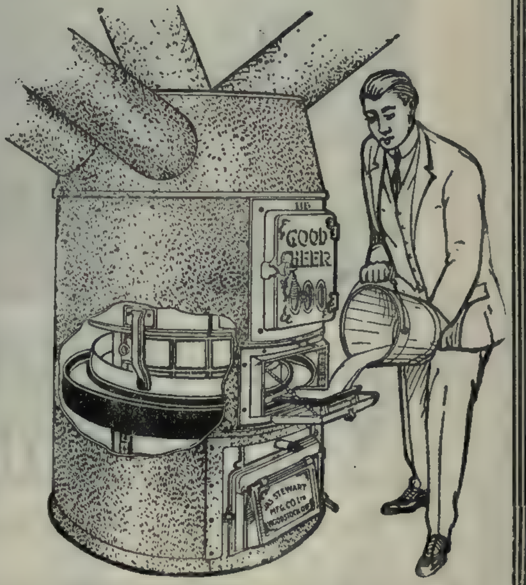

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Imperial Chancellor, has admitted. Thus, Mr. Bacon says: "In admittedly violating Articles 1 and 2 of that convention Germany broke a treaty she had solemnly made and entered into with the United States." Mr. Bacon continues by asking "Are we to suffer a nation to break a treaty with us, on whatever pretext, without entering, at least, a formal protest? Will any one contend that our neutrality imposes silence upon us under such conditions? Are the Hague conventions to become "scraps of paper" without a single word of protest from this Government? As a matter of fact," declared Mr. Bacon, "it is our solemn duty to protest against a violation of pledges formally entered into between this Government and any other government, and we assume a heavy moral responsibility when we remain silent."

This is the attitude of a section of the American public. The general attitude is perhaps best expressed by the *Springfield Republican*, a paper that is distinctly favorable to the allied cause, but eminently fair in its treatment of the controversial sides of the struggle. Extracts may be quoted from a recent article as follows:—

"The most striking criticisms of the United States Government's neutrality concern chiefly the conduct of the war itself by the belligerents, that is to say, their military and naval operations against each other. All of these criticisms seem based on alleged violations of the various conventions signed at The Hague in 1907, and our government has been condemned as "timid" because it has not set up in business as an international policeman bent on forcing compliance by the belligerents with all the rules and regulations embodied in those treaties. How ill-informed such criticism is has been repeatedly shown, but the German government's reply to the charge of sowing mines indiscriminately on the high seas is a fresh illustration of the utter impossibility of accomplishing anything by protests based on the Hague conventions. The German government, of course, asserts that the convention on mines, like several others, was never fully ratified and is not now in force; and the German government's contention is legally correct. The folly of a protest to Germany based on conventions which are not actually in force should be clear to anyone. To be effective some other ground for protest must be found.

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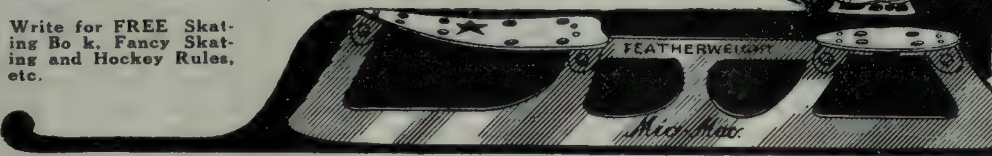

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This appears in the January number. It goes into the whole situation of possible spring plantings to capture the sugar prices. Besides this, the January number tells the story of Saskatchewan's co-operative work, also the Good Roads question is covered. The intensive money-making on the Bay of Quinte farms is told by an experienced writer. Grasmere's month talks are growing in interest.

The Woman's Department, Review of Reviews Department, and Grasmere's Chats on the Month's Work are all well maintained.

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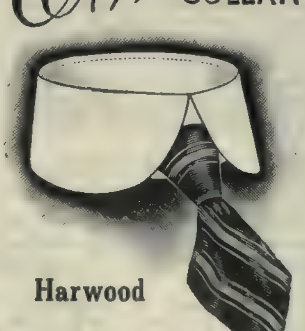

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The Indecision of Margaret

Continued from Page 11.

distinctly, "that you have no intention of marrying? You would hardly care to ask a gently-bred woman to share such prospects?"

Aunt Roberta is so horridly outspoken. It is a Byrne habit and goes with the nose. I felt myself blushing to the roots of my hair, but Peter's expression never changed. He looked gravely and staunchly at the coyote skin at his feet.

"You are right in supposing so," he said. "I don't see how I could ask any woman to share such an existence of toil and poverty."

That seemed to settle it. I felt a queer, heavy dull feeling in my heart as if some new-born hope had fallen dead. And it didn't seem worth while to wonder if two people could really live on Peter's salary. But I wondered it now and then for all, and I concluded they could, if the woman was a very good manager and very economical and everything I wasn't. I wished that I had learned to make over dresses and do marketing.

Aunt Roberta's mind seemed easier after that and she didn't nag me about Peter. Meanwhile, "The Three" kept coming, and I drove with one and walked with another and sat and talked nonsense with the third. And I was, oh, so glad when the driving or the walking or the talking was over and I was free to fly to Peter who was always somewhere handy to be flown to. He was so good and jolly, that dear Peter, and he would talk lightly or seriously, just as I was in the mood.

He told me all about his work—I asked him for details—and it did seem hard and dull from his way of putting it. But it certainly agreed with Peter. Then why shouldn't it agree with other people?

"When you get married, Peter, I suppose your wife will be a great help to you," I suggested once.

"I don't expect to ever marry," said Peter gravely.

"Why not?" I asked.

"You heard what your Aunt Roberta said the other day. How could I ask a woman to go and live with me in the slums?"

"But she might want to go. She—she might be dying to be asked," I faltered. "She wouldn't mind the slums if you were there—if she loved you."

"What do you know about love?" demanded Peter, looking at me, I thought, accusingly.

I understood that he meant to imply that I didn't know anything about it, I who was going to marry some man in September because I didn't want to be sent home to a stepmother.

"I daresay I know as much about it as you do," I said. "At any rate, I'm sure that if I loved anybody I'd be willing to go anywhere with him—to the slums, or to Greenland's icy mountains. Besides, you would choose such a superior woman—wouldn't you Peter?—that she would positively exalt in the slums. You would choose—wouldn't you—a very good, noble, sensible, learned woman who could always make up her mind about everything, and lead the prayer meeting and never care whether her hat was nile-green or floppy pink or just plain slummy brown? Wouldn't you, Peter?"

Peter shook his head. He was leaning his folded arms on the beech lane fence and looking down into a curly bed of young, spicy ferns.

"No, that is just the trouble. If I fell in love with such a woman I might ask *her* to go down to Patterson street with me. But I never would fall in love with such a woman, you see. I'd be fatally sure to hanker after a little, non-sensible girl with brown-satin hair and big greenish-grey eyes. She would have to be beautiful because I am so ugly, to even matters up. I wouldn't want her to make up her mind with any especial readiness—*I* make up my mind very quickly and firmly, and it would be uncomfortable to have too much mind in the same house, especially a Patterson street house, as they are rather small. I should like her to like frills. And, of course, I could never dream of asking a girl like that to marry me—*never*, Margaret."

There was such an unpleasant ring of determination in his voice that it made me miserable; although his description of his ideal had caused my heart to flutter pleasantly.

I thought I knew somebody a little like it, but what good would that do if he didn't ask me—her, I mean—to marry him? And Aunt Roberta had ordained I *must* marry somebody.

When I counted up that night in my room I found that there were only five more days before I would have to decide—or, rather, Peter—which of "The Three" was to be groom at my wedding. Only five days! My heart stood still and my head spun round. Just for a minute, though—then everything cleared up—and I knew. I made up my own mind for my own self then and there and it wasn't a bit hard, not a bit.

The five days simply flew. Peter and "The Three" came and went, Aunt Roberta looked fifty different things and my mind simply stayed made up without a shadow of turning. It almost awed me; it had never been so before. You can't imagine what a delightful sensation it was to feel so sure and know it was your own sureness and not somebody else's. I envied more than ever those fortunate people who can make up their own minds about everything. I knew I should never be able to do it again. But that didn't matter so much since I had made it up on the only really important point in the whole universe.

"Well," remarked Peter, "I suppose I have to pick out a husband for you tonight?"

We were in the beech lane, just at the spot where I had first met Peter three weeks ago by the almanac; three years by some other computation of time. Peter was going away the next day and beyond that there wasn't *anything*—time, space, or thought.

"No, you haven't," I replied. "I've made up my own mind about "The Three."

"Oh?" my companion certainly turned a little pale. "Then which of the gentlemen is to be my third cousin-in-law?"

"*None of them,*" I said decidedly. "I wouldn't marry one of those men for anything, not even to escape from fifteen stepmothers with fifteen children apiece."

Peter turned away, folded his arms on the fence and looked across the clover field.

"What will your Aunt Roberta say?"

"All sorts of things. But it won't matter in the least," I cried recklessly.

"Then," responded Peter, "I suppose my responsibility is at an end. I am glad. I didn't realize what I was doing when I rashly took upon myself to decide which of four men you should marry."

"*Four* men?" I echoed. "Why, there are only three."

"*Four,*" returned Peter, with the tone of one not to be contradicted.

"I have been brought up to believe everything a minister says," I remarked. "If you say there are four, four there must be. But my powers of resistance have all been exhausted in disposing of three. If the fourth man asks me to marry him I shall have to do it."

"And what if he doesn't?" muttered Peter moodily.

"But he will, don't you think?" I asked piteously. "Why shouldn't he? I suppose I'm not good enough for a min—for a fourth man's wife. Is that the trouble? Not good enough, or smart enough, or economical enough?"

"You are everything he would want his wife to be," rejoined Peter savagely. "But how could he ask you to leave your luxurious home and share his life of self-denial and poverty? You would have to give up so much."

"But I'd have *him,*" I argued, "I wouldn't miss the other things."

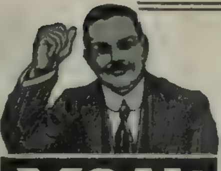
"Oh, you don't know—you don't realize," groaned Peter. "I *can't* ask you to marry me—I love you better than my life. I love you too well to drag you down to Patterson street. I'm poor and I always will be poor. Remember what your Aunt Roberta said to me. It's been burning into my brain ever since. But I knew it anyway. No, I'm going away. I'll never forget you—but I'll never be coward enough to ask you to be my wife under the circumstances."

"Then I'll have to ask you," I faltered. "Won't you marry me, Peter?"

Peter whirled around, clenching his hands.

"Margaret! Don't!"

"Now, Peter, surely you aren't going to reject me. I never thought to see the day when I'd be asking a man to marry me and he wouldn't. It isn't polite, Peter. And while I wouldn't be a model minister's wife to start with I'd improve. I know I would, Peter. I'm not half so



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fond of frills as you imagine and I could learn to cook before September if I went right at it; and I once taught a Sunday School class all summer. *Please*, Peter! If you won't—oh, Peter—if you won't—"

There I just broke down and cried. It was so mortifying.

"Oh, Margaret, darling." And there I was, with Peter's arms about me and his lips on mine.

"Well," said Aunt Roberta that night, "have you decided which of those men you are going to marry?"

"Yes. I'm going to marry Peter," I said.

Aunt Roberta looked things, unwholesome things.

"Margaret Byrne, didn't you promise me you wouldn't flirt with that man?"

"You can hardly call it flirting with a man to promise to marry him," I protested.

"And he told me he would never ask any woman to share such a life," sniffed Aunt Roberta.

"He didn't say just that, Aunty. He said he didn't *see how* he could. I suppose he has had some new light since. But, anyhow, he *didn't* ask me. *I* asked *him*."

"So you think you'll like living on Patterson street?"

"Why, of course. Won't Peter be there too?"

Aunt Roberta looked at me over her glasses.

"Humph! Do you think you really love this Peter?"

"*Think?* I don't think! I *know* it," I cried.

Aunt Roberta took off her glasses.

"Well, that is all that is really necessary," said that astonishing relative. "Come and kiss me, my dear."

When the German Raiders Came

Continued from Page 22.

ily respond to the rather urgent request of the rest that he outline plans for th future handling of the expedition.

"My part is finished," he said. "T plan a bold stroke which would place th country in our hands was my work. devised the means to secure complete possession of Ontario only, as it would b impossible to occupy the whole countr without a million men. My plan succeeded without the loss of a single life. It i the role of the strategist to gain possession. It devolves on the fighter to hol possession once gained. I am a strategist You, gentlemen, represent the fightin end of the organization."

"When we took Paris in 1871, Franc was beaten," put in another. "Wh couldn't Canada see that we had wo when we captured Ontario?"

"Scientific warfare is not by the Canadians understood," said Burgmaster, perplexedly. "They do not recognize whe they have been strategically beaten. Wh knows, for years they may keep on fighting?"

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Then a voice spoke up from the other end of the board, a brisk and business-like voice with more of the Yankee twang than the guttural German burr about it. Herman Von Harden was a wealthy German-American who had helped to finance the project and whose word carried considerable weight.

"Not with us," he said, emphatically. "It seems to me we underestimated this job right from the start. If I remember right, professor, your view before the war was that these Canadians were lukewarm to Britain anyway and wouldn't put up much of a fight, especially if we paralyzed them by the suddenness of our attack and the completeness of our organization. Then, after the war started and they showed up as frisky as any other part of the Empire, you figured it out that all the able fighting men had gone with the contingents and only cripples and old men were left. You guessed wrong both ways. And you've got us into a mess that any amount of fighting isn't going to get us out of."

"Even the most farseeing guess inaccurately at times. Consider Italy and Belgium," said Burgmaster. "Of course," he added, "we can always throw the project up and go back home."

"And be arrested and tried for piracy!" said Von Harden. "I've got private advices that the Government back home means business. We're just as safe on this side of the line as we would be back in the U.S.A. just now. And Lord knows things look powerful scaly, here."

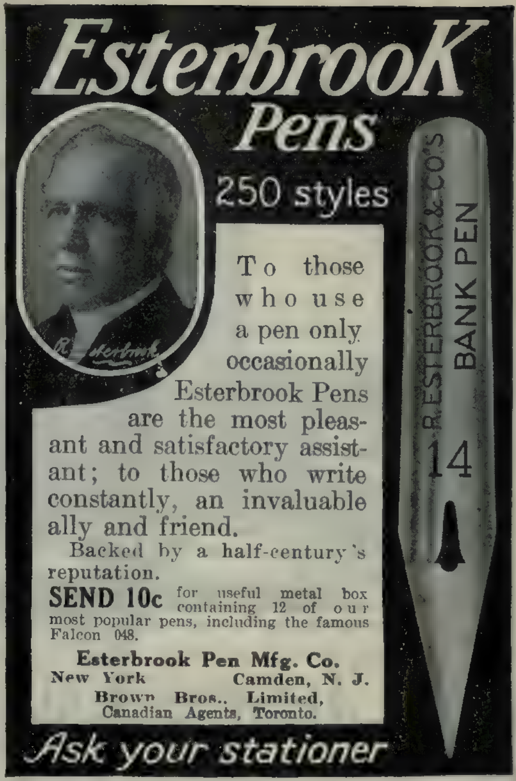
A rumble of dissatisfaction followed his remarks. Dismay was written large on every face.

"When the men know this, they'll probably make short work of us," said Von Harden. "They went into the scheme to help the Fatherland beat England—and for the other considerations we were able to hold out. But there isn't a man with us who didn't expect to go back home when it was all over."

"Do I understand you to state," asked the professor, "that if we had captured this country and held it for the Fatherland, it was not your intention to stay here and the fruits of your victory enjoy under German rule?"

"It was *not,*" said Von Harden, emphatically. "Listen, professor. I was born in Germany and didn't leave the old land until I got old enough to go into the army. Then I came to America. Before I left I was earning the grand sum of ten cents a day. My parents lived in poverty. My father hadn't a vote and couldn't open his mouth for fear of going to jail. He had to get off the sidewalk when an officer came along. The taxes ate up nearly everything he made. Well, I've made a fortune in America. I've got a voice in the Government. I can say what I damn well please to anyone and about anything. I'm a free man."

"Don't think that I don't love the Fatherland still. I do——and so does every German-American in the United States of America. We wanted to see her win this war. Not to the extent of going back to enlist, of course; but it didn't seem right for us to lose all the glory—and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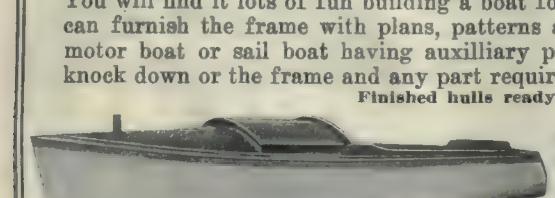

spoils—of victory when it looked so
blamed easy to come over here and grab
Canada. We weren't adverse to copping
out some choice sections of land or tak-
ing over a couple of banks or a railroad
or two as compensation for the risk we
were running. But do you think we aim
ed to stay here after Germany got Canad
—and be taxed to a fine platinum finish
and have no votes and be ruled over by
the military aristocracy and see our sons
forced to serve in the army? Not on you
life, we didn't! After doing what we
could to help Germany by keeping Eng
land busy, and making sure of our own
little slice, we aimed to make tracks back
to that dear old U.S.A.—and continue t
be free men!"

This was a new viewpoint for Profes
sor Burgmaster. He apparently had been
too busy working out the details of the
Grand Project to get close enough to his
confreres to understand them fully.

"But the Great Plan!" he exclaimed
"This war, the capture of Canada, are but
details in the immense train of events tha
shall make the world one grand German
Empire! France beaten, Russia thrown
back, Britain crushed, then Canada would
be taken and—Germanized. Armies
would be trained here and some day . .
the United States would be persuaded to
join the German Empire!"

A growl of dissent arose from all corn
ers of the room. Von Harden sprang to
his feet and shook his fist menacingly a
the preacher of Pan-Germanic domination

"If you had told us all you had in tha
dome of yours in the first place," he de
clared, "you wouldn't have got a singl
recruit for this crack-brained scheme.
used to think I was a German first and
citizen of America afterward. But now
that we're plum up against this situation
face to face, I begin to see where I stand
I love freedom and democracy more tha
I do this idea of German domination
I'm a Yankee first with the German i
me a poor second. The Kaiser rule th
United States! If he ever tries it, he'l
find every German of us fighting hin
tooth and nail!"

"We can't get back there soon enoug
to please me," said another, a ponderou
citizen of Buffalo with a prosperous boo
and shoe store.

"We were convinced," declared the pro
fessor nervously, "that the Governmen
would with a lenient eye our enterpris
look upon. Apparently in this we wer
misinformed. But if we cannot go back
to stay and fight is the only alternative.

"Dot wouldn't be an aldernative,
growled Hellmuth Schmidt. "Dot woul
be suicide!"

"We haven't ten thousand men left,
said Von Harden. "We wouldn't last
week now. A snowball in hell 'd loo
a good fire insurance risk compared t
our chance of winning now."

"By process of elimination, then, bu
one course is open," pursued the profe
sor. "As prisoners of war, we must giv
ourselves up.

"Don't fool yourself, professor," sai
Von Harden. "If we give ourselves u
it won't be as prisoners of war. We woul

e considered just plain pirates and they'd robably either hang or shoot us."

"We cannot fight, we cannot retreat, we annot surrender!" exclaimed Burgmas- er. "We have indeed ourselves in a pre- icament placed. This project I begin to ee should have been thought out more arefully."

"Dot's right!" affirmed Schmidt, with ervent emphasis. "If back we go home, e get tried as pirates. If we surrender, ey shoot or hang us. If we fight we get illed anyhow. What then do we do?"

"Now listen to me, the lot of you," said on Harden. "It's time for a business- an to step in and take this out of the ands of you strategists and ex-soldiers. m a business man. And I see that there's he common sense way out of this. With blic opinion in the state it is now back me, we're more likely to get off easy re than we are there. Besides, nearly l the men we've got left have their milies here. *They* can't go back. So 's up to us to stay here and face the usic."

"I think we could fix it up now without y of us facing a firing squad," he went . "We haven't killed anybody yet. We n offer financial compensation for any mage we've done. I have an idea the nucks would let us off that way rather an kill off thousands of their men in pturing us. I propose we put it up to em as a straight business proposition."

"Dot's talking," said Schmidt. "A busi- ss probisition."

"Hold on, now, I'm not through," pur- ed Von Harden. "I'm not at all sure that ter we had fixed it up with our neigh- rs here, we could go back home—not r a while, anyway. Uncle Sam's been stered a lot lately, what with the Mexi- n greasers and war taxes and contra- nd and so on, and he's just laying to ank some one. I've got a hunch that it uld be us. We're still citizens of the ited States and open to punishment. sides, I know about one million people ck there and every one of them will be ady to give me the laugh. No sir, life ck home would be too warm and uncom- table to suit me for a while and if I n fix it that way, I'm going to stay here. might even settle down here and be a nadian. The place looks good to me."

'But," put in another, "if Germany as the war, Canada goes to Germany as prize. Where would we come in?"

'You beat me to that, Hans," said Von rden. "If we become Canadians—and on't see anything else for us to become nd the Kaiser gets Canada, we might regarded as deserters. Anyway, we uld be taxed and conscripted and our es wouldn't be any better than a Re- blican's down in Alabama. Before we er to become Canadians, we've got to be re we'll remain Canadians."

'I infer from your line of reasoning, rr—er, Mister Von Harden," said the ofessor, "that should we, from con- erations which you have lucidly ad- nced, decide to throw in our lot here, would be in our best interests to make e that the cause Canada has espoused triumphant."

'That's what," said Von Harden, "I

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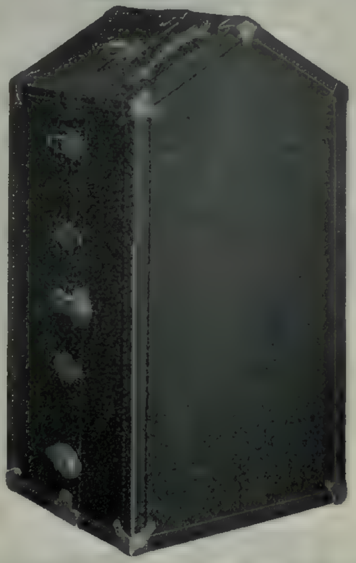

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hate to change sides but from what you'v said to-day about the future, I can se that whether we stay in Canada or ge back home, it's mighty important w do all we can to keep the Kaiser out o America. That's where I stand."

* * *

A delegation from the invading fore was sent out to meet the oncoming Canadian army, with a white flag prominently displayed.

"Do you come to surrender?" demanded an officer, advancing to mee them.

"Nein!" declared Schmidt. "We com to enlist."

The Public Be—
Pleased

Continued from Page 19.

and red tape. He gets his wheel by th first express and is billed so low that h realizes we are in the repair business onl to help the customer; it turns us r profit. Sooner or later, a neighborin farmer with a bountiful crop sets h mind upon an auto and mentions the su ject to our customer. This is the sort conversation that follows:

"'Your company are decent people, hear?'

"'Yes, they have been that to me.'

"'Take any interest in you after th got your pocketbook?'

"'They did, indeed. A salesman call on me a month or two after the sale ask if he could do anything for me.'

"'But you had a breakdown?'

"'My own fault. When I sent to t agent on Monday I received a card We nesday saying the new wheel was at t express office.'

"'That sounds like a square deal. the way, what's that address again.'"

THE CUSTOMER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

The XY department store—and it not very different from two or thr others in the Dominion—does so mu business in an hour that it takes a fift horse-power motor to lift the cash fr place to place. But once upon a time t proprietor was glad to personally snip a yard of calico from behind his lit counter in the middle of a two-flat "st and dwelling." These phenomenal busin transitions are not accidental. Fr handling a gross of fifty thousand doll to one of eight or ten millions is the pu lic's premium upon a *policy*. Likewi from a gross of fifty thousand to the gr of a bailiff's sale can be measured by t very same weights. The man who goes the wall, like the man who climbs a mou tain, usually gets there on his own le

An official took me to the exchange de of the XY building. I had been aski him why through a score of years t Canadian people had multiplied th patronage a hundred fold.

"Watch there!" said he, and a wom reached timidly into her handbag a presented a strip of card. A considerate-looking clerk spoke to her a moment and retired to another section of the room. "That customer," continued the official, has purchased goods which she later found unsuited. A 'phone message brought a driver to her door and the parcel was taken back as cheerfully as it was delivered. She comes to the store, shows the driver's receipt and, as we shall see (the clerk was approaching with a handful of bills) she obtains her money without the slightest trouble." The clerk's manner was thoroughly cordial and the customer beamed responsively.

"The day has passed when a store ends its obligation to a customer with the selling of goods for money," the official was saying. "It used to be that merchants told a complaining purchaser: 'You should have looked before you leaped.' If the suit did not fit or the cloth was the wrong shade, that was the buyer's affair. Even if the storekeeper admitted a liability to satisfy the customer, it was usually to exchange one article for another in his stock. But in this establishment it is as easy to get money back as to pay it in. Nothing establishes confidence so solidly as a rule like that. It applies to and pleases rich and poor, artisan and farmer, and is the common-sense of modern merchandising."

"Your business plays no favorites, then. The public is as one person.

"And that person, again, is a unit with the company. When a store gets to be this size, it must either accept the motto of 'the greatest good for the greatest number' or take off its hat to some rival who does."

He was right. Half the time of the staff of managers goes to discovering ways and means of conveniencing the public. Should a department be awkwardly situated in the building for its particular class of customers, no expense and no trouble will justify keeping it there. If folks do not care to ride to the fourth floor for sheet music, sheet music will come down to exactly the spot which the folks prefer. One may say that store management is all a matter of commercial sagacity. I do not care what it is. Mr. Bannerman of the town of O—— was also commercially sagacious, but he did a great thing for O—— and set a very creditable pace for franchise gamblers. So with the XY enterprise. One may not say where private acquisitiveness and public spiritedness begin or end or travel in company, for the two sometimes make a very good hitch. The thing to remember is that this powerful company year after year has worked steadily toward higher profits along the pathway of a pleased public. Their policy of strict honesty in the representation of goods and prices, a standing offer of "your money back," a faultless delivery system and the application of every known device for speed and accuracy, the provision of personal comforts for employees and visitors—if this sort of policy is not somehow identified with public service, by what other name shall it be known?

The Bank of Caution was managed by Mr. A; the Bank of Good Faith by Mr.

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B. A regarded banking as a profession- that and only that. B took it as a publi service. When a borrower came to A office, the process of introduction was gorgeous spectacle, and the process c getting a loan was next door to a dent clinic. One must first have friends know to the banker, then security worth man times the loan and in such negotiab form that the banker could turn it int cash betwen supper and bed-time. If on asked to have a cheque initialed for fiv hundred dollars, he first made sure ther was six hundred on deposit. If I co aggerate in any of these itemized stat ments, it is with a view to defending th gentleman's reputation as a conservativ banker. He would rather sprain his ankl than sprain a rule and rather offend hi best friend than offend a bank traditio

Mr. B, on the other hand, never allowe his desk to stand more than twenty fe from the street door. If a borrower wer in a hurry he had just one waxed floor t leap and on the farther side were five o six nice cosy chairs. To Mr. B's way c thinking a bank's funds were intended a the axle grease of commerce. Where put his trust in truck loads of collatera B preferred to loan his money on the goo faith of worthy men. The rogue offere fifty endorsers and went away empty; th man of proved integrity and acume wrote his own name and carried off th specie. Twenty thousand or one hundre thousand dollars—if your record an reputation were white and your busine deserving, the money was yours. If yo were a retailer and could not understan why banks will not lend money to pay th wholesaler or to stock the shelves, would give you his best chair and tell you If you were a manufacturer and did n know why banks prefer to see order ahead before encouraging further produ tion, A was right there from ten to fiv with exactly that information. When tha blessed movement started about ten year ago to transform the Canadian Bank fro a synagogue into a "money shop" and th banker from a Sheik to a business-ma Mr. A became a joyous torch-bearer in th procession. He was one of the first, in deed, to place his robes in pawn.

One day a broker with far-reaching fi ancial connections pointed to the uppe window of the Bank of Good Faith. "Tha man A," said he, "has drawn more bus ness to his house than any other manage in Canada. He uses few rules beyond hi own judgment. His methods are dire and his manners cheerful. You never fe when talking business with him tha you're about to be shot as a spy."

The one rule holds. Whether the bus ness be banking or baking, the man wh wins success must coincide his energie with the public's necessities and mak himself an instrument for the public' service.

This idea of bending to the public's wi may be undignified and demagogic, bu all successful business manages to slant i that direction. What recommendation thi idea has above any other idea is one o those mighty secrets seldom put int print: *there's money in it.*

The Case of Equity

Continued from Page 29.

The door bell rang.

Jeanette hurried to answer the summons. A messenger boy handed her an unstamped letter addressed to herself.

Fearful as to the possible contents of the missive, she hurried upstairs to the privacy of her own room where she broke the seal. There was nothing romantic about the appearance of the note written on legal paper with the letterhead of "Curtiss and Rogers" at the top. The brief note was written in a bold masculine hand. It read:

Miss Travers:

The interview resulted favorably. Your father agreed to settle all outstanding claims. There will be no trial or publicity.

Respectfully,
Stephen A. Curtis.

Certainly she knew her father well enough to know that the interview had been more terrible than the brief note ndicated. Perhaps it was a lingering weakness of the morning. The ways of woman are unintelligible, but she kissed he note. The mental strain of the day vas over. The relaxation had come. She hrew herself on the bed and buried her ace in the pillows and cried softly. "I uppose he can never know how grateful am."

That night Curtis sat in his office smoking until a late hour. He had considered himself a confirmed bachelor. He had ooked upon marriage as a luxury for the ich. He was painfully conscious of an undefinable longing for something which iad not been a part of his professional ife. The sweet vision of the woman of he morning, the noble features, the compelling sorrow, kept recurring to him.

In the morning Curtiss and Rogers usied themselves making plans for the oming political campaign.

When the postman brought the morning mail both men began reading their etters. Suddenly Curtiss paused, aware f a delicately pervading perfume. The ause was a little missive with the 'raver's monogram seal upon it.

Curtiss went into his private office to ead the note, strangely conscious of a esire to be alone. The note read:

)ear Mr. Curtiss:

I can only thank you for what you ave done. Mother is failing steadily and fear the end is not far off. Had this rial gone on she could not survive what am forced to believe would have been he outcome of it.

From this you may see why I find words nadequate to express my deep gratitude or your kindness.

Gratefully your,
Jeanette Travers.

At first the note produced a profound ffect upon Curtiss, not so much for the iote itself, but *she* had written it. But in few days he was able to see things more learly. Naturally, he judged, she was 'rateful for what he had done, but the 'ague hope that she might be made to feel iore than gratitude was absurd. She be-

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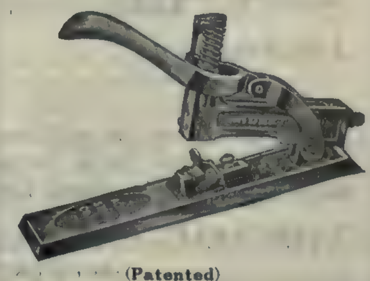

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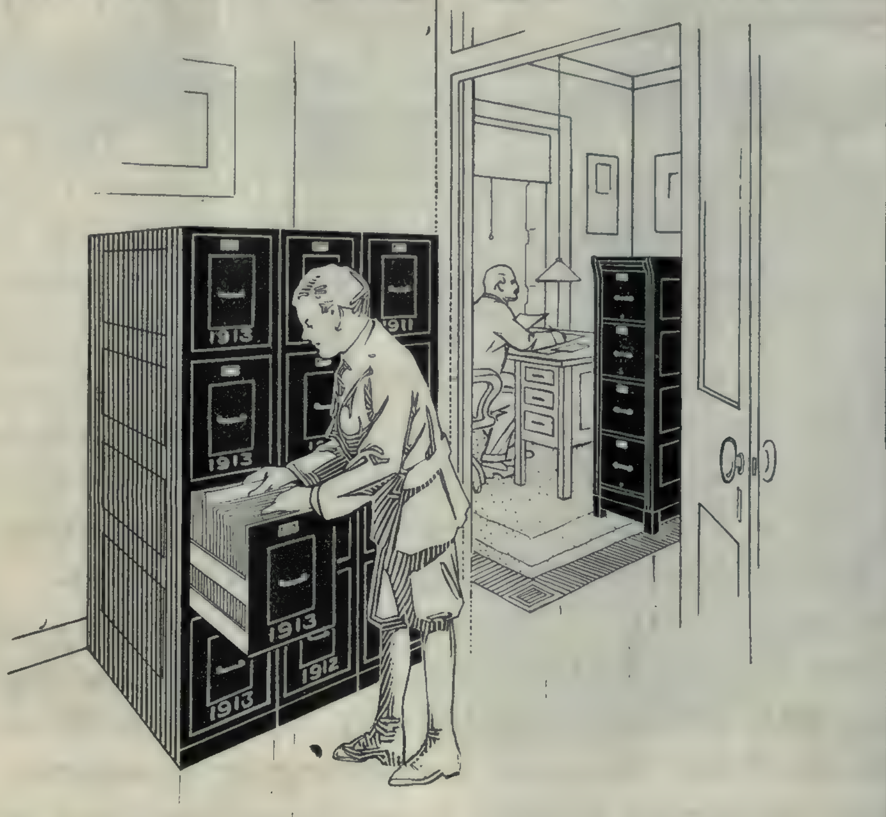

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longed to a world of which he was not a part. He was angry with himself that in five days one almost helpless woman could so sway his thoughts and feelings.

Almost two months had elapsed since the affair in the office. It was a week before election. Rogers and the stenographer had gone out for dinner. The cold November wind was shrieking between the buildings. Little cinders of frozen snow beat against the window. It was twilight in the office. Curtiss sat musing, watching the sparks as they showered from the stove over onto the grate. Hearing a light footfall in the hallway, he pressed a button, flooding the room with light when he heard a quick nervous tap at the door. He opened it and admitted—Jeanette Travers.

Curtiss hardly recognized her. She was certainly not the image of his dreams. She was smothered in furs. What little of her face revealed itself was flushed crimson from the cold. There was nothing of the sadness in the eyes which Curtiss always associated with her. They were now determined, except that there was a hint of anxiety at the corners. The delicate mouth denoted only firmness.

They shook hands and Curtiss offered her his chair by the fire. During a series of meaningless comments on the chilliness of the atmosphere, the visitor removed her fur hat to brush the snow from it and exposed a mass of black silken hair. Little rebel wisps charged from contact with the fur waved and darted at will over the glorious wealth of the whole.

None of this was lost to the lawyer. Taking her hat he laid it carefully upon his desk and waited for her to speak.

She rose and faced him. "I suppose Mr. Curtiss, that you think me thoughtless and thankless?"

"Really, I don't understand you. I am sure I have entertained no such thoughts."

"I suppose," she went on nervously, "that as a dutiful daughter, I should be silent now, but I can't be. I see that those opposed to you in this coming election are making a great deal out of this trial not coming off. Papa is against you, too. I thought that when your clients got all they were seeking they would come like men to your defence, but they haven't."

Curtiss smiled to himself at her ignorance of the ways of men.

"I repeat," she continued, "I suppose I should be silent now, but loyalty even to my father ends when such injustice as this goes on. You saved our family from disgrace and yet in the face of all these reflections against you, my father's attitude and all, you say nothing in defence of yourself. I came to tell you that I shall tell papa the whole thing and make it public if necessary. Much as I dislike appearing disloyal to my family, I would do almost anything rather than see you suffer this injustice."

Her words, at first constrained, had resulted in a passionate outburst.

The lawyer gazed long and steadily into her eyes as though he would read her most hidden thoughts.

"Why do you look at me that way?" she

said. She had mistaken the intensity of his gaze for anger or doubt.

"Miss Travers," he said, "I have grown indifferent as to the outcome of this election."

"Why? How? I don't understand."

"I have no right to tell you, we belong to—such different stations in life."

Something in his tone caused the blood to mount to her neck. Her cheeks burned. She bent her gaze on the rough carpet and appeared to be studying the crude design minutely. "Go on," she breathed.

"Since that day when you came here—only one thought—one memory has controlled me. It was the image of you in your blind loyalty—pleading for those you loved to a crusty old lawyer. The memory of you as you lay there, so noble in your sorrow—so unconsciously beautiful, has haunted me day and night. I must have—loved—you—then," he said huskily, "I——"

She looked up smiling through her tears. There was no sign of coquetry. It was the surrender of a complete woman. The blood-red lips twitched a little at the corners.

Curtiss drank her in, scarcely believing what he saw. Clasping both her hands in his, in a rough sort of tenderness, he said brokenly: "Can it—be—that—you—care, too?"

"Yes, Stephen," she said with quiet intensity.

Drawing her close, he cried—"Jeanette," and then kissed her passionately. When she had released herself she stood trembling and blushing confusedly. It was her first shiver of passion. She bent her gaze to the fire.

The man laid one hand upon her shoulder and gently stroked her hair with the other.

"Stephen," she whispered.

"Yes?"

"You remember that awful day up here?"

"Yes."

"Well, when you said you understood—I think you could have taken me in your arms then. You looked so like an overgrown boy—and yet so manly. I am glad now that you didn't. It wouldn't have been like you. In my dreams I have seen you sitting there and I have grown to love you just from that memory. But I never dared hope for this. I thought you would only remember me as a silly, weak woman that you in your—your *bigness* pitied. Stephen—I am so glad." She looked up at him.

Curtiss' face had suddenly paled. Almost forcing her into a chair he paced the floor nervously.

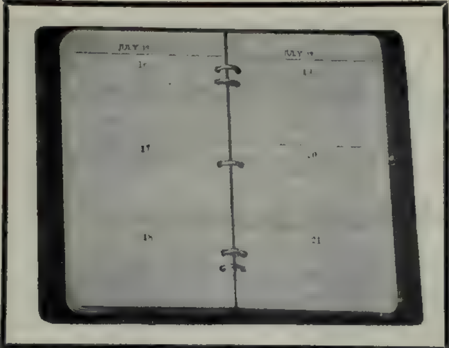
"What is the matter?" she asked, a little frightened.

"I shall never forgive myself," he said, bitterly.

"Forgive what? I don't understand."

"This. Oh, if you hadn't come I could have remained silent—but now I forgot station—society—everything! It can't be! You are used to things which I haven't got to give."

Rising, she laid her hands on his shoulders and looked him steadily in the eyes. "I don't want money. I want *you*."



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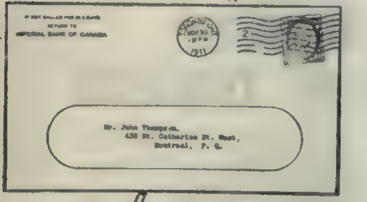

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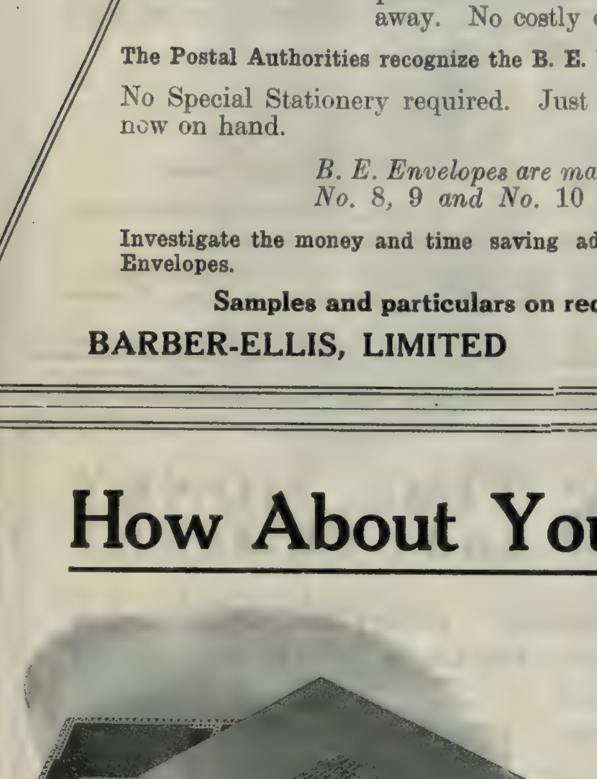

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"You don't know what you are saying," he said gently. "It would be all right for a while, but in the struggle much of my time would be spent away from you. Your friends would shun you for taking this step—and then——"

"Stop," she cried passionately, putting her hand over his mouth. "You have no right to say such things—and they hurt me."

The tears were streaming down her cheeks. Throwing her arms around his neck she pulled him down to her. "My *friends* will come wherever I am. All I know is that I love you—I will go anywhere with you—I would like to work here in the office with you—just you—Stephen—*Stephen!*"

"Forgive me," he said, brokenly.

"What was that?"

It was a violent knocking at the door. Curtiss opened it. Richard Travers strode into the room, his heavy face contorted with rage. "I was on my way home," he said sharply, glaring from one to the other, "when Harte told me that you were up here, Jeanette. What brought you here?" he demanded sternly. "Isn't it enough that this man has tried to ruin me but that you should be seen here? Have you no—no decency or did some puking sentiment make you think that this man had done me a favor?" He rapped his cane violently upon the floor.

Curtiss eyed the man quietly.

The woman who had stood trembling while her father had spoken, now faced him with a spirit that surprised that individual.

"I am ashamed of you," she said, stamping her little foot. "After a man has saved you from disgrace, you must heap insult upon him." Then hurling the words feverishly, one upon the other she told all, including her love for Curtiss.

When she had finished Travers was perspiring profusely. Sinking into a chair he mopped his face.

There was a tense silence in the room.

Finally the old man got up and walked awkwardly toward Curtiss. "I didn't know such men as you lived," he said.—"I should like to take your hand, sir."

Jeanette hung with breathless anxiety upon her lover's reply and gave a little cry of joy as Curtiss took the hand of her father.

"I think we understand each other better now, Mr. Travers," he said.

"Yes—and I believe it is needless to add that there will be no opposition to your campaign."

Then Travers went over and kissed his daughter gently upon the forehead and was gone.

They heard his cane clicking down the stairway.

Curtiss swelled out his chest in mock seriousness. "I think," he said, rolling the words out with much unction, "that I will constitute myself a court of equity."

"Can't I be part of the court?" she asked sweetly.

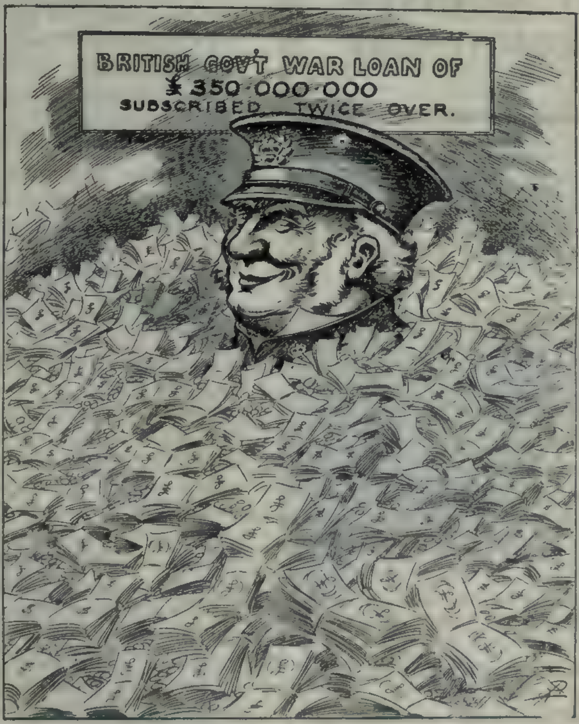
The Business Outlook

Can We Have a Business Revival in Canada Without the Inrush of New Capital

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

Mr. Appleton reviews, in the course of a survey of the business outlook, the exports of the Dominion of Canada and argues that on their steady increase the immediate prosperity of the Dominion depends. From the figures which he quotes it is quite evident that expansion in exports of farm products, on a greater scale than ever, is actually taking place. This movement continued for a year or two will establish for Canada a credit abroad sufficient to remove all anxiety with regard to her future. In the meantime increased production will revive business.

THE month of the war period just passed has not been without its bright spots insofar as business in the Dominion is concerned. For instance, Scottish investors have shown that they appreciate their investments in Canada by renewing their holdings of debentures for another term of five years, which is the average. It was feared by the companies that in view of the war taxes, and the disruption of business, the Scottish money-lenders would want their money back. They were surprised, however. Renewals have been very general. There is significance in this circumstance. The British people, although not lending money at the present time, may have the usual share for us when the hostilities cease. Mr. Geo. H. Smith, of the Canada Permanent, inclines to this opinion and it is worth noting. If Canada as a whole can keep up her payments, as well as her loan companies have done (not her industrials we regret to have to mention), there is now every reason to hope that capital will be available. We are of the opinion, however, that business men should not make their plans on the assumption that capital will be had from Europe for some time. A certain amount will be forthcoming for the completion of such national undertakings as the National Transcontinental and the Canadian Northern lines. The completion of these and placing them upon a self-sustaining basis is the biggest task the Dominion has to face for the moment. It is a cloud around which danger hovers. Behind each project the nation stands. At present railway traffic is declining in volume and will continue to do so until navigation opens in the spring. Idle plant is stacked up at various points in the Dominion. This is not a very bright prospect.



Another eye-opener for Germany.
—Racey, in Montreal Star.

A PROMISING MOVEMENT.

There are, however, bright prospects. One of them is opened up by the fact that the farmers and manufacturers have got together with a view to the increase of the products of the field. Already the farmers are increasing their production relatively faster than are our manufacturers. If, however, the farmer grows more cereals, raises more cattle, and other products of the farm the manufacturer will very soon find orders more plentiful than they are at present. This, no doubt, is the motive behind the action initiated by the manufacturers in seeking better relations with the farmers. It is a good sign tending as it will do to allay much class bitterness.

Meanwhile some months must elapse before there is another crop and the public generally is in the mood to avoid buying anything that can be done without. A dentist when asked if business with him was "as usual," said that his patients were not having work done that was "elective."

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That is the attitude of the public. What necessities they must have can be met by native products. The campaign being carried on with this object in view will, no doubt, aid business somewhat.

WHERE STEADINESS COUNTS.

As to the actual conditions prevailing, on which the trend of business hinges, the opinion of Mr. D. R. Clark, superintendent of the Maritime Provinces branches of the Bank of Montreal, is worth noting. Mr. Clarke, in estimating financial and commercial conditions in the Maritime Provinces, as gathered from bank managers, believes that economic conditions in this part of Canada are surprisingly good. He says that there has been no previous marked inflation; there is now no marked depression. People generally have been in a state of mind disposing them to favor economy. As a result of the past two years of general retrenchment, stocks are light, a factor now favoring the local jobber. The only discouraging spots are the factory towns, more particularly those identified with the steel and car manufacturing industries. All the great fundamental industries are in good or, at least, not in bad shape. Indeed, the farmers of the three provinces have probably never enjoyed more prosperity than they are enjoying now, he says. They have had good crops, for which they are realizing prices from 25 to 50 per cent. greater than last year, and those who have surplus produce to sell are making more profit than usual. The production of coal has fallen off about 250,000 tons, chiefly because of the depression in the steel industry, and the outlook for next year does not favor keeping the output up to the 1913 standard, owing to the disturbed conditions in the steel and other large consuming industries.

The foregoing illustrates conditions in the older parts of the Dominion and clearly indicates that though buyers are in a hesitating mood business can be done as the right conditions are there on which to do it.

EXPORTS AND BUSINESS.

Canadian foreign trade is not increasing as it ought to do, and it is well worth asking why that should be. Our claim in the past (and it is a good claim—one that can be substantiated to the hilt) has been that our natural resources are tremendous. From the most precious to the basest metals we have great store; our field products include all the staple cereal requirements of mankind, with the only important exception of rice, and our forests are the sources from which the world's supply of pulp will be most largely drawn. In the seas adjoining our coast and in the unnumbered inland lakes there is an abundance of fish. Beneath the surface of Canadian soil are to be found beds of coal sufficient for as long a time and for such requirements as can be grasped by our best trained economic minds. Our orchards are also prolific. There does not appear to be any lack of raw material and, if, therefore, our business is not what it should be then we should look into the way the business of the country has been con-

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To keep the ball of Canadian business activity rolling will not be a difficult task if we live up to the

Canada First Idea

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ducted. There has been improvidence, or imprudence, or bad judgment somewhere. We all know there has been. It is superfluous to again catalogue the overborrowing, the company flotations, the schemes for illusory fortune building and the making of cities before the farmer was established on the land. Mistakes we have made, but the results can be quickly minimized by promptly quitting the unproductive and easy ways of making money and getting down to—or next to—the real natural sources of wealth with which the Dominion is so abundantly provided.

By doing this our exports will very soon show signs of expansion. It is by exports we pay our debts—by which we bring capital to the country. That's what we need. There will be no business activity until the money bags of New England, Old England or any other "old" land are fully satisfied that we can "deliver the goods." It is not a difficult, abstruse international problem that a business man in Canada at present has to face. If he is looking for money without effort, he will find the outlook very dark and unpromising, but if he is willing to apply himself to the business of doing something needful and useful there will be a comfortable livelihood and a direct contribution to the wealth of the Dominion. There are natural resources waiting for the hand and mind to turn them into articles of commerce to satisfy first Canadian needs and to sell abroad to procure things for which as Canadians we have developed a taste. The latter has been gratified too easily by borrowing and by "too easy" credit and in consequence must be curbed. There are reasonable needs, however, that will be satisfied by the exchange of our products for those of other countries and we are faced with the duty of sending an increased quantity of products abroad every year to meet the accruing interest charges on the capital we have borrowed.

If we can do thus: that is send more products abroad every year, and if at such a time as the present we are sending as much abroad as usual, or approximately so, then the outlook for improved business is not at all discouraging.

PAYING OUR DEBTS ABROAD.

For the time being, leaving out of mind the growing annual bill for interest due to the capitalist abroad, let us examine what Canada has done in the way of selling merchandise to other countries, or in other words, what she has done to settle her bills and to pay for what she has obtained from abroad. The figures below represent the value of actual Canadian produce sent abroad during the years 1901 to 1914.

Year.	‡Exports.	Year.	‡Exports.
1901	$177,431,386	1908	$246,960,968
1902	196,019,763	1909	242,603,584
1903	214,401,674	1910	279,247,551
1904	198,414,439	1911	274,316,553
1905	190,854,946	1912	270,223,857
1906	235,483,956	1913	355,754,600
*1907	180,545,306	1914	431,588,439

*Nine months.
‡Include domestic produce only.

The foregoing shows a steady advance during the past fifteen years, and it will

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The Wastefulness of "Price" Buying

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WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

WALTER E. IRONS

115 BAY ST. (near City Hall) TORONTO

be noted that latterly, in 1913 and 1914 (Dominion Government fiscal years) the advance has been most marked. On the whole the figures show that Canada has been going forward. Let us examine into the sources from which the above wealth was drawn and for that purpose we will take the calendar years 1912 and 1913. Official returns show what classes of product—whether from the farm, forest, lake or factory—is sent out of the country to pay our debts for the years mentioned. They were as follows:

Our Wealth Sent Abroad.

Products.	1912.	1913.
Mine	$ 54,349,640	$ 59,073,167
Fisheries	16,350,174	20,237,348
Forest	43,586,853	40,532,673
Animal	43,494,758	51,612,569
Farm	142,305,275	208,642,660
Factory	41,798,920	54,010,873
Others	95,262	108,777
	$341,980,882	$436,218,067

Month by month the proportion of the above sent will be gathered from the table below.

Exports.

Total Domestic Products.

	1912.	1913.	1914.
January	$ 19,527,271	$ 19,370,524	$ 25,218,737
February	18,820,685	22,857,167	20,553,087
March	24,980,769	34,874,752	26,700,991
April	13,676,989	22,016,880	17,753,071
May	33,343,017	27,883,971	30,005,635
June	29,246,770	33,619.425	28,000,200
July	31,042,160	33,660,716	41,807,648
August	29,304,435	34,175,708	31,510,732
September	25,814,013	37,048,545	31,796,613
October	33,785,089	57,144,409	45,829,778
November	43,781,059	57,762.328	....
December	38,658,625	55,803,642	....
	$341,980,882	$436,218,067	$253,346,714

No matter what happens as a result of the war the steady increase of exports from Canada will continue as has been the case since 1901, as shown by a table above, and from before that year. Figures since 1901 have been referred to to show the modern trend. If we go back still further it will be seen that the movement towards greater things has been in evidence since Confederation.

NO TURNING BACK.

From this forward tendency there will be no turning back. In some years exports will be less than in the preceding one, but in every five-year period there will be a great advance. Effects of the last depression in 1907 were evident in 1909 when exports declined slightly, about six per cent., but in 1910 the gain was 13 per cent., and between 1901 and 1914 the advance was 144 per cent.

During the next fifteen years the gain in exports will be more than ever. The slight recession which is in evidence at the present time as the monthly figures given show is temporary, due to two causes, the first and the most important of which was the partial crop failure of the West and the second, the war. The latter, however, while its disadvantages are fully realized, has had very important results that cannot be regarded as other than beneficial to Canada. These results are in the turning of more capital, brain and labor to the cultivation of the soil. Already the steadily increasing volume of farm produce exported has been the salvation of the Dominion from a commercial standpoint. To speak in general terms—to generalize—is not satisfactory in this

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regard, so we will again resort to some igures. In the fiscal year of the Dominon Government ending March, 1913, the armers provided $260,000,000 of the exports, and in 1912, $186,000,000. In 1914 the proportion was $195,000,000. These igures can be understood better in tabular form. Here they are:

	Farmers' Produce.	Total Exports.	*%
912	$185,800,033	$341,980.582	54.2
913	194,930,254	355,754,000	55.0
914	251,569,148	431,588,439	58.0

---

*Per cent. of farmers' produce to total domestic exports of the Dominion.

HOPE FOR BUSINESS.

When the figures for the current fiscal year are available they will be somewhat ess and the poor crop may cause a slight decline in the proportion of the total exports of Canada, which are provided by the farmers. This will temporarily depress business, and it has accentuated the depression that was due and as pointed out a month ago. But a normal crop next year, will bring our exports up to a much higher point than they have yet reached, even though there is some recession in the output of other departments of Canadian production.

With our exports steadily expanding and our imports decreasing the result will be inevitably the building up of credit abroad. This will enable us to get more capital to carry out our development work, of which there remains much more to be done than has been done. With rehabilitated credit abroad, especially in the United States, Canada will be able to get some capital. That would be a great aid to commercial recovery.

DO WE NEED MORE CAPITAL TO MAKE US PROSPEROUS.

That brings us to the point as to whether more capital is essential to increased commercial activity and prosperity. It appears to be accepted very generally that Canada will not be able to get very much money from Europe for some time. Sir George Paish has warned us to keep away from London. He may be right. Being in the confidence of the advisers of the British Government he may know that to borrow for any purpose other than that of war for some time will be impossible. If we cannot get capital from London we have a very poor chance of getting very much from the United States unless we are prepared to pay a very high price for it. One of the most violent of the protests of the producers on the plains of Canada is that against the high rates which are paid for capital. If to meet their needs we are driven to the United States markets the price at which the money will be loaned to the farmers will be higher than it is. Our chances for the present of getting capital on reasonable terms is therefore somewhat remote. For prosperity based upon our getting capital to put out in the form of new developments we need not look for a year or two. We will have to depend upon our own resources. We have, we think, abundantly shown that our products from the soil have already shown the desired tendency and the steps already taken are

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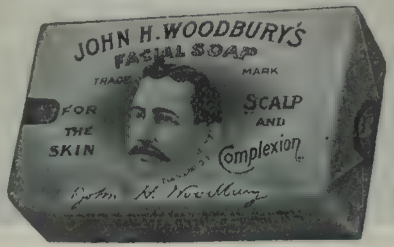

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very substantial. In the future—the immediate future—the steps in advance will be still more pronounced. For this reason we are confident that Canada will be well able to take care of her obligations and that she will have a surplus of wealth she can trade for her requirements abroad. We must not overlook the fact that already Canada has learned to live on much less than was her wont, and in consequence her requirements from her own manufacturers and from abroad will be somewhat less than normal for the last few years. Her produce and exportable wealth will on the other hand be larger. What will bring business up to a more normal point, will be the produce of the land. This has reference to the immediate future. Our mines, forests and lakes are longer in responding to increased labor than are our prairies. But their produce is showing gains and will continue to do so but not on so large a scale as the output of the field and the cattle barn. In them lays the great hope for business within the next twelve months.

Canadian Women in Business

Continued from Page 48.

Caroline Stebbins Wells, of San Francisco, who created the office, and was, herself, the first woman police officer, was many months persuading the city fathers that she was needed as much as were the men. But once installed, it would be next to an impossibility to do without her—and that is the feeling of the few Canadian cities in which female police are installed.

To Ottawa belongs the credit of being the first city to consider the advisability of appointing women to the force. To Toronto belongs the credit of actually doing it! But, as the idea is of great importance, we will take Ottawa's police officer as an example of all that a business woman ought to be.

Miss Flora Campbell's career dates back to the time, when interested in philanthropy, she gave up at least two evenings every week to the work of attending mission services. Sometimes she played for the men in St. George's Mission, sometimes she read to them. Sometimes she sewed with the mothers who gathered either for work or recreation at various other missions, and at all times she was in more or less close touch with the lower strata of the city's population. It was natural then, when the Women's Hostel and Travelers' Aid grew out of the mission, Miss Campbell should be offered a post in the new organization. This, by the way, was not a salaried one.

It will be readily understood that during the five years she held this position her experience with types, as well as individual cases, was fitting her for her present position. But for an intervening few months, she accepted the superin tendency of the Woman's Hostel and got, if possible, in still closer touch with the working women and girls, of the city. Then, in January, 1914, she was formally sworn in, put upon the pay roll of the Ottawa Police Department and presented with a card of office, which now takes the place of the one-time police badge.

What does she do that was not done before? What does she do that men did not?

Briefly, she administers the ounce of prevention, in the first instance; and in the second, she tries her best to keep a woman out of court. *She tries to keep a woman out of jail!*

Her work is primarily one of redemption first, and the law afterward. She has arrested but two girls since her appointment.

She is a moral adviser to dozens of women in the capital. They come to her with domestic troubles and beg her help in reclaiming a drunken or an unfaithful husband, in keeping their young girls off the street at nights, and a hundred other matters. She is appealed to by mistresses who have runaway maids, who have harbored dishonest girls in the house; or, she is sought by maids who have unjust mistresses. Her duties are as varied as the days.

A description of her routine day may be of interest. Arriving at the office at nine, she generally finds a collection of slips which denote cases to be attended to during the day. One may be a woman whose maid has proven dishonest; one may be from a wife who has been deserted, one may be from an institution or from a private home announcing the disappearance of a girl. At about ten o'clock Miss Campbell starts out. First going to the place from which the complaint came, and learning all about the case, she is ready for "sleuthing." This goes on until results are reached. In the event of thieving, she puts off arrest as long as possible, learning a girl's minutest history and trying to remove the cause for the crime.

Strange as it may seem, a veritable paradox, Miss Campbell shrinks from publicity, and instead of a large florid, forceful-looking police person, with loud voice and commanding manner, she is diametrically the opposite.

'Where can I get a nice, inexpensive hat?" she asked the writer, one day. "Where did you get yours?"

"At Blanks." (A certain place of the type which costs you nothing to go in, but several dollars or a deal of firmness to get out!)

"Oh," said, the police officer, fearfully." I wouldn't dare go in there; I'm mortally afraid of Mrs. Blank!"

An outstanding feature of these brief sketches is, one will have noted, the repetition of the statement that these women enjoy their work. Therein lays one of my strongest arguments that women not only make as good business citizens as men, but ofttimes, better. Men are thrust into office or shop, or profession. They have to go on with their work, whether they like it or not. In many, many cases, they

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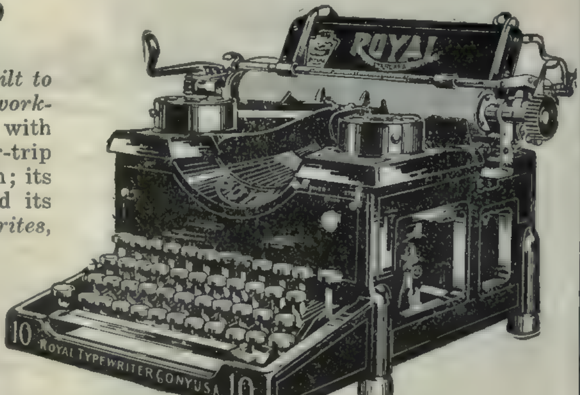
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have drifted into their positions withou having thought to chose or being allowed to chose what seemed most congenial t them. With women that is different; they rarely go into business without wanting to, in the first place and in choosing i business, they choose exactly what they like. Consequently, it is not strange tha the enthusiasm, the keenness and the individuality they put into that business makes for good results. The constan contact with varieties of people in the business world, tends to broaden the intellect and to stamp out the petty thing which are frequently credited to woman as her heavenly heritage!

War in Winter

Continued from Page 8.

sians advanced at the rate of fourteen miles a day, fighting with the German rear-guard all the way and bringing their artillery up with them. So rapid was the advance that bodies of Cossack cavalry broke across the frontier and threatened the German lines of communication at Pleschen. This spectacular advance was effected in the face of severe winter weather and heavy snowstorms.

THE SCOPE OF OPERATIONS.

The most fruitful source of speculation with regard to the winter campaign now opening is the probable scope of the operations possible during the hard weather months. It seems altogether likely that hostilities will continue with almost unabated vigor on both battle fronts. There is too much hanging on the ultimate result of the war for the armies to wait until spring. The cost of maintaining the armies in the field is too great for any time to be lost. And certainly the strain on Germany is too severe for the Kaiser to permit a slackening of the operations except where the iron hand of winter absolutely prevents action. When every passing day improves the chances of the allies and carries Germany just twenty-four hours farther away from the possibility of victory, the Kaiser can be depended upon to force the fighting at every stage.

It will be impossible, however, to continue the war with the speed that has characterized operations so far. It is difficult to move artillery rapidly when snow is on the ground or the roads are soft and muddy; and the big guns are quite as essential to successful operations as the camera is to a moving-picture company. The approach of winter facilitated the campaign in Poland for it hardened the roads and enabled the Russians to advance and manoeuvre their artillery with greater ease than earlier in the campaign. This advantage will be lost, of course, when the heavy snows come.

So far as the campaign in East Prussia is concerned, the advent of winter should quicken operations. The country is honeycombed with lakes and marshes which have made advances on the part of the Russians a slow and circuitous movement.

When winter has frozen over the lakes and established a firm surface on the marshes, the Russians will be able to strike boldly forward.

WILL UNCERTAINTY BE HEIGHTENED?

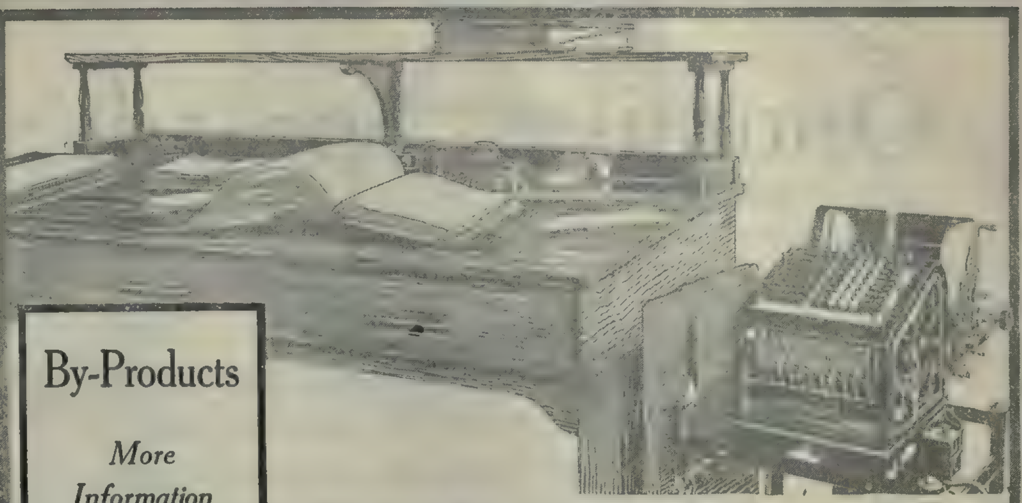
One result of the setting in of severe winter weather, may be to increase the uncertainty of the situation. The French-British line is to-day in closest communication all the way from Nieuport on the coast to the extreme right around Belfort. Riders are passing to and fro at all times, carrying information from one section of the battlefront to others. When the roads are filled with drifted snow this service will be seriously hampered and the various corps will be more isolated. It is not drawing too far on the imagination to imagine either side secretly massing forces at a certain point and smashing the opposing lines before reinforcements could be hurried up—a contingency which the almost perfect organization at present writing has rendered practically impossible. With the certain breakdown in the cohesion of the extended battle line, the uncertainty of the situation becomes greater.

It is this very consideration that may lead the German general staff to order a retirement from the present line held from Ostend to the Aisne, to the stronger shelter of the Meuse or perhaps even beyond the Rhine. Fighting in hostile territory, with lines of communication through hate-seething countries to be maintained, the uncertainties of a winter campaign would weigh heaviest on the German forces. They would have to bring reinforcements and supplies up from a greater distance and the risk of delays would be greater. The experiences of Washington at Valley Forge would be tame compared to the dangers which would beset the western army of Germany if an effort were made to stand on their present ground through a winter campaign.

The counsels of earnest diplomats, the frenzied efforts of financiers, the dictates of a humanitarian distaste to the sacrifice of human life, all were unavailing to stop the belligerent nations from resorting to the arbitrament of arms. The floodgates of racial hate once opened, nothing can stem the tide until the score with the war lord has been settled. And so the mighty conflict will be waged through all seasons and the hardships of winter will be added to the horrors of war. The world now hardened to the wholesale murder of hundreds of thousands of young men, will find fresh cause for horror in the inevitable course that the winter campaign will take.

AT LAST THE TANGO FOOT!

Such great flexibility of the ankle and so much movement of the muscles at this point are required by the modern dances that physicians have been frequently consulted in regard to a mysterious ailment which has finally been named the "tango foot." The unaccustomed exercise of almost unused portions of the foot has put a constant strain on the extensor muscles.



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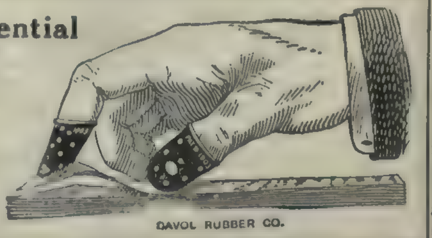
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The Spies

Continued from Page 16.

to the smallest details, in the roles they had assumed. No one would have suspected from the soft tones of Parsons that he was not born any nearer to England than Munich. He had absolutely perfected his accent. I believe he kept up the role even when he knew positively that no one was within a hundred yards of him. Our investigations show that Parsons, whose real name, by the way, was Muller, was a regular swashbuckler in his college days, noisy, quarrelsome and addicted to hard language. Hartley, we haven't been able to trace up yet but I feel convinced that he had served as an officer in the German army.

"Their system was a subtle one. I don't suppose they exchanged a word during the whole time they were in Ottawa. They communicated with each other every day, however, by a series of signals that had been carefully worked out. I believe every move Parsons made was according to code. When he walked down the street the way he carried his newspaper conveyed some information to Hartley on the other side. I am convinced he selected his food at the restaurant and handled his knife and fork on a system of signals.

"Of this I am certain. Hartley had some means of observing Parsons' room below and, while we watched Parsons as he played on the piano and worked out supposed chess problems, we were actually observing the transfer of information. Every air that Parsons played had its place in the code. The chess board was the best thing of all, however. By moving the pieces about, Parsons was able to give out messages with almost the ease of a naval code.

"Their system was based on excessive caution. Ordinary men would have been content to pass notes from room to room. But these two were not ordinary men. They represented the superman idea applied to espionage; and they were leaving, as they thought, no possible means of detection."

DETECTION OF SUBMARINES MAY BE POSSIBLE.

No matter how silently the engines of a submarine torpedo boat may work, the propellers are bound to set up vibrations that are transmitted through the water, and the suggestion is made that it may be possible to devise an instrument of such delicacy that the presence of a submarine, even when miles away, may be detected with certainty and its direction and distance determined. Such an instrument, like the submarine telephone, would simply take advantage of the strong transmission of sound waves through the water. It would practically rob naval warfare of one of its worst terrors. Seated far below deck in a battleship, the watcher with such an instrument could hear the throb of the propellers while the submarine was miles away and long before it would be possible to see its periscope, and its efficiency would not be affected by darkness or by muddy water.

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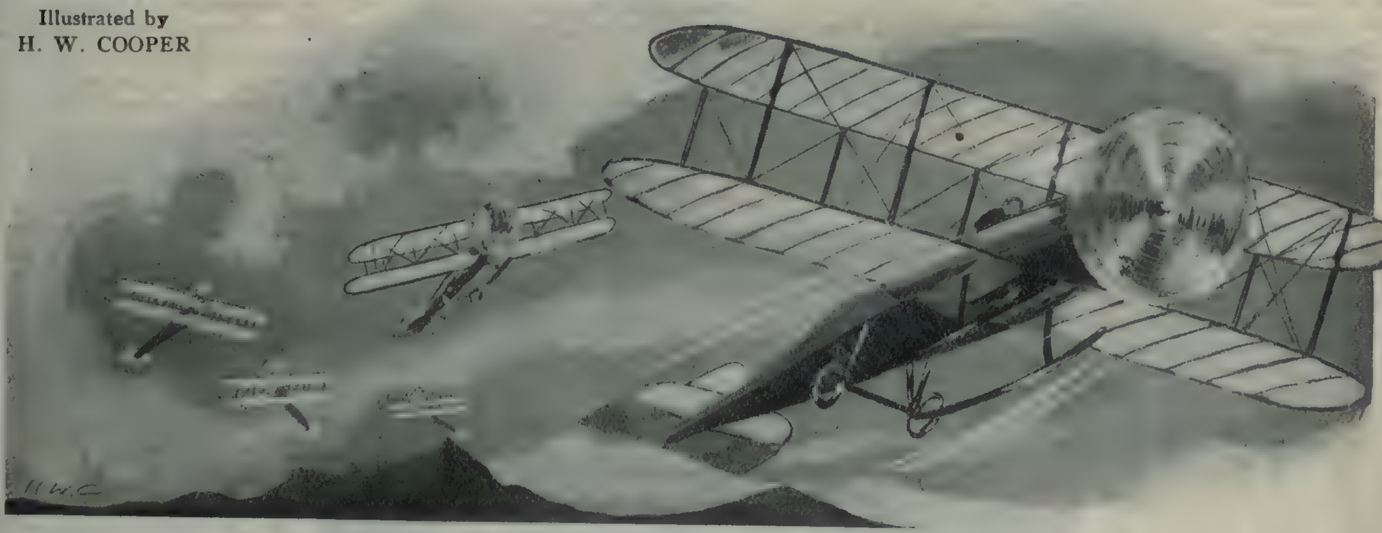
How the Canadian Armada Was Saved

Illustrated by
H. W. COOPER



By C. LINTERN SIBLEY

"I would not accept Lord Kitchener's advice that ample protection had been afforded for the transports, and demanded to know what guns they carried, and so on. As a result of this continued hammering away the people of England came to know that German submarines were hovering in the English Channel."—Canadian Press Association report of a speech by Major-General Hughes, Minister of Militia for Canada, at a meeting in London, Ont., on November 25, 1914.

"The boast that it needed cable messages from Canada to wake up Lord Kitchener immediately threatened to cover with ridicule not only the Minister of Militia, but the whole Borden Government as well. And Major-General Hughes then repudiated the speech. To the Toronto reporters who met him on his return from London, Major General Hughes said: 'I never said anything about submarines. I cannot say anything about it. Why go into the past?'—The Evening Telegram, Toronto, November 30, 1914.

NOT since the famous year of the Tercentenary had the Chateau Frontenac at Quebec been crowded by such a brilliant assemblage of visitors. The expeditionary force which Canada had decided to send to Europe to help the British Empire in the war against Germany was assembling at the Valcartier Camp, and the event had drawn to the quaint old city distinguished and fashionable people from all over the Dominion, as well as many from the neighboring republic.

It was early evening, and automobile after automobile arrived at the hotel, bringing officers looking for social relaxation after the hard labors of the day at the camp. The great hall of the hotel was crowded with officers and civilians, and the air vibrated with the hum of conversation. Quite suddenly this hum ceased, and immediately afterwards there was a stir of excitement.

An officer in the khaki uniform of a colonel had come in. He was a big, robust man, with a commanding air and bold eyes which might give the idea of intolerance were it not that they also conveyed a hint of kindliness and humor.

At that time a lady was standing at the counter, about to enter her name in the hotel register. The clerk had just handed her the pen, when there came that momentary hush, followed by a greater buzz of conversation, in which she could distinguish such sentences as, "Yes, that's him." "Looks as though he likes the job, doesn't he?" "I'll wager he'll get a title when this war is over." "They say he's kicking like a steer because up at Ottawa they won't hear about him going to the war himself."

The lady paused with the pen in her hand and turned to look. At that moment the newcomer was but a dozen feet from her, talking to a group of friends. "Pardon me, but who is the officer?" she asked the clerk.

"That is Colonel Hughes, madam."

"The—the Minister of Militia?" she asked. There was an almost exaggerated carelessness in her voice.

"Yes, madam!"

She wrote in the register the name, "Madame de Tourneauville, New York."

An hour later when Colonel Hughes entered the dining-room, he was nettled to see that his usual place at the table was occupied by another officer. The head waiter immediately fussed up to him.

"Oh, Colonel, I am sorry. Somebody said you were not coming in from camp to-night. But I have another seat that is not occupied."

He led him across the room to a seat by the window, through which the lights of the shipping far out on the St. Lawrence could be seen. There were three people at the table—a gentleman and his wife and Madame de Tourneauville. The colonel took the empty seat opposite the last-named. As he did so the waiter glanced at the lady as though expecting a sign either of recognition or approval for conducting the colonel to the table.

But Madame de Tourneauville chose to proceed indifferently with her meal, without even looking up.

The colonel, his mind filled with the thousand-and-one problems arising from the organization of the great armada that he had been called upon to send from the New World to the Old, never even glanced at his table companions. But as the dinner proceeded, he became aware that the lady who sat opposite was quietly studying him. Presently he found himself studying her—speculating as to who she was, what circles she moved in, and to what country she belonged.

He was impressed with the refinement of her bearing and the keen intelligence of her eyes. But most of all he was impressed by the uncommon quality of her beauty. She was possibly thirty years old, he told himself—no more. Of that he was certain; perhaps she was much less—who could tell? The striking pallor of her face was its most striking quality, seeming a tint rather than a shade. Blending into a delicate brownness at the throat, it bespoke healthy vitality. The heavy coils of her hair were black, and her eyes, serious and vaguely tragic as they were, yet glowed with warmth and animation. She was slender but every move was a study in grace. The curves of her figure all low, yet there was no suggestion of angularity. Indeed, her figure suggested strength and suppleness beyond the ordinary.

The colonel smiled grimly to himself as he thought of the power which this fascinating woman would possess with many men. Here, he told himself, was a woman who could move with distinction in any society, and twist most men around her little finger. And with that he dismissed her from his mind and reverted to the consideration of military problems.

But presently, when the others had left the table, his attention was sharply brought back to the lady.

"Colonel Hughes!" she said.

"Madam?"

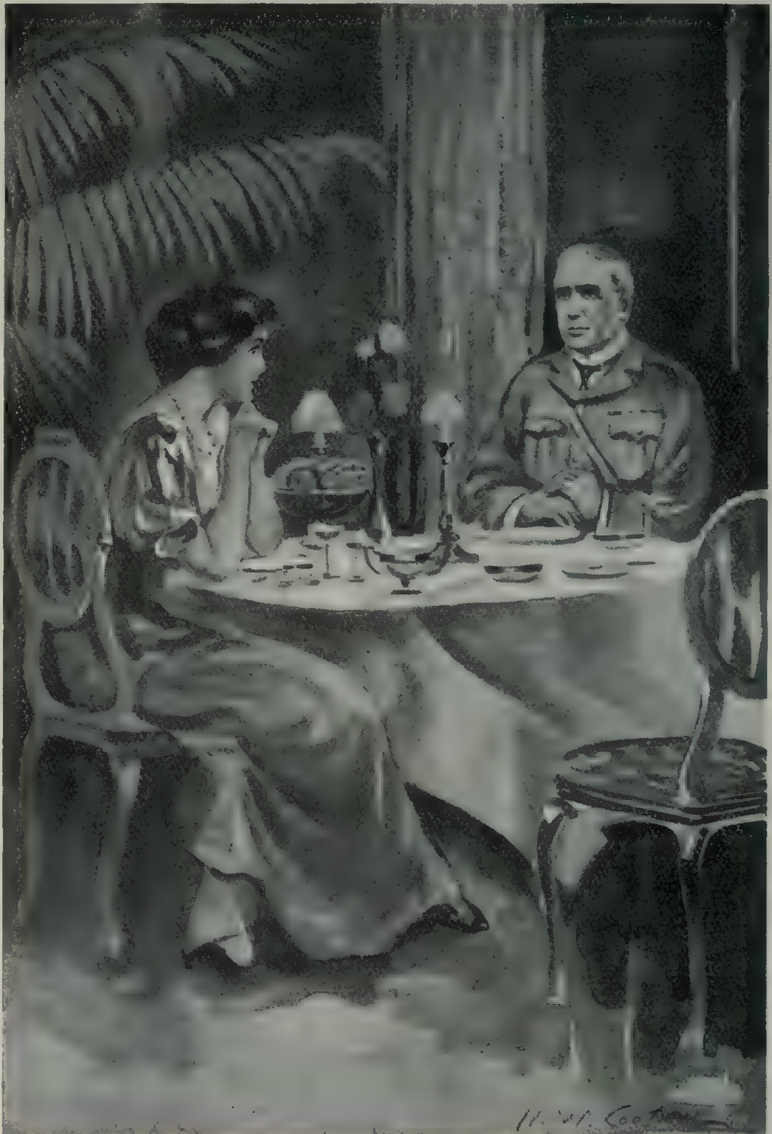
"I have something important to say to you."

Her voice was of softer quality than is usual on this side of the Atlantic, and tohugh every accent was perfect, it suggested, as did her face, foreign associations.

"To me, madam?" The colonel was obviously surprised, and not altogether at ease.

"Yes. Will you meet me alone?"

The colonel glanced furtively around the now half-empty dining-room. Then he looked at his companion.



"I know what you would say," she broke in. "You never saw me before. You do not even know my name. But this is a matter of life and death."

Undeniably the woman had breeding as well as beauty. And there was a quiet seriousness in her face that disarmed suspicion.

The colonel paused, nevertheless, before replying. Then: "But madam!" he began courteously.

"I know what you would say," she broke in. "You never saw me before. You do not even know my name. But this is a matter of life and death. It concerns you most intimately. If you value—"

She broke off suddenly, as one of the diners passed by the table.

"—Oh, Colonel, how romantic you are! Of course it is a beautiful view"—she was looking out at the gleaming lights on the river, and at the violet darkness of night beyond them—"but that loneliness, stretching away, as you say, to the North Pole, appals me!"

The colonel looked at her amazed. His eyes asked as plainly as words, "Is this woman crazy?"

She threw a significant glance at the back of the diner who had just passed, and continued without a word of explanation. The incident, with its suggestion of confidence, its tacit implication that the colonel would understand, established a more intimate atmosphere.

"——If you value your country's welfare, you must hear what I have to say. So I want you to meet me alone. Be on the Terrace, at the far end, under the Citadel, at nine o'clock. And be alone. Remember, it is a matter of life and death, and there is not another moment to be lost"

She rose and bowed, leaving the Colonel gazing after her in wonderment and some of the other men in the dining room in frank admiration.

Now, as we have said, the Colonel is a cabinet minister, which bespeaks years of discretion. He is also a man of the world, and has seen much of men and things. He knew that charming ladies who display sudden interest in Cabinet Ministers are more often than not the diplomatic representatives of clever and designing men. The wise course in this instance would appear to be to smile a knowing smile and let it go at that.

But other elements entered into the situation. The Colonel, for all his bluff and breezy manner, and his habit of speaking his mind without fear or favor, is a far more subtle student of human nature than people give him credit for. Furthermore, there was an undercurrent of tearful tremulousness, of passionate sincerity, in the remarks of his table companion that could not have escaped him. He munched an olive reflectively. "Supposing—" he began. The sentence never finished itself in his mind. "Oh, hang it, I'll see her," he said to himself, and rose from the table. The swift decision was characteristic.

At nine o'clock he was leaning over the railing on the Terrace watching the ferry-boat far below crawling crabwise across the river, the reflections of its lights flickering in silvery streamers on the water.

There was a light step beside him. The lady was at his elbow. He raised his hat.

"Good evening," he said.

She bowed her head slightly in acknowledgement. "Shall we walk along the Terrace?" she asked.

The rocky heights of this famous citadel city are steeped in the romance of history. There, Indian and white man, Frenchman and Englishman, have lived and loved, intrigued and fought. Schemes that decided the history of continent and dynasty have been brought to fruition here. Yet never was a stranger story of plot for life and Empire unfolded upon these historic heights than the one now told to the half-incredulous ear of Colonel Hughes.

"If anyone comes near us," she said, "talk conventionalities about the scenery, about the sights of Quebec, about the old monasteries—anything."

"Very well, madam, "said the Colonel. "But tell me who are you and what you want."

"I am registered at the hotel as Madame de Tourneauville, of New York," she said. "That must be sufficient for you as to name. As to my business, I belong to the Intelligence Department of the British Government."

The Colonel looked at her shrewdly, and not without suspicion.

"Of course," he said, "you can produce your credentials?"

"No, sir, I cannot," she replied, "My work is of too serious and too dangerous a character for me to carry any identification of that kind with me. We have a saying in the Intelligence Department that to have anything in our private possession which would afford a clue to our real identity is to give a hostage to fate."

"Well, what do you want?" asked the Colonel, coldly. "Do you want me to give you some information?"

"No. I have some to give you"

She turned her head abruptly, as though afraid of being followed, then drew herself closer to him and linked her arm in his. They were near the hotel now, but a cold wind was blowing off the river, and they were the only ones promenading.

"Let us take another turn back towards the Citadel," she said.

At that moment they passed under the glare of a lamp, and the Colonel profited by it to look searchingly into the woman's face.

"Very well, madam," he replied. "But this certainly is a very strange proceeding. I must say I don't see why, if you have any information to give, you do not give it in the usual way, instead of insisting on this mysterious promenading. I don't want you to think me rude, but really——"

"Yes, yes, I know!"

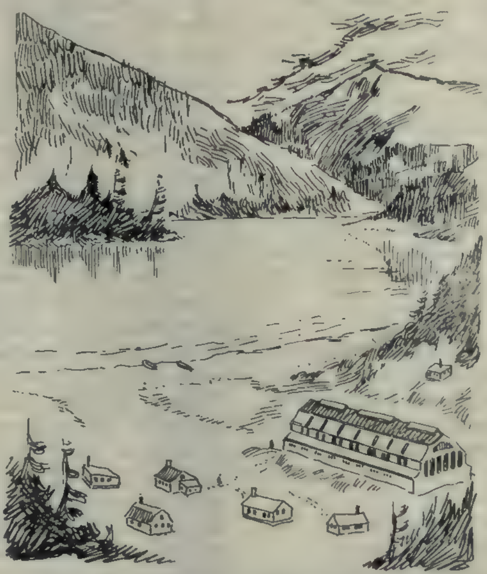
She lowered her voice, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"Colonel Hughes, unless you prove yourself equal to the occasion, not a single soldier of the 33,000 you are sending to England will ever reach there!"

"What do you mean, madam?"

He spoke sharply, almost threateningly, and stood stock still, looking at her.

"Don't act like that," she replied, "I fear that we are being watched. That is why I have come to you with my information in this mysterious way—to you, instead of to my superior in New York. The cleverest men in the German Secret Service are at work in the States. And some of the cleverest men—and women—in the British Intelligence Department are following up every German movement there. Now I was detailed to watch German activity in connection with Canada, and I have discovered what they mean to do. Also I have discovered that it is impossible for me even to approach my superior in New York without being suspected—and to be suspected is to be lost as a useful servant of the Intelligence Department. Of course, you might ask, why don't I cable to headquarters in England? But I can't cable in code from the States. You see, Colonel, their espionage system is so complete that in really important matters like the one I come to you about it is absolutely necessary that there shall be no intermediaries in conveying information. Therefore, instead of going to my chief I come to you direct, because the information concerns you more than anybody else."



In little over three hours they located the hangar. It was situated in the middle of a clearing beside a lake.

"I see," replied the Colonel, reflectively. "Well, tell me what you have to say,"

They proceeded along the Terrace, two dim figures in the shadowy night—dim figures with the fate of many thousands resting on their words.

"There is a plot to blow up every one of your transports before they get out of the Gulf. Somewhere in the wild country to the north of the St. Lawrence a Zeppelin has been built. You may not be aware that a Zeppelin can carry twenty tons of bombs, in addition to its crew—twenty tons! That means that each Zeppelin has a bomb magazine containing 500 bombs, and can discharge twelve from each side simultaneously by means of a mechanism that gives absolute accuracy of aim. You are figuring on forty-three ships as transports for your troops——"

"How do you know what I am figuring on?" asked the Colonel, sharply.

"Never mind how I know," replied the lady. "I was saying you are figuring on forty-three ships as transports. A Zeppelin would carry ten bombs for every one of these ships—ten bombs, each one of which is as destructive as the torpedoes which have blown up ships off the British coast. Once let this Zeppelin steal over your precious assembly of unarmored transports at night, and not one will remain afloat by daylight!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed the Colonel. "What wild rubbish are you talking? Are you one of those silly spiritualistic people who has been seeing visions?"

"It is you who are talking nonsense, Colonel," she remarked quietly. "If you don't want to hear any more, then at any rate the blame is on your shoulders for what will happen. I have warned you!"

"Say, look here!" remarked the Colonel. "Tell me what you want to get out of me and have done with it. You want me to hand you over some money, or you want me to do a favor to yourself, or to some relative. What is it?" He spoke roughly.

"Colonel," she replied, "I am disappointed in you. You have a finely intelligent face. Your eyes look as though they can see into one's soul. Yet you are allowing the experiences of your office to blunt your preceptions. You are allowing a callous cynicism to draw a veil between you and the world. You don't believe I am in the employ of the British Government, and you don't believe, even if I were, that such a plot could be hatched, or that I could get information of it!"

"And if I don't believe," said the Colonel, "you will agree, I think that I am justified. If what you say is true, and if you are what you say you are, why do you come to me in this mysterious fashion, without anything to establish your identity, and why do you want me to wander up and down the Terrace with you at night while you tell your story?"

"As to the first part of your question," returned the lady, "it is quite evident you don't understand the thoroughgoing nature of the German spy system, while as to the last part of the question, I ask you to listen to me out here because I can't trust four walls—I'm too experienced!"

Immediately her fingers tightened twice on the Colonel's arm, as though in warning, and she burst into low laughter.

"Oh, Colonel," she remarked raising her voice. "You flatter me—really you do! But I'd like awfully well to go over the camp with you, as you say—if it wouldn't be too much trouble?"

"Not at all—not at all," replied the Colonel, taking the cue. "It really is the sight of a lifetime. You'll see what a splendid body of men they are. I'd like you to meet some of the offiecrs—fine fellows—the very pick of the brains and manhood of Canada."

Thus he went on. And he was not surprised presently when a man passed them quietly, wearing rubbers. He felt the pressure of her hand on his arm again as he passed. So they were being shadowed, then as she had said!

When the silent figure got beyond earshot! "He's shadowing you, not me," she said, "He doesn't know me."

The Colonel responded more seriously: "Tell me what you know of the plot you speak of."

"There is very little more that I can tell you, except to say that I have the most absolute information of its truth.

You must not ask me how I know. Just believe that I do know."

"But tell me about this Zeppelin. Where is it?"

"I don't know, except that it is in wild, uninhabited, mountainous country, within two hundred miles of Quebec, to the north. This I do know—that all the parts, and even the men to put them together, have been carried there by aeroplanes from the United States. Also that everything is now in readiness, and that every move at the Valcartier camp is immediately known to those who want to know. You have had reports from sentries all along the St. Lawrence of aeroplanes flying over at night, have you not?"

"Yes."

"There is a regular aeroplane patrol of the St. Lawrence—and it is not a Canadian patrol. Furthermore, the Zeppelin I speak of has already covered the St. Lawrence from Quebec to the sea on several occasions, flying, of course by night, with lights out."

"Madam, this is astounding!" The Colonel was stirred out of himself.

"Aeroplanes," continued the lady, "will be scouts for the Zeppelin when the transports begin to sail. And as you don't believe me and won't act on what I am saying, not one of those transports will ever get out of the Gulf!"

"Rubbish!" exclaimed the Colonel, like a man arguing against himself. "I don't believe in these Zeppelins. The moment a Zeppelin came near enough to drop a bomb it would be smashed to smithereens by our guns. We will have a powerful naval escort."

"Yes, and I can name you every one of the ships, and tell you, moreover, what you yourself don't know about them, namely, that not one of them carries an aircraft gun! Good-bye. You had better smoke a cigar and think it over."

They were near the hotel, and she turned abruptly from him, to go in.

"One moment, madam," said the Colonel, putting out his arm to detain her. "You've spun a yarn that sounds like hot air—I beg your pardon—that sounds incredible. That yarn, however, is only a prelude to a suggestion. What is it that you mean to suggest I should do?"

"I'm not the Minister of Militia, just placed in possession of one of the treasured secrets of the enemy," she replied. There was a touch of scorn in her voice. She looked at him impatiently for a moment. Then she leaned towards him and whispered: "The Princess Patricias are boarding the Megantic at Montreal tonight. I'd disembark them at Quebec, and let the papers know about it, or the ship will be sunk anyway—never heard of again, after she passes Father Point. And I'd get half a dozen aeroplanes to scour the back country. Not a man should sail from Canada till I had discovered that Zeppelin and destroyed it. But perhaps I've over-estimated my man!"

They were standing close to the statue of the great Champlain. She pointed up at the statue.

"There was a man of the heroic mould," she said, "a man equal to his great opportunities. But he never had a tithe of the responsibility that is resting to-night on you."

And with that parting shot she was gone.

It is a matter of history that when the Megantic arrived at Quebec from Montreal the next day, on her way to England, the men of the Princess Patricia Regiment were ordered to disembark at Levis, and the ship to sail without them. It is a matter of history, because you can read it in the newspapers of that date, that there was much grumbling and discontent among the men; but no official explanation was ever given. It is a matter of history that the whole of the Canadian Expeditionary Force were kept kicking their heels week after week at Valcartier Camp, until it seemed that they would never sail.

What has not been placed on public record is that Colonel Hughes did cable in code to Lord Kitchener inquiring if the warships to convoy the transports were armed with aircraft guns, and insisting that they should be. Colonel Hughes, it will be seen, only told part of the story when he said at London, Ont.: "I would not accept Lord Kitchener's advice that ample protection had been provided for the transports. . . . I demanded to know what guns they carried."

But that is not all. For weeks after the Princess Pats were disembarked at Levis aeroplanes in the service of the Canadian Government were scouring the hinterland of Quebec searching for a Zeppelin hangar. At one time there were as many as ten engaged in the work. Week after week passed, and not a clue could be got. Discontent began to spread among the troops at Quebec. The whole camp began to seethe with mutinous talk. The press, observing a strict censorship of news, kept talk of it from publication. But the reporters repeated strange rumors. The public began to murmur, and to say some pointed things. One Winnipeg newspaper editor who reflected some of the talk of his time in his editorials, and thus trod on far more dangerous ground than he realized, was promptly flung into jail. Even members of the Dominion Cabinet showed signs of revolt, for not a man except the Premier, Sir Robert Borden, knew what was troubling Colonel Sam.

At last things came to such a pass that Premier Borden left the Capital, and went down to Quebec.

"We can't keep things in hand another week," he said to Colonel Sam. "Either those troops will have to sail, or there will be open revolt in Canada. The public is mad—fighting mad. And after all, you've got no proof! Supposing"— he looked fixedly at Colonel Sam from under heavy eyebrows, and his voice, heavy and ponderous, took on an added gravity—"supposing that woman was paid by Germany to come and tell you that story, just to delay the departure of the troops, or to frighten you and the rest of us! Have you thought of that?"

"It was the first thing that entered my mind," said the Colonel. "But, you know, I believe there's a sixth sense in man. I believe in intuition—and I had an intuition that she was telling the truth."

"But have you the slightest inkling of of a proof?" asked the Premier.

"Yes," said Colonel Sam. "Our aviators have already established beyond all doubt that aeroplanes are passing every night between the United States and some point north of Quebec! Do you realize what that means? There's not a soul living in that country. It is nothing but forests and mountains and lakes."

"Can't our men follow them?"

"They have tried to, but you can't follow an aeroplane in the dark, when it carries no light."

The Premier pondered for a few moments.

"You've got all your transports here?"

"Yes."

"And the convoy of warships is waiting?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think if you were to begin to embark the men and move the ships off one at a time down the river to some rendezvous, one at least of the enemy's aeroplanes would be keeping track of that rendezvous by day?"

"Yes, I imagine so."

"Could you keep, say, three aeroplanes near the rendezvous waiting for that scout, and, when he arrives, send them after him to shoot him down?"

"Yes, but what good would that do?"

"The dead man would have maps on him, one of which would show the route to the Zeppelin hangar," said the Premier.

"You're right he would!" exclaimed the Colonel, springing up excitedly. "He'd be bound to! Nobody could find his way over several hundred miles of the Laurentians without a map. I'll try it! I've got some of the most reckless devils that ever flew for the job."

A breath of relief went up in Canada the next day at the news that the men had begun to embark. Some people wondered why, in spite of the warnings of the newspapers, the news that at last the men were off was published in the papers. As the ships were loaded they moved off, one by one, to Gaspe Bay, the rendezvous. The men on board were puzzled at the fact that in the crow's nest of every ship there were two men on watch—one scanning the sea, the other the sky. They made fun of this anxious watch. But one day they saw that it might not be as overcareful as it looked. Far away in the sky the faint whirling of an aeroplane motor could be heard. The men in the crow's nests pointed it out, a speck on the horizon up the river. Rapidly it grew in size and distinctness until it was right overhead, wheeling slowly over the ships in the bay.

Then from half a dozen different places they saw aeroplanes rising up towards the intruder. From one of them there went out a faint puff of smoke, then another and another. It seemed a minute afterwards before the crack, crack of rifle fire was heard.

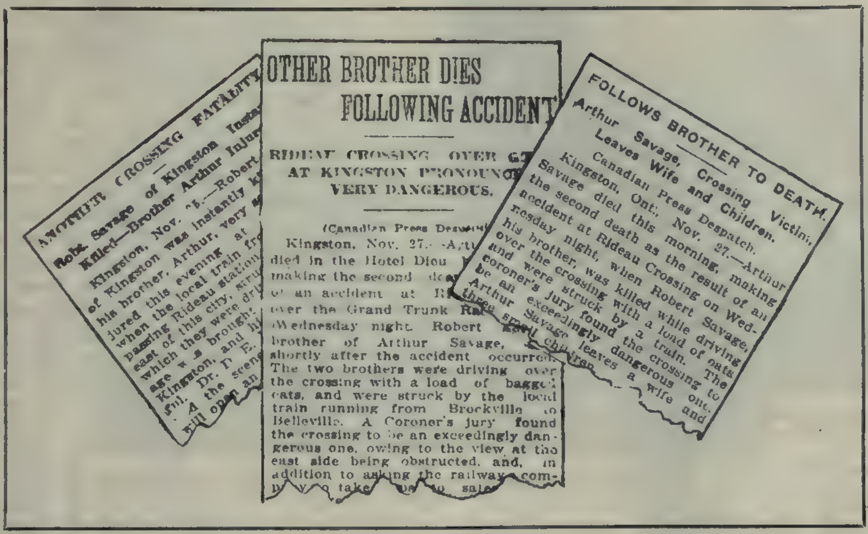
"My God! That's an aeroplane battle." exclaimed the men on the boats.

Continued on Page 108.

Safeguarding Canada's Level Crossings

By W. A. CRAICK

CROSSING fatalities, such as are shown are recorded so frequently in the daily press of Canada that the public has become somewhat callous to the distressing effects of their tragic recurrence. The emphasis has passed from the word "accident" to the particle "another." It is always "another" tragedy or "another" disaster, and the details of the unfortunate occurrence dwindle into comparative insignificance beside the steadily lengthening list of level crossing horrors, the accumulation of years of carelessness and lack of adequate protection.



ANOTHER CROSSING FATALITY
Robt. Savage of Kingston Insta
Killed—Brother Arthur Injur
Kingston, Nov. 26.—Robert
of Kingston was instantly k
his brother, Arthur, very s
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when the local train fr
passing Rideau station
east of this city, stru
which they were dri
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Kingston, and h
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A the scene
Kill open an

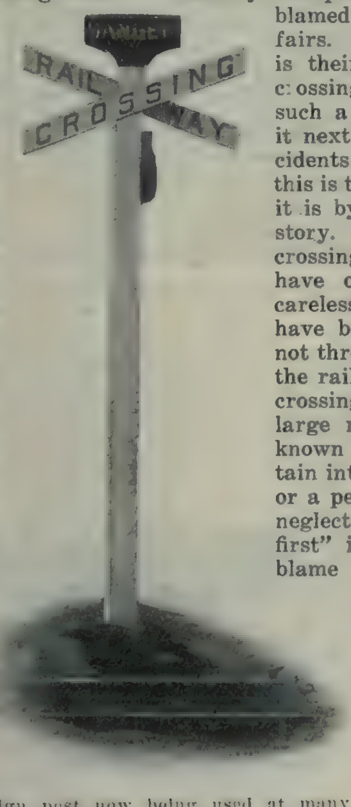
OTHER BROTHER DIES
FOLLOWING ACCIDENT

RIDEAU CROSSING OVER G.T.
AT KINGSTON PRONOUNC
VERY DANGEROUS.

(Canadian Press Despat
Kingston, Nov. 27.—Artu
died in the Hotel Dieu
making the second dea
of an accident at Ri
over the Grand Trunk Ra
Wednesday night. Robert
brother of Arthur Savage,
shortly after the accident occurred.
The two brothers were driving over
the crossing with a load of bagged
oats, and were struck by the local
train running from Brockville to
Belleville. A Coroner's jury found
the crossing to be an exceedingly dan-
gerous one, owing to the view at the
east side being obstructed, and, in
addition to asking the railway com-

FOLLOWS BROTHER TO DEATH.
Arthur Savage, Crossing Victim,
Leaves Wife and Children.
Canadian Press Despatch.
Kingston, Ont., Nov. 27.—Arthur
Savage died this morning, making
the second death as the result of an
accident at Rideau Crossing on Wed-
nesday night, when Robert Savage,
his brother, was killed while driving
over the crossing with a load of oats
and were struck by a train. The
coroner's jury found the crossing to
be an exceedingly dangerous one.
Arthur Savage leaves a wife and
three small children.

During the twelve months ending March 31, 1913, the last year for which statistics have been published, 643 people lost their lives on the railroads of Canada in one way or another. Of this large number, thirty-nine or a trifle over six per cent. were run down and killed on level crossings. Omitting the astounding number of deaths among trespassers on railroad property, which accounted for forty per cent. of the total, and the heavy mortality among railroad employees engaged in the dangerous work of shunting cars, there was no class of accident recorded which demanded a heavier toll of human life than that attributed to the existence of level crossings. It exceeded by almost two to one the loss of life among passengers traveling on the trains and it was considerably larger than the number of railway employees killed in head-on collisions.



Sign post now being used at many crossings. It has illuminated sign "danger," and electric bell.

It must be obvious that men whose lives are spent in operating trains must face a certain amount of danger in any case, for the calling of the railroad man is notably hazardous. High speed, the possibility of defective rails or equipment, the liability of mistakes in orders, a thousand and one chances, all contribute to make the existence of the railway employee precarious. Loss of life among this class of labor is unfortunately inevitable and one naturally expects to find in any table of railroad mortality, a large percentage composed of trainmen who have met their death in the usual course of their occupation. But the heavy destruction of life among people who are simply driving or walking across the railroad track at some regular highway crossing, is a different thing. There is really no sound reason for it. There should be no justification for its continual recurrence.

Railway companies are, of course, blamed for this state of affairs. It is contended that it is their duty to safeguard crossings and to put them in such a condition as to make it next to impossible for accidents to happen. While this is true to a certain extent, it is by no means the whole story. In the majority of crossing accidents, fatalities have occurred through the carelessness of those who have been killed or injured, not through the negligence of the railway companies. Level crossings exist, and exist in large numbers. Trains are known to cross them at certain intervals. If a pedestrian or a person driving a vehicle neglects to consider "safety first" in passing over them, blame for a mishap, if one happens, should rest on his own head.

This is not to say that the existence of level crossings is to be condoned. The sooner they are obliterated altogether the better and no one realizes this more than the railway officials, who have to pay the piper when accidents occur. However, even carelessness must be safeguarded, and, because fatalties happen so often through this cause, precautions are in order to place the crossings in such a state of safety that even the most absent-minded individual can walk or drive over the rails without hazarding his life.

A modest, but none the less effective, beginning has been made in Canada to lessen, if not to remove entirely, the dangers incidental to the existence of the level crossing. What has actually been accomplished may not seem much in face of the very great needs of the case but the country may congratulate itself that it is moving in the right direction. As a matter of fact the Dominion has the distinction of having established a somewhat unique scheme for the gradual diminution of the level crossing menace.

Not the least important item of business transacted by the Board of Railway Commissioners, to whom has been entrusted the control of railroad affairs in the country, concerns the protection of highway crossings and a large percentage of the orders issued by it in the course of a year are for the installation of safety appliances or the complete separation of grades. This valuable work has received a considerable impetus within the past five years through the establishment by the Government of what is known officially as the "Railway Grade Crossing Fund," an appropriation about the application of which the general public seemingly knows very little.

By the terms of the Railway Act governing this expenditure, a fund, aggregating $200,000 per annum, is set aside by law to be applied as the Railway Board deems fit in assisting railway companies and municipalities to safeguard level crossings. It is not a large sum, nor can spectacular things be accomplished with it, but going on the principle that every little bit helps, even $200,000 a year spread over the Dominion is not to be despised. Some persons may wonder why the Government should contribute public funds for such a purpose. The idea is that, while the railway and the municipality are obviously parties to the necessity for protecting a crossing, the people of Canada as a whole have a small interest in the undertaking through the occasional use of the crossing by individuals from all parts of the country.

SAFEGUARDING AFTER ACCIDENTS.

There are three directions at least from which the Railway Board is working. The first and most effective method is the retroactive. That is to say, a crossing is

The deadly level crossing at its worst. At this point the road crosses the line at a tangent, and the approaches are obscured by trees.

brought up for judicial consideration after some accident has taken place at its intersection. The fact that an accident *has* happened, is usually to be assumed to indicate that the crossing is dangerous and needs attention. It is evidently not the most desirable way to proceed—to wait until some one is killed or injured before taking action — but where there are so many crossings, it is quite impossible to do otherwise, while very often an accident is found to have taken place at a crossing that was previously reckoned to be quite safe.

A photograph taken during the regrading work on the Grand Trunk in Toronto. The trestle work shows the new grade at this point.

One of the crossing fatalities referred to at the beginning of this article was made the subject of the customary coroner's inquest. The jury found that the place was exceedingly dangerous and among other recommendations directed that the coroner should draw the attention of the Board of Railway Commissioners to it. The latter recommendation was a good one but it was really superfluous. Behind the scenes other agencies were at work. The railway company had promptly made its own investigation and as required had fyled particulars of the tragedy with the board. One of the board's inspectors had immediately proceeded to the scene of the fatality and had carried out an impartial inspection of the ground and looked into all the circumstances surrounding the accident. In other words, the very occurrence of the disaster had automatically set in motion the board's machinery for handling this particular crossing.

The second way in which the board is endeavoring to minimize the evil, is through co-operation with the railway companies. The latter are invited to submit lists of crossings, which in their opinion are dangerous and require protection. These are thereupon examined by the inspectors employed by the commissioners and, if the latter find them to be a menace to public safety, they are set down for attention at the next sitting of the board in the vicinity, when the whole matter of protection is discussed with those interested.

A third method of arriving at the same result is from public complaint. Some individual who has perhaps narrowly escaped death at a crossing, becomes so much worked up over the incident that he forthwith writes a burning letter of complaint to the board; or some municipality observing the dangerous condition of a crossing within its limits, takes corporate action and its solicitor lodges a formal protest. None of these appeals for relief are ever ignored by the Railway Commissioners. An inspector is ordered to examine the crossing and, if in his opinion protection is needed, the question of just what that protection shall be, is set down for consideration at the board's next sitting in the neighborhood.

That the task of investigation actually amounts to something worth while, is attested by the record of inspections made by the officials of the Board during the last year for which the returns have been compiled. In the twelve months ending March 31, 1913, ninety highway crossings, at which fifty people had met their deaths and sixty-six had been seriously injured, were thoroughly investigated. This makes an average of one every four days, which is a tolerably good showing. Add to this fifty-one inspections of crossings complained of as being dangerous and needing protection, and it is apparent that the inspectors have not been wasting their time.

Incidently, it is interesting to note that of the ninety crossings investigated after accidents had taken place, sixty were situated in what may may be regarded as rural districts, being either in villages or the open country, while the remaining thirty were in towns and cities. Of the fifty-one crossings examined after complaints had been made of their hazardous condition, only five were located in towns and cities. This shows that the preponderating number of dangerous crossings are to be found in the country.

When the Board hears a crossing case, arising in any of the three ways described, witnesses are called and the subject of the dangerous condition of the crossing is discussed by interested parties. If an accident has occurred, evidence regarding the affair is put in and often photo-

At the Exhibition Park, Toronto. A railroad crossing with measures of protection carried out to the fullest degree.

graphs are submitted to illustrate more clearly the actual situation. If need be, one or more of the Commissioners go in person to the crossing and examine the ground. Having at length got all the facts before them and having heard the railway's side of the question, the commissioners deliberate for a while and finally issue their order.

Photograph of level crossing on C.P.R. at Madison Avenue, Toronto.

THE FAMILIAR ELECTRIC BELL.

Orders of the Railway Board dealing with crossing protection are of four kinds, corresponding with the four degrees of protection that may be provided. First, and most economical of all, are electric bells, of which a total of 161 were ordered during the five years ending March 31 last. These bells have now become quite familiar to travelers, whose slumbers have sometimes been disturbed at night by their strident clanging as the train stops at or near a crossing. They are automatic, being operated by electricity, and ring as long as a train is within 1,500 feet in either direction of the crossing. Their installation costs from three to four hundred dollars.

Sometimes, however, as for instance where a good deal of shunting is carried on, a bell loses its effectiveness through too constant use and some other form of protection becomes advisable. A watchman stationed at the crossing either permanently or during certain hours, forms the second method of safeguarding a crossing. This method is not often resorted to and, even when it is, it is usually preliminary to the adoption of the third form of protection, viz., gates.

Orders for sixty-eight gates have been issued by the Board during the past five years. Whereas the bells are customarily installed on country roads, the gates generally go up at crossings in towns and cities. They cost in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars to put in and about $1,200 to maintain each year. It is always found necessary to require their operation day and night, since an unattended gate at certain hours is worse than no gate at all. In the case of a double-track road, where there is a chance of trains passing each other on or near a crossing, gates are much preferable to a bell. This was emphasized by an accident that happened a year ago at Clarkson's Crossing on the Grand Trunk line between Toronto and Hamilton. The crossing, which was notoriously dangerous, was protected at the time by an automatic bell. The victim of the accident heard the bell ring as he drove up to the crossing and stopped to let a freight train pass. As the van at the end of the train passed over the crossing, he whipped up his horse to get across, being quite oblivious to the fact that a fast express was thundering along on the other track. The latter train ran him down and killed him instantly. The disaster was directly due to the inadequacy of the protection. Though the bell rang loudly and was heard plainly by the victim, there was absolutely nothing to indicate that there might be two trains within the zone in which the bell operated. An investigation and a hearing followed the accident, with the result that the Railway Board ordered gates to be substituted for the bell. These are now in place under constant attendance and the crossing has been greatly improved in consequence.

View of the same crossing after building of subway. A good view of Sir Henry Pellatt's home is shown in the background.

The fourth and by far the most drastic action that the Board can take is to compel a railway company to obliterate the level crossing altogether and, by separating the grades, carry the highway either over or under the railway track. This is a very expensive undertaking and it is not often resorted to. Railways themselves have voluntarily assayed it in the case of large cities where their level crossings were developing by degrees into death traps, but in view of the heavy cost elsewhere the Board does not often enforce the remedy.

Since 1900 the Board has issued orders for grade separation in sixty cases, of which forty-one are subways and nineteen bridges. The important work in Toronto carried on of late by both the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway Companies is included in these figures. The structures ordered by the Board must conform with certain standard requirements. In the case of an overhead bridge, there must be a headroom of 22 feet 6 inches, which will allow a brakeman standing on top of a freight car to ride under the bridge without striking his head. In the case of a subway a height of 14 feet must be provided, this being ample to admit of a load of hay passing through without being obstructed. Further a grade of not more than five per cent. for the highway must be arranged.

HOW THE MONEY IS SPENT.

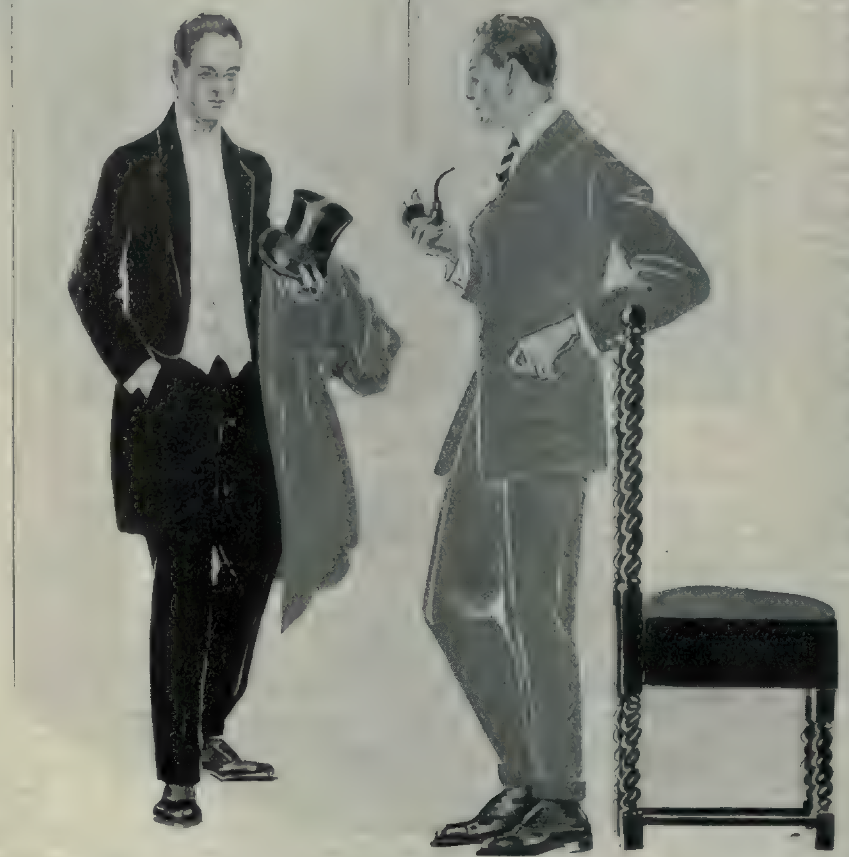
Whenever permanent structures are ordered, whether bells, gates, subways or bridges, the Board draws twenty per cent. of the cost from the Grade Crossing Fund, provided twenty per cent. does not exceed the sum of $5,000. The balance of the cost is usually divided between the railway company and the municipality benefiting from the work. If, in addition, an electric railway, using the highway, is involved, part of the cost is levied on it, since it derives a direct advantage from adequate protection of its intersection with the track of the steam railway. The cost of maintenance is invariably laid on the steam road.

The effectiveness of the regulations covering the disposal of the Grade Crossing Fund is lessened by the two requirements mentioned—the twenty per cent. maximum and the $5,000 limit. Not many subways or bridges could be built for $25,000 and when the cost exceeds this amount the contribution from the Railway Board becomes correspondingly small in proportion. Further, it is provid-

Continued on Page 94.

My Lady Jane: By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



There was no disputing the fact that I looked most disgustingly like Clark when I got into his clothes. I actually felt a grudge against them for their excellent fit.

THE boat got into Broughton half an hour after the train had gone. We had been delayed by some small accident to the machinery; hence that lost half-hour, which meant a night's sojourn for me in Broughton. I am ashamed of the things I thought and said. When I think that fate might have taken me at my word and raised up a special train, or some such miracle, by which I might have got away from Broughton that night, I experience a cold chill. Out of gratitude I have never sworn over missing connections since.

At the time, however, I felt thoroughly exasperated. I was in a hurry to get on. Important business engagements would be unhinged by the delay. I was a stranger in Broughton. It looked like a stupid, stuffy little town. I went to a hotel in an atrocious humor. After I had fumed until I wanted a change, it occurred to me that I might as well hunt up Clark Oliver by way of passing the time. I had never been overly fond of Clark Oliver, although he was my cousin. He was a bit of a cad, and stupider than anyone belonging to our family had a right to be. Moreover, he was in politics, and I detest politics. But I rather wanted to see if he looked as much like me as he used to. I hadn't seen him for three years and I hoped that the time might have differentiated us to a saving degree. It was over a year since I had last been blown up by some unknown, excited individual on the ground that I was that scoundrel Oliver—politically speaking. I thought that was a good omen.

I went to Clark's office, found he had left, and followed him to his rooms. The minute I saw him I experienced the same nasty feeling of lost or bewildered individuality which always overcame me in his presence. He was so absurdly like me. I felt as if I were looking into a mirror where my reflection persisted in doing things I didn't do, thereby producing a cost uncanny sensation.

Clark pretended he was glad to see me. He really couldn't have been, because his Great Idea hadn't struck him then, and we had always disliked each other.

"Hello, Elliott," he said, shaking me by the hand with a twist he had learned in election campaigns, whereby something like heartiness was simulated. "Glad to see you, old fellow. Gad, you're as like me as ever. Where did you drop from?"

I explained my predicament and we talked amiably and harmlessly for awhile about family gossip. I abhor family gossip, but it is a shade better than politics, and those two subjects are the only ones on which Clark can converse at all. I described Mary Alice's wedding, and Florence's new young man, and Tom-and-Kate's twins. Clark tried to be interested but I saw he had something on what serves him for a mind. After awhile it came out. He looked at his watch with a frown.

"I'm in a bit of a puzzle," he said. "The Mark Kennedys are giving a dinner to-night. You don't know them, of course. They're the big people of Broughton. Kennedy runs the politics of the place, and Mrs. K. makes or mars people socially. It's my first invitation there and it's necessary I should accept it—necessary every way. Mrs. K. would never forgive me if I disappointed her at the last moment. Not that I, personally, am of much account—yet—to her. But it would leave a vacant place. Mrs. K. would never notice me again and, as she bosses Kennedy, I can't afford to offend her. Besides, there's a girl who'll be there. I've met her once. I want to meet her again. She's a beauty and no mistake. Toplofty as they make 'em, though. However, I think I've made an impression on her. It was at the Harvey's dance last week. She was the handsomest woman there, and she never took her eyes off me. I've given Mrs. Kennedy a pretty broad hint that I want to take her in to dinner. If I don't go I'll miss all round."

"Well, what is there to prevent you from going?" I asked, squiffily. I never could endure the way Clark talked about girls and hinted at his conquests.

"Just this. Herbert Bronson came to town this afternoon and is leaving on the 10.30 train to-night. He's sent me word to meet him at his hotel this evening and talk over a mining deal I've been trying to pull off. I simply must go. It's my one chance to corral Bronson. If I lose him it'll be all up, and I'll be thousands out of pocket."

"Well, you *are* in rather a predicament," I agreed, with the philosophical acceptance of the situation that marks the outsider. *I* wasn't hampered by the multiplicity of my business and social engagements that evening, so I could afford to pity Clark. It is always rather nice to be able to pity a person you dislike.

"I should say so. I can't make up my mind what to do. Hang it. I'll *have* to see Bronson. There's no question about that. A man ought to keep an understood substitute on hand to send to dinners when he can't go. By Jove! Elliott!"

Clark's Great Idea had arrived. He bounced up eagerly.

"Elliott, will *you* go to the Kennedys' in my place? They'll never know the difference. Do, now—there's a good fellow!"

"Nonsense!" I said.

"It isn't nonsense. The resemblance between us was foreordained for this hour. I'll lend you my dress suit—it'll fit you—your figure is as much like mine as your face. You've nothing to do with yourself this evening. I offer you a good dinner and an agreeable partner. Come now, to oblige me. You know you owe me a good turn for that Mulhenen business."

The Mulhenen business clinched the matter. Until he mentioned it I had no notion whatever of masquerading as Clark Oliver at the Kennedys' dinner. But, as Clark so delicately put it, he had done me a good turn in that affair and the obligation had rankled ever since. It is beastly to be indebted for a favor to a man you detest. Now was my chance to pay it off and I took it without more ado.

"But," I said doubtfully, "I don't know the Kennedys—nor any of the social stunts that are doing in Broughton. I won't dare to talk about anything, and I'll seem so stupid, even if I don't actually make some irremediable blunder, that the Kennedys will be disgusted with you. It It will probably do your prospects more harm than your absence would."

"Not at all. Keep your mouth shut when you can and talk generalities when you can't, and you'll pass. If you take that girl in she's a stranger in Broughton and won't suspect your ignorance of what's going on. Nobody will suspect you. Nobody here knows I have a cousin so like me. Our own mothers haven't always been able to tell us apart. Our very voices are alike. Come now, get into my dinner togs. You haven't much time and Mrs. K. doesn't like late comers."

There seemed to be a number of things that Mrs. Kennedy did not like. I thought my chance of pleasing that critical lady extremely small, especially when I had to live up to Clark Oliver's personality. However, I dressed as expeditiously as possible. The novelty of the adventure rather pleased me. I always liked doing unusual things. Anything was better than lounging away the evening at my hotel. It couldn't do any harm. I owed Clark Oliver a good turn and I would save Mrs. Kennedy the annoyance of a vacant chair.

There was no disputing the fact that I looked most disgustingly like Clark when I got into his clothes. I actually felt a grudge against them for their excellent fit.

"You'll do," said Clark. "Remember you're a Conservative to-night and don't let your rank Liberal views crop out, or you'll queer me for all time with the great and only Mark. He doesn't talk politics at his dinners, though, so you're not likely to have trouble on that score. Mrs. Kennedy has a weakness for beer mugs. Her collection is considered very fine. Scandal whispers that Miss Harvey has a budding interest in settlement work—"

"Miss who?" I said sharply.

"Harvey. Christian name unknown. That's the girl I mentioned. You'll probably take her in. Be nice to her even if you have to make an effort. She's the one I've picked out as your future cousin, you know, so I don't want you to spoil her good opinion of me in any way."

The name had given me a jump. Once, in another world, I had known a Jane Harvey. But Clark's Miss Harvey couldn't be Jane. A month before I had read a newspaper item to the effect that Jane was on the Pacific coast. Moreover, Jane, when I knew her, had certainly no manifest vocation for settlement work. I didn't think two years could have worked such a transformation. Two years! Was it only two years? It seemed more like two centuries.

I went to the Kennedys' in a pleasantly excited frame of mind and a cab. I just missed being late by a hairbreadth. The house was a big one, and everybody pertaining to it was big, except the host. Mark Kennedy was a little, thin man with a bald head. He didn't look like a political power, but that was all the more reason for his being one in a world where things are not what they seem.

Mrs. Kennedy greeted me cordially and told me significantly that she had granted my request. This meant, as my card had already informed me, that I was to take Miss Harvey out. Of course there would be no introduction since Clark Oliver was already acquainted with the lady. I was wondering how I was to locate her when I got a shock that made me dizzy. Jane was over in a corner looking at me.

There was no time to collect my wits. The guests were moving out to the dining-room. I took my nerve in my hand, crossed the room, bowed, and the next moment was walking through the hall with Jane's hand on my arm. The hall was a good long one; I blessed the architect who had planned it. It gave me time to sort out my ideas.

Jane here! Jane going out to dinner with me, believing me to be Clark Oliver! Jane—but it was incredible! The whole thing was a dream—or I had gone crazy!

I looked at her sideways when we had got into our places at the table. She was more beautiful than ever, that tall, brown-haired, disdainful Jane. The settlement work story I was inclined to dismiss as a myth. Settlement work in a beautiful woman generally means crowsfeet or a broken heart. Jane, according to my sight and belief, possessed neither.

Once upon a time I had been engaged to Jane. I had been idiotically in love with her in those days and still more idiotically believed that she loved me. The trouble was that, although I had been cured of the latter phase of my idiocy, the former had become chronic. I had never been able to get over loving Jane. All through those two years I had hugged the fond hope that sometime I might stumble across her in a mild mood and make matters up. There was no such thing as seeking her out or writing to her, since she had icily forbidden me to do so, and Jane had a most detestable habit—in a woman—of meaning what she said. But the deity I had invoked was the god of chance—and this was how he had answered my prayers. I was eating my dinner beside Jane, who supposed me to be Clark Oliver!

What should I do? Confess the truth and plead my cause while she had to sit beside me? That would never do. Someone might overhear us. And, in any case, it would be no passport to Jane's favor that I was a guest in the house under false pretences. She would be certain to disapprove strongly. It was a maddening situation.

Jane, who was calmly eating soup—she was the only woman I had ever seen who could eat soup and look like a goddess at the same time—glanced around and caught me studying her profile. I thought she blushed slightly and I raged inwardly to think that blush was meant for Clark Oliver—Clark Oliver who had told me he thought Jane was smitten on him! Jane! On him!

"Do you know, Mr. Oliver," said Jane slowly, "that you are startlingly like a—a person I used to know? When I first saw you the other night I took you for him."

A *person* you used to know! Oh, Jane that was the most unkindest cut of all.

"My cousin, Elliott Cameron, I suppose?" I answered as indifferently as I could. "We resemble each other very closely. You were acquainted with Cameron, Miss Harvey?"

"Slightly," said Jane.

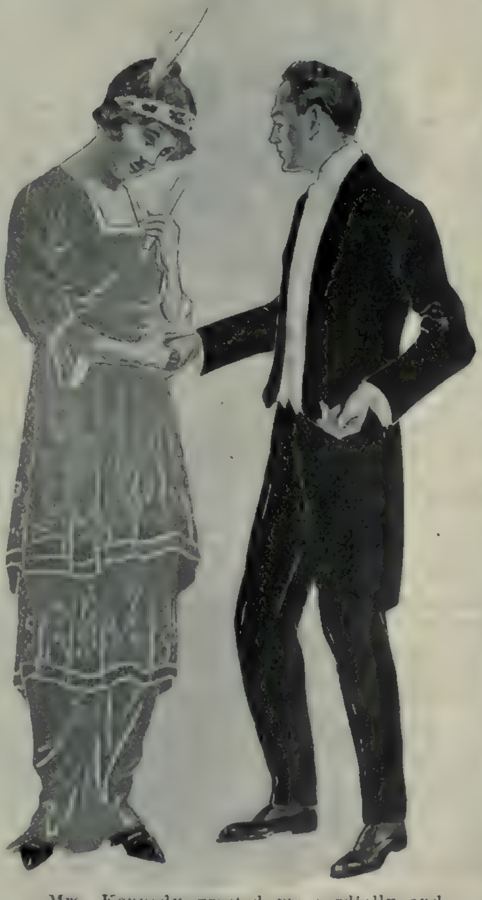
"A fine fellow," I said unblushingly.

"A-h," said Jane.

"My favorite relative," I went on brazenly. "He's a thoroughly good sort—rather dull now to what he used to be, though. He had an unfortunate love affair two years ago and has never got over it."

"Indeed?" said Jane coldly, crumbling a bit of bread between her fingers. Her face was expressionless and her voice ditto; but I had heard her criticize nervous people who did things like that at table.

"I fear poor Elliott's life has been completely spoiled," I said, with a sigh. "It's a shame."



Mrs. Kennedy greeted me cordially and told me significantly that she had granted my request.

"Did he confide the affair to you?" asked Jane, a little scornfully.

"Well, after a fashion. He said enough for me to guess the rest. He never told me the lady's name. She was very beautiful, I understand, and very heartless. Oh, she used him very badly."

"Did he tell you that, too?" asked Jane.

"Not he. He won't listen to a word against her. But a chap can draw his own conclusions, you know."

"What went wrong between them?" asked Jane. She smiled at a lady across the table, as if she were merely asking questions to make conversation, but she went on crumbling bread.

"Simply a very stiff quarrel, I believe. Elliott never went into details. The lady was flirting with somebody else, I fancy."

"People have such different ideas about flirting," said Jane, languidly. "What one would call mere simple friendliness another construes into flirting. Possibly your friend—or is it your cousin?—is one of those men who become insanely jealous over every trifle and attempt to exert authority before they have any to exert. A woman of spirit would hardly fail to resent that."

"Of course Elliott was jealous," I admitted. "But then, you know, Miss Harvey, that jealousy is said to be the measure of a man's love. If he went beyond his rights I am sure he is bitterly sorry for it."

"Does he really care about her still?" asked Jane, eating most industriously, although somehow the contents of her plate did not grow noticeably less. As for me, I didn't pretend to eat. I simply pecked.

"He loves her with all his heart," I answered fervently. "There never has been and never will be any other woman for Elliott Cameron."

"Why doesn't he go and tell her so?" inquired Jane, as if she felt rather bored over the whole subject.

"He doesn't dare to. She forbade him ever to cross her path again. Told him she hated him and always would hate him as long as she lived."

"She must have been an unpleasantly emphatic young woman," commented Jane.

"I'd like to hear anyone say so to Elliott," I responded. "He considers her perfection. I'm sorry for Elliott. His life is wrecked."

"Do you know," said Jane slowly, as if poking about in the recesses of her memory for something half forgotten. "I believe I know the—the girl in question."

"Really?" I said.

"Yes, she is a friend of mine. She—she never told me his name, but putting two and two together, I believe it must have been your cousin. But she—she thinks she was the one to blame."

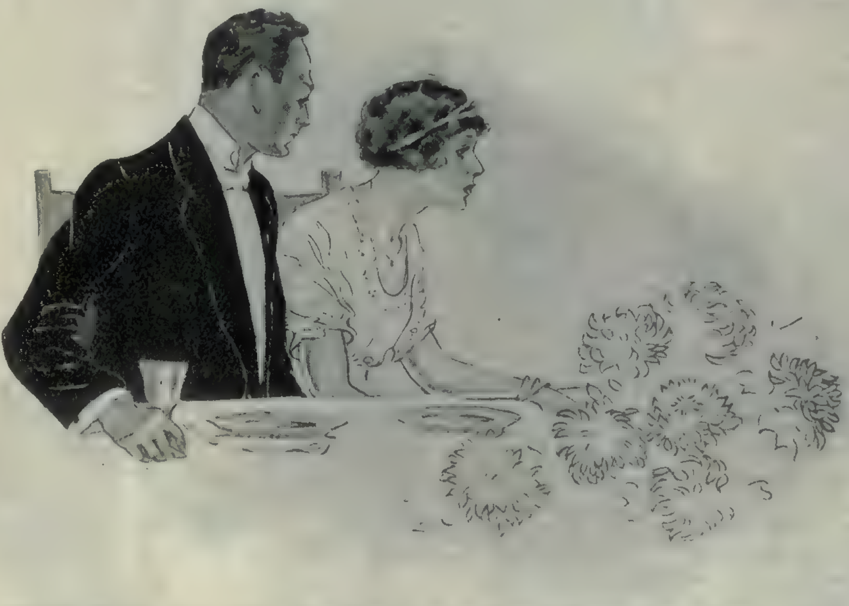
"Does she?" It was my turn to ask questions now, but my heart thumped so that I could hardly speak.

"Yes, she says she was too hasty and unreasonable. She didn't mean to flirt at all—and she never cared for anyone but—him. But his jealousy irritated her. I suppose she said things to him she didn't really mean. She—she never supposed he was going to take her at her word."

"Do you think she cares for him still?" Considering what was at stake I think I asked the question very well.

"I think she must," said Jane languidly. "She has never looked at any other man. She devotes most of her time to charitable work, but I feel sure she isn't really happy."

So the settlement story was true. Oh, Jane!



"Indeed?" said Jane coldly, crumbling a bit of bread between her fingers. I had heard her criticize nervous people who did things like that at table.

"What would you advise my cousin to do?" I asked. Do you think he should go boldly to her? Would she listen to him—forgive him?"

"She might," said Jane.

"Have I your permission to tell Elliott Cameron this?" I demanded.

Jane selected and ate an olive with maddening deliberation.

"I suppose you may—if you are really convinced that he wants to hear it," she said at last, as if barely recollecting that I had asked the question two minutes previously.

"I'll tell him as soon as I go home," I said.

I had the satisfaction of startling Jane at last. She turned her head and looked at me. I got a good, square, satisfying gaze into her big, blackish-blue eyes.

"Yes," I said, compelling myself to look away. "He came in on the boat this afternoon too late for his train. Has to stay over till to-morrow night. I left him in my rooms when I came away. Doubtless to-morrow will see him speeding recklessly to his dear divinity. I wonder if he knows where she is at present."

"If he doesn't," said Jane, with the air of dismissing the subject once and forever from her mind, "I can give him the information. You may tell him I'm staying with the Duncan Moores, and shall be leaving day after to-morrow. By the way, have you seen Mrs. Kennedy's collection of steins? It is a remarkably fine one."

Clark Oliver couldn't come to our wedding—or wouldn't. Jane has never met him since, but she cannot understand why I have such an aversion to him, especially when he has such a good opinion of me. She says she thought him charming, and one of the most interesting conversationalists she ever went out to dinner with.

Louis Botha

THE South African leaders divided themselves into two very distinct classes quite early in the Boer War. The first and larger contained the "white men"; and there were the others. But of all the "white men" Louis Botha won most respect from our generals.

In the war of 1899-1902, Botha quickly showed his superiority to most of the Boer leaders save Joubert and De Wet. Both at Spion Kop and at Colenso, his leadership had much to do with the Boer success; and as a result, on Joubert's death, he was elected to succeed him as commander-in-chief of the Transvaal Boers. It was he who organized the long guerilla warfare that dragged its slow length along after the fall of Pretoria.

But Botha's highest abilities only begin where those of the soldier usually leave off. He commands the respect of the thoughtful Boer because he is himself a statesman as well as a soldier. Neither before nor after signing the treaty of Vereeniging did he blow the Imperial trumpet. His aim from the first has been the development of a united South Africa which will be allowed to work out its own destiny. He recognizes that the British Government made this possible.

It is a remarkable fact that none of the questionable tactics which were practised in the early part of the Boer War were attributed to either Joubert or Botha. Both of these men played the game of war fairly and squarely. The dastardly outrages on the Red Cross and the abuse on the white flag were usually inspired by the foreign mercenaries and the De Wets.

Of recent years Botha has particularly concerned himself with the agricultural problems of South Africa.

Will Beaver-Buttons See Egypt?

By James Henry Pedley

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The accompanying article will be found particularly interesting in view of the action taken by Great Britain in declaring a protectorate over Egypt thus separating that land from the Turkish empire; which has occurred since the article was written. As an integral part of the British Empire, Egypt will now be of deepest interest to Canadians. Mr. Pedley describes some of the outside features of the land of deserts and the life of its peculiar people with graphic skill.

There was true emotion in our guide's voice as he pointed with his staff to the place where the Sphynx's nose once was.

Beaver-Buttons should see tourist Egypt with its servility rendered even more picturesque because business is so bad.

CANADIANS for Egypt. Thirty thousand odd boys with beaver-crested buttons are talking it over now. As this is written they expect to go. Whether or not the first division is sent to Africa, the probability is that before the war is over Canada will furnish troops to guard the Suez Canal or reclaim the Soudan. It will be representative of no change in Imperial policy if this comes to pass. Instead, it will maintain an old tradition. Canadian regiments have fought Imperial campaigns before. North and South they have helped in Britain's wars there. It may be they will be called to help again.

Austria's present tendency south-eastward makes the Egyptian situation more acute than it has been at any former stage of the war. Austria could have taken Belgrade at any time last autumn, had she wished to concentrate forces there. Instead, she threw a barrier in front of the Russians invading Galicia. That barrier has since crumpled. The aggressive movement through Galicia has been abandoned and Austria will spare no effort to cut a road through Servia in the direction of Constantinople. It is her last chance.

The Serbs once scattered, Bulgaria would remain a stumbling-block. But the Bulgaria of to-day was largely Turkish a few years ago, when the Ottoman Empire extended across the peninsula to the Adriatic. Doubtless there is still a measure of Moslem and Turkish sympathy in Southern Bulgaria, which might render Slav resistance less effective in the event of a war on two frontiers. Conceivably the Magyar and the Turk might meet in Sofia. Should this happen the Belgrade Railway would be available for the transportation of Turkish troops to the western war-front, or of Teuto-Magyar soldiers to Constantinople. A land route would then be open from Berlin to the Suez Canal, and an opportunity afforded of striking at Egypt.

The writer at breakfast on the Sharel Kamel.

Not only does this external danger exist. The spirit of Egyptian nationalism, though weak, is not altogether without significance. Young Egypt tires of its tourist-plundering life and dreams of a real existence with the status of a nation. The withdrawal of the tourist trade due to the war is bound to have a certain effect in stimulating this spirit; for thousands of Egyptians—guides, cabmen, street-vendors, beggars, down the whole line of parasites—are already thrown out of employment. Discontent will increase when the regular season opens early in the year with no flocks of sight-seers to be fleeced. Given a poor wheat crop as well next June—the prospect is serious enough without that. Fifty thousand colonials have already been assigned to Egypt while as yet there is no danger from without or within. It is probable that Canada will be called upon to provide khaki policemen in the East as well as khaki soldiers in France.

Among the volunteers accepted to date many would be glad to serve in the East. I refer, in the main, to younger men, to whom war is only a name. Consider that stripling in the ranks who drew the King's attention by his youth. It was on Inspection Day at Salisbury.

"How old are you, my lad?" asked the King—the conversation was reported in a Toronto newspaper.

"Nineteen, sir," the boy replied.

"So old as that?" surely an odd question for a King to ask of one of his fighting men! I can see the boy's pink cheeks, and his mouth lacking the firm set which voting age will give it. I can see the flash of his eye as he makes answer:

"Well, nineteen officially, sir." The King was staggered a bit and said, "Oh!"

Ask that school-boy what prompted him to enlist. If he is in a serious mood you will probably be treated to a bit of bombast, sincere but unsatisfying. "My country needed me," he will say. Should you catch him flippant you will be informed that his father was Irish and he always liked to fight. The latter answer will be nearer the truth. Beaver-Buttons looked across the ocean one August day and saw a continent yielding itself up to the chaos of the melting-pot. Look, if you can, with his eyes. If you had been "officially nineteen," unbound to wife or family, only a few years away from the spell of the *Boys' Own Annual*—would you have wanted to go? Sometimes dullness is worse than war.

Beaver-Buttons would, I think, turn his face joyfully toward Egypt, just for the fun of the thing. He must be prepared to forego many of the comforts which attend the traveler in time of peace. Leaving ship at Port Said he will probably be ordered along the canal to Ismailia or Suez, the natural bases of British activity on the Arabian frontier. The stretch of desert over which I rode on a recent visit to Egypt on camel-back he will trudge painfully, his heavy boots sucked deep into the sand at every step. He will have no sun-glasses to save his eyes. Instead of the Bedouin head-dress that flapped about my shoulders he will feel the weight of rifle and service kit. But Beaver-Buttons is good for it. What they put before him he will do and, if I read him aright, he will find surplus energy enough to notice the tracks of jackals and big beetles and the desert birds, making criss-crosses on the sand. He will have eyes for the little sand colored chameleons which run to and fro continually. He will turn his head to see the clump of green cactus, bruised a moment before under the hoofs of his officer's horse.

Left: A street scene in Cairo. Right. A good view of the Sphinx with Pyramid in background.

The column may chance to pass a quiet camp of Algerians, bringing a herd of wild camel to the Cairo market. The Arab tents, low, straggling houses of canvas upheld by props, will draw his wondering gaze. Nearby a hundred goats, grazing, will graze on without interest in strangers, unable to distinguish between the caravans of peace and war. Only the children will act differently; they will not run out boldly to cry *backsheesh, backsheesh;* instead they will cling closely to their mothers' garments, satisfied to peek out timidly from the shelter of the tents.

And when the sun sets beyond the sand-hills on his right and the yellow world changes to purple he will delight in the cool breeze of evening. Gladly, at the approach of night, will he wrap himself in the big coat he carried complainingly all day.

Afterwards, when the campaign in the back country is over can you see Beaver-Buttons and his mates marching northward again to barracks at Cairo! You must look closely if you are to know him. The outfit that looked so trim at Valcartier is now ragged and rough-patched and soiled. His mouth, you notice, has a firmer hold on its right place between nose and chin; his hair, bleached sand-color, straggles hangdoggishly from under the eaves of his cork helmet. He will march across the brown Nile by way of the bridge Kasr-el-Nil, turning from picturesque dhows grounded in Nile mud to look wistfully upon the tram-cars that run across that bridge. They, at least, are modern, though half their occupants are heathen Arabs. Tramp! Tramp! With the swing of British regulars the Canadians will billow along the bizarre streets of Cairo. They will fill the air with "Tipperary" and shortly arrive at Quarters.

THE near East will not change much in war time. Beaver-Buttons should see tourist Egypt with its servility rendered even more striking and picturesque because business is so bad. I am thinking that he will find Cairo eager to greet him with the most flattering of Oriental cringes as he strides the length of the Shareh Kamel his first night off duty. The broad entrance-way to Shepherd's Hotel will still be the gathering place for a platoon of ragged man-boys each of them willing to sell his soul for a half-piastre, or carry a traveler's baggage for even less. And when Beaver-Buttons quaffs beer on the terrace at the Zoo he may take my word for it the grinning native who serves him will not pour poison in his drink. Let him watch well, though, for his change. Egyptian coinage is an enigma to the unpractised eye; and the natives are not without guile.

"Jim," said my fellow-voyager as we sat on a crate near the Alexandria Customs Office on the day of our arrival there last May, "What in the world is this stuff good for?" He referred to a heterogeneous collection of nickel and silver money, a whole handful of it, which he had bought from a money-changer for an English sovereign. "I can't make head or tail of it," he mourned. All too soon he found what the "stuff" was for when it was all gone, and he must barter another bit of gold for ninety-seven and a half problematical piastres. Two of us, four weeks away from Toronto, found it all well worth the worrying. Twenty yards away, an incident in the confused wharf scene, two Arabs fought philosophically for the handling of our baggage, and in the end divided it. A period of watchful waiting in a tawdry shed while officials hemmed and hawed and suspected cholera; then we had passed the Customs and the quarantine, and went to buy tickets and secure places in the Cairo train.

As the swift train followed the Nile southward we chatted with an Egyptian whom we had met on the boat from Athens. He was an intelligent gentleman, a graduate of Oxford, clothed in the European fashion except that he wore the fez. Through the plate windows of the comfortable luncheon coach he showed us how the plan of irrigation works, that makes the fenceless fields rich in wheat. Interspersed among the wheat fields we distinguished acres given over to cotton. And when the train ran alongside the Nile we could see the dhows making slowly upstream under sail—a fat Egyptian at the tiller, a fat Egyptian puttering about the cargo.

To the pair of us it was as new as the moon through a telescope. The path along the river bank was like a moving picture of Bible scenes. Here you might see the brothers of Joseph, the young and the middle-aged together, making their way on foot to ask a boon of wheat from the wise keeper of the granaries. In a moment this strange company is left behind and you crane your neck again—that blackbeard, ragged and slovenly, yet with his head held high; as you see him striding forward with long stave you murmur half-unconsciously to yourself, locusts and wild honey, locusts and wild honey. We are a mile beyond him now, and already he is forgotten because the man who rode down from Jerusalem to Jericho (or his ghost) has come in sight. Prosperous, thinking ill of no man, he rides his ass along the path, and we know that the thieves will get him. Heaven send a Samaritan on his trail, we say to ourselves.

Debarking at a railway-station that smacked of Europe we saw our Egyptian friend kissed and kissed again without shame by a brother, and shook hands with him to see him no more. A boss porter in a robe which Solomon might have washed and worn, and outdone the lily for splendor mobilized a force of under-porters; and after all disputes had been settled our grips came tumbling out on the platform. We turned our faces to the city.

From the window-balcony of our room in the Hotel New Khedivial we leaned that evening and looked for the first time upon a scene that has burned itself into my memory. From sunrise to sunset, and while the sun made its nightly journey to America, the street on which our balcony looked was fascinating. Liveliest in the early hours of evening, when the district cow was milked in open view across the road; the hours of pleasant coolness when patriarchs from others parts of the city came over to see the new white mosque almost ready for its first service, glistening in contrast to its dingy fellow-buildings of the street. European men and women mingled in the strolling street-crowd. There was music at the cafe across the street. All was lights and laughter under a warm sky. Surely not the same street, this, as confronted us during the sun-drowsed hours of mid-afternoon. Then it was at its quietest, for between noon and three o'clock daily Cairo sleeps. Here, under our very noses, each doorway had its complement of sleeping men. No one stirred; except that occasionally a woman in black draperies, veiled to the top of the nose, would emerge from an alley and disappear again, bringing water in a jar atop her head from some street-tap.

Business was the keynote of the forenoon. The high-perched drayman whose camel was his dray relentlessly crowded the merchant, astride of a ridiculous donkey from the back whereof his legs trailed to within an inch of the ground. Both had frequent trouble with the pedestrians, for there are neither sidewalks nor traffic laws and the centre of the road is the King's highway for man and beast. You heard the jingle-jingle which announced the approach of the water-seller, a distended goat-skin slung across his back. The neck of the skin had been fashioned to serve as a valve and he held it clutched in his right hand, while with his left he advertised with a pair of unmusical tin cups. Nor was his voice inactive; though whether or no the burden of his chant was: "Water, gift of Allah," we knew not, through an imperfect understanding of the Arabic tongue. The vendor of fly-swishers dealt in the main with Europeans, but that lean, bearded Omar bearing his stock of carroway-bread, quoit-shaped, slung on a stick across his shoulder—he found his customers among the natives. Alone amid the turmoil, the cafe across the road had entirely forgotten its revel of the night before; or perhaps its morning emptiness spelled repentance. Its rows of neat tables in the street attracted none but a host of half-naked youngsters who played hide-and-seek among them. Now the cafe loses its last lovers, for the game is stopped of a sudden and the urchins hurry away around a corner. The beating of drums is heard. Soon a camel, gaily decked, thrusts into view, then another bearing the drummers, then carriages in file, the first of them draped with ornamental cloth. A wedding! we cry, the camera! It is significant of Cairo, as the photograph told us afterwards, that few besides ourselves were interested in the wedding pageant. Color that would shame an Ontario Old Boys' Reunion or a British coronation is nothing to be gaped at in Cairo.

Round the corner to breakfast on the Shareh Kamel. Will it be jam-filled fresh rolls and tea at the Laiterie des Pyramids, or more substantial fare chosen at random from a Greek menu next door? Eitherwhere we will breakfast well and cheaply, and there is a vine-trellised cafe not far off where the Demon Thirst may be abated at no great cost with a plate of cucumbers, cheese, and buns thrown in, if you were good to the waiter on a former occasion. The waiter is a very valuable man to stand in with. He is French, but knows a good stock of insults in Arabic and will mount guard against the rabble of native salesmen, jugglers and beggars, who would otherwise make a torment of your meal. Remember him when the score has been paid. Then take the tram to Ghizeh, at the foot of the pyramids.

Left: A party of Egyptian women, veiled according to custom, out for an airing. Right. A view at the foot of the Pyramids.

* * *

BEAVER-BUTTONS may not appreciate the pyramids more than I did, Canadians like to look at living things; and I freely confess that our dark-skinned guide was far more interesting to me than the things he insisted on pointing out. He was a tall, young man of twenty, with a forehead that bespoke thirty years or more, Mohamed Ali of the race of Bakr. He found us floundering aimlessly in the sand and would not be shaken off; until after some hours of forced company we grew to like him. Thus guided we reached the place where the huge Sphinx rears its bulk from the sand. Six thousand years or centuries, Mohamed told us, it had stood a monument to the glory of ancient Egypt. There was true emotion in our guide's voice as he pointed with his staff to the place where the Sphinx's nose once was—now a jagged fault in the face. A shell from Napoleon's cannon had shot the nose away, he said. In Egypt they blame everything on Napoleon. Nose or no nose, however, the Sphinx and the three pyramids form a magnificent skyline to relieve the undulating sameness of the Sahara. Mightiest of the works of man, they are framed against the most uninteresting of natural vistas.

Unless I am greatly mistaken, though, Beaver-Buttons has no passion for skylines (with the possible exception of spiked helmets showing above trench dirt). And he will hear no ill spoken of any Frenchman, dead or alive, just now. "Have just seen the pyramids. They are some size, all right," he will inscribe on a post-card home, and promptly forget them. But if he comes down the slanting road through Mena village, as we did, and has coffee at Mohamed Ali's uncle's new thatched house, and sees the little cave-dwellings niched into a rock that might have served to cut a second Sphinx from, and the little Arab girl holding out her hands timidly to a little Arab calf—he will not forget those scenes. They are throbbing with primitive life.

The tram journey to Cairo should prove a gold-mine of impressions to our soldier-adventurer. He will relish the two-wheeled carts, each burthened with ten or twelve women, which the tram will pass. The women are all in black and their black veils cover their faces completely. At the mule's head walks a native, guiding the outfit. For want of a better explanation of this phenomena we decided that the women were wives of the driver and that he was taking them to the river to drown them because his crop had been good this year and he had the money to buy a new and younger lot. I do not vouch for the explanation. If Beaver-Buttons can produce a better he is welcome to it. At any rate there they are, a dozen women huddled on a flat cart, and the combination is as common in Cairo as silk hats at Ottawa. Long camel trains loaded with bundles of faggots pass along the Ghizeh road, which is flanked by massive walls and the foliage of palms. Our boy in service khaki will strain his eyes across a narrow branch of the Nile for better observing of the fellahin village beyond; its one palm-tree for shade; its mud walls standing as a half-hearted defence to the huts, which last are flat-roofed, massive and eternally square. He will see so much of the East in that short ride that a red motor-fire-truck will blink his eyes for him when he enters the city again.

* * *

FOR our part, we trotted about a bit every day, seeing things; visited the museum and looked long at the dead face of Rameses II, where his lean cadaver lies under glass in the mummy-case they laid him in centuries ago; drove at sunset to the alabaster mosque on the citadel and trod in stocking feet upon the graves of kings; ventured down to the river in Old Cairo and bought a bandana handkerchief from a musty tradesman, as ancient as the bazaar he lived in. Our explorations took us one day to the suburb of Heliopolis, whither we went to find a certain tree under which the Virgin rested during the flight into Egypt; but we landed instead at a pleasure park, with attractions. It was late when we returned to the city for we bowled on the alleys with a pair of natives as opponents, and were not satisfied to be beaten once but must have the drubbing repeated over and over. Until at last, grimy and tired, we sought the radial; and the Arabs grinned, for their evening's fun had been at our expense.

We had determined to depart, though with reluctance, for Damascus. Next night we were north-bound on the miserable Khedivial liner "Assouan," her decks crowded with berobed Arabs who sleep among the ropes. Then it was all a memory. Under the blue Mediterranean sky we leaned upon the bulwarks. And our thoughts were away across miles of purple hazy desert, in the Cairo of the evening.

Again we strode through the Wagh el Berka, between the lines of street cafes. We lost ourselves in the concourse of coffee-drinkers, became atoms in that whirling maelstrom which engulfs British soldier and Turk merchant alike, French outcasts, American tourists and the nameless wanderers of every race who gather to the scarlet East. Again we sat at the little iron table and bought cigarettes, dirt cheap, from a yellow, bearded man with a tray. Pedlars of red-boiled sea creatures bothered us, and shoeblacks, and post-card hawkers. We watched with somewhat of pity the child jugglers and acrobats of the street, tossing them money. From fifty places nearby came the droning sound of Asi-African revelry. A fat Egyptian night-watchman leaned on his stave and gloated on the authority conferred on him by the brass crescent which hung suspended from his neck by a slender chain. He looked for all the world like a Brooklyn policeman unshaved and did as little to preserve the peace. There is no peace there.

Occasionally a woman in black draperies would emerge from an alley and disappear again, bringing water in a jar atop her head.

Memory, too, carries us to the mosques where there is peace, the note of a deep-felt emotional religion. With all the glare and color of Cairo let no one forget that the Moslem has a very clear idea of the meaning of religion. Our last impression of the Egyptian capital was characteristic. As our engine panted in the railway station ready for her leap across the fringe of the desert to Ismailia, the train from Alexandria arrived. The engineer, a native, descended to the platform, turned till he faced toward Mecca, kneeled and prayed. As I watched him stoop his forehead to the flooring, I reflected that engineers in Canada are not broken in to such practices. For better or for worse—who knows?

PORTABLE SHED FOR DIRIGIBLES.

GERMANY has been dependent in the past upon huge, revolving, stationary sheds for housing each of the great Zeppelin dirigibles, but a new structure has been invented by an army officer which is portable and which can be set up in a few minutes. Light iron framework is held together by a number of stays. An ingenious system of pulleys makes it possible to cover the huge cage with tarpaulin in a few minutes. The shed can be put up so as to face the wind and the cost of it is very much less than the cost of the stationary sheds which have been used in the past.

A Trying Experience in 1870

How a Canadian Was Nearly Shot as a French Spy

DR. GEO. M. WARREN, until recently surgeon-major of the 2nd Dragoons, went through the Franco-Prussian War 1870-1, as a member of one of the Bavarian ambulances. He had a number of interesting experiences, one of which was a narrow escape from being shot, after the battle of Sedan. The decisive battle had been fought and won and Dr. Warren's ambulance was immediately stationed in the Caserne D'Asfelte, a huge fortress at the back of and overlooking the town, which was completely surrounded by a high wall of solid masonry.

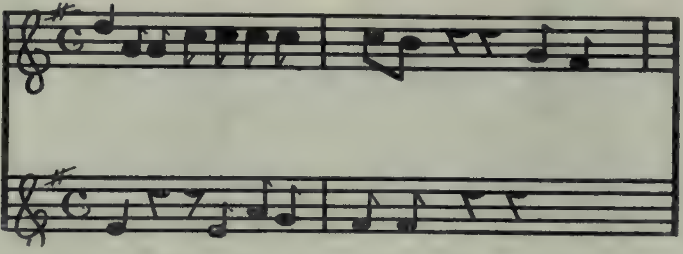
This place soon filled with wounded and the work of the surgeons became very arduous, as Dr. Warren relates. "It was almost necessary to run out for a walk on the ramparts, to get a breath of fresh air, three or four times a day, and on one of these trips I noticed in the moat below, a very handsome sword with rich gold belt and, although the whole country around was thickly strewn with swords, lances, rifles, etc., this one was so much better, that I decided to secure it as a souvenir, that evening. But, owing to an officer of the Imperial Guard having been shot the night before, by a sentry and the large number of spies prowling about, an order was issued from headquarters warning everyone to be inside the town gates before dark and the sentries were cautioned to be doubly alert. There appeared, however, to be plenty of time after the hospital work was done for me to go out and around the ramparts to where the sword was lying in the moat, and this I attempted. The sword was secured and after buckling it on and admiring it I started on my return, highly elated and pleased with my find. I had not however, noticed a pair of keen eyes watching my every movement from a corner on the wall about fifty yards distant. I had only taken a few steps when I was stopped by a sentry who fairly roared, 'Halt.' I did not lose time halting. Then came the order to advance, which I also obeyed promptly but this did not seem to satisfy him. I called out who I was but he shouted back that I was French and a spy. I tried to go closer to him but immediately heard the clicking of his needlegun as he opened the breach, slipped in a cartridge. Raising the rifle he took dead aim at me and without hesitation, fired. For an instant I was stunned. I had thought at first he was trying to frighten me but this showed me I could expect no mercy from him. He had missed me the first time but would not on the next shot. I then began to shout the names of some of our surgeons, hoping, by some chance they might hear me. In the meantime the sentry was struggling with his rifle to loosen the empty shell, which had stuck, a defect that occurred very frequently with the first lot of needle guns turned out by the Prussians. I had time to think of home and saw nothing but death for a few moments. I knew what the sentry's instructions were, especially when darkness was settling down and I knew he was bound to shoot anyone out of place and have it approved of, but never to let one escape. I knew also that a hole in the bottom of the moat where I stood would be dug and, inside thirty minutes, my body would be rolled into it and my relations never know. These thoughts passed quickly through my mind, though it seemed an hour, until the sound of footsteps running towards us on top of the wall caused me to turn quickly. I saw another sentry, who, on hearing the report of the rifle, had come up. The first sentry replied to his query: 'A Frenchman, a spy, shoot him.' I raised both hands and jumped towards him, shouting that I was a surgeon of the fortress and begging him to take me into the guardhouse. He gave the command, 'Right about march,' and with his finger on the trigger and muzzle of his rifle pointed directly at my head, he marched me to the next sentry and he to another, etc., until I was brought into the guardhouse, where, after some excited talking, I was allowed to go free. I left the sword in the moat. I never went back for it."

A Few Bars in the Key of G

By CLIFTON CARLISLE OSBORNE

Illustrated by
MARY V. HUNTER

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*One of the most popular readings presented to any audience was "a few bars in the key of G," and a demand grew up to see it put into story form. Mr. Osborne has very successfully done this, and MacLean's has been fortunate in securing the right to this admirable and unusual story.*



IT was two o'clock, and time for the third watch of the night-herd. These two facts gradually impressed themselves on the consciousness of John Talbot Waring, as he was thumped into wakefulness by the Mexican "horse-wrangler." Disentangling himself from his damp blankets, he sat up and groped for his boots, meanwhile viewing with that strange satisfaction which misery finds in companionship, the rough pounding process which was being repeated upon the mummy-like figure by his side.

The dim light of the smoky lantern swinging from the ridge-pole of the dripping tent revealed the rolled-up forms of a dozen audibly slumbering cow-punchers, crowded together like sardines in a box; it also made visible an expression of disgust on the features of Mr. Waring, while failing completely to disclose the whereabouts of his missing boots. The sense of touch, however, presently located them lying in a little puddle near the tent flap, and their owner was immediately engrossed in the back-breaking task of forcing his swollen feet into the sodden leather.

"Seems to me, Jack, you ought to know enough to take your boots to bed with you," remarked his neighbor, "Slim" Caywood, as he complacently produced his own high-heeled pair from their dry nest. "That mornin' last week up on the Pass, when you had to do a war dance in the snow while they was thawin' out, don't seem to have learned you nothin'."

Waring paused in his struggle long enough to express, in a few well-chosen words, his opinions of boots in general, and his own wet ones in particular. This relief to his feelings seemed to endow him with renewed strength, for, after a few more violent contortions, he accomplished his purpose, and unrolling his "slicker," which had been serving temporarily as a pillow, enveloped himself in its clammy folds, and followed his tall fellow-victim of stern duty out into the drizzling rain.

There was a moon above the heavy clouds, but it might as well have been on the other side of the earth for all the assistance it gave in the operation of saddling two of the picketed horses. The herd lay to the north of the camp, and settling reluctantly into their soggy seats, the drowsy riders turned their horses in that direction, trusting to the instinct of the animals to find the cattle. The darkness was intense, and the wiry little beasts were obliged to pick their way cautiously over the rough ground lying between the camp and the spot where the herd had been "bedded down" for the night.

Presently the sound of a hoarse voice tunefully raised in a dismal minor melody came faintly to their ears, and as they neared the singer, they became aware that he was entreating the public to "take him to the graveyard, and place a sod o'er him," varying the monotony of this request by begging some one to "bury him not on the lone prairie." The effect of this mournful music was indescribably gruesome, and Waring found himself wondering with considerable impatience why cow-punchers invariably choose such gloomy themes for their songs, and then set them to the most funereal tunes imaginable.

Approaching carefully, to avoid startling the cattle, the two riders separated, and relieving the tired watchers, commenced their dreary three hours' vigil, on opposite sides of the herd. The cattle were unusually quiet, needing little attention, and Waring had ample opportunity to reflect on the disadvantages of a cow-puncher's life, as he rode slowly along the edge of the black mass of sleeping animals. The rain dripped from the limp brim of his sombrero, and ran in little streams from the skirts of his oilskin coat into his already soaking boots. The chill wind, sweeping down from the mountains, pierced his damp clothes, and made him shiver in the saddle. For the hundredth time within a week, Waring condemned himself as an unutterable ass for relinquishing the comforts of civilization for this hard life among the rough and dangerous slopes of Colorado.

He recalled his arrival on the range six months before, a "tenderfoot," and the various tribulations he had endured incident to his transformation into a full-fledged cow-puncher. He remembered with a smile, the painful surprise occasioned by his first introduction to a pitching horse. Of the hardships and dangers which come to every rider of the range, he had experienced his share, and faced them bravely, thereby winning the respect of the rough, lion-hearted men among whom he had cast his lot.

But all the weary months had been wasted; he had failed in his object; he could not forget. He was not the first to learn that one cannot escape memory merely by crossing the continent. It even seemed to him that, instead of growing more endurable with time, the soreness in his heart and the sting of regret increased with every passing day. He wondered if She felt the separation; if she cared. As his thoughts wandered back over the past two years, he recalled every incident of their acquaintance as distinctly as though it had occurred but yesterday. The day he had first seen her, as she stepped gracefully out beside the piano to sing, at a musicale he had attended,—the song she had sung,—

> "The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
> Are as a string of pearls to me."

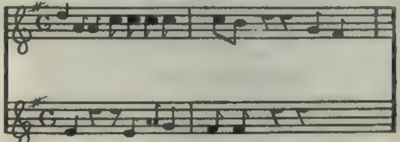
the sweet days which followed,—their enjoyment together of symphony, oratorio, and opera, for both being amateurs of no mean ability, they had met (and loved) upon the common ground of their love of divine harmony.

He looked into the blackness of the night, and could see her as she appeared on that wonderful day when he had met her at the altar of Trinity Church, and spoken the words that were to bind them together through life. How beautiful she was, and how proud he had been of her as they walked down the broad aisle and out into the brilliant June sunshine, followed by the grand chords of Mendelssohn's masterpiece. He looked back at their wedding trip as at a beautiful dream. The noble mountains of New Hampshire seemd to have been created as a setting for their happiness; the great hotels only to cater to their pleasure. How well he remembered the return to the lovely home he had prepared for her, and the first dear days within its walls. How happy they had been, and how he had loved her! *Had* loved her? He *did* love her. That was his sorrow. He realized that as long as he had life, his whole heart would be hers.

And then the shadow had come over their home. He asked himself bitterly why he had not been more patient with her, and made allowance for her high spirit and quick temper. She was such a child. He could see now that he had been to blame many times in their quarrels, when at the time he had sincerely believed himself in the right. Should he go back to her, and admit that he had been wrong? Never! The memory of that last day was too clear in his mind. The words she had spoken in the heat of her anger had burned themselves into his soul, and could not be forgotten. Waring straightened in the saddle, and the hot blood rushed to his face. He wondered now that he had been able to answer her so calmly. He recalled every word he had said:

"Your words convince me that we cannot live together any longer. I will neither forget nor forgive them. I am going away. You are at liberty to sue for a divorce, if you care to do so. Three years, I believe, is the time required to substantiate a plea of desertion." That was all. Without another word he had left her, standing white and motionless in the centre of her dainty chamber, and gone from the beautiful home in white-hot rage, to come out here to the wildest spot he could find, and plunge into its perilous life, in the vain effort to forget.

He pulled down the dripping brim of his sombrero to shelter his face from the stinging wind, and resolutely turned his thoughts in other directions. He speculated vaguely on the condition of his considerable property, and wondered indifferently how his agents were managing it. His friends at the clubs,—did they miss him? From them his thoughts strayed to the strange postal card he had received the day previous, and he began to puzzle his brain in the effort to decide who had sent it, and what it could mean. It had been directed in care of his attorney, and forwarded by the lawyer to the remote mountain post-office where Waring received his mail. It was an ordinary postal card, its peculiarity consisting in the fact that the communication on the back was composed not of words, but music—four measures in the key of G. This was the message:



He had hummed the notes over and over, and thought they had a strangely familiar sound, yet he could not place the fragment, nor even determine the composer. His failure to decipher the enigma annoyed him. It had a meaning, of that he was convinced, but what could it be? Who could have sent it? Among his friends were many musicians, any one of whom might have adopted such a method of communicating with him. He began to hum the phrase, as he rode round and round the cattle.

The wind was dying out, and the rain had ceased. On the eastern mountain tops a faint rose tint was dimly visible; another hour of monotonous watching, and then for a hot breakfast beside the camp-fire. Waring, abandoning the riddle of the postal, began to sing to pass the time, and his rich baritone rang out above the sleeping herd. The light stole slowly over the peaks, and chased the shadows from the plain. The camp awoke, and the men crawled shivering from the tent. The cook's fire whirled showers of sparks aloft. One by one the cattle stirred, rose, and commenced to graze. Waring still sang, carelessly passing from snatches of opera to lines of sacred harmony.

Suddenly, while starting a chorus from one of the great works of a master composer, he stopped short in surprise. *He was singing the notes on the card!* It had come to him like a flash. He tore open his coat and drew the postal from an inner pocket. There was no mistake. He had solved the mystery. Almost mechanically he reached for a pencil, and wrote the words under the lines of music, added a signature, and gazed long and earnestly, his face a perfect kaleidoscope of changing expressions; then, with a wild shout, he wheeled and rode furiously to camp.

Pulling up with a jerk that almost lifted the iron-jawed bronco from the ground, he literally hurled himself from the saddle, and reached the Boss in two bounds.

"I must be in Denver to-night! I want your best horse, quick!"

The Boss stared at him in astonishment:

"Why, man, it's a hundred an' twenty miles. You're crazy."

Waring fairly stamped in his impatience.

"It's only sixty to Empire," he cried, "and I can get the train there. It leaves at one o'clock, and I can make, if you'll lend me Star. I know he's your pet horse, and you never let any one ride him, but I tell you, Mr. Coberly, this means everything to me. I simply *must* get there."

Coberly scowled. "You ought 'o know, Jack, that I won't lend Star. None o' the other horses can get you over there in that time, so you might's well give it up. What in thunder's the matter with you that you're in such a confounded rush?"

Waring thought a moment, and then, drawing the Boss beyond earshot of the listening cow-punchers, spoke to him rapidly and earnestly, finally handing him the postal card. Coberly scanned it intently, and a change came over his face. When he looked up, it was with an expression of respect mingled with amazement.

"Why didn't you show me this at first? O' course you can have the horse. Hi there! Some o' you boys round up the horses an' rope Star for Mr. Waring. Jump lively."

The men made a rush for their saddles and, in an incredibly short time, several of them were racing across the plain in the direction of the bunch of horses. Waring dived into the tent and began gathering his few possessions. Coberly plunged around outside, giving orders at the top of his voice.

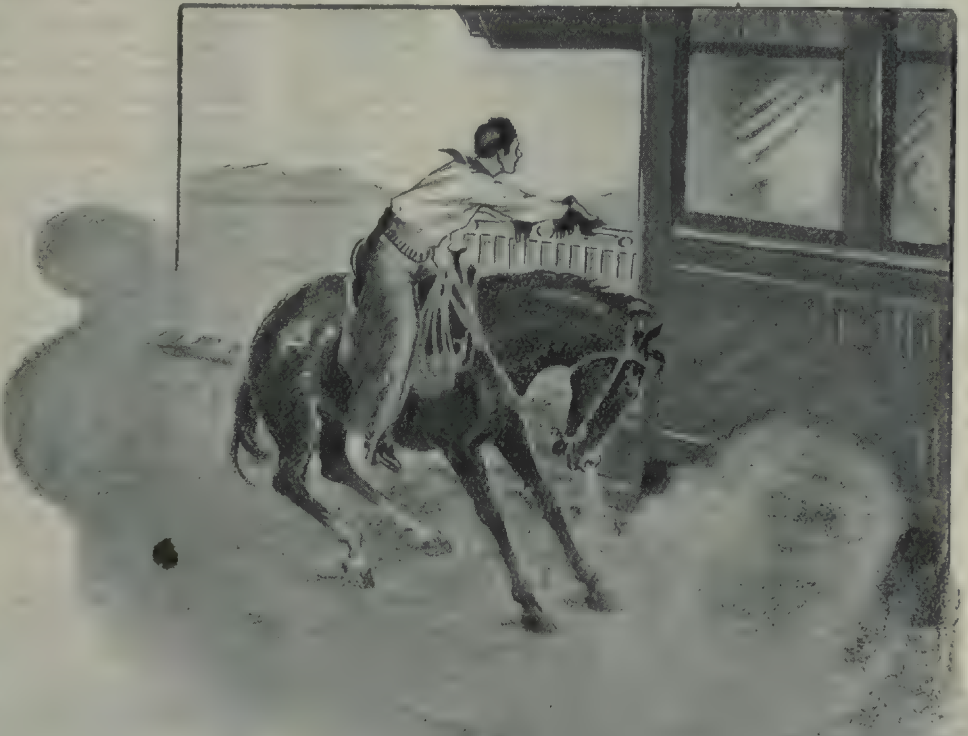
"Roll up some grub for Mr. Waring quick! Nick, you get his canteen an' fill it out o' my jug. Fly around now!"

A rush of hoofs announced the arrival of the horse and his escort, just as Waring emerged from the tent with his little bundle. A dozen hands made quick work of saddling, and with a hurried good-bye all around, he swung himself up and astride of the magnificent animal, and was off on his long ride. He looked back and saw the boys in a group around the Boss, who was explaining the cause of his hasty departure. Presently a tremendous yell reached his ears, and he saw hats frantically thrown up. He waved his hand in reply, and settled down in the saddle.

The long, pacing stride of Coberley's pet covered the ground in a surprising manner, and eight o'clock found twenty-three miles behind his nimble feet, and the Bar triangle Ranch in sight. A five-minute stop, and then on across the gently rising country to the stage station at the foot of the great Continental Divide, fifteen miles away. It lacked twenty minutes of ten o'clock when Waring drew rein in the shadow of the giant peaks that towered above him. He ununsaddled and turned the big thorough-bred into the corral. A half-hour's rest would put new life into him. Twenty-two miles to the railroad, and nearly three hours in which to cover it. It seemed possible; but the great range must be crossed, and Waring knew that the ten miles of steep climbing to the snowy summit of Berthoud Pass meant more than twice that distance on the flat plain.

At quarter past ten, Star, refreshed by an energetic rubbing and a mouthful of water, was carrying him up the road, with no apparent diminution of power. Up, up they went, mile after mile, until the plain they had left was spread out like a map behind him, and the thick forest had given place to a scattering and scrubby growth of pines. They were nearing timber-line, and the piercing chill of the biting wind testified to the proximity of the snow-covered peaks. Two miles from the top Waring dismounted, and led his panting horse along the icy trail. The rarified air seemed to burn his lungs as he struggled up the remaining distance to the summit of the Pass twelve thousand feet above the sea.

Twelve o'clock! He stopped and anxiously examined the noble beast that had carried him so far and so well. The inspection reassured him. There was plenty of life and energy left in Star yet. Not without reason was he acknowledged the best horse in the country. One hour, and twelve miles to go, the first seven down the steepest road in the State. Could he make it? He must! A final pull at the cinches, and Waring was again in the saddle, racing down the dangerous path towards the sea of dark green forest that stretched far below.



Swerving his flying horse closer to the track, Waring leaned over, and grasping the railings with both hands, lifted himself from the saddle.

Down sharp pitches and long slopes, around dizzy curves and through deep canons, slipping, swaying, followed by masses of loose stones and gravel, they went, faster than ever that trail was covered before. The iron-shod hoofs struck fire from the flinty rocks, as, almost sitting on his haunches, Star would slide twenty feet at a time down an unusually steep grade, recovering his footing with a staggering effort at the bottom. It was perilous work. They reached the timber-line, passed below it, and plunged into the woods. A mile beyond, they flew past the stage at a mad pace, throwing a shower of mud over the astonished passengers.

Down at last to the level road they came, with five miles still to go. Star swung into a strong, easy lope, and his rider drew a long breath. Not till then had he realized the strain of that wild ride. Rounding a turn in the road, he espied a horseman approaching, and turned out to pass him. The stranger eyed him sharply as he drew near, and suddenly whipped out a six-shooter.

"Hold up there. I want to talk to you."

For a moment Waring considered the chance of riding over the man, but for a moment only. The stranger looked too determined, and his aim was sure. He pulled up, raging.

"I suppose you want my money," he snarled. "Well, you're welcome to it if you'll leave me enough to pay my fare to Denver."

The other grinned.

"That's a good bluff, but it won't go. I'm the sheriff, an' I want to know where you're going with Joe Coberly's horse."

"Oh, is that all you want?" said Waring, relieved. "Why, I've been working for Coberly, and he lent me the horse to ride over here to catch the train." And he gathered up his reins.

"Hold on, young man," and the sheriff raised his gun suggestively, "that yarn won't do. I know old Joe, an' I happen to know that he wouldn't lend that horse to his own brother, let alone one of his cow-punchers. I guess I'll have to lock you up till the boys come over after you."

Waring groaned: "Look here, Mr. Sheriff, I'm telling you God's truth. Coberley let me take the horse because it was the only one that could get me over here in time to catch the train, and I had to be in Denver to-night without fail."

His captor shook his head: "It's no use, my friend; your story won't hold water. Why're you in such a tearin' hurry, anyway?"

Waring remembered the postal card; he reached into his breast pocket and produced it.

"That is my reason for haste,' he said, "and that is why Coberly let me take the horse," and he added a few words.

Keeping his captive carefully covered with the muzzle of the revolver he carried, the officer rode closer and took the card. As he read it, his face lighted up, and he lowered his gun.

"That's all right, youngster. I'm sorry I stopped you. I don't wonder Joe lent you the horse; I'd 've done the same, even if I'd had to walk myself. I hope you won't miss the train. I'll ride down to the station with you, as some of the boys might want to string you up on account o' the horse — everybody knows him."

Overjoyed at this satisfactory turn of affairs, Waring touched Star with the spur and rode forward, with the repentant sheriff by his side, their horses in a rapid gallop. Mounting a rise, they saw the town before them, a mile distant. *The train was at the station!* Another touch of the spur, and Star stretched out into a run that gradually left the sheriff behind, well mounted though he was. A half mile yet to go ! — A quarter ! — The black smoke began to come in heavy puffs from the funnel of the engine, and the line of cars moved slowly away from the station. Then it was that Star showed the spirit that was in him. The quirt fell sharply on his flank for the first time that day, and he bounded forward and

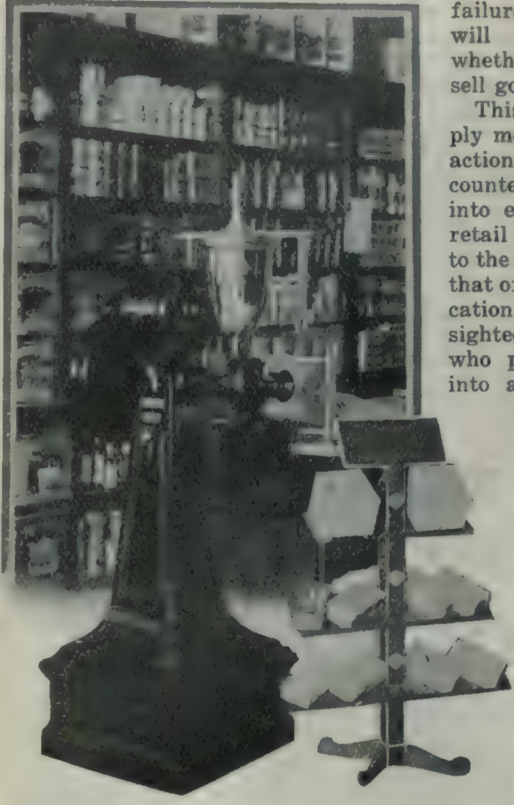
Continued on Page 91.

Service and Super-Service: By William Byron

Author of "The Tortoise"

OUT of every hundred men who essay to run retail stores ninety-five fail.

This does not mean that ninety-five per cent. of aspiring merchants see the finish of their labors in the bankruptcy court. Among those classed as failures is the man who makes an unsuccessful venture into the retail field and withdraws before coming a financial cropper Of ventures such as these, ill considered and poorly backed for the most part, every city and town sees a continuous procession. The retail store looks an El Dorado of Easy Gains to the outsider; until such time as he gets behind the counter when the pleasant dream of profits fades away before the stern reality of Overhead Costs. A hasty retreat is the rule in such cases.



He put his coffee roaster at the front of the store so that a pleasant aroma was always noticeable.

Why is it that only five men out of one hundred make a permanent success of handling a retail store? Buying goods at a low figure and selling at a comparatively high price looks to be the very easiest way of making money, the royal road to wealth. And yet—there are figures staring one in the face. Fewer men succeed at keeping store than at any other occupation.

Ask anyone who knows the inside workings of a retail store why this is so and he will literally swamp you with facts relating to capital investment, depreciation, overhead charges, price cutting, unfair competition and so forth. But when all is said and done it simmers down to one thing.

It is all a question of view point.

The five men who succeed have realized that their role is to sell to the public the best possible service compatible with a fair profit to themselves. The ninety-five who fail believe they are in business to sell goods. Between selling service and selling goods is all the difference between success and failure.

There are other reasons to account for failure in specific instances, of course. Ignorance of business methods and lack of capital have wiped many an aspirant off the slate of merchandising success. But when a man of reasonable ability and experience, with sufficient capital or backing, enters on a business career his failure or success will depend on whether he aims to sell goods or service.

This does not apply merely to transactions over the counter. It enters into every phase of retail activity, even to the very first step, that of selecting a location. The short-sighted shop-keeper who puts his stock into a store on an obscure side street has violated the first rule of service; he had made it difficult for the customer to deal with him.

There is a grocery store in Toronto located on a site worth $11,000 a foot frontage! Figure out what that means in the way of rental or interest on money invested in real estate. Approximately speaking, the store must sell goods to the extent of $40,000 a month in order to make sufficient margin to meet the rental or carry the investment alone! It seems almost incredible that right in the heart of a large city, under the shadow of sky scrapers where land is worth its weight in gold, a grocery store should flourish. The expensive location of this store is part of the service it sells to the public. In no other location could this store do the large business rendered possible now by its exclusive, unique location. There are men issuing from neighboring office buildings at all hours of the day—men with expensive tastes and the means to gratify them. These men often feel like taking home a box of candy, fruit out of season or some equally high-priced luxury. But —it is just a step to street car or waiting motor. The only store which has a chance to catch them in the buying mood is the palatial plate-glass emporium which strikes the eye as they emerge from their offices. It costs a fortune every year to thus maintain a store in the hub of the free-spending district; but it pays. This establishment is selling the most expensive service to the man who can afford to pay for it.

WHAT SERVICE MEANS.

Service, like charity, is a word that is glibly used to cover a multitude of sins. It is the most abused and the most elastic word in the vocabulary of commerce. The short-sighted merchant who slashes prices right and left with paranoic persistence in an effort to outstrip his competitor, does it in the name of service. Tax a retailer with spending money on unproductive premium schemes and he will invoke the talismanic word of service in justification.

Here is a definition of Service which comes perhaps as close to the mark as it is possible to get: To provide the public with what it wants at the most reasonable price and with the minimum of bother to the public. The term "reasonable price" implies a figure assuring the retailer of a sufficient margin to enable him to supply his customers with a minimum of bother to them and still leave a fair profit for himself. A retailer who cuts prices consistently must either take it out in exorbitant profits on other lines or in inferior service. There is no other solution—short of bankruptcy.

A BUSINESS THAT GREW.

In the northern section of old Ontario there is a town of about seven thousand people. Nineteen years ago the town was about the same size, perhaps a little larger and busier if anything. It is a prosperous enough little place and it has its share of go-ahead citizens; but still it is one of those contented towns that started to climb the hill to cityhood and stopped half way to rest. Its streets are lined with comfortable old houses with cast iron

A hardware store without a counter.

reindeer on the front lawns and grape arbors in the back yards. On Saturdays the farmers drive into town and hitch their wagons along sides of the main street. It is a solid, substantial place with plenty of money beneath the surface; and the tango has yet to be introduced there.

Nineteen years ago a small general store was opened by a young man of the town. Let us call him Robinson. The store did not differ at first from any of the others, but to-day it has developed into a departmental store, handling every line of goods with the exception of hardware and with a turnover that exceeds a quarter of a million dollars yearly. The other stores of the town have not grown very much in the same period and most of them have changed hands several times.

If one desired to learn the reason for the rapid growth of this remarkable store, it can easily be found. Imagine yourself at a meeting of the managers of the various departments; they get together of an evening once a fortnight and find so much to talk about that it is generally midnight before they break up.

The talk is all along one line. Is the stock on hand just what the public wants? Can they make it easier for customers to purchase what they want? Can they get more people into the habit of coming to the store? Mrs. So-and-so was enquiring the other day for a nationally advertised article that the store has never carried; would it pay to put in a stock? And so on.

You might attend these conferences for a year and never hear a single allusion to prices. There is a set scale of prices at Robinson's for everything. That was all settled long ago. Robinson ascertained what it was costing him to do business and fixed his selling price *to cover all the expenses entailed in giving adequate service with an additional allowance for a fair profit.* Prices are never cut at Robinson's store. The other merchants in the town can do what they please and set what prices they like. Freak advertisers may come and price cutters may go but Robinson's goes on for ever.

And so the Managers never debate the question: Can't we sell more of this or that line? Their problem is: Can't we sell more service?

Robinson's motto has always been "Business is religion boiled down." He believes in a square deal; for the customer and for himself. He believes in doing everything that will make shopping easier and more satisfactory for the public. He advertises because it assists the public in making judicious selections. He believes in window trims and display fixtures for the same reason. He gives the best possible delivery service, meets all complaints fairly and courteously, keeps his stock up-to-date and attractive and coaches his sales force up to an efficient standard.

In other words he offers service: And he finds a ready sale for it.

A SPECIALIZED SERVICE.

But there is plenty of competition in the sale of service nowadays. Four years ago a young fellow with a small capital and a large share of confidence, who had been travelling for a coffee house, opened a grocery store in the city of Hamilton. He picked out the high class trade as his special aim and opened up an attractive and well stocked store. Now the Ambitious City has plenty of high-class grocery stores where service of the very best brand is offered an appreciative public. Parker (we'll call him that) soon began to feel like a "busher" trying to win a regular place on a big league baseball team.

Here is a small store following the lead of the departmental stores—providing tables and chairs for the use of customers in giving orders.

The figures on his cashbook soon warned him that if he expected to escape the fate of the ninety-five and win permanent success with the five, he must do something speedily. His merchandising instinct told him that he would have to find an entirely new road to success. Just general all-round good merchandising would not do it. He could not expect to outdo the other stores in the matter of general service.

Then a Big Idea occurred to him.

"Why can't I get a reputation for certain lines?" he said to himself. "Now if I can get a reputation for handling, say, coffee better than any grocer in town, people will start to come here for coffee. If they come here for coffee, they'll start to buy other things. And pretty soon I'll have a neat little connection all my own."

Believing it folly to put all his eggs in one basket, he decided to concentrate on a set number of lines. After considerable deep thought he selected bacon, lard, cooked ham, tea, coffee, molasses and oysters. These lines he studied as closely as a scientist microscoping a new species of beetle. He talked to customers and friends about the lines and found what they liked and what they disliked. He studied the market and the various brands. Methods of stocking and displaying these special lines became a hobby with him. A grocer who divided his attention impartially over his whole stock could never become so thoroughly versed on any one department as Parker became on the absorbing problems of molasses, oysters and coffee.

Take coffee, for instance. He made a study of blends and experimented around until he found a blend that pleased every customer who tried it. This he started to push with all the energy he could summon to the task. He kept his roasting machine in the front of the store so that a pleasant aroma of coffee pervaded the place at all times. People could not enter without thinking of coffee; soon it came about that they could not think of coffee without thinking of Parker the grocer.

He talked coffee to customers on every opportunity and discussed the relative merits of various methods. His windows shrieked coffee to the passer-by. He advertised coffee.

When he started four years ago his weekly sales of coffee amounted to five pounds. To-day he sells one hundred and fifty pounds every week.

It was the same with the other lines picked out for his unique policy of specialization. Sales mounted up increasingly and with the increase of business in these lines came a slower but very satisfactory increase in his general volume of sales.

FOUND WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTED.

If a merchant aims to sell service he must first of all find out what the public wants. A dry goods dealer in a small Western Ontario town received an eye-opener last season in regard to the sale of women's ready-to-wear garments. Travelers told him that the town was a "dead one" for ready-to-wear, that they sold less there than in any other place in the province. Looking up his own sales records, the merchant was willing to believe this. His sales had been so small that he had seriously considered closing the department. But, happily for himself, he decided first to investigate the reasons why the ladies of H—— did not buy ready-to-wear suits and coats. With this object in view he approached a well-to-do lady customer who came in one day for dress goods.

"I don't think we have ever had a chance to show you our ready-to-wear lines, Mrs. Johnson," he remarked.

"No," said the customer, with decision. "And you never will."

"But why?" he persisted. "The ready-to-wear industry has become a really marvelous one. It's just as easy to get a hundred dollar dinner gown now as a ten dollar street suit. Style, fit and materials have been put on a basis that amounts to perfection. And then think of the bother it saves you."

"Yes, and then think of meeting two or three people on the streets wearing exactly the same suit as the one you have on yourself," said Mrs. Johnson, drily. "If I buy a coat from you how do I know that my neighbor's maid won't come out in a cheaper edition of the same model?"

The merchant gave some study to that phase of the question. It had been his custom to buy only about half a dozen good staple numbers each season. When he found that a certain number was selling well, he put in prompt repeat orders. As a result there had always been a sameness about the styles in H——. If the Arverne sacque pleased the earliest purchasers, it was inevitable that midway in the season Arverne sacques would be worn all over town.

He decided to reverse this policy. Only on the most popular models did he order more than one. It became his policy to give each customer, as far as possible, a suit or a coat that would enjoy for a season at least the hitherto unattainable asset of individuality. His sales mounted up. That season he bought the unprecedented number of 200 mantles and sold 199 of them before the end of the season!

He had found out what the public wanted!

MAKING IT EASY TO BUY.

After offering the public what the public wants, the next salient of selling service is to make it easy for the public to buy what it wants. Many a want goes unsatisfied because the prospective purchaser does not know just where the required article can best be secured or because the trouble of securing it looms large. When desire battles with parsimony and the fear of incurring trouble enters into the consideration, it will always tip the scales the wrong way.

Men are notoriously lazy in the matter of shopping. There are lots of men who go into the first store they come across, although they may have a pretty good notion that better value could be secured if they could coax themselves to look around a little. Often it is not laziness but lack of time that forces men to shop along the lines of least resistance.

Shopping is made easy in this store, even front of counter being used for display of goods.

A certain haberdasher conducts a store on the main street of one of the largest cities in Canada. It's a small store but it makes a big noise. Every week this store has a special sale. Space that would befit a departmental store's publicity campaign is purchased in the newspapers. The policy usually pursued is to pick out a certain line as a leader and "talk it up" at great length. Other goods are introduced almost incidentally.

Take a specific instance. One week a line of 50-cent neckties was picked out as the leader. An unlimited supply of ties of the most popular pattern and shades had been secured. The advertising space for two days hard running was used to talk ties. The lines offered, mind you, were similar in every respect to ties carried in smaller quantities in every other haberdashery establishment in town. The price, 50 cents, was not a cut price in any sense of the word. The same tie could be bought for the same money anywhere. Nevertheless on the one day this store sold 1,442 fifty-cent ties.

Why? Because there are men, and their number is legion, who want fifty-cent ties which will combine current style with cheapness, but who find it difficult to get what they want. If they go into a men's wear store, the clerk will almost certainly try to sell them a better tie; which is good salesmanship but not always good service. They will perhaps be made to feel a little cheap. Perhaps this sense of shame or the expert cajolery of the salesman will lead in the end to the purchase of a 75-cent or dollar tie. But here comes along an advertisement of the very thing wanted. All that it is necessary to do is to walk into the store and say, "I want one of those ties you were advertising." To buy there is following the lines of least resistance.

This haberdasher is selling service, perhaps not the best grade, but certainly the service which a large number of men require.

A STORE WITHOUT COUNTER.

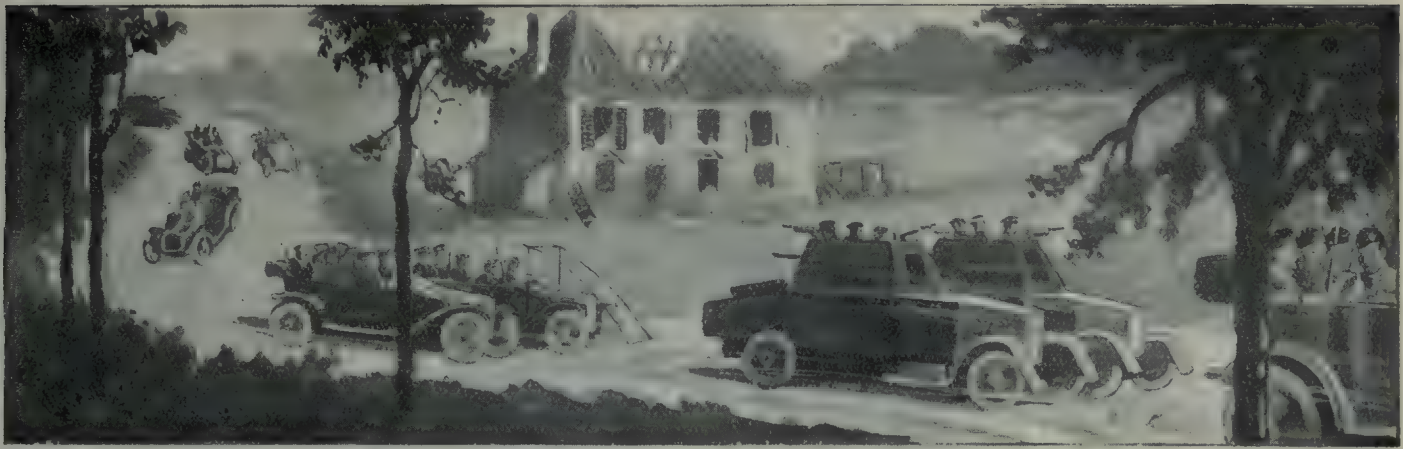
It is this same idea of making it easier for the public to shop that brought about the elimination of counters from a hardware store in Edmonton. From the plate-glass front to the office at the rear there isn't anything approaching a counter in the whole store. Customers can go up to the wall fixtures and examine the stock as they see fit. The average man is not an exacting shopper. He will not paw over a whole counterful of goods before making his selection as his wife will unhesitatingly do. He is, in fact, a little diffident as a general rule. It follows, therefore, that he appreciates the opportunity to unobtrusively step up to the cases and inspect the goods as he pleases. He does not have to lean across a counter and point out to an over-anxious clerk the saw or shot-gun that he desires to inspect.

This is an age of horseless carriages, wireless messages, smokeless powder and painless surgery. Will counterless stores be added to the list?

Every merchant who manages to remain in business and keep the sheriff from

Continued on Page 97.

Merchants who sell service go to great expense in trimming windows, as it makes it easier for the public to shop.



Turning Point of the Great War

Being the Narrative, Duly Censored, of a Stupendous Flanking Movement of Modern Warfare

By W. M. GLADISH

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

"FORWARD! Follow the flag car!" The order rang out from the lips of Lieutenant-General —— in command of the motor transport division of the combined Franco-British forces. Only a few heard the command but the drivers of many cars saw the sweep of the commander's gauntleted arm and obeyed with military precision. The signal was relayed down the several roads converged at ——, just eleven miles north of Paris, and immediately there was a tremendous buzzing of automobile engines, like the unmuffled start of a great international road race.

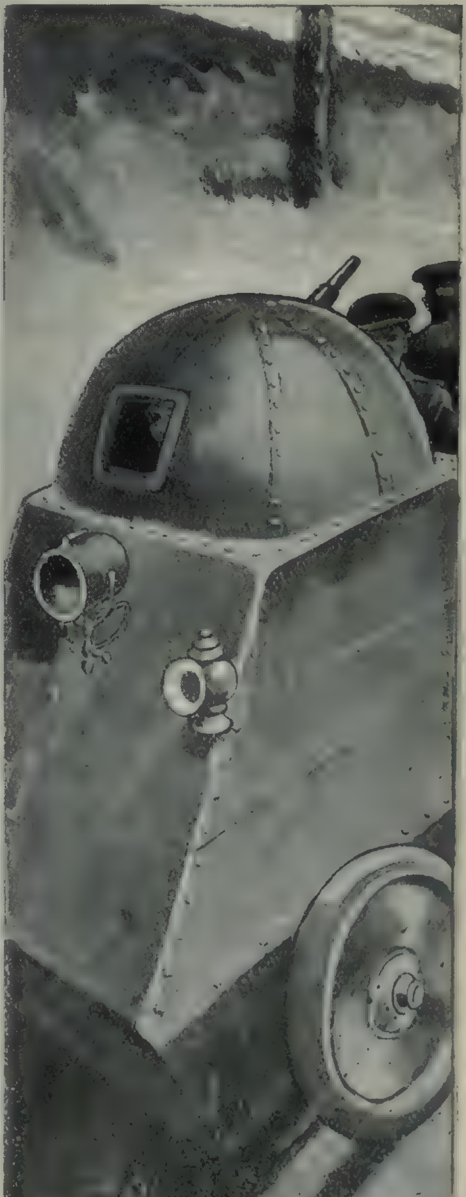
In the early morning light, the sight was excessively thrilling to the very few onlookers because it was realized that the movement was counted to be the overwhelming turning point in the world's greatest war. If our getaway had been advertised, a million morbidly-curious sight-seers might have tried to reach the spot where we had been assembled for several days. War is war, however, and not even a real battle-front newspaper correspondent was on the job. With the small scope of vision possible from the vantage point of "our" luxuriantly-fitted touring car, the ribbons of beautiful French highways presented an inspiring spectacle. It was superb! Fascinating! Real!

Observing the brief instructions which had been issued on the previous day, our car dropped into the third position in the never-ending line of motor cars. We were driving in "column of two's" and the great cavalcade took up the whole width of the road. This was at once convenient and imperative. There was little difficulty ahead because the highway was painfully deserted as far as the eye could see. Not even a farmer's cart interrupted the view.

At the head of the column drove the single pilot car, containing officers, and well we appreciated that it was the official pacemaker for the greatest endurance run ever held. This automobile was armored from hub to top and, painted a battleship grey, it skimmed over the road like a speedy cruiser spudding her way through a rolling sea. The driver was, ——, one of the nerveless racing men who had won fame in many an automobile classic. He was now serving France for eight cents per day but he was earning a greater honor than a Grand Prix victory.

Next in line came a veritable gunboat. This second car, too, was encased in steel and in every direction machine guns poked their business ends through narrow slits in the steel plate. On our starboard roared another land-cruiser, while further back came a sturdy truck on which was mounted a huge searchlight with its necessary mechanism—one of the fifty so-equipped automobiles in use in the French army.

At regular intervals British armored trucks of a new and improved type occupied positions. Much reliance was placed upon these vehicles because of numerous astonishing features. In fact, the advance had been delayed one whole day as the



commanding officers believed that success at arms would be assured with the able assistance of the latest additions to the British land fleet. Their arrival in line created the greatest sensation.

These gun cars were protected by heavy armor on all sides, over the top and even underneath. There was adequate protection for the four-cylinder 45-h.p. engines with which the cars were equipped. The water radiators, the puncturing of which by bullets would mean the disablement of the vehicle, were hidden behind stout steel plates. Tires and wheels were protected by shields; beneath, a long plate afforded protection for the steering rods, clutch, gear-box, brakes and other vital parts. The superstructure was composed of steel angle framing, covered with sheet steel. On the roof was mounted a revolving cupola or turret from which projected a pair of quick-firing guns. On either side of the car was a louvered door, which possessed strong hinges and which was flush with the side of the body when closed. In front were special louvers for the driver's observation and there were slight apertures for the use of the gunners. The cars were fitted with electric starting devices their interiors were electrically illuminated and a portable searchlight was also provided. Each truck had several cases containing thousands of rounds of ammunition and in addition to this supply, were racks for rifles and receptacles for rifle cartridges. The crew of each of these mighty trucks numbered seven men. All-in-all, the new trucks were the very last word in armored motorcar practice.

In addition to the armored cars there were hundreds of vehicles of the ordinary types—almost as they had been commandeered from the homes of the wealthy or had been taken from the streets. In some instances crude attempts were made to protect the drivers by steel-plate enclosures, the idea being that by saving the chauffeurs from bullets there would be less danger of mishaps. The radiators of most of the cars were also shielded by plates to avoid, as much as possible, the ruination of engine cooling-systems by stray bullets. This was quite important.

There were touring cars, limousines, high-geared commercial cars, and motorbuses. The double-decked buses from London and Paris still bore familiar advertisements and route directions. Every car had been stripped of windshields, headlights and other unnecessary parts as a precaution against injuries by flying glass and slivers of metal. The machines were filled to capacity—the tops of limousines and charabancs were used as vantage points by riflemen as well as the upper decks of the buses which also frequently held Maxim guns. Small automobiles held five men each; others carried seven, eight or nine soldiers. Still others carried crews of twelve to fifteen. A number of the touring cars were minus bodies which had been crudely cut off in order to increase their accommodation.

The 800 automobiles, more or less, that I could see were only a few of a flying fleet of 20,000 motor vehicles which was being used for the greatest coup ever attempted in fighting. It was a great flanking movement in which our speed and suddenness of attack were to count for a great deal. We were to circumvent the enemy's right wing and to strike a terrible blow from the rear, if possible. The mobilizing of the 20,000 cars and the troops to be carried had consumed the better part of a week but our aeroplane scouts and motorcycle patrols had kept all traffic away from our camp.

No less than 30,000 cars in one action! Thirty thousand cars, all loaded with fighters or implements of war! Thirty thousand cars darting to surprise the foe! It seemed like a wild dream. But this number was only a mere part of the 70,000 motor vehicles in use by the French War Department, and the great British contribution was, of course, additional.

Fully 180,000 soldiers composed this great flying force. We had numerical strength as well as speed! Both of these features were to be mighty factors in our endeavor.

There were seven of us. That is, our automobile contained six fighting men, all abundantly armed, and the trusted chauffeur. Our knapsacks were full. Likewise, our cartridge belts and pouches. We were out for business. Everybody else looked ready for the business of fighting also. It did not take two looks to convey the meaning that we were on our way to strike some terrible blow.

On and on we sped—whither we knew not, because real war means blind obedience. I looked at my compass and saw that we were traveling with the needle—northward. I looked to the rear and saw a snake of motor vehicles following the curves of the road. It was new warfare—the motorized kind. We were not traveling on our belly; we were traveling on our gasoline at the really remarkable speed of twelve miles per hour.

We did not stop for our midday meal. We ate a portion of our army rations without halting a moment. It was unceasing motion with our eyes strained for signs of life. The highway was always empty, however, thanks to well-organized motorcycle patrols who had cleared the way.

As for stragglers, there was none for the first fifty-odd miles but eventually, we heard a shout to the rear and saw a touring car glide into the ditch just in time to avoid causing a collision with the car behind it. A tire had been punctured, and the car was ruthlessly turned aside so that the road would not be blocked. We had strict orders to ditch a machine rather than cause a congestion. A new wheel probably soon replaced the disabled one enabling the car to re-enter the line further back.

Half of the cavalcade was making use of a parallel road for reasons quite apparent. Overhead several scores of aeroplanes darted back and forth—some vigilant for the sign of a hostile air-scout and others jumping from one road to the other to keep us informed of the progress of the other sections of the force. It was imperative that no mistakes be made and that the enemy should not discover us.

Shortly we drew near —— where the famous 569-mile Grand Prix course is laid out. The pace of the flag car suddenly quickened for the moment and then resumed the steady pace. Its racing driver, ——, knew the course well and, once again, he had become enthused with the thrill of competition. He could not resist one more little sprint, regardless of discipline.

As we proceeded, the vigilance of the birdmen ever increased and the guards in the armored-cars became even more alert. The beat of our hearts quickened but our twelve-mile speed never increased.

I knew North France fairly well and it was evident that we were making a wide detour in order to avoid the extended right wing of the enemy. We were not hurrying, in the usual motoring sense, but our speed was unbelievable for a movement of such prodigousness.

With machine-like precision, we swept on and on and the riding became monotonous. It was not even a joy ride. We tried to talk and joke but our conversation ran out. Some went to sleep.

Suddenly, there was the crackle of machine guns above us, and several aeroplanes sprinted ahead. The first vision of an enemy in the form of a hostile aeroplane had been discovered. The single opponent had no chance.

If the scout had seen the thousands of cars, he never lived to tell the tale because his machine was speedily ripped by the showers of lead and steel and the "bird" crashed to earth.

Once more wide-awake, we silently prepared for the great charge. For many it was to be the last battle. For the survivors, it was to be a glorious achievement. The very boldness of our plan made us confident. Suddenly, we ran into a large hostile patrol and the rapid-firers of the armored cars spoke.

Thr-r-r-r-p!

Thr-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-p!

Thr-r-r-p! In a few seconds every horse and man had fallen and we passed on. Our pace was advanced slightly and we knew that the crucial moment was near.

All at once we crashed into a strong force of the enemy who had been held in reserve. We did not wait to estimate the opposition nor did we wait for them to gain a fighting formation. Fortunately, they had been caught between our columns on the two roads and the surprise was complete. The roar of the machine guns and musketry was terrific. We pumped lead into the human targets until shoulders ached. The slaughter was awful. Even from above, our flying machines rained shot and bombs.

We did not hesitate so that the many automobiles in our rear could be brought into play, and it was only a few minutes before the great procession of cars formed a long firing line. The fight was short and severely one-sided. The other fellows hardly had an opportunity to reply. We had to be quick because our firing was announcing our presence.

We were really in the rear of the enemy's battle-front and we dashed over their own pontoon bridges to find and wipe out other bodies.

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The Role of Israel Zangwill

By HUGH S. EAYRS

THE worth of literary achievement, what it is, would make a nice discussion for a debating club. We live in an age when everybody writes. The commercial traveler, going to and fro from Halifax to Victoria, finds time and opportunity to write fiction. The parson, resting from his labors, takes a morning or two to set forth his views on more mundane subjects than those on which he descants from a pulpited eminence. The actor finds in his experiences meat for the mental avidity of the multitude. Even the tramp, on some scraps of newspaper, pencils the incidents of his luxurious caravagabondage; and hies him to the publisher. In this year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, everybody is aflame to write. In fact, it is a heart-breaking ambition!

In a sense, too, we live in a time when everybody can write—somehow. The would-be author needs not nowadays to let his hair grow to shaggy lengths. It is no sign of his trade. Dirty linen and ragged velvet coats are no longer the hall-marks of the genuine man of letters. That is past. We live in a splendid orgy of respectability. You may be sitting next to an author in a street-car and be unaware of the privilege!

But while everybody does write and everybody can write, few, comparatively, combine action with it. Paradoxically enough, that writing is most worth while which is sacrificed to action.

Israel Zangwill is a writer with a double purpose—first, to make the world understand the Jew; second, to find a home for his race.

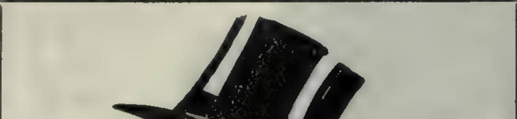
The man who sits down and dashes off a blood-curdling novel has his own public, and his own fame. But the man, who, while he could write light and purposeless stuff, yet gives himself to the mission of writing and doing at one and the same time, in one and the same cause—he is doing the better day's work. Very obviously, the doer has really the best things to say. The dynamic of action plays havoc with ideas in order that they may be clearly defined, made crisp and useful. The vapid gives place to the solid; the empty to the full when saying is made intimately relative and relevant to doing and being. Israel Zangwill is a case in point. He started out by writing books which were in their wisdom and wit sheerly delightful. But that did not satisfy him. His mission now is to find a place for his own people to lay their heads. He is engaged upon finding the Jew a country. And, because he is busy with that, when he does write, what he has to say, while it retains all the old charm of the younger Zangwill, is permeated and satiated by the purpose, the character, the determination and the experience of the Man of Action.

I.

TAKE him first as a writer. Israel Zangwill has become years ago the singer in Israel in more senses than one He was born in England half a century back of parents themselves without a country. His father was a Russian Jew, and a fugitive from a Russian military prison. His mother had been born in Poland, although she was really of Spanish descent. Israel and his brothers and sisters had a hard time of it. There is that in his books which would tell you so. But he won through; out-distanced his fellow-pupils at the famous Jewish Free School in Whitechapel, and gained triple honors at London University. He became a teacher but always he knew where his ambition lay. Nor did it o'erleap itself. He got into journalism, and soon arrived where he was to stay—at the top.

From the first, his books dealt with the people of whom he himself is one. There is something peculiarly fitting in this spectacle of a man defending valiantly, yet never rabidly, his own people, who, in many of their traits, he so little resembles. He first came to art as a Touchstone. Literary prophets might have been forgiven had they forecast for Zangwill a fame which was that of a master-jester. You will go a long way in modern or even classical English literature before you come across such a wealth of delightful entertainment as Zangwill offered. We have come in our time to trifle a good deal with words. There is a fashion in words. One of the petted is "brilliant." We say a writer is "brilliant." If it means sheerly scintillating, ravishingly resplendent, colossally clever, then Zangwill—in the colloquialism of our time is brilliant. It is difficult to find anywhere such a blend of real hearty fun and prodigious wit as may be discovered between the covers of "The Premier and the Painter," or "The King of the Schnorrers." Here is a punster in excelsis; a Rabelaisian roysterer; a Prince of Punchinellos. And even in his very earliest stages, Zangwill was never merely humorous if he was sheerly humorous. There was some purpose behind his fun. He was never a clown though he was often a clever jester. But cap and bells have ever been the sign of wisdom. Surely the wisest of Shakespeare's characters were his Fools? King Lear came to find it so. Zangwill rollicked and frolicked because by so doing he could attract attention for the earnest things he had to say. He has declared his creed, with regard to the professional funmaker: "To start anything exclusively funny," he says, "is a serious mistake," which is a paradoxical epigram worthy of his compeer Chesterton. He follows out his belief in the judicious admixture of wit and wisdom in "Without Prejudice." In parts of this book there is a veritable orgy of fun, but ever and anon, it is punctuated, pulled up short, by a startlingly serious assertion or question. And vice versa.

For lurking behind and round about his fun, was the serious purpose of making his countryman understood of men. It will be conceded that in the literatures of the world, we have been wickedly unfair to the Jew. Our biggest authors have misrepresented the Hebrew. Take Shakespeare for instance. So far as his teaching is concerned, you may take your choice, if you want a portrait of the Jew, between Sir John Falstaff, the merry rogue and outlaw, and Shylock, the embodiment of all that was crafty, all that was hard, all that was mercilessly cruel. When you have read Zangwill's "They That Walk in Darkness," or "Dreamers of the Ghetto" you begin to understand that Shakespeare was sadly wide of the mark when he represented the Jew as a being who might claim kinship with fellow-humanity only because he happened to have the same organs and the same senses. No wonder that Mr. Shaw rails at Shakespeare, and says that the Immortal Bard sometimes wrote without his book.



A caricature of Zangwill by the famous English artist, J. W. Ginsbury.

Even our beloved Dickens erred greatly in this regard, just as he did in his description of the Nonconformist parson. Let us not be fearful of speaking our minds. Stiggins never was a generic type of Free-Church minister. He was the exception; not the rule. Dickens was cruelly unjust in his delineation. And Fagin never was the type of the Hebrew majority. He was a type of the Hebrew minority. Dickens must have recognized this, for much later than his "Oliver Twist" he gave us a description of a Jew as sadly wide of the mark inasmuch as it made him a paragon of all the virtues as the portrait of Fagin was because he appeared as the personification of all the vices. We have never had—till this present—a fair-minded, unblushing, impartial description of a Jew which could rank as standard. Shakespeare was wrong because he was not a Jew, and had never mixed with Jews. And Dickens erred from the same cause.

But Zangwill has told the truth. He has been able to, first, because he is a Jew, and, secondly, because he has a super-abundant talent for appreciating humor, and yet a remarkably strong sense of fact. His aim was to show that while there was no distinction on the common ground of humanity between Jew and Christian, there was a difference. Observe his fairness. He gives us a convincing portrait of his compatriots, seeing the good and the bad in equally bright light. He sees where the Jew is to blame, and where he should be praised. He sees all these things, and he records them in his delineatory studies with scrupulous and sedulous fairness. And he sees that it is by reason of the fact that the Jew has the same virtues, and the same vices, and the same lovable and attractive side and the same hatred and repelling side to his nature as the Christian, that the Jew and the Christian are one in a common humanity. That is his point, and he proves it abundantly. In brief, Zangwill took the historic facts of the enternal tragedy of his race, and re-stated them in their spiritual and therefore their highest truth. His supreme achievement is that he took the old tragedy, and looked at it in the light of modern civilization, and set out to put public opinion right when and where it was wrong.

II.

SO FAR we have considered Zangwill as a writer, a writer with a distinct and definite purpose in his writings. But the giving to a world of a right idea in place of a wrong, even though it was so absorbing a task because it was one near and dear to his heart, did not suffice for Israel Zangwill. He had in him the passion of the reformer and the divine fire of the missionary. He wanted to be a practical helper of his own people. The way lay ready to his feet. The emigration of the Jew from Europe to America has been going on for decades, but up to a certain point in a disorderly, unmethodical, haphazard sort of way. The Jew has no country. There has never, until these later years, been a proper attempt to provide him with one. It has, however, been taken up, and with some success. There have been, in brief, three agents. One was the Zionist Movement, which has for its end the re-establishment of the Jew in Palestine. The second is the Jewish Colonization, and the third the Jewish Territorial Organization. Of this latter, Mr. Zangwill is President. Its purpose—unlike that of the Zionists—is severely practical. It is to see that Jews shall make their home in the places provided for them, working towards the end of an autonomous territory, where they may work out their own salvation, make their own laws, have regard to their own national faiths and creeds and tenets, and grow up into a free community secure from a good deal of the contempt which now attaches to the Jew simply because of his nationality. So far it has been a case of foundation work. Cyrenaica and Angola have been inquired into by a Commission as a possible Jewish Homeland-To-Be. Zangwill's view is best explained in his own words:—

"The territory, chosen for the concentration of our emigration must be of such a nature that, provided the masses emigrate to it, nothing but their own fault shall prevent its growing up into a Jewish homeland. Dirt has been defined as only matter in the wrong place. That which in the house is mud, is, in the field outside, beautiful soil. If the Jew has been treated as dirt, it is because he has drifted into somebody else's house instead of remaining soil for his own fruits. Since the days of Pharaoh—as we have seen—the Jewish problem has come from the multiplcation of the Jew in the wrong place. Let this multiplication but take place on the right soil and under the right conditions, and instead of creating a Jewish problem it creates a Jewish country. 'Lest they multiply!' That is the dread, not only of Pharaoh, but of our Jews themselves, in London, in New York, in Paris, in Berlin, and 'Scatter the Jews' has long been their one scheme of salvation. While the followers of other faiths say that their *faith* must be spread abroad, the Jews say that not their faith but *they* must be spread abroad. This is an idea so opposed to the common sense of mankind, which knows that union is strength, and that safety lies in numbers, that it is the best evidence of the mental malady that results from having no roots in a soil of your own. In ITOland we shall not say 'Lest they multiply!" but 'Let them multiply!' "

There has been considerable discussion as to the possibility of the scheme ever attaining fruition. Strangely enough, the only opposition has come from some wealthy Jews themselves, who have either displayed apathy or rank antipathy, and the President of the ITO—that is, the Jewish Territorial Organziation—has spoken strongly on the subject of the neglect of the wealthy and educated Jew as to the comfort of the lowlier classes. He

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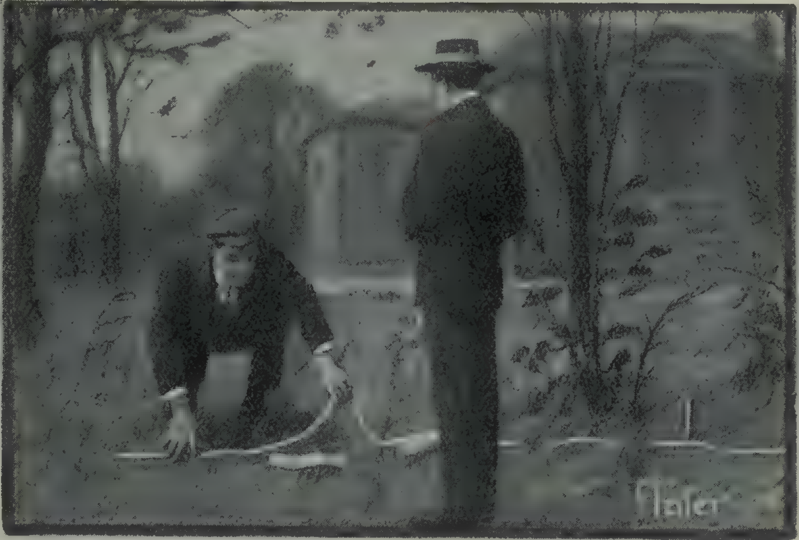
Treasure and Trigonometry



The Story of a Strange Will and a Strange Discovery

By DONALD DONOVAN

Illustrated by GEO. H. FLATER

"THIS is the place," said Pomfret, stoping in front of a high iron gate. "You may not be inclined to believe it, Harry, but there's a cool million or more hidden away somewhere on this property. It's been there for over ten years."

They stood on one of those quiet, secluded streets which are to be found in the outer reaches of all large cities, odd oases of silence in the desert of din and discord. The tide of commerce surged around on all sides but had not yet penetrated to this sequestered section. The street was lined on both sides with houses that were large but unostentatious in character, having for the most part deep grounds surrounded by high walls or fences. One would judge them to be the homes of old families of just sufficient means to live quietly outside the pale of fashionable life or of retired gentlemen of literary turn.

The property before which the two young men had stopped was surrounded by a crumbling stone wall, over which hung tangled branches of trees. Through the rusted iron gate, securely padlocked but off its hinges on one side, they caught a glimpse of a large stone building standing back some distance from the street. It had once stood tall and imposing, with tower reared high above the trees that surrounded it; and not even the evidences of long unchecked disintegration could conceal the traces of past grandeur. It had quite apparently not been occupied for many years. The walls were crumbling, the roof had fallen in and many of the windows were naked of glass. The tower had become dismantled, a pile of masonry lying at its base overgrown with moss and vines. The grounds were a jungle of rank weeds, interspersed with trees.

"An ideal spot for buried treasure," commented Harry Beck. "When I came down here to pay you a visit, Pomfret, I had no idea you'd have anything so interesting to offer as a buried treasure; and it's in the family too, you say. Well, let's have the yarn."

"Wait till we get home," said Pomfret. "We'll get Uncle Ralph to spin it for us. He has all the facts at first hand."

Accordingly they bearded Ralph Pomfret in his library that night with a demand for the story of the Garth treasure. Pomfret, a rather famous corporation lawyer, laid aside the book he was reading and complied unwillingly.

"I'll tell you the story, boys," he said, "but in honest truth I don't like to refer to it any more. Talking of it leaves a bitter taste in the mouth. You see, it's not only a story of treasure but of human weakness, hypocrisy and deceit as well. It's the story of the disruption of the Pomfret family.

"It dates back over seventy years ago to the time when Nancy Pomfret married James Garth. We have always been a very proud family, we Pomfrets. There's a title in the senior branch and a tradition that the first Pomfret came over with William the Conqueror. I've never taken much stock in genealogy myself but if you care to find out just what grounds there are for the snobbishness which has been one of the worst traits of our family all you have to do is to ask any of your uncles or aunts. They still worship caste as the one consolation left them nowadays.

"Certainly when Nancy Pomfret married the son of a plebeian shopkeeper, there was a to-do in the family. Her own father didn't speak to her during the five years of her unhappy married life. The women in the family cut her dead. When her son was born and it became certain that she could never rally, she whispered her husband that she would like to see her two sisters once again. Garth carried the message himself and received a curt refusal delivered to him by a man servant. Standing by the bedside of his dying wife, torn by the conflicting emotions of sorrow and a black smothering hate for everything that bore the name of Pomfret, he made a resolution. The child survived and was dedicated by the implacable Garth to a feud with his mother's family.

"Isaac Garth proved an apt subject for the father's malicious teachings. Born with a weak spine, he grew up bent and crippled. Pour the precepts of hatred continuously into the ear of a hunchback or one physically deficient and evil suggestions will fester in the naturally gloomy mind.

"As a lad of six or seven I remember once meeting Isaac Garth on the streets. He was then close to thirty years of age and had partly outgrown his weakness. His back was still bent, however, and he walked with a cane. Recognizing me, perhaps by my nose—there is no mistaking the Pomfret nose—he followed me for half a block, waving his cane in a threatening way and telling me in a high, cracked voice all the terrible things he thought of doing to me. I ran home to my mother almost frantic with terror.

"As Garth grew older, he became more self-contained in his attitude towards us but I don't think his malignant regard was permitted to relax in any respect. He acquired wealth at a most astonishing rate. Placed as a lad in the office of an attorney, he soon found more lucrative employment for himself. At thirty-five he was fully launched as a money-lender on his own account. At forty he had made more money than a spendthrift could lose in a lifetime. How his grandfather Hugh Pomfret—my great grandfather and the head of the family—ever got into his clutches has never been satisfactorily explained. The old gentleman was a high liver and Pomfret Hall—the ruins of which you saw to-day—was a pretty expensive place to keep up. It is probable that, getting into deep waters financially, Hugh Pomfret applied to Garth for assistance. The latter, spinning his web like a cunning, hunchbacked spider, soon had the head of the Pomfret family in his power. So much so that, when my great grandfather died, it was found he did not leave a cent and that the old homestead belonged to Garth.

"You can imagine the consternation of the family when this news was broken to them. They were an improvident as well as a stiff-necked lot, my kinsmen. Certainly they had all been counting on a little something out of Hugh Pomfret's estate to improve their own worldly position. To be disappointed in their expectations was bad enough but to have Pomfret Hall, around which all our prides and prejudices and traditions had been twined, pass out of the family—and to Isaac Garth of all men—was the last straw. As a lad of twenty I attended a family council held a fortnight after Hugh Pomfret's death to discuss ways and means to recover the hall. The question was debated with a portentousness and a solemn asininity that was very impressive to me then but has often made me laugh since. They were an impractical, impotent lot, the then heads of the family, familiar with social customs and pink tea ethics but ignorant of business as unborn babes. Isaac Garth, with his crooked back and diseased mind, was more than a match for the lot of them!

"Garth took possession of the hall by himself. He dismissed all the servants and kept only an old woman who had been his father's housekeeper. When she died, he kept house for himself, closing up all the rooms but two or three on the ground floor, which sufficed amply for his purposes. I believe it was part of his scheme of revenge to let Pomfret Hall run to seed. Certainly no repairs were ever made and the grounds, which had been the special pride of old Hugh, were never attended to. The temple of family pride had been permanently occupied by a money-changer who could not be driven out.

"Gradually, however, a change came about. One by one, my kinsmen drooped their hostility to Garth, and began even to cultivate his acquaintance. Most branches of the family had become familiar with adversity; and Garth, who had never married and had no relatives on his father's side, was accumulating more wealth all the time. Truly, poverty makes cowards of us all.

"Garth met their advances without open hostility. I imagine it fed the flame of his insatiable hate to see his erstwhile scornful enemies come in a contrite, nay a humble, mind to seek his favor. I have reason to believe he helped some of them, spinning his webs with such diabolic skill that he gradually entangled them all in the meshes. Instead of the avowed foe of the family, he became its dictator.

"I was the only Pomfret who refused to succumb to the wiles of old Isaac. My father fortunately had bequeathed a certain share of common sense and business acumen to me, which enabled me to make a comfortable living on my own resources. I was called to the bar the second year after Hugh Pomfret died and a practice come to me rather more rapidly than it does to the average young barrister. By the time Garth began to show evidences of his domination, I had worked up a good law connection and was doing modestly well. And so, of all the family, I was the only one to hold aloof from the interloper.

"For the rest of the family Garth had nothing but contempt. I believe, however, that he mixed a little respect with his hatred in my case. Several times he consulted me on legal matters and showed his opinion of the advice I gave by following it to the letter. I treated him as I would any client and charged him stiffly. He always paid promptly enough. I believe it astonished him to find an out-and-out business man in our family. Through the communication I had with him in this way, I learned something of his life and among other things of the interest he took in all matters scientific. History shows us that generally the minds that have wrung the greatest secrets from that grim custodian, Nature, were encased in frail bodies unequal to the tasks set them by the driving power of the intelligence. Garth had the incisive, enquiring mind of the scientist. He just missed being a genius. Perhaps he lacked the great heart which must always go with a great mind if results are to be achieved. Meanness is incompatible with genius; and Isaac Garth was mean in every thought, action and deed.

"However, he started to study certain branches of science with a fecundity of mind which advanced him rapidly in his researches. A large room in the cellar of Pomfret Hall was fixed up as a laboratory. The wall were reinforced for warmth's sake—and for added privacy also, I should say. Garth was constitutionally and chronically suspicious. There were only two small windows in this room and he kept them securely shuttered, working almost entirely by artificial light. I was admitted to this room on rare occasions. From the apparatus that cluttered up the place, I judged that electricity was claiming his attention for the most part.

"One day he said to me, a strange smoldering look in his eyes: 'Ralph Pomfret, do you think the same about all this'—indicating the packed laboratory with a gesture—'as the rest of them? Do you think it the fad of a man half crazed with solitude? That's what they think. They've never dared say it to my face but I've seen it in their eyes. They laugh at me!'

"'I disagree with them then,' I said. 'I have certainly never considered you a man of fads.'

"He hobbled up and down the room, head sunk between his misshapen shoulders, eyes darting restlessly here, there and everywhere. After several minutes of nervous promenading he began to speak, coming to a halt in front of me.

"'Ralph Pomfret,' he said, 'the nearest I've ever come to liking you is a feeling of intense detestation. You're the haughtiest member of a family noted for its pride. I hate every Pomfret living or who has lived or will live, from the cutthroat who founded the family to the coming generations of weaklings that the living members will beget. But Ralph Pomfret, you're the only one of the lot that has proven himself a man. I've never been able to put my heel on your neck and for some reason that I do not attempt to explain, I want to earn your respect for—for what I have achieved.'

"He turned toward a partly assembled piece of mechanism standing about two feet high on a table beside him, a rather fantastic combination of coils of copper wire and globes of glass with a large brilliant disc of some unknown material perched on top. 'I have made a discovery,' he declaimed at me. 'A secret, which the greatest inventors of the age have scarcely yet begun to dream of, has come to me—to me, Isaac Garth. See this jumble of wires. Just let a current of the mightiest power in the solar system be directed into it and it becomes the greatest power in the world, stronger than the force that causes the eruption of volcanoes, swifter than the flight of a hurricane, more deadly than the breath of the simoon. In a few days I shall have harnessed that magic current. I hold the secret now but must wait until certain conditions have righted themselves. Then I shall hold at my command a power that could sweep whole armies from the face of the earth, that could move mountains. I see the world teeming with factories operated by the power I have found, night banished forever by a radiance equal to that of the sun, steamships propelled by a force that makes sport of the elements. Will it be said that I have done well?'

"In a frenzy of exultation he had thrown his arms around the machine and over the strangely brilliant disc, his face bobbed and glowered at me until I began to feel positively uncanny.

"'All the wealth of the world could be mine,' he went on, 'but why should I take it? I have no one to leave it to. All the money I possess will be divided among you Pomfrets when I die. Why should I let the fruits of my genius go to your detested family? What has the world done for me that I should give this wonderful power for its happiness and advancement? Perhaps—I shall take the secret with me to the grave?"

"He was silent for a few moments. I stood there, rotted to the spot, watching him with something of fascination and not a little fear. When he spoke again he had apparently put his mythical discovery behind him. 'Ralph Pomfret,' he shrilled at me, 'did you hear what I said? When I die my money goes to you and the rest of your family. I am returning good for the evil you have done me. They need the money badly enough those down-at-heels relatives of yours and perhaps they'll come to bless the day the houses of Pomfret and Garth were joined. I leave them all I have—with one condition. Do you hear me? One condition. How I would like to tell you now what it is! I laugh whenever I think of it and I know I shall chuckle in my grave when those long-faced cousins of yours learn of it.'

"He broke off to laugh—a ghostly cachinnation that sent a shuddery feeling all over me. I groped for my hat and prepared to depart.

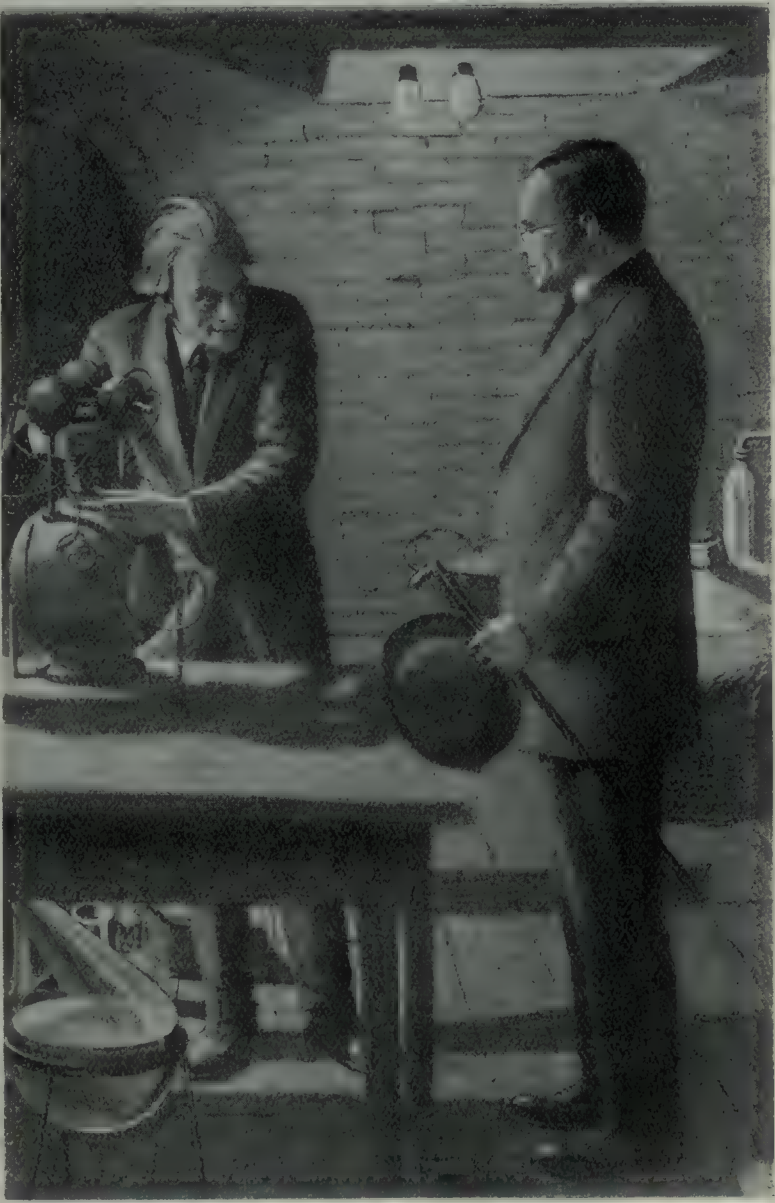
"'Ralph Pomfret,' he croaked, 'what will you do with your share of my money?'

"'I won't touch a copper of your filthy money,' I said, making for the door. 'If any of it comes my way it will go back as far as lies in my power to the people you stole it from. Nothing I ever do will give you reason to chuckle in your grave.' And once outside the building I ran for the gate as fast as my legs would carry me.

"Ten days after that interview he was dead. The tradesman who left his meagre supplies each day got no response to his knockings on several successive days and finally became alarmed. He hunted up a policeman and together they broke into the place. The body of old Isaac was found beside the curious contraption I have mentioned. He had been dead several days. A scrap of paper with some disjointed notes, referring apparently to his work, was clutched in one hand.

"And now comes the strangest part of the story. It transpired that, prior to his death, Garth had made legal arrangements for the disposal of his tangible property. Pomfret Hall was to be left untouched for twenty-one years, a sum being left in trust to pay all taxes and legal expenses during that period. No one was to be permitted to occupy the premises and under no circumstances were any repairs to be attempted. Only under conditions named in his will were persons to be permitted on the property. Instructions for the disposal of the place after the twenty-one-year period were attached in a sealed envelope.

"Acting on directions contained in this extraordinary document, we found his will in a locker in the laboratory. It was in his scrawling hand; he wrote a terrible fist. Briefly, it willed his money to whatever member of the Pomfret family could find it. Beyond stating that all he had possessed was deposited on the premises within reach of anyone with enough ingenuity to locate it, the will gave no further information. With the money further instruction for the disposal of the property would be found. The search was to be conducted according to the conditions under which the property had been placed in trust.



In a frenzy of exultation he had thrown his arms around the machine and over it he bobbed and glowered at me.

"That was all. Can you not construct the sequel from that? The members of the family literally scrambled for the hidden treasure. They dug up every likely place on the grounds, searched the hall from top to bottom, sounded the walls, measured for secret chambers or compartments, excavated under the cellar for secret passages, worked day and night, frantically, greedily, jealously. They were all afraid that someone else would make the lucky strike and claim the whole hoard, so they dreaded to leave the place. They camped right there, gave up all attention to whatever business had occupied them before and fought bitterly among themselves. As time went on, the search became intermittent. Some of them lost faith in the treasure and quit. Others continued a half-hearted search. Finally it was given up as hopeless after practically every man in the family with the exception of myself had wasted a good year on it. Garth had had his revenge. The search had impoverished most of my kinsmen beyond all hope of recovery and it had split the family up into warring factions. Every man jack of them suspected the others of having found the money and divided it up without giving him a share. Several families, through force of adverse circumstances, were forced to move away, which, of course, appeared damningly suspicious to the rest. Many of them will tell you to-day that Harton Pomfret, who went to Australia is living over there now in luxury on the money of Isaac Garth. Others have lost faith in it at last and believe it was all a hoax of old Isaac's."

"And what do you think?" asked Harry Beck, who had listened to the recital literally with bated breath.

"Despite the fact that it is ten years since Garth died," said Ralph Pomfret, seriously, "I believe the money is still there. Garth was worth at least a million dollars. Not a cent of it has ever been traced. I can't see how he could have disposed of it. No, the money is still concealed on the premises. And what is more, I have always believed that the very effective means of concealment the old fellow found had something to do with that great discovery of his."

"You mean—" said his auditors with one breath.

"That the gold is guarded by a secret of nature that no one in the whole world has any inkling of," said Pomfret soberly.

Harry Beck, who would return in the fall for his last year at college before emerging a full-fledged electrical engi-

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Where Canada Leads the World

By Elmesley Bartlett

THIS is Canada's day of getting acquainted. The day was needed. It was past due. It might have come without the hot flame of war but the wise schoolmaster consults no scholar's preferences. The month of August introduced Canada to herself. False prosperity tumbled like a pack of cards. Nothing looked so fantastic and weak-kneed as the commercial venture built on a passing delusion of values. Nothing looked so mighty and massive, yes and *romantic*, as the hundred-an'-sixty acres with house and barn and crop-all-in, or the iron mine of New Ontario, or the fishing privilege off Prince Edward Island or the horse ranch at Fort McLeod. The subdivision, forty-five minutes from hearsay, the "little flier" in grain futures, the six-roomed cottage selling at seven thousand and "bound to go up"; these things have met their inevitable auditor. Commercial fictions are excess baggage. You cannot sell them, or borrow money on them. You cannot float them or even *sink* them, as many a man would like to do. The mistakes remain and must be paid for.

When the war broke forth, a Toronto broker who has the reputation of always coming "right side up" no matter how recklessly he dives or how treacherous the shallows, invested $25,000 as half share of an Alberta wheat farm. He did not wait to get opinions. The war was on and the bond business was off. Producing nations were looking to America for next year's production. So Mr. Broker took ticket for Alberta one week after fighting commenced. He was following out the theory that backed his commercial success. Keep in the path of public demand. If the people want bonds, sell them bonds. If they want wheat—it is all elemental sense. And when bonds went bad he went after wheat. On the first year's turnover, granting an average crop, he will collect two-thirds of his capital in dividends.

The broker's case has been duplicated over and over since the middle of August. It did not take a sage to see how drastic was bound to be the treatment of semi-artificial activities or that, while the frills of business must look bedraggled for many a day, the frame of basic industries never looked so muscular. Not that the war increased the fertility of Canada's land or multiplied the nuggets in her mines! But the eyes of most of us have come to appraise these national possessions with a saner and more personal judgment. It took the war to awaken Canada to the uniqueness of the Sudbury nickel mines, the patriotic duty of grain-growing, the grip of Canadian harvesters on German and Russian farmers, the presence of half a hundred pulp and paper mills on Dominion soil, the proprietorship of nearly twenty thousand industrial establishments where most of us might have guessed the number at five thousand or at most eight.

This "inward look" induced by necessity has developed into a national stocktaking. They are willing to know that Germany and France have made their way as great commercial powers through qualities in their citizenship and elements in their policy which Canadians can quickly imitate. They are willing to see that nations with a hundredth part of our natural riches have attracted and held a population many times as great. The newspapers are filled with comparative data. You can put Palestine in Lake Erie and not disturb the water level. Germany will fit into a corner of Quebec, and France will snuggle nicely into Manitoba. This kind of discussion is at least stimulating. It inevitably leads to more useful information which explains why Canada's future is not France's future nor Austria's future, but is identified with an enormous agricultural production, the proper exploitation of mines, forests and fisheries and the cautious upbuilding of those industries which Canadian requirements and raw materials justify. If the lessons of the war will only bring Canadians within arm's reach of their own proper "place in the sun," the material cost through closed industries and slackened employment will not be counted high.

This national stocktaking is uncovering truths of which only times of adversity and reflection can impress the wonder and magnitude.

A few days ago the writer encountered a mining engineer of much reputation. An hour previous he had left a party of Canadian and American business men one of whom, in the presence of the engineer, had brought up the question of silver mines. "He talked about Mexico and South America," observed the engineer, "and rather belabored Providence for spreading mineral wealth so gingerly over Canada and the United States. When he had declaimed at some length I asked him to name me the richest silver mine in the world's history. After much scrambling in his memory he hit upon Potosi, the famous property in Bolivia, which ceased to produce about a century ago. Potosi supplied the Spaniards with nearly all their silver in the days of their sovereignty on the southern continent and is reputed to have been worth several hundred millions. "Against Potosi," said I, "let me quote Cobalt." The company was a bit startled, but I continued: "Cobalt is the richest silver field, area for area, that ever existed within the knowledge of man. Before it is drained of its last ounce of metal I feel certain that the Bolivian property will have to take second place." This rather non-plussed my listeners, particularly the Canadians, who thought I exaggerated. However, it gave me great pleasure to show even my fellow-countrymen that underneath all the superficial reputation which the name of Cobalt has aroused, there lay the fact of a world phenomenon."

Cobalt is, of course, one of the big show-window pieces of Canadian wealth and enterprise. In the field of silver production it forms the enormous bulk, about four-fifths. British Columbia provides considerable silver but the whole of the Dominion is dominated by the little Coleman township of North Ontario. Where the silver mines from coast to coast produce approximately twenty millions' worth a year, Cobalt accounts for over sixteen millions of the total. Area for area, Cobalt stands supreme in the world. But in gross production even the rich mines of the United States must doff their caps to Mexico. The cycle of wars within the republic must have cut down production decidedly in 1913 and the present year, but the last time the Mexican authorities bestirred themselves to make count of their silver, which was in 1910, there were 72,574,000 ounces scooped from the mines in a twelve-month, which is over 33 per cent. of the world's total. The United States took second place with 56,438,000 ounces and Canada third with 32,878,000 ounces, representing 15 per cent. of international requirements. Canada has increased silver production since 1910 but the ratio remains about the same.

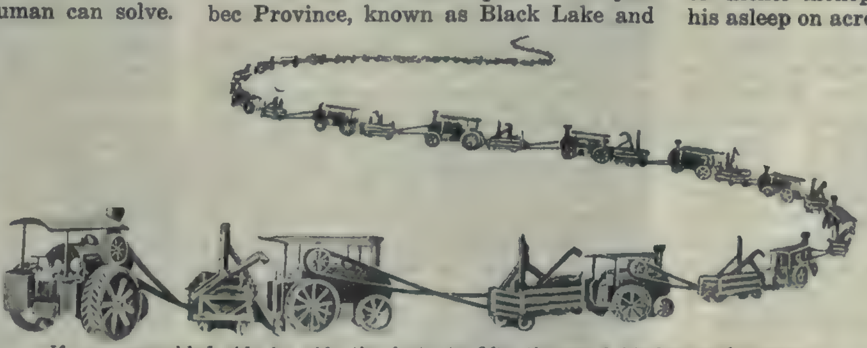
Not even the most learned mining engineer will hazard a guess as to what the future will bring about. Silver mines—all mines indeed—lack the precious gift of renewing their youth. A nugget taken is a nugget less. It cannot be replaced as the farmer replaces his harvest. Cobalt declines slightly in value year after year. The nuggets have been garnered and low-grade ore costs high per ounce of pure metal. Mexico is victimized by the same natural law; so with the United States. Existing silver properties are pinching out and the gross national production can be maintained only by the discovery of new properties. When I asked an expert on silver mining if he thought Canada held any more Cobalts he replied: "The matter is pure speculation. Finding mines is a piece of gambler's luck. Companies have tried systematic prospecting by salaried agents, but it never pays. If great mineral areas are to be uncovered the job must be accomplished by the fever and sweat of the lone prospector. Ontario and British Columbia and other parts may lift Canada some day into the position of the world's greatest producer of precious metals. The mineralogical conditions are at least promising. But the actual searching is for the pack-mule and pick. Science has no substitute."

Why the distribution of the world's metals should have been arranged with such open favoritism towards the British Empire is a riddle no human can solve. Climate has little to do with the sowing of metals. Gold lies buried in the ice of Alaska and prospers in the sun-blasts of the Transvaal. Nickel enjoys a like international distribution. It dwells in modest quantities in the French colonial possession of New Caledonia. Why the next known outcropping should occur at Sudbury, Canada, may be a mere accident of discovery, but diligent search has failed to disclose any nickel in the United States or France or Germany or England. Norway has recently been developing as a nickel field. When the announcement was made some days ago that Germany had been toughening her armor-plate and tipping her shells with nickel fetched from Norway and would continue to do so until the close of the war, the fact rather aggravated Canadians whose one pet intention was to disrupt the German and Austrian navies and big guns by building a fence around the Sudbury nickel mines. That resolution may require re-wording.

Nickel is a distinctive Canadian product. Whatever the Kaiser's agents may have uncovered in the Norwegian hills, the extent of the find is unknown and, until there is more evidence, Canada must be accepted as the custodian of the world's supply of nickel ore. New Caledonia is said maintain the needs of the French nation for military purposes, but little doubt exists that every other country in the world rests the efficiency of navy and artillery upon the carloads of brackish matte rolling through Ontario. More than 41,000 tons were sent to the United States and British refineries in the 1912 year, valued at the smelters at $6,303,000. Last year the export decreased slightly and the present year will show a similar tendency. But even 35,000 tons will blanket the nickel requirements of the world. Stories circulate as to New Caledonia's approaching bankruptcy of ores, but the estimates of the Sudbury district's resources give no hint of the exhaustion. Latterly a new property, the Alexo, in the Nipissing district, has come to the fore as a nickel producer and may indicate the presence of new bodies.

That the nickel industry in Canada is in the hands of Americans and English is the result of heavy capital investments and admirable enterprise. Every ounce of known nickel deposit stands in the name of the International Nickel Company of New Jersey (through their subsidiary, the Canadian Copper Company) or the Mond Nickel Company which owns huge refineries in Wales. The ore, as found at the mine mouth, is roasted and smelted and converted into a Bessemer matte containing from 77 to 83 per cent. of the combined metals, copper and nickel. From the matte form, the refinery delivers nickel of perfect purity.

Seventy per cent. of the known asbestos of the world lies in two patches in Quebec Province, known as Black Lake and Thetford. In 1912, shipments reached over 100,000 tons, which sold on the market for a fraction less than four million dollars. What competition there is is in the asbestos field comes from Italy and, although the production is but a fraction of Canada's, the fibre of the ore is longer and better adapted to the purposes of weaving. However, the virtues of the Quebec ore satisfy all the ordinary fire-resisting necessities which give the mineral its value. It is a curious fact of the asbestos situation in this country that the Germans, who have been large purchasers of the product for years past, were given plenty of opportunity to buy up quarries and incorporate themselves as producers but declined to do so, offering as their excuse the 'rigid requirements' of the Canadian mining laws.



If you assembled side by side the forty to fifty thousand binders and reapers turned out by Canadian factories they would fill the roadside for eighty miles.

MORE MINERAL FACTS.

In the county of Frontenac, a deposit of pinkish stone thrusts from the ground. In no other acre of Canada does that particular pinkish stone exist in anything like commercial quantities. For years this felspar was shipped to the American market, but without much success. Then a chinaware manufacturer discovered that Frontenac felspar made better glazing material than any other on the market. And that conviction has given to the owners of the once abandoned quarry near Kingston an asset of the first degree. Felspar from Frontenac is marked A1 wherever chinaware is manufactured. Just now there is an effort to extract potash from the felspar, of which there is about 11 per cent. in combination. If potash can be won in commercial quantities, it will excuse Canada at least partially from the monopoly which Germany has enjoyed these many years.

Who of us would pick out Canada as a large producer of the finer qualities of mica, or arsenic or of corundum—all three of the rarest of the earth's treasures? Yet mica returns to Canadian mine owners a fifth of a million a year; corundum is worth nearly $150,000, and arsenic, most subtle of poisons, sells at Canada's door for $100,000 yearly.

CANADA'S FUR EXPORTS.

Now if Jack Canuck is a careful stock-taker he has also an appreciation of the picturesque. You may waken your Canadian to cheers by talking of silver or nickel monopolies or you may send his asleep on acreages of oats and cargoes of live cows. Very well, then: Let us keep away from the oats and cows. Here's a shipment of furs marked "H. B. Co.," and tied and crated from Fort Churchill to London, England. Furs are not one of the largest exports from Canada, but they are a national specialty, identified closely with Canadian history and responsible for the first pioneering through our North-west territories. Moreover the European world—or part of it—persists in believing that Canadians grow more mink than Northern Spies and that the citizens get their living from the fur trade, *whereas* we do not get for the whole season's pack of skins more than a tenth of the revenue that comes from cheese. We collect about $2,000,000 for the fur trade, not including fur farms, and nearly $21,000,000 for the cheese. One hesitates to consider the blow such information would cause to old Governor Simpson of the Hudson Bay Company who remarked, with apparent frankness but with delightful cunning, that Canada was good for raising wild animals but that mighty little else could be done with it.

Canadian furs enjoy a reputation in every country of the earth where warmth and adornment are valued. Martin, musk-ox, mink, muskrat, otter, raccoon, fur seal, wolf, wolverine, bear, wildcat, ermine, fox, fisher, lynx—it is a proud list of fur bearers, the same list indeed, item for item, that has supplied the fur harvest for nearly two and a half centuries. Here is the way a season's trapping in Canada's lone north sizes up; it is a page from the report of one concern, the Hudson Bay Company: 49,963 ermine, 2,310 fisher, 113 blue fox, 4,558 red fox, 382 silver foxes, and 33,000 mink. In all, the Canadian fur agents shipped to London 987,321 undressed skins last year. London is the fur magnet of the earth; nowhere else are the secrets of dyeing and dressing practised with such mastery.

Nearly a million wild animal skins does look like a lot of trapping, and so it is, but thickly-populated Germany manages to capture 3,370,000 pelts, the United States 6,400,000. Canada, however, overtops Russia which is credited with 750,000 skins delivered to the London market.

More than one authority supports the prediction that the future of fur gathering in Canada, as in the whole world, lies in the development of fur farming. The wilderness gives place to the settler; railway lines invade the sanctuaries of animal life. Year by year the zone of the hunter and trapper moves farther north, and the Hudson Bay Company has so far recognized the inevitable as to have carved out an entire new kindom of the fur trade well within the Arctic circle, and clear of probable encroachment. Moreover, the value of pelts renders the waste of old-fashioned trapping methods a commercial crime. Canada is recognizing the command for fur economy by that most modern and tested device, the fur farm. No country has adopted the novelty with more courage and while certain instances of speculation must accompany the initial steps, fur farming is certain to grow into one of the great industries of the continent. Where two millions are turned in annually from the export of pelts, five times that amount should be easily realized by reducing pelt culture to the same prosaic terms as pullets and cabbage.

AND NOW PULP WOOD.

A Boston paper manufacturer, a few months ago, summing up the conservation laws of Canada, predicted that within fifteen years every news-print mill in the Eastern States would take shelter in Quebec province. He gave as his reason the growing scarcity of wood and the decrease of water-power necessary to keep the wheels of the American mills running. Nothing consumes water with such voracity as a pulp mill and nothing but a sawmill will devour wood so remorselessly as a paper machine. It was not a question of labor conditions or machinery but the raw necessities of water and trees. And where New England faced the double famine, Quebec and Northern Ontario and British Columbia and New Brunswick were puzzled to dispose of their superabundance. Hence the prediction of a general transfer of industries into the neighborhood of raw materials.

Canada's remarkable wealth of wood and water-powers destines her as the great paper-making centre of the world. The manufacture of news print for export is comparatively a new enterprise, yet it has reached the proportions of $5,500,000 yearly. So with ground wood pulp, the basis of news-quality paper. Yet we have fifty pulp mills which use on the average about 900,000 cords of wood worth more than five millions of dollars. And besides that, a million cords, valued at over six and a half millions are cut and shipped south in the form of logs. For the past two years the hesitation of foreign investors to risk money in new paper enterprises (and not a little mischievous financing) has blocked the spectacular advance which lasted through 1912. Notwithstanding that the growth of the industry during the next ten years is certain to be prodigious. If Canadian makers of news print can turn out a ton of paper for three or four dollars less than the "high efficiency" American mills, as was averred before a Congressional committee; if pulp forests of great area and richness merely await the incorporation papers of any responsible persons; and water powers of constant flow invite the disciple of low cost, the manufacture of pulp and paper in this country must sooner or later outweigh even the mammoth enterprises of the States. As it is to-day, Canada supplies about 1,200 tons daily of the 6,000 tons required to keep United States newspapers running.

This peculiar "pull" of cheap power was well illustrated in a chat with a Chicago paper mill owner who has moved to Canada bag and baggage. "I owned a mill in New England," he remarked, "and would be there yet had not the growth of my home city turned my paper enterprise into a partial loss. When my father built the mill, water-power in that vicinity was in such poor demand as to justify no commercial quotation. As the generations went by the town grew into a city and the city needed electricity and my father's waterfall looked the obvious solution. So the City Council made an offer to us at $25 per horse-power. Here we were, with a costly mill that could not be moved elsewhere, and yet we were requested practically to either destroy the mill or to continue manufacturing paper on the valuation basis of $25 per horse-power. in competition with Canadian mills that got their power for $12 or less. It was a sure-enough dilemma, but we solved it in the only sensible way. We scrapped the mill, took the city's contract and moved to Canada."

These are heartening testimonies. They cut the fog of pessimism associated with war-time and give Jack Canuck some idea of the rock-bottom virtues of his country. No European war can shake the lands and forests and fisheries and water-powers, whatever havoc it may work on man-made corporations.

CANADA IS KNOWN BY HER BINDERS.

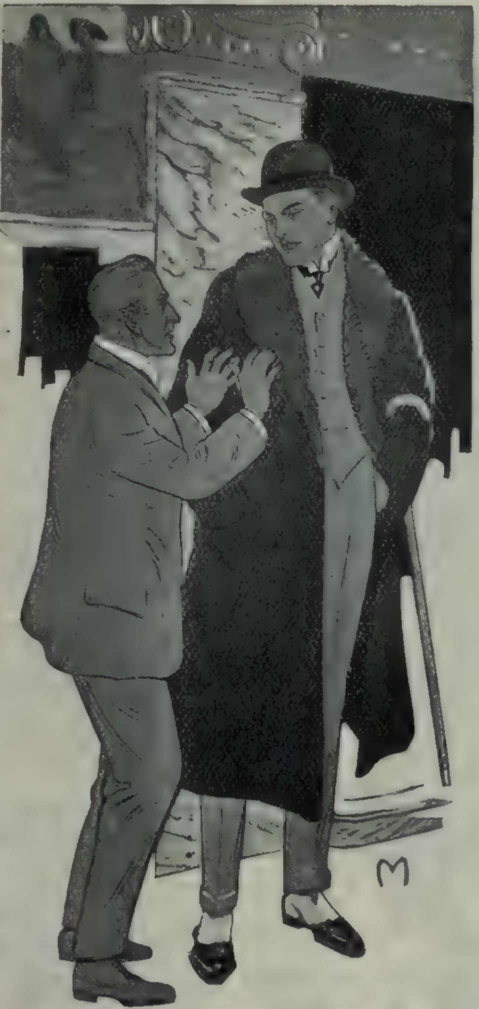
When a Canadian capitalist was asked what product manufactured in the Dominion occupied the most distinctive position in the commerce of the world, he replied: "*Harvesters.* You're always safe with harvesters." It stands true that of all our varied activities, the business of making binders and reapers is the "star act" to which the world at large gives most attention. We export pianos and we export whisky, but each has a more or less commonplace relation to the country's trade. The Russian and German and Spanish farmer knows Canada not by its boots or canned goods but by the name on the binder in his back shed. Wherever cereals are grown, even to far off Roumania and the Argentine, there the Canadian binder and reaper find a welcome. It is as distinctive in its way as nickel and asbestos and, far more than our minerals, pays tribute to Canadian inventiveness and energy.

If you assembled side by side the forty to fifty thousand binders and reapers turned out by Canadian factories in an average year, they would fill the roadside for eighty miles. In normal times thirty thousand are sent annually across the seas to help in the harvests of practically every nation on the earth's surface. What influences brought about this remarkable trade in a line where foreign competition would appear a fatal barrier? An officer of the largest Canadian implement company put the answer in this way: "We introduced these foreign ocuntries to a *novelty.* The binder was perfected in the United States by Cyrus McCormick and in Canada by Sir Lyman Melvin-Jones and until these machines were shipped from the United States and Canada, Europe and Asia knew nothing of them. Launching upon a policy of foreign expansion, Canadian companies sent their agents to every part of the world that grew grain. Naturally, the first few years of such enterprise made hard going. But a machine of obvious economy could not long be excluded even by the prejudices of slow-going peasants. The demand grew, and the annual shipments from Canadian ports doubled and trebled in volume. At once, local competition was aroused to oust the Canadian and American product, but so large were the quantities turned out and so economical the processes of making that only in the last year or so were the ingenious Germans able to make a machine that could compete with the Canadian product in price and efficiency. The Russian Government, determined to develop the binder business within her national boundaries have offered strong inducements for the location of factories on their own soil and are certain, eventually, to meet with success. Thus does Canada, a country seldom suspected of

Continued on Page 78.

The Sale of Huntley Hall: By Herbert Hammel

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL



"Something most strange has happened, sir," said the valet in a hoarse whisper.

BUSINESS was dull. In fact, so far as the sale of suburban lots on the ten-down ten-a-month plan was concerned, business had been absolutely flattened out by the war road-roller. Harvey Grimes, as president and sales manager of the Sure-Thing Real Estate Co., had been selling lots by the dozen before the war, but had not turned over a nickel's worth of business since. Which explains an ominous sag to the corners of his mouth and a deep corrugation of his brow, signifying concentrated thought on the question of bread and blankets.

When Harvey Grimes failed to make sales there was something radically wrong with conditions. He had never been known to fail before. With every type of human duly classified and filed away in his mind, and a special canvass on the tip of his tongue for each type, Harvey had been irresistible. As an index to his special brand of salesmanship let us quote Talk No. 9, or, as Grimes had it catalogued, Straight Stuff for the Horney Handed. Fixing an unwilling mechanic with forefinger elevated at the angle of accusation, he would proceed somewhat as follows:

"You've never made any easy money, have you? Always found every lonely little dollar as hard to grab and hog-tie as a greased pig. Sweat of your brow and all that, huh? Know why? I do. You haven't got enough gumption to use the brains you've got. Think you can't cop any of the easy coin, don't you? Perhaps you're waiting till old man Opportunity comes up with his name and address lettered on the front of his jersey and hands you a new supply of grey matter and a book of instructions. And that's where you're in wrong. Opportunities don't come to no one. You make 'em yourself or some obliging guy, like me, comes along and makes 'em for you.

"Now, listen. I'm going to give you a lesson in first aid to easy money. How did John D. and J. Pierpont and Bill Mackenzie and Dan Mann and all the rest of them get their start? I'll tell you. They bought land. Went right down into their overalls and dug up enough dust to make first payment on a dinky little lot away back somewhere. Turned it over, bought another, bought two, bought three, unloaded them at the right time and the right price, bought a few acres of cow pasture and slivered them up into choice residential lots, sold 'em, bought railroads, motor cars and now all they need is lawn mowers to keep the coupons clipped. Want to be a John D. or a Bill or a Dan, yourself? Gather around, brother. There's only one key to Big Business. And I got it!"

By the time he had completed a half-hour's canvass on the same rapid-fire order, the prospect had been talked into a condition of coma with just strength enough left to wield a fountain pen. This, before the war; since, Harvey's real estate rhetoric had been about as effective as a spatter of buckshot on the hull of a Dreadnought. The slogan of ten-down and ten-a-month had lost its pull.

No wonder then that worry showed itself on the usually placid brow of Harvey Grimes. With feet up on his desk and his gaze fixed abstractedly on the patch of daylight which filtered through the unglazed half of his office window, he ruminated on conditions in general and board bills in particular.

"It serves me right," he said. "I shouldn't have gone in for this piking game. Just as soon as things go bad, the ten-down crowd are dead ones in this business. If I'd gone in for something man's size, I wouldn't be sitting here now so near the end of the gold reserve that my pockets yawn out of sheer emptiness. Big deals can always be pulled off—so I've heard. And there's one thing certain, if I'm going to continue to eat, something has sure got to be turning up soon."

Picking up the newspaper that lay on his desk, he scanned its columns with renewed interest in the hope of striking something which might suggest a plan of action. Whether he found it or not, his attention finally riveted on one item and he was studying it with every indication of interest when the door of his office opened and a girl walked in. She was such a pretty girl and had such a bright cheerful smile, showing up two of the most charming dimples imaginable, that gloom vanished from the room simultaneously with the touch of her neatly gloved hand on the door knob. Harvey Grimes dropped his paper and greeted the last survivor of his sales force with a smile.

"Hello, Nora," he said. "Say, but you do look rosy and prosperous. Can't see how you keep those furs out of the clutches of your uncle when I'm getting uncomfortably close to the bread line myself."

"I saved when the business was coming right," she asserted, seating herself on the opposite side of the desk; a move which caused Grimes' feet to their proper level with celerity. "I was putting over sales every day for a while there, you remember."

"Sure, I remember," assented Grimes. "But what I want to know is, how many lots have you sold to-day?"

"Sold? To-day?" she asked, with tragic emphasis. "Have a heart, Harve. If we were offering the whole of Yonge street for a dime, I couldn't sell enough land to fill a salt-shaker. Honest, you can't give lots away nowadays."

"When the beaucheous Nora Callahan owns up that she's beaten, it's time us ordinary salesmen got off the map," said Grimes. Then lapsing into the serious, he thumped his desk emphatically. "But I tell you what it is, Nora, my girl. We've got to get out of the piker class. We've got to put over something big. There's just as much chance to pull off a big deal as ever."

"For instance?" she queried.

Grimes picked up the newspaper, squared his elbows on the table and started to read:

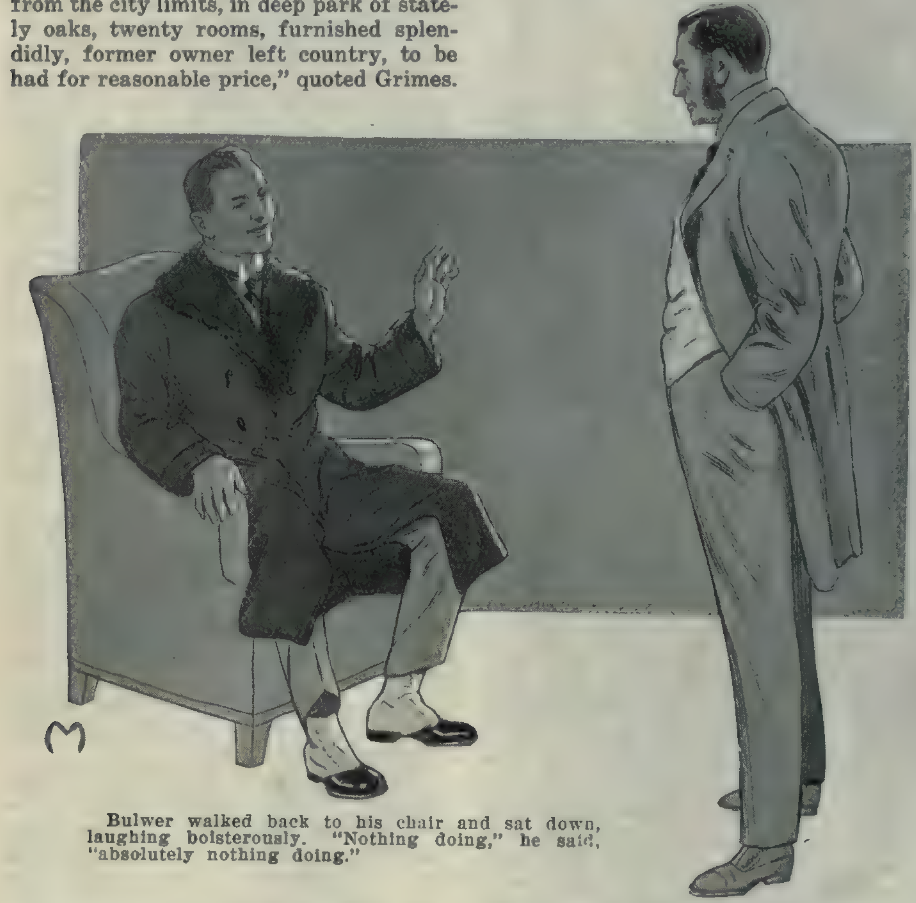
> "Horace Bulwer, erstwhile Cobalt King, arrived in the city to-day and is registered at the King Edward. Mr. Bulwer is now interested in mining ventures in the new fields north of Porcupine, and is reported to have augmented his previously substantial fortune. With the advent of cold weather, he has deserted the north country and will probably remain in Toronto for the winter."

"I know all about this busher from the bullion league. Somebody's going to get a little of Mr. Horace Bulwer's money," commented Grimes. "And it might just as well be us. If he's going to stay here all winter he'll need a house. Tell you what we'll do, Nora. We'll just sell him Huntley Hall."

The girl laughed, a light, rippling laugh which in the past had helped, by the way, to close many a sale for her; a fact fully appreciated and by no means overlooked.

"Back to earth, Harve," she protested. "Don't let that bright fancy of yours go aeroplaning so often. Sell Huntley Hall! Try something easy."

"Huntley Hall, built on order of old English country house, situated a mile from the city limits, in deep park of stately oaks, twenty rooms, furnished splendidly, former owner left country, to be had for reasonable price," quoted Grimes.



Bulwer walked back to his chair and sat down, laughing boisterously. "Nothing doing," he said, "absolutely nothing doing."

"Just the very thing for this man Bulwer. He simply couldn't resist it—if it's put up to him in the right way, to wit, by one Nora Callahan."

"That place is the worst white elephant on the market," asserted the girl out of the fullness of six months' experience. "It's been unoccupied a year. And, if I'm any judge, it will be empty for several years after we've made our fortunes and quit the business—and you know what that means."

"Seriously, Nora, I guess you're right," conceded Grimes. "The old pile is about as saleable just now as open-work socks in Alaska. And from what I hear it would take a squad of policemen to drag this miner fellow out to Huntley Hall; that is, if you went at him in the regulation way. They've tried to sell him everything under the sun. But—I have a plan. It's just buzzing aimlessly around in my thinks exchange so far, but pretty soon I'll get it worked out and the details figured and then I'll spring it on you in all its grandeur. I'll need your assistance in this. In fact, I'm going to cast you for the star roll and I'll split with you on the proceeds, fifty-fifty."

"Let me help you to pin the idea down," suggested the girl. "Your one fault, Harve, is that you let these brilliant ideas of yours buzz around aimlessly too long. They're apt to get dizzy."

"This idea," declared Grimes, "doesn't fall short of an inspiration. It hinges on some inside information I've got about this man Bulwer. Anything that looks like an adventure or a romance goes with him every time. At the same time he's had so many tricks tried on him by salesmen that's he is gun-shy. By the way, if I had on a full set of side whiskers and a reddish toupee would I look much like Sanderson Huntley?'

"There would still be points of difference," said the girl critically. "Huntley was rather a distinguished looking man, as far as my recollection of him goes. But if you managed to forget who you were for the time, Harve, you wouldn't look totally unlike him."

"Thanks," said Grimes, shortly, "As you know, Huntley was a bachelor. What I'd like to be sure of is, did he have any sisters?"

"No. He hadn't," answered the girl.

"Well," asserted Grimes. "We're going to give him one then. And you're going to be it."

"See here, Mr. Grimes, come across with this idea of yours right away," she demanded.

"Can't tell you yet," chuckled the salesman. "It'll all depend on whether we can get this Horace Bulwer to go out to the place. If he goes, you'll manage the rest of it. Hustle along home now and practice those dimples of yours and that blamed little trick of laughing with a trill in the middle of each note. You'll need 'em."

HORACE BULWER emerged from the hands of the hotel barber looking more like a modern Adonis than ever. He was a picture of healthy content from the crown of his close-cropped head to the soles of his neat patent leathers. That money was no object to Horace Bulwer was evident in the exquisite perfection of every detail of his dress.

Slipping into his overcoat, he was preparing to brave the shrill January blasts, when his valet appeared in a hurry from the direction of the elevators and intercepted him. When in the north, Bulwer lived on canned beans and flap-jacks and wore blue jeans and cowhide boots the same as the rest of the mining fraternity. But in Toronto he had a valet and every comfort, real or supposed, that wealth could provide.

"Something most strange has happened, sir," said the valet in a hoarse whisper. "A man came up to your rooms, sir—a little old chap with long white whiskers and a grey plug hat. He had a very high pitched voice—I'd know it again anywheres—and he says to me, 'Tell Mr. Bulwer, the time has come. We are waiting for the signal.' "

"Have you been drinking, Johnson?" demanded Bulwer, turning a look of stern enquiry on his man.

"Not a drop, sir," protested the valet. "Those are his very words. He made me repeat them over, sir, so I'd get them right."

"Is it a new begging stunt?" suggested Bulwer, unconcernedly. "Or was he just an ordinary nut?"

"He didn't seem crazy, sir," said the valet. "And he didn't ask for anything."

"Well," said Bulwer, drawing on his fur gauntlets, "if he comes back, kick him one in the ribs for me, Johnson, and as many more as you like for yourself."

It was next day at luncheon that Johnson approached the table, where his master was busily engaged, with an air of mystery that carried with it a suggestion of portentous happenings.

"The old party's been back, sir," he whispered. "He popped in soon after you left the rooms and says, "Tell, Mr. Bulwer the pass word will be Now or Never and that the Crown Princess has been asking for him.' His very words, sir."

Bulwer shoved his chair back from the table impatiently and stood up.

"Someone's putting up a practical joke on me," he declared. "I'll catch them at it if I have to stay right on the job for a month."

For a day and a half Horace Bulwer never left his rooms, even having his meals served there. During that time the mysterious caller did not again put in an appearance. Getting impatient at the unusual restraint thus put on his activities, Bulwer finally decided to go out for a tramp. Returning in an hour's time for lunch, he found that the third call had been paid in his absence.

"He's been here again," said Johnson, showing the germs of a suspicion that his master was living a double life.

"Well, what was the message this time?" snapped Bulwer.

" 'Frankel has arrived,' " quoted Johnson, voicing each word carefully. 'They will need the million to-night sure.' "

"Why, hang it, I believe it's some round-about black hand game," said Bulwer, showing real uneasiness for the first time. "I'll get a private detective on this case right away."

Leaving the hotel with the object of calling on his lawyers, Bulwer was just in time to see a little man with long white whiskers and a grey plug hat climbing into an automobile and to hear him give a hurried direction to the driver in a high-pitched, quavery voice.

"That's my man, sure!" said Bulwer to himself.

There was only one other car in sight, a taxi drawn conveniently up near the curb. He took possession of it at once. "Follow that red car just turning the corner," he directed the driver.

The chase led them up Yonge street for a couple of miles, then off to the east through a winding maze of cross streets, until Bulwer, who was not well acquainted with the city, hardly knew where he was. Finally they got beyond the closely settled section and ran for half a mile along roads that were sparsely dotted with houses. Another half-mile through a farming section brought them to an imposing park, surrounded by a high stone wall. The car carrying the mysterious caller turned in at a pillared gateway and rolled out of sight along a curving drive. The chauffeur turned around with a nod of enquiry toward the gate.

"Right on," directed Bulwer. "We'll follow them to the finish."

Accordingly they stopped in a few minutes in front of an imposing pile of grey stone with battlemented walls and a tower that was reminiscent almost of feudal days. The other car, empty, was drawn up at one side of the main entrance.

"Good day, Mr. Bulwer," said a voice from the doorway. "Won't you come in?"

The voice proceeded from a tall man of distinguished appearance, with reddish hair and luxuriant side-whiskers of the same hue. He bowed courteously as he spoke.

"Oh, I don't mind if I do," said Bulwer, with a return of his habitual easy nonchalance.

The tall man led the way through a lofty hall to a small room in the rear, which apparently served as a den. Bulwer got a hasty impression as he traversed the hall of a broad, winding stairway, a brick fire-place of gigantic proportions and walls covered with paintings and trophies of the chase. "Some place, this," he said to himself.

His host seated him in a comfortable leather chair, but remained standing himself. To Bulwer it looked almost as though he stood in readiness for any course of action which might become necessary.

"Expecting me, it seems," said the miner.

"Yes, we were," said his host.

"Look here, was all that hanky-panky just a trick to get me to follow all the way out here?" asked Bulwer, grinning in spite of himself.

"Exactly," replied the other. "We desired your company so much that we went to all that trouble. By close analysis of what was known of your character and your past, we realized that only by some such means could you be persuaded to pay us a visit."

"Well, let's talk turkey," said Bulwer settling himself back comfortably in his chair. "Shoot."

The other studied him for a moment in silence.

"My name is Sanderson Huntley," he said, at last. "Have you ever heard of me?"

"No, but don't take it as an insult," said Bulwer. "I'm willing to concede that I should know you. But as a matter of fact, I don't know any of the celebrities here."

"You should know me," persisted the other quietly. "You got ten thousand dollars of my money once."

"What's that!" said Bulwer, sitting up. "I got ten thousand of yours?"

"I think that is perhaps the most accurate way of putting it," said Huntley. "The money nominally was invested in the Bulwer Gold Mines Limited. Actually, it was handed over to you. At any rate, I never saw it again."

Bulwer cleared his throat, a little uneasily. He did not feel at all uneasy or guilty in mind but he began to see difficulties in presenting an explanation that would be satisfactory to this aristocratic but heavy-jawed individual towering over him. He got up himself.

"I had nothing to do with the actual flotation of Bulwer Gold Mines, Limited," he began. "I located the claims, it is true, and was interested heavily in the venture, but the company was floated by Toronto financiers, of whose antecedents and methods I had no previous knowledge."

"The claims proved worthless," said the other, sternly, implacably. "They were advertised as being the richest in the district. False reports, telling of purely fictitious strikes, were published in the newspapers. The falsity of these reports was proven conclusively later. In company with thousands of others I invested every cent I could spare. I never saw a cent of it again!"

"It was a most unlucky venture," said Bulwer. "These mining claims in the north are all a gamble anyway. You may make a million or you may go bankrupt. This particular one did not pan out."

"I for one would never have invested," said Huntley, "if it had not been for the systematic campaign of lies that was carried on in your name. Whether you were cognizant of the nature of the campaign is quite beside the question. I hold you entirely responsible for the fraud—and its dire consequences."

"Confound it, man," declared Bulwer, facing Huntley belligerently. "I was in the same boat as yourself. That miserable crew of swindlers did me as well. I had more money in it than anyone—and I never got a red cent out again!"

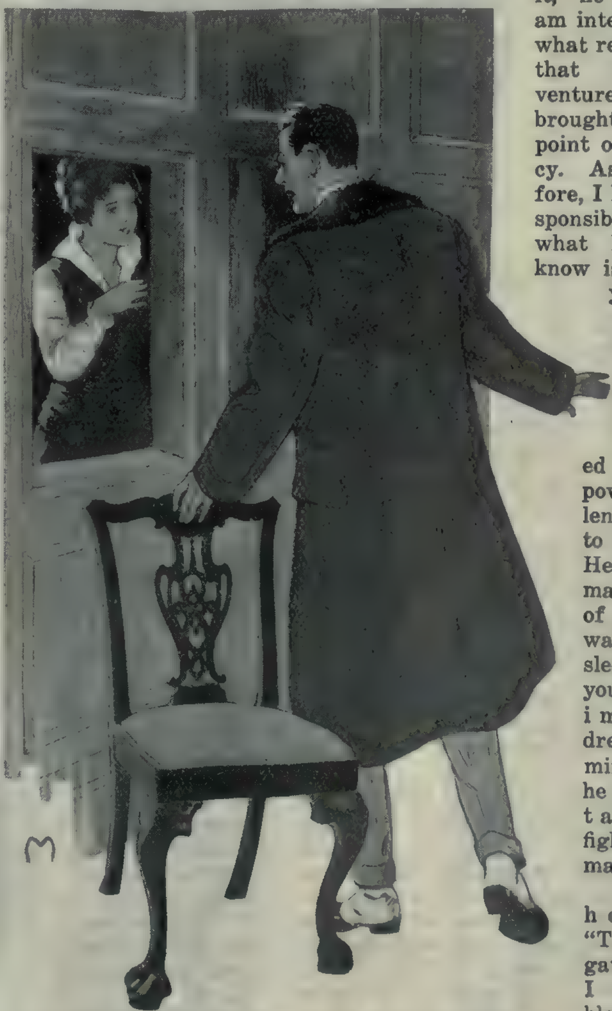
Huntley shrugged his shoulders with polite skepticism.

"I am not interested in that phase of it," he said. All I am interested in is what resulted from that unfortunate venture. It has brought me to the point of bankruptcy. As I said before, I hold you responsible. And what I want to know is, what are you going to do about it?"

Bulwer stepped up to the table and pounded it with one powerful fist to lend emphasis to his reply. He was a hard man in a fight of any kind, was this same sleek-looking young giant in immaculate dress. In the mining camps he had a reputation as a fighter, won in many a melee.

"Nothing!" he declared. "The investigation showed I was not to blame for that affair. I was stung just as badly as anyone. Worse even, for I had more money in it. Why do you want to drag me into this?"

"Because I expect you to pay me back the ten thousand dollars I lost," said



In the opening was framed the face of a girl—a decidedly pretty girl, too.

Continued on Page 83.

Canadian Women in Business

By L. B. DURAND

ONE of the distinctive features of the twentieth century is the steady and increasing flow of women into occupations—many not hitherto sought by them—which afford self-support. Education for girls, both cultural and technical, tends in the direction of creating careers. This appears to be clear from the conclusions one can disengage from the recent voluminous report of the Royal Commission on Industrial Training and Technical Education.

Miss Violet Louise Moore.

No trade is now closed to a woman in Canada on the score of sex prejudice, and she is barred from no intellectual field of effort. Fitness has become the common test.

A study of the Dominion census reports of several past decades discloses the quickening in this direction. Statistics are not particularly illuminating reading, but from vast and overwhelming masses of figures the facts are gleaned that in the year 1901 the census of Canada showed that 250,698 females were engaged at that date in 1,621 different kinds of occupations.

Of course these figures have risen in the last thirteen years, the most recent tables showing that nearly 365,000 women are engaged in the many occupations grouped under the collective heads of agriculture, manufactures, professional pursuits, building trades, civil and municipal service, domestic and personal service, transportation, forestry, mining, and so forth.

In the earlier bulletin a table dealing with the earnings of this army of workers shows that 85,303 women were then employed on their own account. If the rise in the number of women in independent work is in the same ratio as the rise in the total of women employed in gainful occupations, we would find that about 114,000 women are working to-day in Canada on their own account.

It is with individuals of this latter class that the present article proposes to deal. But not from the barren, statistical side. From that of the richer, personal and romantic point of view, in a series of interviews revealing as much as the public may properly know of the traits, the training, capabilities and successes of a number of women who are engaged in business on their own account.

At the office of the Toronto Business Women's Club, 114½ Yonge street, one evening last October, I found myself, pencil in hand, jotting down this entry in my note book:

"Miss Violet Louise Moore, 239 North Lisgar St., contractor."

In reply to my look of inquiry the secretary said:

"She gave her occupation as a contractor."

A telephone call to the address named brought the response of a woman's gentle old voice:

"Oh, no. My daughter's away at her work, looking after her men and teams. I can't say when she will be home. Perhaps only for a few minutes because she is nursing a sick friend at night, and she goes away early in the morning."

"Could I see her on Saturday?"

"Saturday is my daughter's busy day. She has to pay the men and give them their work for Monday, and see to her teams. She doesn't often have any time on Saturday."

I waited a few days and called again at noon, and over the wire came a strong, full voice, serious, clear-cut and confident.

"Did she ever indulge in afternoon tea?" I inquired.

"She would be in town that afternoon and pleased to take a cheerful cup with me."

We arranged the hour and place.

I had a mental picture of the contractor.

At five I met a young woman of about thirty, very tastefully dressed, her round, white throat rising from a delicate lace collar, above medium height, with fine shoulders, out of the pallor of whose face looked a singular pair of blue eyes, observant, penetrating, powerful.

Violet Louise Moore, the only woman teamster in Toronto—mayhap in Canada—has nothing to distinguish her in a crowd of well-bred, well-dressed women, excepting her self-contained manner, her blue, comprehensive glance, and, when she speaks, her voice, well-modulated, deliberate, and low.

She was a revelation and an absorbing interest. We had tea and, later, drifted together to dinner. Ten o'clock sounded on the City Hall tower before we left the table. And not then to part. But to continue our talk on the street car, and thence over the hill under the brilliant midnight skies.

Her conversation was of—horses and their care, which she regards religiously. I could not tear her from the theme. Of herself and her career I could only glance an occasional bit of information. She has made a study of the feeding of horses, she can diagnose their sicknesses and apply the proper remedies, she makes up her own horse white liniment, she forbids the "black snake" and has established the law of kindness on her staff.

She lauded the new traffic laws of Toronto. This legislation, she said, has produced a more efficient and thoughtful class of teamsters than known heretofore. To the Humane Society she attributed the honor of having abolished the whip on the streets.

Miss Nora I. Caldwell.

She has mastered all the essentials of the teaming business. And she began as a simple stenographer at two dollars fifty a week!

Miss Moore is a Port Hope girl, the native place of many handsome women. She is of English and Irish parentage, and a graduate of Harbord Collegiate Institute, Toronto.

She entered on the profession of teaching, joining the staff of a business college. She regards this position as an excellent training for a business career entailing, as it does, familiarity with the technique of a variety of trades and vocations. This post-graduate experience is more advisable than going raw into the business world. She served her apprenticeship as stenographer and bookkeeper with several firms, filling also the posts of collector and customs broker. Then she joined a Hamilton firm as its financial manager, returning to Toronto in the same capacity with the firm's branch here. In a few years she attained the maximum salary the firm would pay a woman, that of $35 a week.

At this point came the check that women, almost without exception, experience in the business world: a higher and better paid position fell vacant on the staff, which she was qualified to fill—and a man was appointed to the place.

She resigned. How many women have done the same!

Fortune turned her wheel. An opening came to keep the books of a large West Toronto firm dealing in sand and gravel and general teaming. One morning she found no orders on her desk. Inspired by the enterprise and energy which characterize her being, she sallied forth on her own initiative.

Later in the day she informed the president that she had found forty teams idle that morning.

"What did you do?"

"Went out and located an order for $200," she replied, "and set the men to work."

The president approved.

"Take the management at once," he said.

A very young woman, she had not then acquired the expert knowledge of the care of horses and the capacity to instruct and direct her staff of stablemen and teamsters she now possesses. As a consequence of the foreman's neglect the firm lost twenty valuable horses during her first year as manager. In addition the firm paid $50 in fines on prosecutions of the Humane Society.

Then the splendid resourcefulness of the girl was manifested.

She made a careful study of the whole care of horses. Going into the country she purchased loose hay from farmers, and proved this to be superior for the animals over the packed variety. Besides, the series of personal interviews with farmers contributed to her information and led to the purchase of chopped oats for her older horses, whose teeth were not in good condition, at a great saving.

"The remedy for sore shoulders I learned from a police officer who has made many arrests," she said. "I shall be glad to give any reader of MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE the address of a herbalist who furnishes this remedy. As a result of using it our fines in the police court ceased."

During the next two years she lost only one horse and that by foundering.

She was a manager for three years. In that period she had sustained the credit of the firm and worked up a connection which was personal and followed her into her single venture.

"I entered independent teaming because I wished to be independent," she said. At first she bought sand and gravel wholesale and retailed it. Then she set up one team. Now she has four and twenty acres of land on the outskirts of West Toronto. One team cost $300. Her stock includes Hoosier and brick wagons and an express team lorry.

Commenting on the unique nature of her enterprise I asked her, "And do you *like* this work?"

"Very much. I come into contact with some very fine men, among the poorer class of contractors, too, ready to deal with a woman, extremely chivalrous, as a rule."

"And would you advise women to enter the teaming business?"

"I should advise no *weakling woman* to enter the business world in any capacity as an independent factor," she replied, with the first touch of passion in her voice. "I never trade on the fact of my sex. I ask only for the same consideration shown a man.

"To go through with it from day to day, demands great energy, steadfastness of purpose, and to succeed — initiative.

Miss Mary Macdonald.

"I chose independent work because I have found that employers, while desiring capable women in their service, *are not willing to give them the same financial position and opportunity for advancement as men*."

Her eyes were blue fire in her refined and pallid face, but her voice went on evenly:

"I consider that any woman capable of handling business to the amount of three or four hundred thousand dollars a year, of keeping up accounts received and avoiding risky clients, to say nothing of a satisfactory bank balance and the negotiation of necessary paper in financial stress, is worth as much money as is paid to a man in the same position. But does she get it?"

We were parting.

"Did you take back that stableman you dismissed for foundering the horse?" I called to her.

"No. I never take anyone back. I have never gone back to a place myself. He would have thought himself indispensable and presumed on it. So should I. That's human nature!"

And she went swiftly down the street.

I called up 239 Lisgar street next day to ask if she had reached home safely. The gentle old voice of her mother replied that she had.

"But I don't like Violet to be out so late," she complained, "without an escort. It is not safe for a young girl."

A mother is always a mother!

At the south-west corner of Keele and Dundas streets stands the West Toronto Post Office, with the Customs branch adjoining on the south. On other corners are branches of the city banks. To the south of the Customs House is an unpretentious frame building, the lower floor of which has been furnished as an office. Within this very limited area a tremendous amount of business is transacted, and figures representing thousands of dollars pass in weekly review. On the window in gilt lettering is the legend:

"M. I. Caldwell, Customs Broker."

"How inconspicuous you are!" I exclaimed, not finding her as easily as I hoped. "Why not a big sign over the door?"

"I don't need it," she smiled, dimpling under her hat brim.

"Are you so *full up?*"

She looked it. At her hand was a mass of papers.

"This is a single entry," she said, "for steel goods, totaling—"

I looked over her shoulder and the figures exceeded $3,000.

"You handle all kinds of goods?"

"Of course, and I write a little insurance, and last July I took a coal agency."

To my exclamation she explained.

"I thought the war might affect my business and when a Detroit coal firm offered me the agency I accepted. It is soft coal," she added, "and I sell only in carloads—do you want one?"

"My business, however, has not fallen off, little being overseas trade. That reminds me, look at that"—she showed me a letter with the word "overseized" underscored. "That is one of my troubles. Stenographers can't spell. Fancy! 'Overseized' for 'overseas.'

"Certainly all women going into business should have a high school training. I have matriculation standing, but no special training for this work. Just adaptability. I was a bookkeeper but I wouldn't return to it. I *love* the out-of-doors work.

"I opened this office three years ago, with not one client, and on borrowed capital—you know interest has always to be paid anyway, so a woman might as well borrow from a bank. What security? Just confidence in you, that's all. I went out and canvassed for clients and I got them and kept them.

"Rapid work is my specialty. I am at the railway every morning before nine o'clock to get notices of arrival of my client's goods. Entry is made the same morning. *Beat it if you can!*" she cried, glowing with the enterprise.

"It is absolutely necessary to have a

good memory in my business. One must remember the tariff and all its manifold changes. There have been three since April. Of course the war has changed things, but I can't understand the rise on milk foods. And why should condensed milk go up five per cent?"

The tariff, obviously, moves in a mysterious way.

All articles in the appraisers volume are numbered and are referred to by those *numbers*, not by their *names* in the subsequent memorandums of change. Miss Caldwell carries all these numbers in her head.

Writing insurance was incidental to her work in the Customs.

"My clients asked for it. I write all kinds, life, fire, accident, health, plate glass and automobile. I prefer to write plate glass!" she announced

"Insurance is not just to women. A business *man* can get a health policy for $10 a year covering him for $25 a week against twenty-eight diseases. They will not issue a health policy to a business woman."

"You look quite robust," I said jestingly, "how misguided the companies are. What is the best policy you could write for me?"

"One covering you for $5 a week against illness, plus $1,000 life. The premium is $8. The same policy, exactly, to a man, is $7."

"By why?" I urged.

"Fiction," she said drolly. "We are supposed to wilt more readily than men under the strain!"

Let me remind you, reader, that 364,909 women, to be accurate, are engaged in all vocations in Canada at the present time.

"Would you advise a woman to start writing insurance on her own account?" I asked the only woman whom I found listed in Toronto as agent.

"Never," she replied, a good deal of feeling in her voice. "She wouldn't make fifteen cents in a month, nor would I if I did not have a wide personal connection. I would advise women to keep out of business in which they must compete with men. It is a curious anomaly that the very same people who will entrust all their insurance business to you while you are a clerk in some one else's office will not give you a dollar's worth of business when you are in your own."

There was no vestige of any such subservience in the bright, active, well-groomed young figure which met me for tea and muffins and talk one October evening.

"Are you Miss Wills, the Customs broker, of 47 Wellington street east?" I called after her as she hastened up the stairs.

She paused. We smiled. "And you?" "Are the professional interviewer," I replied.

She had a quick hazel eye, a look of health and buoyancy and fairly bubbled joy in work.

"I am celebrating the fourth anniversary of my start in business on my own account. Four years ago a newspaper woman interviewed me on my novel experiment in business. Now, I presume, you wish to know if I have made good? I believe so," she said, and then, blithely, "and I have not had one day's holiday since. Few men work like that! But my health is perfect and I have so much out-of-doors work and of such variety—why should I take holidays?

"Customs brokering is *very* interesting. What was my training? Eight years with a proprietary medicine company! You seem surprised. I was bookkeeper and handled all the Customs work. When the firm removed its head office to the States I resigned and ventured out into the world on my own account.

"I visited the Customs and consulted the officials. They approved. 'You'll do well,' they said. Yet it's almost the hardest of all businesses to build up. If I hadn't had my connection with the wholesale druggists I doubt if I *could* have made good.

"The Customs broker requires no plant, no equipment, no stock, but capital enough to carry rent and a staff—"

"And brains," I put in.

"And determination to work hard," she added. "What I sell is my time, resources and speed. I specialize in rapid clearances."

She is early and late at her office. Her work extends from coast to coast.

Miss Isabel H. Stewart.

"There is something new going on everyday," she said happily, "and I am always learning. I handle everything from a little twenty-five-cent gift to carloads of harbor material. The tariff in Toronto is very low, the minimum charge for Long Room entry being only fifty cents. In Boston the minimum charge is $3 for the same work; in New York it is $2.50. In the States brokers charge a certain percentage on shipments.

Here in Toronto we are trying to live on the tariff created thirty or forty years ago.

"A fair advance in rates could be effected by a Dominion convention of Customs brokers. A local effort recently failed through the policy of one firm to cut rates.

"Now," she said smilingly, as we were parting. "I suppose there'll be a rush of aspirants into this business. Let no one try contract work. I did, and lost money. I began with one assistant. Now I have both an inside and outside staff.

"My business relations with men have been very friendly. One rival tried to lure away my head clerk, once upon a time—but that is another story—she remained loyal. Good-night. I am going back to—work!"

On the whole we do entirely agree with the old monks, writes Carlyle. *"Laborare est orare"*—work is worship. Blessed is he who has found his work! How as a free-flowing channel, dug and torn by noble force through the swamp of one's existence, like an ever-deepening river it runs, making . . . a green fruitful meadow.

A SUCCESSFUL COPYIST.

In any discussion of vocations for women one fact must be borne in mind, namely, that by whatever means they earn their daily bread their elemental and unalienable vocation as home-makers press as an obligation in all circumstances. The case of Miss Isabel Stewart, the well-known public copyist, exemplifies this. For many years in the neighborhood of the General Post Office on Adelaide street she maintained, with a partner, a thriving business as public stenographers and copyists. At length the partner married, and Miss Stewart removed to a convenient office in the Canada Permanent Building. No public typewriter has ever been more popular. Kind, attentive, prompt and fair in charges, she built up, singly, a very lucrative business. About two years ago her mother's failing health obliged her to remove her office to her residence, 45 Walker avenue. "Daughter in her mother's house," and typist in her office, fulfilling her double function as a matter of course, I found Miss Stewart. Nothing of her womanly charm has been sacrificed in her arduous business career. Her unruffled brow gives no hint of her years of strenuous competitive labor.

"After leaving high school," she said, "I idled at home until fairy tales of the wealth young girls were earning as stenographers, together with need of outlet for my undirected energy, led me to adopt an independent career. I entered the Caligraph office and after mastering the machine was appointed manager of the office and worked there for six years. Then I launched out for myself. My loving friends predicted failure and assured me I should never be able to pay the rent of $25 a month. But I was determined on the venture as public copyist. I took an office in the heart of the business district and selected a number of pupil-clerks. I cleared all expenses from the outset and gradually built up a profitable connection. Since that era," she said smiling, "many tempting positions have been offered to me, but I have been quite able to resist them."

Miss Macdonald, Toronto, who is a featherweight of a girl in size and gentle and grave of mien is the sole manager of

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The Work of the Red Cross

By Col. G. Sterling Ryerson, M.D.

President of THE CANADIAN RED CROSS

British wounded being conveyed from a hospital train to a hospital camp in France.

THE present war is the most barbarous and at the same time the most merciful war ever waged. Although the casualities are much larger than in any previous clash of nations, the percentage of deaths from wounds is much smaller. Soldiers carried from the field of battle recover more surely and more rapidly than ever before. This is due to the wonderful stride made in surgery and to the increased efficiency of of the Red Cross.

The great need for men "skilled to heal" with armies in the field was early recognized. References to this fact are to be found in the classics. Recognition of the value of military surgeons grew very slowly, however, up to the sixteenth century; and the temper of the times can be estimated when we read such allusions as, "the poor soldiers when severely wounded were discharged with a small gratuity to find their way home as best they might."

Unbelievably barbarous as this may seem, the practice of turning wounded soldiers adrift through lack of facilities for caring for them was not uncommon during the dark centuries. It was based on the principle that it cost more to cure a wounded soldier than to buy a recruit.

The roots of this diabolical idea will be found in the mercenary system of warfare which prevailed. It will be remembered that until quite late in the eighteenth century it was customary for monarchs to hire troops from other countries when they could not raise a sufficient number within their own boundaries, paying for their hired forces at so much per head. When a foreign trooper became through injury or illness of no use, the hirer had no further interest in him.

It was not until the campaign of Marlborough in Germany that military surgeons really had any official existence. At the outset of the brilliant campaign conducted by that versatile leader, full attention was focused on the winning of battles and no thought was given to the inglorious details of nursing and surgery. A veritable cult of iron efficiency had sprung up in the British ranks. It was considered effeminate to be ill. As the campaign developed, however, and sanguinary battles were fought, the need for an adequate hospital service became recognized. This was felt all the more keenly as the armies marched and fought in fever-stricken countries and contagious diseases decimated the ranks.

The utmost credit is due to Sir John Pringle, Malborough's principal medical officer. The clever administration and the great courage and perseverance of Sir John kept the medical service prominent and ultimately led to its recognition as not only a humanitarian measure but as an essential factor in the winning of battles.

The next advance came during the Napoleonic wars and again it was in the British army that the idea was evolved. Sir John McGregor was the head of the medical service with Wellington through the Peninsular campaigns. In order to systematize the work, he devised the scheme of having regimental medical officers—the idea being that each regiment was a family and that it was the duty of each family to look after its own sick. This proved an extremely effective measure and paved the way for reforms in the medical service. Sir Arthur Wellesley (later the Duke of Wellington) was a very humane general and on every occasion he spared his troops. Nevertheless the campaigns in the Peninsula proved an extended period of hardship and horror and the terrible experiences of his ill-equipped corps led to many improvements in the medical service. Improvement from this time on was very slow, however, little progress being recorded until the Crimean War.

The Crimean proved the darkest hour before the dawn of a new medical era. Every reading man knows of the horrors of that war, brought about largely by the almost entire absence of drugs and medical appliances and equipment. Red tape and indifference in the home departments reached their apex at this time and the result was seen in the sufferings of the men who fought the Empire's battles at the front. So bad were conditions that the nation was aroused and there was brought about the rise of the trained nurse. Until the end of time or the annals of human glory fail, the name of Florence Nightingale will be indissolubly associated with this great development. The popular idea of Florence Nightingale is embodied in the figure of "a gentle lady with a lamp"—an angel of gentle ministering care carrying peace and comfort to pain-wracked men. Such no doubt is the picture that best fits the efforts of Florence Nightingale at the front; but there is another side. Miss Nightingale would never have scored so remarkable a success had she not been possessed of a masterful personality. She was a strong-minded woman with a large share of the gracious gift of tact. Her influence was not confined to directing the work of mercy on the battlefront, but was even more potently exerted in securing co-operation from unwilling or indifferent ministers. She had the good fortune to be on terms of personal friendship with the Secretary of State for War, Mr. Sydney Herbert. By exerting her influence, some say by brow-beating the distinguished war minister, she managed to gain official assent to her wide propaganda of reform in the nursing of the sick and wounded.

Up to this time, the female nurse had been conspicuous by her absence, if we except the wives of some of the soldiers who followed the forces and in their rough and untrained way nursed the sick.

It remained for a Swiss gentleman, Henri Dunant, to bring to the aid of the sick and wounded in war co-ordinate and systematic assistance. It so happened that this high-minded man was traveling in Northern Italy on the 24th of June in the year 1859 and that by chance he was present as an onlooker at the great Battle of Solferino. This battle fought between France and Italy on the one side and Austria on the other, was perhaps the most sanguinary conflict of history. An idea of the appalling casualities may be gained from the statement that there were killed or wounded three field marshals, nine generals, fifteen hundred and sixty-five officers of other grades and nearly forty thousand soldiers. To this total could be added two months later another forty thousand sick and those who died of the excessive fatigue or of wounds. Bald figures can give no adequate conception of the soul-searing honors of Solferino, of the wholesale slaughter of gallant ment and the suffering which ensued through the absolute lack of facilities for caring for the fallen. Wounded men died on the field and their bodies were left to rot; and a pestilence arose which added disease to the other horrors.

The gymnasium of the Antwerp University converted into a military hospital, where Baroness Gerversgrisar (foremost lady standing in photo), and other ladies of note are serving

His soul was sickened at what he had witnessed. Dunant left the field of Solferino with a great resolve. He had determined to devote his life to bringing about an improvement in Red Cross work. Inasmuch as it was evident that the organized medical services of armies was quite insufficient, the remedy as he saw it lay in bringing about some form of voluntary organized aid. Dunant thus evolved the idea which has served as the foundation on which the modern Red Cross has been built.

Filled with his great resolve Dunant visited all the courts of Europe and expended many years, and his private fortune, in an endeavor to arouse the world to united action. As a result of his efforts and influence a conference was held at Geneva in October, 1863, at which were present representatives of sixteen of the powers of Europe. This was followed by an important gathering on August 22, 1864, when the representatives of the following nations signed a convention on behalf of their respective Governments, namely: France, Prussia, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, Baden, Wurtemberg and Hesse-Darmstadt.

The principal articles of this Convention were that all material of the Medical Service of belligerents should be immune from capture, that hospitals, nurses and Medical Officers should be "respected and protected."

It is worth noting that Bismarck was one who supported the movement, with a view it is said, to securing a good medical service for the German armies in the war with France which he was even then planning. Certain it is that the Franco-Prussian war saw a great improvement in the matter of caring for the wounded.

Although it is not the object of this article to touch upon matters of a controversial nature the subject invariably leads to the work of the Red Cross during the present war and to the consideration of the lamentable fact that whereas the medical services now in operation have seen a development to the point of highest efficiency, there has at the same time been a tendency to revert to the barbarous practices of earlier wars.

The Germans have taken advantage of a weak spot in the Convention to seize hospital equipment and to make prisoners of medical officers. It was the intention and it is the practice of all civilized nations to consider medical officers as non-combatants and as representing philanthropic aid, to be immune from capture. At the present moment there are between fifty and sixty medical officers of the British army prisoners of war in Germany. It would appear, moreover, that these medical officers are not allowed to render medical aid to their fellow prisoners or to anyone else but are obliged to waste their time in idleness.

It is stated that, in some instances at any rate, medical officers have been deliberately killed or wounded upon the field of battle while in the discharge of their professional duties in aiding the wounded—a notable instance of which is the case of Doctor McNab, Surgeon of the London Scottish, who, it is stated, was deliberately murdered by a German soldier while in the act of assisting a wounded man. There would appear to be no excuse in this case as Doctor McNab was dressed in a blue uniform and wore the Brassard with a Red Cross, and was, moreover, unarmed.

Added to this is the strongest indictment of Germany's methods, the barbarism displayed in the treatment of trained nurses. If but a small fraction of the atrocities laid at the door of the German soldiery be found true when the verdict of history is rendered, it will have been established that Germany has done much to put warfare back where it was before humane considerations entered in, a brute beast conflict.

BRITISH SOCIETY

One of the motor ambulance cars presented by the Salvation Army.

THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS.

It is not necessary to enter into the larger phases of the Red cross work, the carry-

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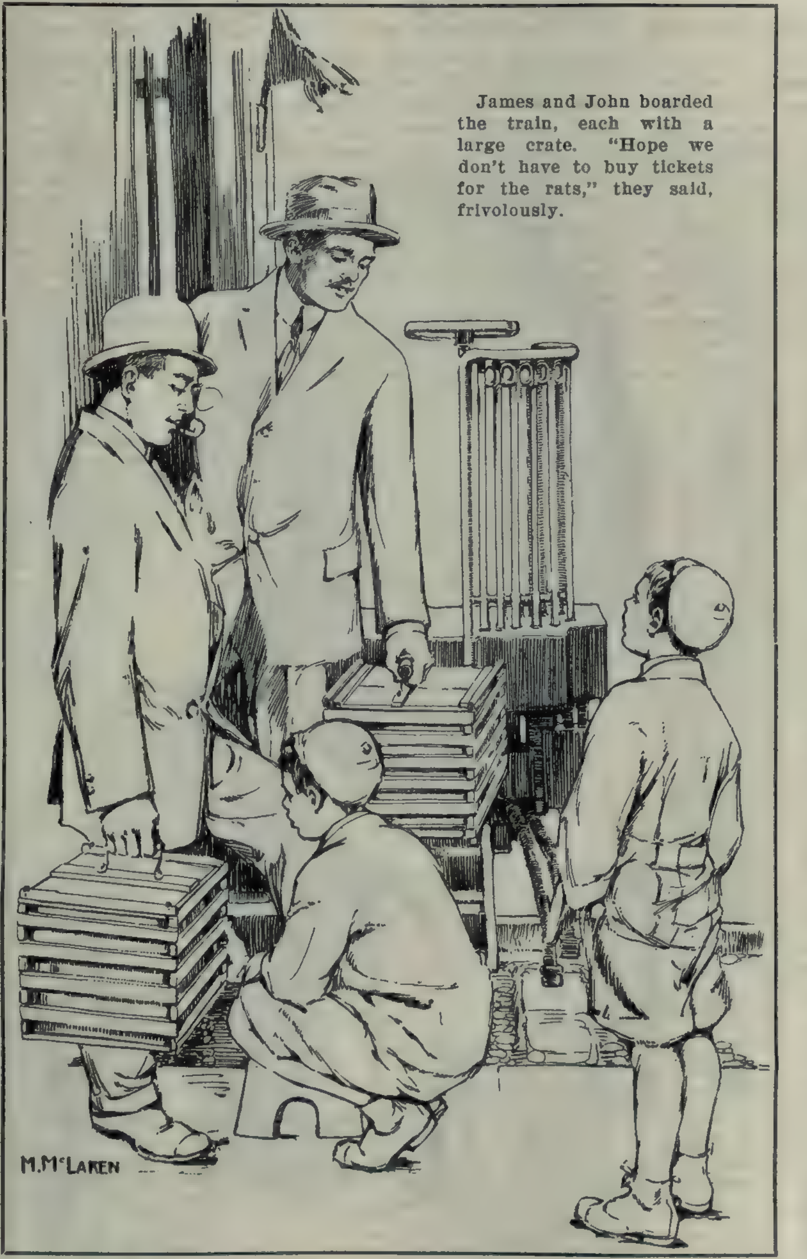
The Fight That Was Pulled

By MADGE MacBETH



James and John boarded the train, each with a large crate. "Hope we don't have to buy tickets for the rats," they said, frivolously.

THE white plague spread rapidly over Millsford. That's the worst of tame rats.

Jimsie and Johnsie were responsible. Mothers—including their own, mind—had discovered that they usually were responsible for any unpleasantness to which Millsford was subjected, and blamed them on principle. They accepted the blame with a contempt born of familiarity with it; and were called incorrigible. Six months after the installment of two pairs of white rats in their individual barns, historic Hamlin looked like a sweet haven of refuge, for there's no use denying that four pairs of white rats, raised to the *n*th power, is a formidable proposition, especially if you are a woman, a member of the Band of Mercy and the S. P. C. A., and cling to the belief that drowning is a hideously cruel death.

It would be suggestive of large possibilities to the youthful mind, were I to enumerate the treasure Jimsie and Johnsie collected in exchange for rats. Skimming briefly over the subject, they asked ten cents a piece in the beginning, but as the market began to glut, half that sum was accepted. Later, they took fishing tackle, small hunks of alleged Cobalt silver, discarded razors, all sorts of less spectacular cutlery, and probably the greatest find of all—a real human tooth. It surrounded itself with an atmosphere of horror and stipulated the imagination with a healthy hatred of Dr. Cole, the dentist. The tooth was given in exchange for three rodent generations.

Jimsie and Johnsie had parents; just the common or garden variety—mothers who took life with crushing seriousness and made a fetish of clean hands and housekeeping, who held the manly art of fighting in any form as something decadent and worthy of extermination by slow torture, where other means failed, and to whom there were more sins in the life of a boy than could be reckoned on any ordinary basis of computation. Their fathers were rollicking over-grown children who tried their best to secrete the fact and be examples to their sons. They did their utmost to forget the stolen watermelons of their sinful youth, the coolness of the 'Ole Swimmin' Hole on Sunday, the proud though weary hours spent at the expense of education in the circus grounds. They grew to have a sneaking pity for the boys the mothers said they used to be, and they put on a ferociously stern front when prodded into being stern with their boys. But it did not ring true, and they knew it. When the rats had eaten the pockets out of Jimsie's three suits, and two table cloths, to say nothing of innumerable smaller articles, when every well-regulated home in Millsford had at least one rats' nest in the spare room cupboard, John's wife spoke.

"You'll have to do something," she said, desperately. "You would not forbid the child to have them, and now you'll have to get rid of them. I have worried long enough."

Mother's horror and Johnsie's loud and chromatic howling eliminated the suggestion of drowning.

"It's what the Pied Piper did," ventured John in self-defence. "We could have a procession in fancy dress down to the Creek, and pretend it was the Weser. We could have recitations and maybe a picnic. And," a happy inspiration struck him, "you could be the Piper, son. Wouldn't that be a ripping game?"

Johnsie wavered. Dramatic possibilities appealed to him. But Mother's shuddering protest decided against the plan.

"And you a member of the Band of Mercy!" she reminded her son.

This made John feel ashamed of his brutal suggestion. Somehow, Norah made many of his suggestions look brutal. He liked to realize her tender-heartedness, and both he and James were glad to confess their wives to be of finer clay than themselves. But, when it came to a question of drowning a few hundred white rats, this extreme sensitiveness rather complicated matters.

"Well, son," said John, chewing a long while on the stem of his pipe, "we must think of another way. How does the family stand at present?"

"There's eight great-grandfathers, and fourteen great-grandmothers, and nineteen grandmothers, and twelve grandfathers, and thirty-two—"

"Holy cats!" The forbidden expletive slipped past John's lips and under Mother's disapproving eye. "Give me the sum total. I'm going to Daleford on Tuesday and if you think we could squeeze the lot of them into a box car—Well, I'll see if I can get rid of them."

"Sell'em?" suggested Johnsie.

"Er—I might try."

"And Jimsie's, too," insisted the loyal friend.

Quite an imposing delegation waited upon Messrs. Clay and King at the hour of their departure. Boys of a practical turn of mind, and mothers of boys, tearfully implored them to carry rats to Daleford. Jimsie and Johnsie, with commendable business acumen, had slightly augmented their families, accepting rats from other boys for sale on a commission basis. For every live rat sold at ten cents, these youthful financiers were to receive two cents. Never had their popularity been greater nor their financial prospects brighter. The day will come when they will be giving away Municipal Theatres just for fun. You see!

James and John boarded the train, each with a large crate.

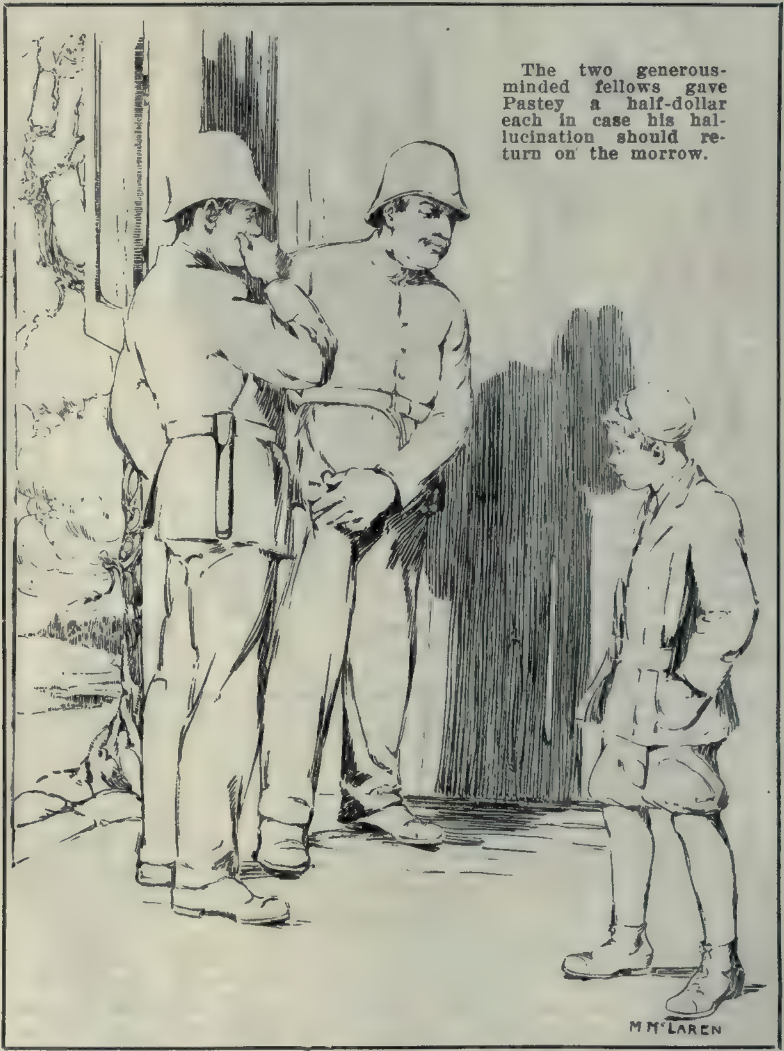
"Hope we don't have to buy tickets for the rats," they said frivolously.

But the mothers did not encourage frivolity. "You won't throw them out of the window, will you?" they asked.

"Certainly *not!*" exclaimed both James and John, with manly indignation.

The engine snorted, wheels creaked; Jimsie and Johnsie lifted their voices in a quavering cheer—and the train pulled out. Then they went back to the deserted barn and chewed spruce gum—a forbidden pleasure — cunningly concluding that, even if they were caught, Mother would not have the heart to punish them that day!

In due course, the travelers returned without the rats. They paid over a neat sum to their sons, thus wiping the desire for embarrassing details from the youthful mind. There was the commission business to occupy the afternoon. But the mothers were not so easily satisfied.


The two generous-minded fellows gave Pastey a half-dollar each in case his hallucination should return on the morrow.

"What did you do with them?" they insisted.

"Well, you see," recounted the hard-driven fathers, who wisely had rehearsed the same tale, "we turned them over to the porter, who wanted a good many for his own children. And the surplus, he was going to turn over to the Chinese quarter, for Chinamen, as you know, love nothing better than dear little white rats! They love them as the Arab does his horse." And here, they changed the subject.

So the boys' sorrow was metallurgically healed, the fears of the gentler sex at rest and honor was satisfied!

It was after the lurid memory of the white plague had become a softened grey in the minds of the mothers, that Jimsie and Johnsie decided to "keep chickens." This idea seemed to provoke less maternal opposition than had been encountered previously; they argued that there was more sense in keeping chickens than lizards, rabbits, guinea pigs or rats. John and James as usual approved of what their sons did, and exhibited quite a little friendly rivalry in the building of chicken houses, selecting breeds and so on. They forgot again that they were grown men, and had to be severely reminded on many occasions.

"I shouldn't be surprised to see our chicken house connected to the Central Heating Plant," commented Jimsie's mother, to her friend, satirically.

"Oh, dear no!" replied the other. "Nothing is too good for our farm, either. I reminded John that he was more interested in the chickens than he had been in Johnsie when he was a baby."

Jimsie's mother drew near her friend and whispered:

"Have you noticed how they fight? Such awful examples for the boys! And the other day, I actually caught James laughing at them! Oh, my dear, isn't a boy a frightful responsibility?"

Now into this true chronicle, enters the villain of the piece—a pale youth with protruding eyes, called Pastey. He belonged to that ubiquitous class of gentlemen whose sole aim in life consists in getting something for nothing. He joined Jimsie and Johnsie at the soda fountain one day, accepted their treat in turn, and answered, when they delicated hinted at a return of courtesy:

"Sure, let's have some more, and I'll pay for my own!"

That was Pastey.

It was also Pastey who had stipulated for three generations of rats in return for a very cavitied tooth, which his mother had ordered him to throw away anyhow. It was now Pastey who haggled for a baby chick in return for the oddments which accumulated in his pocket. Failing, he agreed to barter four Sunday School Honor cards (traded him by an angelic little boy for Baseball Players, and used for the remunerative purpose of extracting reward money from Granny!) But Johnsie refused. With the same sense which characterised all his business dealings, he saw that the chicken market would not be overcrowded, and that the price must remain steady.

"No tradin' this time," he said decisively, "it's real money or nuthin'," This decision earned for him such hatred from the young scion of Millsford that in comparison, the Mafia looked like a peaceful home tie.

Of course Jimsie took up the quarrel. What youthful, energetic masculine person would not take up a feud? Black eyes began to grow common, Jimsie and Johnsie carried a double burden, because every black eye or scratched nose or bruised shin brought its punishment at home — fighting being one of the chief sins of the motherly calendar. There were nocturnal disturbanecs in the chicken roosts, and several chickens were mysteriously killed. Father said you couldn't arrest a boy on suspicion, but you could make remarks regarding your suspicions in his presence, which was some comfort, and could spend your waking hours trying to lay traps for him and thinking up a hideous revenge. It was while occupied in this inspiring pastime, Jimsie having brought his pet rooster to spend the afternoon with Johnsie, that a chicken fight first suggested financial possibilities to them.

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On the Fighting Line in Riel's Day

Article VI.—Aftermath of '85

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

Author of "The Making of the Canadian West" and Formerly Lieutenant No. 1 Company
Winnipeg Light Infantry

WE were discussing the Indian phase of the Rebellion of '85 at the close of our last article and that leads me to recall that partly as a reward for their loyalty and partly that they might take back to their people some account of the white man's power, the Government arranged that several of the loyal Indian chiefs should visit Eastern Canada after the trouble was all over. They were brought East in parties each with an interpreter and special efforts were made to make their visit pleasant and to give them an opportunity of seeing everything that was worth seeing. I met several parties of them at different points, driving round in cabs and having their attention called to everything that seemed likely to be of interest. Wherever they halted they became the center of attraction for a lot of curious people. But the Indians maintained a stoical air of unconcern, manifesting no curiosity and looking with apparent indifference upon the crowds and the greatest wonders of the cities. At the same time, true to their nature, though they put on this air before strangers, they talked delightedly of all they saw and heard. And around many a prairie campfire on the great plains for years the tale of the whiteman's big cities and his garrisons of soldiers and his huge guns, as well as his churches and schools and colleges, was told to eager and anxious listeners. This visit of the loyal chiefs to the East was a good idea for all concerned. If it had been thought of before any of the chiefs in the West were inveigled into an outbreak, it would have been still better.

George H. Ham.

In connection with that visit of the chiefs the following incident comes to mind. It will be remembered that Mistawasis was mentioned in an earlier article as the big Cree Chief near Duck Lake who had remained loyal through the influence of John McKay, the noted missionary on the reserve. This John McKay had been one of the main intermediaries through whom Governors Morris and Laird had made their remarkably favorable treaties with all the Indians some years before and he, a plainsman and a famous buffalo hunter himself, retained his influence with the Indians to the end. Mistawasis as a reward for his loyalty had been taken East on a visit with his old friend, a lesser chief, Star Blanket. On the way back they were met by John McKay, who was coming Eastward to pay a visit to us in Kildonan. So Mistawasis and his friend and missionary spent a night together and as I heard McKay tell of it they sat all night by the campfire and talked. Mistawasis was brimming full of experiences and he was glad to get a chance to speak to one who understood and sympathized. Finally Mistawasis said: "There was one thing that puzzled me more than anything else and I determined that I would say nothing about it till I saw you and now I want to find out about it. Star Blanket and I were asked to go to a missionary meeting in a big church in the East and after it we were invited to meet some of the people in one of their homes. They sang hymns and played on a singing machine (piano) and at last one asked me and Star Blanket to sing and we both wished the ground would open up and swallow us because we could not sing as they did and we were bashful, but I said to Star Blanket we must try to sing because they have been so kind to us. And Star Blanket said, 'What shall we sing?' and I said we would sing one of the hymns the missionary taught us on the plains. And so we started to sing (here he named the hymn in Cree) and what do you think? One of the ladies ran to the singing machine and started to play it and then they all began to sing but I was leading the whole band. Now what I want to know is how those people in the East knew what you taught us out on the prairie." And then McKay told him that all Christian people were brothers and that they sing together, for the hymn they had been singing was to the tune of The Old Hundredth which Mistawasis and Star-Blanket were singing in Cree and the others in English, each one as at the Day of Pentecost, in the tongue in which they were born.

Speaking of missionaries I recall also that a feature of our campaign was our church services along the line of march. Every brigade had its chaplain and if there was no chaplain when the brigade was broken here and there the officer in command read a service. In this connection the name of Honorary Colonel Geo. H. Ham, now of the C.P.R. Literature Department, comes up, not because he conducted a service, but because as war correspondent he wrote a special account of one which he submitted to me before despatching to his paper. I had known Ham intimately from my school days in Winnipeg, big-hearted, genial, clever and versatile and a universal favorite. Even his political opponents liked him, for his delightful humor and his whole-souled goodness made it impossible for anybody to harbor ill-will against him though he was a hard hitter in a political conflict. Ham went out with Middleton's column and so passed through Fish Creek, Batoche and the Steamer Northcote incident on the South Saskatchewan. About the time we had closed Big Bear out Ham came up to our camp on the Beaver River with Tom Hourie, the scout who had captured Riel. When I met Ham he avowed that he had had the time of his life dodging bullets though he said that several of them which he was shedding by degrees had lodged in his anatomy. At the Beaver River we had our usual Sunday service and with the eye of the trained newspaperman Ham saw the picturesqueness as well as the solemnity of the gathering and put it down in a letter to the mail. For picturesqueness our column was ahead of anything Ham had seen in his war experience with the well-ordered regiments further East. Our grizzled veteran of the mutiny, General Strange, standing at the head, erect, powerful, serious, was an unusual figure to begin with. Then our regiment, the Winnipeg Light Infantry, recruited hurriedly for the campaign, was a composite of more races than we had companies. And the Mounted Police in their scarlet and gold, the irregular scouts with their rough-rider hats, their leather schapps and jingling Mexican spurs and the cowboys and teamtsers from the foothill ranches —altogether these made a highly variegated congregation. And the eye of the newspaperman missed none of the details. In the afternoon Ham asked me to one side and as we sat together on what he called in his letter "the flower-flecked prairie" he read me his composition and asked if it would be of interest as newspaper stuff. I said it was fine—that it could not be improved—and it was sent away. I venture to say that it was eagerly read by thousands not only for the sake of the literary charm of it, but because the instinct to worship is one of the elemental instincts of humanity and in that service there was something that made the world akin. No cathedral had we in the commonly accepted sense, but hard by us the great fir trees of the north with their waving plumes sheltered us and overhead was the infinite roof of blue as we met in the temple of God's great out-of-doors—the temple not designed by human architect nor built with human hands.

A SHORT SERVICE.

The shortest service I knew during our campaign was the service in the Frog Lake country when we were within reach of the enemy. On that occasion, already briefly referred to, being Sunday the 24th May, General Strange rode up in front of our regiment and said in words that came like bullets from a Winchester: "Colonel Osborne Smith, officers and men of the Winnipeg Light Infantry, you have marched well. I know that you will stick to me and together we will stick to Big Bear's trail as long as our grub lasts. This is the Queen's Birthday, but we have no time for fireworks. Let us hope that we shall soon have fireworks with the enemy and release their prisoners. Boys, three cheers for the Queen, God bless her." This was not a parade before a grand stand, but a review on a muddy bank in a drizzling rain in the early daylight and miles from the possibility of spectators. But when our old general called for cheers, every ragged cap came off and the roar was a spontaneous tribute of love to the Grand Old Mother across the sea. Then the general proceeded and it is specially for this we refer to the incident: "Boys this is also Sunday but we have no time for service to-day as we must press on our forced march if we are to accomplish what we have in view. I am reminded of an old soldier who, on going into battle, prayed, 'O God I often forget thee, I will be very busy to-day and am sure to forget thee—but do not forget me.' Boys, we have no time for regular service but we will join in singing, 'Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow,' with the Rev. John McDougall leading us." And we sang it that grey morning under the leaden sky before we began our long day's rush to Fort Pitt.

THE MAJOR'S PREDICAMENT.

At Victoria we had a church service when the chaplain was not there. He was away for some days scouting with Major Perry and his men. But Col. Osborne Smith and Adjutant Constantine led a service with the big drum for a pulpit and then they retired, turning over the parade to the junior major of our regiment for dismissal. The junior major knew more about law than he did about drilling soldiers and stood in some perplexity facing the men who were drawn up on three sides of a square. He knew he had to get them into line before he could give the order, 'Right turn. Dismiss.' But how to get them into line was the query. He was like Abraham Lincoln taking his company to Rushville in the Black Hawk Indian trouble. Lincoln says he was marching with his men, company front, and getting along well till he came to a farmer's gate where only two or three men could get through abreast while he was marching some twenty abreast. He says he could not think of anyway to get his company turned endwise to get through that gate but adds, "It never does to let your men think you do not know your drill and so I kept on till I came within a few paces of the place and then said: 'Company—halt. This company will break up for three minutes and fall in again on the other side of that gate.' They got through." In the same way our junior major felt that he should not let the regiment know that he was not posted and so to get the men back into line he commanded: "Men on the sides, backwards wheel." But the men had never tried such an acrobatic feat and, as the order was new to them, they stood still. The old sergeant-major, veteran of the Crimea, Lawlor, came to the rescue, as he often did during the campaign, and got the regiment dismissed properly. But the situation rather upset the influence of the church service.

LODGES OF THE SUN DANCE.

In sharp contrast to the church services were the sun-dance lodges which we came across along the line of our march as a sort of defiance hurled by the Indians to intimidate the pursuing soldiers. Frog Lake, the scene of the massacre, was the place where the largest of these was found, for at Frog Lake more than anywhere else the savage instincts of the Indians had been let loose. On every hand we found indications of this. First of all we had nine bodies to bury there when we came to that point, though as the Indians had thrown the bodies into the buildings and then set fire to them, there was not much more than charred remains. The bodies of the two massacred priests, Father Marchand and Fafard, we recognized by the remnants of their vestments and beads. Then the Indians had evidently plundered every building and set fire to them one after the other. They burned the grist mill the Government had erected for their use and to make sure of the destruction, had smashed all the cast-metal wheels into fragments. And then they put up a sun-dance lodge. This resembles a huge circular tent built entirely of wooden poles the roof going up to a centre from around what would be the tops of eaves of tent. They are not always the same in form. The main thing is to have the roof poles strong enough so that leather ropes with hooks attached can be suspended. These hooks the braves fasten in their skin in the frenzy of the dance and often tear out the hold so as to demonstrate their bravery. The lodges are generally left along the line of march to intimidate those who are pursuing.

The scars made on the life of Canada by the Northwest Rebellion are all well-nigh healed. Populous cities stand where in 1885 we went to and fro through the solitudes of prairie and lake and northern forest. The vast plains of what was then the great lone land are now teeming with civilized life and the Empire of the West has become the granary of the world.

The Wizard

By Mabel Burkholder

This was once a field of clover,
Blowing daisies, swinging stalks;
Butterflies careening over,
Fairest of our summer walks.
Gloom upon the meadow lingers,
Since the day she went away;
These no more are daisy-fingers,
Chalices of tears are they.

Ever sing the birds one story,
"She is sleeping! Wait you yet?
Dead is now the ancient glory;
Go thy way! Forget, forget!"

Magic spells hang o'er the clearing;
Trees no more swing in the breeze,
As when once with looks endearing,
Rested we in youthful ease.
They are trees no more, but voices,
Laden with a wild regret;
In one chorus each rejoices,
"She is sleeping! Wait you yet?"

Memory! O'er the ancient glory
By thy power a curse is set!
Wizard! Silent be thy story!
Cease thy song—till I forget!

Viola Allen's Greatest Achievement

By Margaret Bell

Views of Viola Allen taken from her latest successes.

A SCORE or more kiddies were having the time of their young lives. Many of them had frocks with huge tears in them, or knickers with the knees worn bare. But what did that matter? Who thought of bare knees or torn frocks on that day? For a score or more pairs of eyes were actually looking upon delicacies that a score or more mouths were presently going to taste. Such things as they had always wanted to taste, had always dreamt of testing, but had scarcely ever thought to have the dream realized.

And now it had all blossomed into a beautiful reality. What an ideal Christmas gift! For it was Christmas day and all the hungry little kiddies were sitting down to real turkey and real plum pudding, and raisins and oranges, and nuts, and all the other delicious things which makes Christmas such a sweet anticipation for every child in every land.

She who had suddenly transformed the anticipation into such a delectable realization was a very busy person indeed! One whose afternoon and evening were to be given up to amusing hundreds of people. And yet she found time to plan this noon treat for the tableful of New York's children, who seemed to have strayed into some corner uninvited by Santa Claus.

And meantime all of New York's hundreds of thousands of suffocating *gourmands* leaned back in their Turkish chairs and conversed on the subject of a universal Christmas and their fat subscriptions, made public by means of five columns of black and white. Universal benefactors, they called themselves, and glanced carefully through the morning papers to see that the world had been made cognizant of the fact. If they thought of the dinner party which the score or more of radiant-faced kiddies were enjoying, it would be with a shrug of their prosperous shoulders and the casual comment that "such an act was simply an advertisement for the world to look upon and commend. All actresses must thrust themselves before the public in some way." Oh, woeful inconsistency! But such it is that makes up this revolving wheel of humanity, the peoples of the earth.

So there the secret of the thing is out. It was an Actress who was playing fairy godmother to all the shining-faced atoms of misery, whose Christmas dinner usually consisted of the proverbial crust soaked in optimism.

An Actress moreover, who had steadily held the opinion of her erstwhile fellowmen in sufficient indifference, to enable her ideals and ambitions to wing themselves where they chose. For, naturally, when one becomes an actress, there are always those who pick up their skirts of chastity and march haughtily by, lest the hem of their garments become besmirched by one-time associations.

Viola Allen was her name, is her name, and shall be her name, just as long as the thinking public has a breath left to think. Thank Heaven for the thinking public, that small band of officers which has so persistently tried to raise its banner before the great army of non-thinkers!

Viola Allen was there, with all the kiddies. She sat at the head of the great table, and actually forgot to eat any turkey or plum pudding, so eager was her interest in watching her guests' enjoyment. And that was not all. When it was time for her to hurry away, to a grimy dressing-room, the children felt happy that they were not saying good-bye to her. They would see her too, in a short hour. See her from the best orchestra seats, the whole score or more of them. See her before dazzling, glittering lights, which shone like their own chubby faces.

For part of the "treat" was the matinee in the afternoon, that penalty every player has to pay, for the privilege of having a prosperous public book seats for future performances.

No player certainly ever had a more appreciative audience. Some of the kiddies did not understand that the wonderfully dressed individual who appeared before them beyond the row of lights, was the kind lady who had given them the dinner, with the raisins and oranges, and nuts and all the other good things, which fact required sundry explanations by the older and more experienced members of the party to the huge annoyance of the aforementioned p.p. (prosperous public) who half dozed in their comfortable stalls.

And what about the fairy godmother herself? What did she think of it all?

It brought back to her mind the days when she, as a very special treat, was allowed to go to the Grand Opera House, for the Christmas matinee, and dream dreams of some day being a really great star, who would invite a lot of boys and girls to see her, who could not buy tickets for themselves.

It had taken several Christmases to bring the dream to a happy realization but Time, given a fair chance, had brought it about; and both hostess and guests lived to see a happy day of ambitions come to pass. The dream had been fostered in Toronto in the Dance Grand Opera House, which to-day gives less prosperous—the public the opportunity of seeing "Good shows at reduced rates."

Viola Allen, at that time was a pretty young thing, in starched petticoats and pigtails and the ideals afore-mentioned.

Being the daughter of a well-known actor undoubtedly was the cause of the ideals. But being brought up in Toronto the Good and educated in the way a daughter of such a goodly place ought to go, caused reticence in allowing the good people of such an environment to know her ambitions. So she nursed them to herself, just as she would a pet kitten or an outbreak of measles. Until she was sent to Boarding School in New York the one Mecca of all aspiring want-to-be's.

Strange that New York should have been the next place chosen for her education. And yet perhaps, not so strange. Her father, having been a well-known professional knew many people in the town of professionals. Many people who would only be too glad to keep a friendly eye on the daughter of C. Leslie Allen.

So it began. And before she had time to realize that she had placed one satin slipper on the first rung, she found herself actually succeeding Annie Russel in the title-role of "Esmeralda"' at the Madison Square Theatre. That was a night to be remembered. For three reasons, first and naturally, it marked the first rung with a new footprint; secondly it was a very hot night in July, hot enough to make anyone remember, even one who had been in perpetual communication with His Hadesic Majesty (Which let me hasten to add, our young aspirant never had). And thirdly, it was the fourth of July, a date never forgotten in the annals of American trumpet-blowing. And it was not so very long before the other little satin slipper followed the example of the first one, and had set itself firmly on the same rung. That was on the night when the newly-born professionally appeared with the late John McCullough in "Virginnes," "The Gladiator," "Othello," and "Richard III."

The great army of shocked friends, who had lifted their chaste skirts, on first hearing that she was going on the Stage, let fall a fold or two when they read that she was appearing in Shakespeare. That was not so bad. After all, the plays one chooses have a great deal to do with it. Never dreaming for a moment, a young aspirant has no mind to choose for herself. To the Manager she is a figure of putty with a mind of wax to be moulded as best fits his fancy. That Viola Allen should have been chosen for "Othello," instead of "The Evil Eye" or "Bertha, the Badminton Barber" was no affair of her own, other than a great feeling of relief. When one is young in a game, one follows the lead of older and more experienced players.

However, the chaste minds who had already ruled her out of the precincts of their thought, sullenly drew an eraser through the blackest line which was pencilled opposite the name of Viola Allen.

Following her appearance in the above plays of admirable choice she was seen for a time in "Alpine Roses" and "La Charbonniere."

The first name seemed innocent enough, to the interested lookers-on back in Toronto; the second being in French was less desirable, just as anything French is, of necessity undesirable and much to be avoided.

But the new Thespian worked on, paying not the slightest attention to the letters of "well-wishers."

And it happened that just two years after she first entered the elusive portal, she was playing the lead to W. E. Sheridan.

Those same little shoes of satin were making remarkable progress up that swaying ladder.

A recent photograph of Viola Allen.

Her repertoire was becoming quite extensive. During the next year she delved into all sorts of plays. I wonder what her critical wellwishers thought when they read that she was the leading character in a play entitled "The Pulse of New York?" It is doubtful if they considered that an advancement in her art. Was it for this that she had started out so brilliantly in Shakespeare?

And all she was doing was placing a few stones in the foundation of the art house she intended to build. Of course, there are many people who mistake the foundation for the house itself. The fault is not theirs, only a painful lack of activity on the part of whatever brains the Fates had wasted upon them.

It was at that time that Salvani the great Italian Actor was in America. It was a great bit of luck which led him to the Lyceum one day to see the original of the name on the programs opposite "Dakolar." Luck for Salvani and luck for the original of "Dakolar." The result was that the next season saw our aspirant playing his leads.

From that time on her name appeared on a great variety of programs. It takes all sorts of roles to make up an actress just as it takes all sorts of spices of flavor an Indian curry.

When she was not playing a part like Nance and Jess, in "Hoodman Blind" at the Grand Opera House, she was creating new parts at the star. One of these was "Gertrude Ellingham" in "Shenandoah." It is interesting to note that another young Canadian who came later and has since made a name for the World to place amongst its sifting of great achievements, also created a part in the same play. The part was Madeline West; the name for biographers to conjure with—was Margaret Anglin.

When Joseph Jefferson produced "the Rivals" it was Viola Allen who was assigned the role of Lydia Languish, and a languishing Lydia she became, altogether unlike the role she had enacted previously.

In the same Company she subsequently became Cicely Homespun in "The Heir-at-Law."

And then it was time for a change. Genius is as fickle as the Moon and depends for its sustenance on changes of scene and occupation.

Ambition and hard work have a way of thrusting one right into the arc-light of fame. Naturally, the young actress was anxious to show to one-time well-wishers that she too, could face the rays of fame without blinking. And she determined to fit herself in every possible way for a long sojourn up around the top rung of her ladder. One of the best schools to fit an actress for any position is the school of stock.

Charles Frohman at that time had his famous Empire Stock Company at the Theatre which gave it its name. And undoubtedly Miss Allen considered the day a lucky one when she was asked to join it.

That connection was destined to do for her art what all conscientious workers in any profession most desire. It broadened it, gave her a keener insight into things connected with it, and did what twice as many years in the ordinary routine of stage training could never have done.

A look over the names of the plays in which she appeared during her stock season will show the diversity of roles

Continued on Page 72.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

The cream of the world's magazine literature. A series of Biographical, Scientific, Literary and Descriptive articles which will keep you posted on all that is new, all that is important, and all that is worth while to thinking men of the world to-day.

Organize Men For Peace

The Perfection of Organization Can be Effected for War, Why Not for Peace?

By IDA M. TARBELL

WAR thrusts a sure lance into a nation's weak spots, be that nation neutral or combatant. Hardly had the first sound of the European crash reached us last August when to everybody's lips sprang the horrified comment, "And we without ships!" A peaceful nation unprepared for Peace!

But closed seas were not the only weakness the European war disclosed in this country. As quickly we were face to face with a vast out-of-work throng—true it might be short-lived, but again it might not. The worst of it was we had no plan for handling the situation. If it had been necessary we could have promptly raised an army in an orderly, well-thought-out fashion. Individuals, states, the Federal Government would have known the immediate and logical steps to take. But when it came to the greatest business of Peace in the time of calamity—keeping men and women at work—nobody knew what to do, unless to contribute to a soup kitchen.

There were employers without a sense that patriotism as well as policy demanded that their wheels should run; there were communities that looked apathetically on the closing of factories, as if they had no urgent duty in the matter. States, for the most part, were helpless; so was the Federal Government. Thus it was revealed on the instant that there is in this country no organization for handling labor. It takes care of itself, groping hither and thither as instinct, rumor, hope, greed may call. When the demoralization of panic, disaster, war, comes it is the first to feel the pinch, for industry, like money, is a natural coward. In times of trouble it seeks a hiding place.

What we need is a similar cooperative organization for handling labor. Men pooh-pooh the idea. They tell us the unemployed have always been with us, and always must be. It is the oldest reason in the world for tolerating injustice and misery. Unemployment is no more necessary than war. It may be as difficult to overcome, but that is another question. It is no more an untouched problem than is putting an end to war.

Those who really do come under the head are those who, having once had a foothold on the labor ladder, find themselves pushed or forced to jump off. When men and women have once been accepted as useful in the labor market, why are they not kept busy? That is a question that scores of employers as well as public men and students of social conditions have been asking themselves for a long time. Their attempts to answer the question have come to a point where if they did not form a program at least they form the planks of one. It is the employer who is going about his business, fired with ideals and ideas, that has touched the bottom of this problem, finding the point both of surest prevention and correction. He has found it in this case—as in almost every other—by throwing over entirely the business principles and practices upon which he was once acting.

What is the first operation of the old-fashioned employer, face to face with business disturbances and disaster? Why, to take to cover by shutting down. Just as low wages and long hours have been accepted as the surest way of producing at a low cost, so stopping business entirely in dull or disastrous times has been considered the best economy.

There are many minor devices practised by enlightened employers to piece out work. Where the vacation is recognized as an employee's due, it is adjusted so as to help regularize employment. Piling up standard stocks and putting a plant in order may help a little, but they can do but little. A factory frequently must come to short time. There are many experiments making in handling short time to the best advantage. The ideal way is by thorough cooperation of men and managers. If the conditions that make short time necessary are put frankly to a force there is little danger that they will not come up generously and bravely to the need. It is the stupid practice of keeping the working force utterly in the dark about the shop, its aims, its successes and failures, that prevents cooperation. Short time often is handled admirably by the laborers. Thus, in the bituminous coal fields it frequently happens that when a mine is closed down the men in a neighboring mine will voluntarily divide their work.

It can be laid down, I think, as a fact that no employer operating under the new code lays off an employee without proper notice. When legislatures get around to the point of making this illegal they will find plenty of successful employers to back them up. One manufacturer goes further. He thinks it part of his business to aid those whom he has to send away to find other positions. He does this by making it known to competitors and others in the trade that he is glad to supply employees when he can spare them.

Is the employer, free of responsibility? He certainly is not under the new code. He now becomes a partner in public efforts, which should begin at home. What are these working people? They are the mass of a town's consumers. Turn them out, and houses empty, shops decline or close—the whole machinery of the place begins to rust. It is to the advantage of a town to cooperate in every way with employers to take care of those laid off. Can't be done? It is done; not by "making work," that is, faking tasks, but by considering what necessary public work the town can afford and by making a contract with the idle to undertake it.

Listen to what the town of Duluth did last winter: Soon after Christmas it found itself with a more than usually large number of unemployed men on hand. They have a commission form of government in Duluth, and the commissioners, being free to do promptly the thing that needed to be done, concluded to test the matter of constructing sewers in the winter instead of in spring and summer, as had always been the practice. The men who were able to do digging were put to work the first of February. Employment was given to all who applied, who were able to do what was considered a day's work. The commissioners were very square with the town, refusing absolutely to take men who were just out of the hospital or those that they found on trial were inefficient. That, they argued, would be charity, and they had no right to assess taxpayers for charity. By the first of June a mile of sewer had been constructed. The work was so satisfactory that it has been decided to continue the sewer construction the coming winter. And how much Duluth has gained? She has kept a body of consumers, kept her houses full, kept her shops going, kept faith with her own sense of responsibility.

It is idle ever to say there is no work to be done. To such as plead this let me call attention to the case of Pauly of Seattle. The story was told by Pauly himself at the Federal Industrial Commission hearing at Seattle last August: I quote the report of one who heard him.

Last winter, when unemployment was at its worst in Seattle, Pauly organized the unemployed into "The Itinerants' Labor Union" or "The Hoboes' Union of America." He secured an old hospital building, for which the Central Labor Council agreed to pay the rent, and opened it up as a lodging house for the unemployed. The scheme was ridiculed and the building facetiously dubbed "The Hotel de Gink." Pauly was determined, however, in spite of opposition, that he would find a way of tiding these men over. He advertised for work. He sent squads of men out to clean up vacant lots. For others he got work at the commission houses, where they sorted potatoes, and took in payment "seconds," which the men carried back to their lodgings. He sent out also squads of men to clean up the butcher shops and markets, whenever he found opportunity, and took the second cuts of meat in payment.

In the same way he got the bakeries to supply him with stale bread. Where an old building was being torn down, he got an opportunity to cart off the lumber that was not usable; in this way he supplied the house with fuel during the winter. As soon as it was possible he began to get contracts for cleaning stump land. People said that the unemployed did not want work. Pauly sent a gang of men out to clear some land who worked more than a month in the rainy season absolutely without shelter. Pauly would not admit to the place any man who was unwilling to work, and yet in Seattle he cared for more than two thousand men during the winter.

But the problem of unemployment, particularly as it stands now, is frequently too great to be handled by the most enlightened employers cooperating with the most willing town. The only agency to which the employers can turn, with any confidence that those he is discharging will be rapidly placed, is the new Free Public Employment Bureau, which is coming into existence. There are too few of them, and in those which exist the management is often so stupid that they are practically useless. However, a model for every state is what has been done in Wisconsin. The free bureaus in the Wisconsin cities date back several years, but they never amounted to much until Milwaukee employers and authorities took hold of the situation some three years ago, inaugurating a movement in which city, county, employers and employees were represented equally. The upshot of this cooperative movement was that the state joined, in the person of the Industrial Commission.

A year ago I spent a half day in the office of the bureau. It is a big roomy place, a circular desk occupying its centre. Within are the force—men chosen carefully for ability and experience in the work and promoted solely on their record. Without are the unemployed. There were probably two hundred, young and old, waiting that morning. Their faces—eager, hopeful, careless, sullen or resolute, hang-dog, stupid, intelligent—banked about the desk were a thrilling sight. As their names were given there was a quick search in the big cabinets which told the history of the bureau's dealings with each applicant, to see whether he had been there before, to find why he was back.

This cooperative employment bureau of Milwaukee has made two reports. In the second one, that for the year ending October, 1913, it announced that out of the 29,282 persons who had applied for positions they had been able to refer 28,863 to positions, and of this number 15,660 had secured them, at a cost to the bureau, it may be said, of 35 cents each. An interesting feature of this report is that employers seemed to have used it more than employees, for in 1913, 30,922 applications for help were made. That is, in Wisconsin, judging from the report of this bureau, the employer is giving full cooperation to the agency.

Keep the wheels moving! That is the great responsibility of those who presume to employ. It is no less a responsibility than for the banker to keep his doors open. To cooperate with the employer in this work is the duty of the community, of the state, of the Federal Government.

We must organize men and women for labor as for war. Watch the perfection of the training and the movement of the masses that at this moment are meeting in unspeakable, infernal slaughter in Europe. See how the humblest is fitted to his task. With what ease great bodies wheel, turn, advance, retreat. Consider how, after standing men in line that they may be knocked to pieces, they promptly and scientifically collect such as have escaped, both friend and foe, and (oh, amazing and heart-breaking human logic!) under the safe sign of the cross, tenderly nurse them back to health.

If this can be done for War, should we do less for Peace?—*The American Magazine.*

General Joffre at Home

An Intimate Picture of the Domestic Life of the French Leader

By CURTISE Le BRUN

OUT in Auteuil, one of the quietest yet most famous of the suburbs of Paris, in a picturesque little street named after Michael Angelo, stands a modest little house which is now the pride and show-place of the surrounding district. Surrounded by a garden and enclosed by a wall, it is untenanted, its shutters drawn and its gate locked, for its owner is away on extremely important business. Business on which the fate of Europe depends, in fact, for this two-storeyed little house, from the iron grille in front of which a basket of faded dahlias and Chinese pinks hangs dejectedly, is the home of General Joffre, commander-in-chief of the French army, and the man upon whom rests the responsibility, more than any other, of seeing that the history of 1870 be not repeated, indeed, that it shall be reversed. The man, too, to whom another great nation on the other side of the Channel, and a little, neighboring one, which now finds itself crushed and broken beneath the heel of a callous invader, are looking for a great and decisive victory, over the legions of the German war lord and the forces of blood and iron.

This little house in Auteuil, whose bell one presses now with no reward other than to hear its peal re-echoed through the empty rooms, has been the home of France's great soldier ever since his marriage close on a quarter of a century ago. Here he lived, too, up to the day of his departure for the front, when he was called to take over one of the biggest tasks surely, that ever fell to the lot of one man.

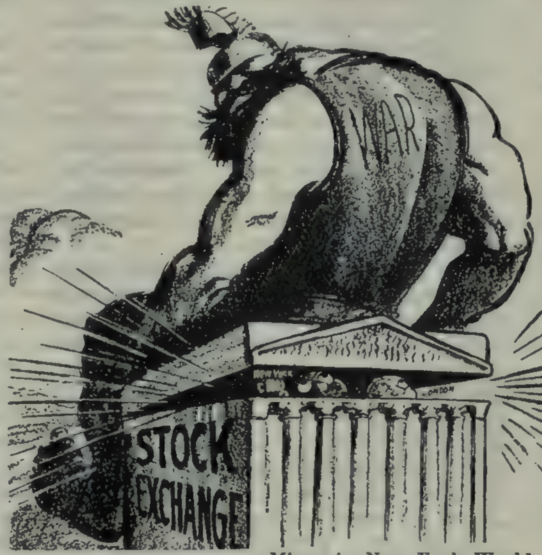
A few days after her husband's departure, Madame Joffre, with her youngest daughter and their only servant, a middle-aged "bonne," left for the interior of France. The couple have two daughters, the elder of whom, Marcelle, was recently married to an officer, what time there were great and festive doings at No.5 Rue Michel-Ange, in which none took a more whole-hearted part than the "dour" old General, who worships both his girls. The younger of them, Annette, who is just seventeen, is her mother's constant companion. The Joffre family go to the country every year, usually in the neighborhood of Araches, and it is there they are said to have gone this year; the general himself was born in the Pyrenees.

The family's migration took place much later than usual this year. As a rule they leave in the beginning of August. This year, however, neither mother nor daughter were anxious to go at all, thinking that if they remained in Auteuil they would receive news more rapidly. Eventually, however, they went away as usual. Mademoiselle Annette, General Joffre's younger daughter, is the living image of him, good looking, with fair hair and pink cheeks, and possessing the liveliest and high-spirited disposition. She is, moreover, extremely simple in her ways, and is not ashamed to be seen going to market in company with the rotund, heavily-moustached and perpetually cheerful "bonne." As for Madame Joffre, who was born in Gascony, the land of D'Artagnan and Cyrano de Bergerac, she is like her daughter, simple in her habits, and above all an efficient housekeeper. Like her husband, she is extraordinary reserved, and the formal receptions at *numero cinq* are few and far between. Their few intimate friends, however, are always sure of a cordial welcome.

All that one hears concerning the French commander-in-chief reveals him as one of the big, silent, strong men, without "frills" or the faintest fondness for the limelight — a man stern, yet kindly, although almost wholly immersed in the one serious business of his life. Great soldiers have ever been somewhat simple men, and the existence that he has led here at his modest, unpretentious home in the suburbs of Paris, has been eminently characteristic of him. Like most French officers, General Joffre long has believed the present war as inevitable, as that France would win. Accordingly, with the struggle definitely in view, he has not only worked out every detail of army organization and national defence, but has watched carefully over his own physique, in order to keep himself constantly fit. Every morning at six, previous to the war, he would, figuratively speaking, sound the bugle for the family to dress and drink its *cafe-au-lait*. Previously he himself had had a vigorous fifteen minutes in a room next to his bed-room—which is fitted up as a miniature "gym.,"—ending with a cold shower-bath. An hour later he might be seen trotting briskly on horseback through the leafy bridle-paths of the Bois de Boulogne, sometimes in company with other officers, but more often with one of his daughters, who are his favorite chums, and followed at a discreet distance by his orderly. The ride over, he would be off to his work until evening.

France's commander-in-chief is essentially a "home-bird." Balls, dinner-parties and the theatres know him not and he loathes the official functions which he must of necessity attend. He married late and he loves his home. After dinner, in the days before the war, there would be music in the salon. Madame Joffre or one of his daughters would play, and the general, unless there were a formal company, was easily persuaded to sing for he has a good bass voice and is thoroughly familiar with a big classical repertory. But woe to the misguided friend who tried to tempt him from his fireside with suggestions of the playhouse or other distractions of the City of Light. He would become instantly the quiet, stubborn antagonist which the Prussians have found him, brushing the suggestion away with the courteous, yet firm assertion, "I prefer my books, *cher ami!*"

Joffre's library is a monumental thing already, and it is ever growing. Most of the volumes in it, of course, are works dealing with war and military operations generally (among them, by the way, one finds the writings of Grant and Sherman, General von Bernhardi's works, and Sir John French's famous treatise on "Cavalry"), but the general more than occasionally diverts himself with a novel and has fine editions of Hugo, Balzac, Dumas the elder, and our own Dickens, the latter in French, of course. In fiction, "Alexander the Great" is his avowed favorite and the best of his works, in the general's opinion, is "Monte Cristo." This, you may remember, was also the opinion of the late Lord Salisbury, as keen a literary critic as he was an able statesman, and who used to sleep with Dumas' great story under his pillow, therewith to beguile his hours of wakefulness, which were many. This love of Dumas, in fact, has provided General Joffre with an always amusing relaxation. He remembers that it was at Auteuil that the Count of Monte Cristo had his country-house, that sombre mansion in whose garden Villefort the future Procurator-du-roi buried his still living infant son, and it is one of Joffre's favorite hobbies to stroll about the district and speculate as to which of the venerable mansions therein the magician of the pen had in mind.



—Minor in New York World.
Lifting the Lid.

Alphonse Daudet is another favorite author of General Joffre, who considers his short story, "The Siege of Berlin" (a dramatization of which recently was produced in London), one of the finest things in French literature. It was, indeed, the general's habit to read until midnight, when, as an acquaintance put it, "a discreet hand would come noiselessly to put out his lamp."

To Auteuil's famous race-course the General Joffre has been but an infrequent visitor. He infinitely preferred "bossing" the one-legged old soldier, a veteran, like himself, of 1870, who looked after his garden, in which both he and Madame Joffre took considerable pride. No doubt he still has an affectionate thought, now and then, for his "borders" and cherished bulbs, and sometimes asks himself when he will see them and old Jean, and his stump again.

Such, for years, has been the daily life of this veteran to whose sole charge the destiny of the French republic has been entrusted. His absence, by the way, is mourned alike by a venerable poodle which customarily sprawls on the rug in its master's study and a big yellow Persian cat, yclept "Toto," whose not always mute demands for bits of meat and fish generally prove irresistible to the man who, they say, will be the next Marshal of France. Both these pets are now away with Madame and Mademoiselle Joffre, and, like those brave women, mayhap, are awaiting the day when they will welcome back the master and friend, and, if the Fates will, a conqueror!—*Lady's Realm.*

REGAINING LOST INDUSTRIES.

THE German has ever been regarded as a wonderfully successful copyist. In the history of invention the Teuton does not play an important role, but in the commercialization of invention he has led the world, the initiative and enterprise of the American notwithstanding.

Many a new industry has been created in Great Britain; but it has been strangled by competition inaugurated across the North Sea, and in many instances powerful monopolies have been established in the country with which we are at war. One of the most telling instances of this capacity to profit at Britains expense is in connection with the aniline dye industry. The import of Perkin's momentous discovery was instantly realized by the Teuton, and within the space of a few years the whole industry virtually passed to that country. In fact, the same may be said of the whole of applied chemistry; the Germans by diligent research outdistanced the rest of the world. This fact was revealed very strikingly upon the outbreak of war. Many chemicals rapidly rose in price, the increase in some instances representing 500 per cent. A large number of British industries which had come to depend entirely upon German sources of chemical-supply were in danger of being paralyzed. Fortunately, however, Government intervention and commercial enterprise relieved the situation very materially; but, seeing that tremendous leeway has to be made up, considerable time must elapse before Britain attains the pre-war level which prevailed in Germany. In some instances the arts of manufactures have been lost to this country. The revival of these industries must be undertaken without delay, in order that British firms may be in a position to cope with the enormous economic expansion which is inevitable upon the conclusion of hostilities.

How Germany's Naval Plot Was Foiled

The Refusal of Italy to Join Upset an Elaborate Scheme

By NAUTILUS

FEW people in this country appear to have realized to what extent the failure of Germany's military strategy, both east and west, has been due to thwarted diplomatic hopes and calculations. There is little doubt that the Kaiser's Foreign Office, some weeks prior to the war, had taken upon itself to assure the German General Staff that, in the event of war, the active co-operation, at an early date, of both Italy and Roumania with the Austro-German Allies could be confidently expected. But Italy's neutrality was decided by a Cabinet Council against the late Marquis di San Giuliano, on the night of August 1st-2nd; that of Rumania, against the late King Carol, at a similar meeting held on the following day.

Now, from a purely military standpoint, the so-called defection of Rumania from her Sovereign's Austro-German allegiance dealt to the joint war plans of the Austro-German General Staffs an even heavier blow than the similarly mis-named defection of Italy. For Rumania's co-operation would have ensured for the Teutonic Allies not only the immediate assistance of her own magnificently trained and scientifically equipped army of 600,000 men, but the early addition of Bulgaria's 400,000 first-class fighting men, and of a Turkish host of about twice that number. Thus, while over one and a quarter million of Turks and Rumanians were to have assailed Russia along her south-eastern and south-western borders, the twofold task allotted to the Bulgarians was to take Servia, whose gallant little army was engaged elsewhere, in the rear, and to drive the Greeks out of Salonika. Such powerful diversions in the south, had they been carried out, would undoubtedly have absorbed the energies of at least one million Russians, thereby upsetting at the critical moment both the mobilization and concentration of the Tzar's armies then in progress towards the German and Austro-Hungarian frontiers. In fact, the immediate accession to the Teutonic Allies of the Rumanian, Bulgarian, and Turkish armies would have postponed for many months, if it had not actually extinguished, any Russian offensive to the west. And, meanwhile, the corresponding million or million and a quarter Germans, thereby released for service in the west, would from the very first have swelled the Kaiser's numbers towards the Luxemburg and eastern French frontiers. In this case the way to Paris might have been hacked through the fortress-barriers between Verdun and Toul; and Belgium's neutrality have remained inviolate, thereby obviating the danger of drawing Great Britain into the vortex. But Rumania's firm *non possumus* to the Kaiser's Government damped Turkey's bellicose ardour for the while, and eventually negatived the one and real advantage which the Porte's intervention might have vouchsafed to the Austro-Germans, viz., an invasion of South-West Russia across Bulgarian and Rumanian territory, with the connivance of the former, and the active co-operation of the latter. Besides, Rumania's negative reply gave time to Russian diplomacy to assuage the bickerings between Sofia and Nish.

The "defection" of Italy, on the other hand, although from a military aspect a matter of bitter regret and reproach in German opinion, shattered the more substantial hopes based by the Berlin Admiralty upon the co-operation of her powerful fleet with the weaker Austro-German squadrons in the Mediterranean. The Kaiser's Government were fully aware of the Peninsula's military unpreparedness and of her shortage in military equipment and artillery. They did not rely on the support of the Italian Army in Europe, save for the purpose of immobilizing along the Franco-Italian border some three hundred thousand French troops. They may have counted upon arranging as between the Porte and Rome a temporary truce, thanks to which the Italian army of occupation in Tripoli and other African colonies, once freed from the Moslem peril, might have been used against the French in Tunis and Algeria. But the Italian Fleet was to have been Rome's chief contribution to the joint action of the Triple Alliance, had this joint action materialized.

On August 1st and down to August 3rd, be it remembered, the conviction was still almost unanimously held in Berlin that Great Britain, crippled by the Irish question and lured into inaction by the pacifist smugness and Teutonizing *Sittlichkeit* of a certain section of our Cabinet, would remain neutral in the face of the proffered undertaking from the Kaiser's Government that our Channel population's peaceful slumbers would not be disturbed by any German bombardment of France's northern coast. Accordingly, on that same date, August 1st, the German High Seas Fleet, *minus* the squadron considered necessary to cope with any attempted raid by the Russian Baltic Fleet upon the German ports, was assembled in its favorite waters off the coast of Norway, awaiting, not the British Fleet, but the expected British intimation of neutrality, before circling round the northern section of these Isles, and thence proceeding in a southerly direction towards France's western seaboard. Here a bombardment or blockade of the chief harbors could have been effected by a portion of the High Seas Fleet, pending the possibility at a later stage of landing a strong Expeditionary Force, which would have compelled the French Commander-in-Chief to disseminate his armies in order to oppose a German invasion on two fronts.

Concurrently, the remainder of the German High Seas Fleet was to have rallied the *Goeben* and her light cruiser escort in the Western Mediterranean, where, pending a further rendezvous with the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Fleets, a preliminary operation was to have been carried out forthwith in the Balearic Isles. The key to this intended violation of Spanish neutrality will be found in certain inquiries made by the German Consul at Palma de Majorca in the previous month. For on July the 8th of this year, thus four weeks before the outbreak of the war, the Kaiser's Consular representative at this Spanish harbor had forwarded to the port authorities a long list of questions, requesting information.

The contents of this amazing document lift the veil from Germany's secret and sinister intentions in the Mediterranean.

Majorca, and, it may be, the remainder of these Spanish Isles, were to have been treated after the fashion, not, perhaps, of Belgium, but of Luxemburg. That is, they were destined to serve Germany as a naval base throughout the duration of the war, and the Spanish Government would have been duly faced with the choice between a financial indemnity or forced purchase from Berlin, and a bombardment by the Kaiser's Fleet. The seizure of the Balearic Ports would have proved to the Triple Alliance, both from a naval and a military standpoint, an asset of inestimable strategic value. A German base at either Majorca and Minorca, midway between Algiers and Marseilles would, in the first instance, have prevented the transport to France of her first-class fighting forces, both French and native, from Algeria and Western Morocco. Similarly, once this German base linked up by means of the Triplice squadrons, with the Italian naval bases of Sardinia and Sicily, the French would have been unable to dispatch a single man from their closely blockaded Tunisian coast. Corsica would have been isolated by means of a subsidiary blockading line drawn from Spezzia, and the co-ordination of this treble group of strong naval stations would have favored not merely naval raids upon France's North African possessions, but the landing of Austro-Italian Expeditionary Forces at three or four points in Tunis and Algiers. Before such a plan, however, became feasible, it would have been necessary for the combined squadrons of the Triple Alliance either to destroy or to bottle up the French battle fleet. But the reinforcement of their local squadrons by a portion of the German High Seas Fleet would have given them over the French Admiralissimo so overwhelming a superiroity as to remove any uncertainty about either issue. Finally, the communications between Gibraltar, Malta, and Egypt would have been at Germany's mercy.

It is to the imaginative strategic foresight of our late First Sea Lord, Prince Louis of Battenberg, than whom, as a former director of our Naval Intelligence Department, none could be better acquainted with Germany's subtle and wide-reaching war plans, that we—and our French Allies—owe the destruction, with one fell blow, admirably timed, of the first part of her ambitious strategic programme in the Mediterranean; while Italy, by her refusal to engage in an immoral war of aggression, negatived the latter part.

For, in the early hours of August 2nd, Prince Louis issued to our Grand Fleet assembled off Spithead the order enjoining them not to disperse, but to proceed in full strength to the North Sea. That memorable order was deliberately published the next morning in the Sunday papers, when Admiral von Ingenohl, duly apprised by wireless of the British move, returned hurriedly with the High Seas Fleet from the Norwegian Fiords to Wilhelmshaven. But for the inglorious hesitancy of our Cabinet at this critical juncture, this timely action by our First Sea Lord might have led to a general engagement with the intercepted German Fleet in circumstances most favorable to our own. Which engagement, need I remark, would have spared not only Sir John Jellicoe and his valiant Tars, but the British people, their present anxious and unceasing vigil! But no; Teutonic *Sittlichkeit* was to prevail for yet another, and, from our Navy's standpoint, irretrievable sixty hours. For by delaying by just this period the inevitable declaration of war, the shirkers in our Cabinet robbed the British Admiralty of its one chance of clinching matters without vexatious delay. Still, Prince Louis, on his own initiative, had destroyed the major portion of the hopes built by the German Admiralty upon securing the naval predominance of the Triple Alliance in the Middle Sea.

There remained, nevertheless, just a possibility that the elaborate plans devised by Grand Admiral von Tirpitz in conjunction with the ex-naval German attache in Paris, might reach fruition, despite the failure of the German High Seas Fleet to enter the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. This possibility lay in the fact that both the Austro-Hungarian and Italian Fleets were in a more advanced stage of mobilization, concentration, and equipment than the battle squadrons under Vice-Admiral Boue de Lapeyrere. For the Austro-Hungarian Admiralty had been duly warned of what was expected of it, while the bulk of Italy's Fleet had been kept practically on a war footing ever since the troubles in Albania and the diplomatic bickerings with Greece over the Ægean Islands. France, on the other hand, as we all know, never expected war until the last week in July, and, moreover, three of the most modern from among her capital units, one of her Dreadnought battleships and two of her most powerful armored cruisers, had only just returned to Cherbourg from their mission in the north, whither and whence they had conveyed President Poincare in the course of his visits to the Scandinavian monarchs. So that these three capital units of the French battle fleet were probably not available in the Mediterranean by August 2nd. But even had they been available by this date, their presence there would have given France but four Dreadnoughts and six semi-Dreadnoughts as against the Triple Alliance's seven to eight Dreadnoughts (according as we include or not the *Goeben*), and three semi-Dreadnoughts, thus ensuring for the Teutonic group a marked predominance in gunpower; while the balance in pre-Dreadnought battleships and torpedo craft would again have been in favor of the Austro-Italians. Only in armored cruisers and submarines would France have shown to advantage so long as she remained single-handed; I mean without the support of the British Mediterranean squadron, and especially of our three battle-cruisers of the *Invincible* type. But on that historic Sunday of August 2nd, when the Germans, having violated Luxemburg, appeared before the old French frontier fort at Longwy, France *was* still single-handed. And the *Goeben* and *Breslau* were close to the Balearic Isles, ready to pounce on Palma at a prearranged signal from Berlin or Trieste. That the signal was not given was simply due to the fact that early on Sunday morning the German Admiralty had been informed by the Wilhelmstrasse that the German fleet was returning to harbor and that Italy had "ratted." This being so, the "iron necessity" of carrying out the contemplated outrage against the Spanish territory became null and void, since, once concentrated, the French fleet, even single handed, could easily have wiped out the Austro-Hungarian fleet and the *Goeben,* had they felt disposed to give battle. Instead of which the Hapsburg squadrons remained quietly in harbor. They, too, had "ratted," temporarily at any rate. For the Vienna Government alleged that it was not at war with either France or Britain, and on this ground refused to give asylum to the now wasted and wandering *Goeben* and her consort. Nothing remained, therefore, for the latter but to take to their heels, a course of which they promptly availed themselves, after firing at random a few broadsides at the more defenceless of France's Algerian ports, and drafting their wills in dramatic fashion off Sicily.—*The Fortnightly.*

Barrie—A Literary Peter Pan

Being a Sketch of the Inimitable British Playwright

By J. M. SLOAN

WILL Barrie survive? Are his charming comedies—"The Little Minister" or "The Admirable Crichton"—destined to take rank among such masterpieces as Moliere's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" or Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer"? It is premature to anticipate the verdict of posterity. Barrie's work is still incomplete. He is not older than the Kaiser. Being one of the numerous gifted children of the year 1860, he may yet have ample time to accomplish new conquests in literature and drama.

Barrie's genius was made for success, and so he stands out in contrast with such other artists as, say, Goldsmith, Burns, and Francis Thompson, who were not made to succeed in any commercial sense. Without ceasing at any stage to be true to himself, he has practised a triumphant reticence and restraint, and expressed just those sides of his genius which are magnetic and make no enemies.

He might have been a successful strategist if his mild temperament had been thrown among "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

The playwright was somehow born with him. In this respect the boy was father of the man. His elder brother—at the remote end of the family—was an inspector of schools, and resident in the historic old town of Dumfries. James was handed on from Kirriemuir, or "Thrums," his birthtown, to that brother and the Dumfries Academy, one of the foremost secondary schools in Scotland.

Mr. Norman McKinnell was one of his schoolfellows. Young Barrie and young McKinnell headed a revolt among boys against the Scotland Puritan tradition, which condemned the theatre for "the vestibule of hell," and would tolerate the reading of Shakespeare only in an expurgated edition. Under the shot and shell of the threat of rustication and everlasting social disgrace, those two boys stole away to the small local theatre, composed juvenile plays, and organized amateur and private theatricals, which shocked the "unco guid."

Even into the third quarter of the last century the tradition lingered in Scotland that the pulpit was the proper place for "a lad o' pairts." Barrie's friends had hopes that the clever boy might some day "wag his pow in a pulpit." He passed from the Dumfries Academy to the Edinburgh University. He had read his Carlyle too diligently to be keen on the kirk, and escaped into journalism, turning up on the staff of a Nottingham newspaper, where he acquired the experience idealized in "When a Man's Single." London was his objective.

The transition from Nottingham was easy. His period of struggle was limited, although he did not at first find his *metier*, which was comedy and stagecraft rather than fiction in humorous prose. The "Idyls" and "A Window" in fiction, followed by "Walker, London," "The Professor's Love Story," and "The Little Minister" in stage comedy, revealed his unique genius with its atmosphere of seductive charm. His early career was not quite an instance of the proverbial *veni, vidi, vici;* but a certain racial and inherited caution and prudence kept his work on the safe and sheltered side of the public taste of the time.

Not the least important aspect of Barrie's manifold achievement was his capture of contemporary Puritanism, and the conscience of the kirk, for the theatre. Some such capture was needed twenty-five years ago. It is related in biography that a distinguished divine of the Scottish kirk in the last century was observed by some people, to whom he was known by headmark, seated in a stall in a London theatre. He overheard a voice from behind expressing a desire to know what his parishioners might say if told that their saintly minister was actually attending a theatre. Without turning round, the divine, who was wit and wag mixed outside the pulpit, ejaculated: "Man, they wouldn't believe you!" That incident must have occurred before Barrie's comedies reconciled the Northern conscience to the theatre.

Perhaps, in the view of many of his more Bohemian and unconventional admirers, Barrie was more considerate of the Government of the day than of his own renown when he accepted the decoration of a baronetcy. It takes an effort somehow to call him "Sir James." One's memory persists in running back to that delightful excursion in satiric humor—"A Home for Geniuses"—which forms one of the sketches in "A Window in Thrums." In that home provided by the charity of the democracy for failures in literature and art in a commercial sense, the geniuses are supposed to be congenitally incapable of supporting themselves. They are allotted "two suits a year, with the letter G sewed on the shoulders, so as, if they were lost, they could be recognized and brought back."

Barrie's decoration, however, needs no apology. He is a Scot, which signifies that ambition and pride are essential ingredients of his rich and rare personality. "Margaret Ogilvy," the heroine of which qaint biography is Barrie's mother idealized, "was a very ambitious woman," and a certain mixture of dignity and pride lurked within her affectation of pious humility. Her son was inspired, unconsciously, by an inherited and noble ambition when he was surprised by the idea occurring to him that there was "something quaint about his native place," and that "Thrums" and its community of "Auld Lichts" might furnish his nomadic mind with the raw material of success in literature. The same wholesome and worthy ambition was legitimately entitled to accept the proffered honor of a baronetcy, which must have given, if she could have seen the day, an unspeakable joy to "Margaret Ogilvy."—*T.P.'s Weekly.*

In Science Britain Leads

An Answer to Germany's Claim to Preeminence

By JOHN TROWBRIDGE

GERMANY'S claim to preeminence in culture is upheld by the largest body of professors in the world, and there is a tendency in America, a neutral country, to accept it. But is Germany preeminent in science?

In my discussion of this claim, I shall concede that the Germans lead in the subject of organic chemistry, which demands patient industry and the assiduous collection of facts, and which has not yet been absorbed by the subject of electrodynamics, which is so rapidly becoming all-embracing; I shall confine my discussion to physical science,—which treats of those fundamental subjects, light, heat, electricity, and magnetism,—and to mathematics and physical chemistry.

Physics may be called the subject of energy, upon the ramifications of which all life depends. Achievement in it demands the highest powers of the human mind—imagination, mathematical knowledge, and the philosophical insight to plan crucial experiments. It is my contention that the Anglo-Saxons have shown these powers to the greatest degree; that in the exhibition of scientific culture England and France lead Germany; and moreover, that under the Empire, since the Franco-Prussian war, Germany has fallen to the third place in physics. The question whether this deterioration has been due to militarism and commercialism I leave to the psychologists.

Let us consider the history of physical science. The subject did not exist until, in the thirteenth century, Roger Bacon advocated the necessity of experimental science and wrote his *Opus Majus*, which is full of philosophical and scientific insight. Bacon also outlined the principle of the telescope. Four hundred years later, Francis Bacon, enlarging upon the work of his predecessor and namesake, established the doctrine of inductive reasoning pursued to-day in all laboratories.

Sir Isaac Newton, taking Kepler's carefully ascertained principles concerning planetary motions, established the law of gravitation. In doing so, he manifested the peculiar strength of the British mind in scientific generalization. It is probable that no man ever combined the demonstrative and inductive faculties in such a high degree as Newton. The Germans claim that Leibnitz anticipated Newton in the great mathematical discovery of differential and integral calculus; a study of the minds of the two men, however, brings out forcibly the preeminence of the Englishman's culture.

While Huygens of Holland, as well as Newton, contributed greatly to our knowledge of optics, it may be said that the undulatory theory was established by Thomas Young. Young's reasoning upon the phenomena of interference of light was one of the greatest contributions ever made to science; the interference of waves of light has long since been recognized as an incontrovertible fact.

It was Count Rumford, an Anglo-American, who measured the heat developed in boring a cannon, compared it with the amount of work done, and thereby proved that heat has its exact equivalent in motion. Here was exhibited the Anglo-Saxon power of trying crucial experiments. Rumford's philosophical views were tersely expressed in the words, 'I hope to live to see the day when phlogiston and caloric will be buried in the same grave.' Phlogiston was the supposed agent in supporting fire, and caloric was the essence of heat. Priestly, who proved that combustion was supported by oxygen, contributed with Rumford to make the burial a fact. The labors of these two men, together with the contributions of Lavoisier, Regnault, and a great number of other distinguished Frenchmen, laid the foundations of chemistry in the subject of energy. Hydrogen was discovered by Cavendish in England, which thus gave to the world the knowledge of both oxygen and hydrogen.

In the field of electricity, too, Cavendish was a leader, being the forerunner of Faraday in researches concerning the behavior of electricity toward insulators, or in other words concerning its specific capacity; these researches were of great importance to ocean telegraphy. He also anticipated Ohm in the fundamental law which connects the strength of an electrical current with electromotive force and the resistance of the circuit. Sir Humphry Davy contributed, besides the discovery of chlorine, that of the effect of strong electric currents in decomposing earths and alkalis,—a discovery which has led to the establishment of great metallurgical works in Germany and also in America, notably the great plant at Niagara Falls.

Michael Faraday proved the fundamental law that the amount of decomposition of fluids is proportioned to the amount of electricity employed. He was also the father of all the great practical employments of electricity; his experiments and reasoning led to the invention of the dynamo, the telephone, and the apparatus employed in wireless telegraphy. We can imagine with what elation of spirit he wrote to a friend, during his experiments on induction, saying that he had caught hold of a fish which might prove a large one! Faraday's reasoning was said by Maxwell, the author of the greatest physical hypothesis since the time of the Franco-Prussian War, to be essentially mathematical.

De Candolle, a distinguished Swiss scientist, gives in an interesting book entitled *Histoire des Sciences et des Savants pendant deux Siecles* some suggestive statistics with regard to the foreign membership in the French Academy from its inception in 1666 to 1883. De Candolle's list offers an interesting basis for a comparison of English and German scientific culture. In physics, mathematics, and chemistry I find the following Englishmen: Cavendish, Watt (the inventor of the steam-engine), Davy, Young, Faraday, Brewster (distinguished in optics), Wheatstone (a pioneer in telegraphy), Lord Kelvin, Franklin, Rumford, and Newton. These men were the movers of the world. The Germans in the same subjects were Leibnitz, Gauss, Olbers, Dirichlet, and Bunsen, the latter being, with Kirchhoff, the discoverer of spectrum analysis. (Helmholtz, who is not in De Candolle's list, was probably elected later. It is interesting, by the way, to note that Helmholtz's mother was partly Anglo-Saxon; she was a lineal descendant of William Penn, the Quaker.) There are in De Candolle's list eleven Englishmen and seven Germans.

The comparative peace which prevailed in Europe between 1840 and 1870 had probably much to do with Germany's scientific advance during that period. She went far ahead of all other nations in building and equipping laboratories. She developed by patient routine work the general subject of physics. Yet although there was a marked increase during this period in the number of Germans admitted to the French Academy, her work in general failed to show those qualities which I have ascribed to the British. It is a fact that the great physical hypotheses have been Anglo-Saxon in origin. And culture is noticeably lacking in German scientific literature. For clearness of expression and style we must go to the French.

Since Sedan, Germany has fallen into third place in the subjects I have mentioned; England and France have led her. It is significant that with the growth of militarism Germany's undoubted genius for science has been repressed. Meanwhile England has supplied her with mental food by Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of light, which postulates that light and heat are electrical phenomena, and that electric waves differ from light waves only in length,—a theory which makes electricity the most important physical agent in the world. Then, too, England and France together have laid the foundations of the new great subject of radioactivity, which is based upon the action of the electron. The electron, the smallest particle known to science, being one thousandth the size of the hydrogen atom, was discovered and measured in England. Its discovery was not accidental but was due to the methodical application of the mathematical work of Stokes in regard to the internal friction of gases, or what is termed viscosity.

It is true that the discovery of the X-rays in Germany—a fortunate accident, by the way—enabled the English to make the crucial experiment which measured the electron; but the phenomenon of the X-rays remained an isolated one until the English applied it to the theory of radioactivity. This theory is at present the leading one in physical science, and England may be said to have made it her own. It received its name from the discovery of radium by Professor Curie and Madame Curie, in Paris. The centre of investigation in this subjet is now Cambridge, England, and American students flock there in preference to going to Germany.

Germany is strongest in chemical science. But what achievement in chemical science in Germany equals Lord Rayleigh's contribution of argon, which led to the discovery of neon and crypton and other gases by Ramsay; or can compare with Ramsay's discovery of the change of radium into helium,—a fact which profoundly modifies our views of the constitution of matter,

There is always a chance for partisans in science to argue that So-and-so, when he made his great discovery, was merely acting on a previous worker's suggestion. I suppose that if Democritus and Lucretius should come back to earth to-day national pride would lead them to claim the origin of both the molecular hypothesis and both the electron theory. Germany can reasonably claim that Hittorf anticipated the Englishman Crookes in his discovery of the cathode rays. Hertz may be said to have led the way to wireless telegraphy. But the facts serve to show that Hertz was working on Maxwell's electrodynamic theory of electric waves; that Marconi had probably not read Hertz's work before he made his great invention; and that the discovery was made possible by Branly, a Frenchman, who discovered the first receiver of electric waves, the so-called coherer,—a collection of magnetic particles in a tube which becomes an electrical conductor under the influence of these waves. And American experimenters have now contributed still more sensitive receivers. Altogether the German share in the work is not so very great after all.

Those Americans who are loudest in their praise of German culture often argue from an imperfect knowledge of the history of science. How many Americans realize the importance of the work of their own countrymen? Josiah Willard Gibbs of Yale University gave German chemists a physical foundation for their facts. Langley's work in aerodynamics led to the invention of the aeroplane. Michelson and Rowland have made the greatest advances in the subject of optics since the Franco-Prussian War. The Anglo-Saxons invented the telephone, which has profoundly modified and enlarged our views of electrical induction, and has made possible wireless telegraphy. America has lighted the world. It is only too easy for Americans to overlook these facts; and it is equally certain that we are too likely to under-estimate England's achievements in science.

In scientific culture, exemplified by the use of imagination, by mathematical knowledge, and by philosophical insight leading to the perforamnce of crucial experiments, Great Britain stands first.—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

Sir John French

NO actor-manager has had the limelight that has fallen to Sir John French. Yet what do we know of him? There he is at the head of the British Army in the field, unparagraphed and unsung. The symbolic force of a Roberts, the strong reticence of a Kitchener, are not his. But his personality attracts. And a coherent and well-conceived biography by Cecil Chisholm reveals the British commander in perspective.

The up-to-dateness of the information is remarkable, seeing that Mr. Chisholm has been debarred from that final revision which is not possible where a general is in the midst of the greatest military operations of all times. But he has received much first-hand help both on technical and personal points.

There is a good tale of French's first victory in South Africa. It was at Elandslaagte, and the Gordons, Manchesters, and Devons had just succeeded in driving the enemy from their position. To the surprise of all a bugle call sounded the "Retire." "Retire be d——d!" said a little bugler. And on they went again. The muddle had been caused by the unfair display of the "white flag" in the Boer ranks.

In South Africa he earned the title of "the shirt-sleeved General." . . . . Actually French was often to be seen walking about in camp during his heavy marches in shirt-sleeves. One afternoon a correspondent rode up to the lines, says Mr. Chisholm, and seeing a soldier sitting on a bundle of hay smoking a dilapidated looking old briar pipe, asked where the General was. "The old man is somewhere about," coolly replied the soldier. "Well, just hold my horse while I go and search for him." "Certainly, sir," and the smoker rose obediently and took the bridle. "Can you tell me where the General is?" inquired the correspondent of a staff officer further down the line. "General French? oh, he's somewhere about. Why, there he is, holding that horse's head!" And the officer pointed directly to the smoker, still tranquilly pulling at his pipe and holding the horse.

The chapter on cavalry is of great interest now. Not only is French a great cavalry leader, but the aeroplane and other modern conditions have changed the scope for the cavalry's action.

National Songs and their Composers

Something About the Airs Sung on To-day's Battlefields

By OLIVER HYDE and F. A. HADLAND

THE power of the national song has only to be mentioned to recall to every reader Fletcher of Saltoun's famous saying: "Give me the making of the songs of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Particularly in time of war is the music of a people potent for good or ill, for good in the ringing song of patriotic devotion, for ill in the sanguinary excitement of such a grim ballad as the "Carmagnole" or "Caira." It is not always the "national anthem" proper that is the most inspiring force of a people, although it rouses the loyal emotions at its ceremonial performances, but some other song expressive of the grandeur or the high aspiration of the national spirit itself. France, perhaps, is most fortunate of all countries in having for her national anthem a real war-song expressive of the loftiest patriotism, the very song for marching regiments. We ourselves have our ceremonial anthem, which carries its own impressiveness, but the really stirring patriotic strain of England is "Rule Britannia!" Similarly, Germany has a ceremonial anthem of State and Royalty, and, in addition, a great enthusiastic song of the people, "Die Wacht am Rhein," or the presently more popular, because its vainglorious sentiment fits the moment, "Deutschland, Deutschland uber Alles!"

Both words and music of "God Save the King!" have been frequently maintained to be the work of Henry Carey, the author of "Sally in Our Alley" and other less widely-remembered songs, of which he wrote both words and music. This general tradition, however, has but little real evidence to support it, and there are sundry reasons which go to prove that both the music and words of "God Save the King!" are of considerably earlier date, although the earliest printed version bears the date 1742.

The tune of "God Save the King!" was fated to do duty in many countries. It has served for the national anthems of Russia, Germany, Saxony, Denmark, Switzerland and America. In 1790, Prussia adapted the air to words by Pastor Heinrich Harries, and this hymn, "Heil dir im Siegerkranz" ("Hail to thee with victory crowned"), is still the ceremonial anthem of the enemy. Saxony also used the tune to the words "Gott segne Sachsenland," written by Siegfried Mahlmann. Russia used it until 1833. In 1832 it found a home across the Atlantic, where Sam Smith wrote and fitted to the tune the familiar lines—

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

Austria managed to escape it, but, as we shall see, our hymn had much to do with the making of that which the Austrians prize as the offering of Haydn to her Royal House.

Russia, in 1833, discarded our air for her own pleasingly melodious national hymn, "Boje Tsaria khrani." The words were written by Jowkowsky. The air, if not very majestic, is sufficiently appealing to ensure popularity. The composer was Alexis Lvoff (1799-1870), an adjutant to the Emperor Nicholas, who left the army to devote himself to music, and became, in 1836, Director to the Imperial Court Chapel.

So much for the variants of "God Save the King!" Musically, our anthem has a fine massiveness that suits it well to huge assemblies, but as a literary production it is nothing to boast of. The lines in the last stanza, "Confound their politics," etc., seem nowadays almost too quaint for proper gravity. The only fine use ever made of that verse was its most apposite quotation by Miss Pross in Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities."

Very different is the true song of our sea-girt isle, "Rule, Britannia!" written almost ecrtainly by James Thomson, and introduced into his masque of "Alfred," first performed at Cliveden House, Maidenhead, on August 1, 1740. The occasion was the anniversary of the accession of George I. and the birthday of Princess Augusta. The music is by Dr. Arne. "Alfred" was altered into an opera and produced in that form at Smock Alley Theatre, Dublin, on March 10, 1744. The bills of that performance announced that the piece would "conclude with a favourable ode in honour of Great Britain." On March 20, 1745, for Mrs. Arne's benefit, "Alfred" was given at Drury Lane. In the advertisement Dr. Arne first calls the ode "Rule Britannia!" It is known to those who are particular in such matters that the true text is "Rule, Britannia; Britannia, rule the waves!" not "rules," as vulgarly misquoted, the imperative being properly continued throughout. Handel introduced a skilful allusion to the air into his "Occasional Oratorio," produced in 1746, the year the Rebellion was crushed. Every musician knows the delightful effect of the musical phrase set to the words "War shall cease, welcome peace," with its direct reminiscence of "Rule, Britannia!" This echo has led careless writers to state that Dr. Arne borrowed from Handel. The reverse is the case. Southey rightly says that "'Rule, Britannia!' will be the political hymn of this country as long as she maintains her political power," which is true.

In the same class, that of splendid expressions of national enthusiasm, stands "La Marseillaise," the marching song of Republican France. Six-sevenths of it, at least, are Rouget de L'Isle's, and the music is all his own. Rouget was a young officer of the Republic, who. in April, 1792, was stationed in Strasburg. One evening, at supper at the Mayor's, he was challenged by friends, who knew his talent, to compose something for the troops to sing on their departure the following morning. M. Dietrich, the Mayor, said to him: "See, Rouget, you're a poet and musician; give us something worth the pains to sing. What they send us from Paris is mere negligible rubbish, both words and music." Rouget at first modestly excused himself, pleading the difficulties, the lack of time. But his friends, a young and brilliant company, eagerly pressed him to try, and kept filling his glass with champagne. He yielded, and went home profoundly impressed with the idea. As he passed through the silent streets, blocked with guns, transport wagons, and stands of arms, his enthusiasm awoke. Going to his lodging, he seized his violin, and as he sang the air, so the words seemed to arise of their own accord and to fit themselves to the warlike rhythm of his thoughts. He wrote them down, he confessed, only to fix the order of the stanzas in the melody. The song was at first entitled "Chant de l'Armee du Rhin," and passed quickly to the chief cities of France. The revolutionist volunteers from Marseilles sang it as they entered Paris on June 30, on their way to storm the Tuileries. Hence, by a misconception of its origin, the Parisians called it "La Marseillaise." Banned under the Empire, the song regained its vogue during the Franco-German War. To-day it again resounds from many a hard-fought field, and cheers many a weary march.

Equally appropriate—indeed, surprisingly so—is "La Brabanconne," the national song of our incomparably gallant Belgian Allies. It arose in 1830, when the Dutch were trying to crush the Brabanters.

To-day we are all thinking of the brave Belgians, and it is interesting to recall the fact that when the nation was about to attain the dignity of an independent State, a poet and a musician came to the front and voiced the sacred feeling of patriotism in the stirring words and music of "La Brabanconne."

Louis Alexandre Hippolyte Dechez was born at Lyons in 1803. Under the name of Jenneval he made his first appearance as an actor at the Theatre de la Monnaie, Brussels, on April 29, 1828, in Delavigne's "Comediens." At the beginning of the year 1830 he left Brussels with the view of joining the Comedie Francaise, but a few months later saw him in Brussels again, when, with many of his *confreres*, he enrolled himself in the Town Guard. The agitation against the Dutch was rising, and Jenneval's strong Belgian sympathies found vent in the verses called

"La Brabanconne," which he entrusted to a publisher named Jorez.

In 1870 "Die Wacht am Rhein" was a national inspiration. It was the voice of a cause believed by the German nation to be just. The subject need not be pursued with any remarks contrasting that day with this. It may merely be told that "Die Wacht am Rhein" was written by Max Schneckenberger, and the music was composed by Carl Wilhelm in 1854. In 1871 the popularity of his song brought Wilhelm a pension of one hundred and fifty pounds. He died in 1873.

Austria's national anthem, "Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser," is often called "Haydn's hymn to the Emperor." It is really a hymn to God on behalf of the Emperor. Haydn, during his visits to England, envied us our National Anthem, and longed to give Austria one of her own. Freiherr von Swieten took up the idea and passed it on to Graf von Saurau, and the poet Hanschka was asked to write the words, which are on exactly the same poetical level and in the same strain as our own and the Russian Anthem. Haydn set the air to the words in January, 1797, when he was sixty-five years old, and it was first performed on February 12, the Emperor's birthday, in the National Theatre, Vienna, and in all the leading provincial theatres. It was the composer's favorite work. In his old age he constantly solaced himself by playing it over, and he wrote for it the variations known as the "Kaiserquartett."

The writer and composer of Servia's National Anthem, "Ustaj, Ustaj, Srbine!" are alike unknown. It dates from about 1848, and runs, roughly, as follows:—

Rise, O Servians,
Lift your banners to the skies,
For your country needs her children,
Fight to make her free.

Rise, oh, rise and crush our enemy
Rise, and fight for liberty.
Free the Sav and Drina flow,
Let us, too, unfettered go.

The Servian song comes nearer poetry than many of the others.

Apart from the professedly patriotic songs, every army has some popular ditty of the day which it sings with fervent persistency. In the Crimea our soldiers sang Thomas Haynes Bayley's "I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree," and the present campaign has given first place to the music-hall ditty "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," which delighted the fair French fish-maidens of Boulogne. Together with this song goes the old catchword, revived for the occasion, "Are we down-'earted? *No!*" This is the French *piou-piou* has made his own in a neat translation: "Est-ce que nous avons le cœur brisé? *Non!*" Marvelous is the power of rhythm. For the rhythm of the Marseillaise men go rejoicing to death.

—*The Windsor.*

Is the Indian Race Dying Out

An Answer in the Negative from an American Physician

By CHAS A. EASTMAN, M.D.

THE physical decline and alarming death rate of the American Indian of to-day is perhaps the most serious and urgent of the many problems that confront him at the present time. The death rate is stated by Government officials at about thirty per thousand of the population—double the average rate among white Americans. From the same source we learn that about 70,000 in the United States are suffering from trachoma, a serious and contagious eye disease, and probably 30,000 have tuberculosis in some form. The death rate from tuberculosis is almost three times that among the whites.

These are grave facts, and cause deep anxiety to the intelligent Indian and to the friends of the race. Some hold pessimistic views looking to its early extinction; but these are not warranted by the outlook, for, in spite of the conditions named, the last three censuses show a slight but continuous increase in the total number of Indians. Nor is this increase among mixed-bloods alone; the full-blooded Indians are also increasing in numbers. This indicates that the race has reached and passed the lowest point of its decline, and is beginning slowly but surely to recuperate.

The health situation on the reservations was undoubtedly even worse twenty years ago than it is to-day, but at that period little was heard and still less done about it. It is well known that the wild Indian had to undergo tremendous and abrupt changes in his mode of living. He suffered severely from an indoor and sedentary life, too much artificial heat, too much clothing, impure air, limited space, indigestible food—indigestible because he did not know how to prepare it, and in itself poor food for him. He was compelled often to eat diseased cattle, moldy flour, rancid bacon, with which he drank large quantities of strong coffee. In a word, he lived a squalid life, unclean and apathetic physically, mentally and spiritually.

This does not mean all Indians—a few, like the Navajoes, have retained their native vigor and independence—I refer to the typical "agency Indian" of the Northwest. He drove ten to sixty miles to the agency for food; every week-end at some agencies, at others every two weeks, and at still others once a month. This was all the real business he had to occupy him—traveling between cabin and agency warehouses for twenty-five years! All this time he was brooding over the loss of his freedom, his country rich in game, and all the pleasures and satisfactions of wild life. Even the arid plains and wretched living left him he was not sure of, judging from past experience with a Government that makes a solemn treaty guaranteeing him a certain territory "for ever," and takes it away from him the next year if it appears that some of their own people want it, after all.

Like the Israelites in bondage, our own aborigines have felt the sweet life-giving air of freedom change to the burning heat of a desert as dreary as that of Egypt under Pharaoh. It was during this period of hopeless resignation, gloomily awaiting —what? no Indian could even guess—that his hardy, yet sensitive, organization gave way. Who can wonder at it? His home was a little, one-roomed log cabin, about twelve by twenty feet, mud-chinked, containing a box stove and a few sticks of furniture. The average cabin has a dirt floor and a dirt roof. They are apt to be overheated in winter, and the air is vitiated at all times, but especially at night, when there is no ventilation whatever. Families of four to ten persons lived, and many still live, in these huts. Fortunately the air of the plains is dry, or we should have lost them all!

Remember, these people were accustomed to the purest of air and water. The teepee was little more than a canopy to shelter them from the elements; it was pitched every few days upon new, clean ground. Clothing was loose and simple, and frequent air and sun baths, as well as baths of water and steam, together with the use of emollient oils, kept the skin in perfect condition. Their food was fresh and wholesome; largely wild meat and fish, with a variety of wild fruits, roots, and grain, and some cultivated ones. At first they could not eat the issue bacon, and on ration days one might see these strips of unwholesome-looking fat lying about on the ground where they had been thrown on the return trip. Flour, too, was often thrown away before the women had learned to make bread raised with cheap baking-powder and fried in grease. But the fresh meat they received was not enough to last until the next ration day. There was no end of bowel trouble when they were forced by starvation to swallow the bacon and ill-prepared bread. Water, too, was generally hauled from a distance with much labor, and stood about in open buckets or barrels for several days.

As their strength waned, they made more fire in the stove and sat over it, drinking rank coffee and tea that had boiled all day on the same stove. After perspiring thus for hours, many would go out into the bitter cold of a Dakota winter with little or no additional clothing, and bronchitis and pneumonia were the inevitable result. The uncured cases became chronic and led straight to tuberculosis in its various forms.

Furthermore, the Indian had not become in any sense immune to disease, and his ignorance placed no check upon contagion and infection. Even the simpler children's diseases, such as measles, were generally fatal. The death rate of children under five was terrific. I have known women to bear families of six or eight or ten children, and outlive them all, most dying in infancy. In their state of deep depression, disease had its golden opportunity, and there seemed to be no escape. What was there to save the race from annihilation within a few years? Nothing, save its heritage of a superb physique and a wonderful patience.

The pessimist may complain that nothing has come of all the effort made in behalf of the Indian. I say that it is not too late for the original American to regain and re-establish his former physical excellency. Why should he not? Much depends upon his own mental attitude, and this is becoming more normal as the race approaches, and some part of it attains to, self-support and full citizenship. As I have said, conditions are improving, yet much remains to be done, and it should be done quickly. An exhaustive inquiry into health conditions among the tribes was made in accordance with an act of Congress in 1912, and the report presented in January, 1913, was in brief as follows:

1. Trachoma is exceedingly prevalent among Indians.

2. Tuberculosis among Indians is greatly in excess of that estimated for the white population.

3. Sanitary conditions upon reservations are, on the whole, bad.

4. The primitive Indian requires instruction in personal hygiene and habits of living in stationary dwellings.

5. The sanitary conditions in most Indian schools are unsatisfactory.

6. There is danger of the spread of tuberculosis and trachoma from the Indian to other races.

7. Due care is not taken in the collection and preservation of vital statistics.

8. The medical department of the Indian Bureau is hampered by insufficient authority and inadequate compensation.

As a result of this and other investigations, increased appropriations have been asked for, and to a limited extent provided, for the purpose of preventing and treating disease, and especially of checking the spread of serious contagious ailments. More stress is being laid upon sanitary precautions and hygienic instruction in Indian schools, and an effort is made to carry this instruction into the Indian home, through field matrons and others. Four sanitoria or sanitarium schools have been successfully established in suitable climates, and it is recommended by an Indian Service specialist that certain boarding-school plants be set apart for trachoma pupils, where they can have thorough and consistent treatment and remain until the cure is complete. Much larger appropriations are needed in order to carry out in full these beneficent measures, and I earnestly hope that they may be forthcoming.

It is interesting to note that whereas a few years ago the Indians were reproved for placing their sick in canvas tents and arbors, and in every way discouraged from any attempt to get out of their stifling houses into the life-giving air, sleeping-porches are now being added to their hospitals, and open-air schools and sanatoria established for their children. The world really does move, and to some extent it seems to be moving round to the red man's original point of view. It is not too late to save his physique, as well as his unique philosophy, especially at this moment, when the spirit of the age has recognized the better part of his scheme of life.

It is too late, however, to save his color; for the Indian young men themselves have entirely abandoned their purpose to keep aloof from the racial melting-pot. They now intermarry extensively with Americans and are rearing a healthy and promising class of children. The tendency of the mixed-bloods is toward increased fertility and beauty as well as good mentality. This cultivation and infusion of new blood has relieved and revived the depressed spirit of the first American to a noticeable degree, and his health problem will be successfully met if those who are entrusted with it will do their duty!—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Proofs of Germany's Warlike Intentions

Observations of an American Journalist in Germany Before War Broke Out

By ROY NORTON

"IS Germany to blame for the great war?" I was asked on my return from the Continent but a few days ago, and in reply I asked of my questioner, "Why do you value my opinion?"

"Because," explained this editor, "you are an American, and therefore nationally neutral. You make your living by writing, and appreciate the responsibility and value of words. You have passed the greater part of ten years actually living in every country involved, you speak the languages of most of these countries, you have friends in all of them, and for the past year you have lived in Germany, presumably because you like it best. You ought to have drawn some conclusion that would be interesting at a time when people really want to know who did bring this condition about."

Ordinarily, when one is asked to express an opinion, one can answer with readiness; but there are times when likings, friendships, associations, memories, all incline one to prejudice, also to reticence. And all of these, in my own case, were favorable to Germany; but I am compelled to admit, after some deliberation, that, as far as I have been able to observe, the evidence against Germany's intention, participation, and final action will necessitate some more convincing proof than she has yet offered to persuade the world of her guiltlessness.

As far back as 1908 Germany was expending four millions of dollars, annually, on her espionage system. There were, I was told by a French official, more than thirty thousand men in France alone, stationed as workmen, shop and hotelkeepers and realty agents, ready to act on signal. Among the duties of these men would be the destruction of bridges, to hamper French mobilization, and to blow up the main arsenal. This same official told me that, some five months ago, the French secret service discovered the key to these preparations, and was appalled by their thoroughness. It held a consultation, and made a counter-move by setting a spy to watch each of the German spies, but permitted the latter to continue operations, on the principle that it was easier to observe a known enemy than to discover a new one. A week before war was declared, the Germans who were to perform destructive tasks were tapped on the shoulders at midnight, and arrested, and the mining beneath the great arsenal was removed and destroyed.

Antwerp, Brussels, and London have since discovered that Germany had nests of agents organized along the same lines. One German church in London has been found, since war broke out, to have been for a long time a considerable arsenal for German rifles. These are some of the points to be regarded when it is asserted that Germany confined herself only to measures of self-protection and desired only peace. Straws blown by the wind, some forgotten sage has said, indicate which way it blows, and here are some of the straws that I have personally observed flying, although, with remarkable stupidity, I did not at the time observe their trend, until the violence of their flight would have shocked a blind man.

It did not dawn on me at the time that usually, when a man's preparations to do something have been perfected, he finds a way to go ahead and do that thing of which he has dreamed and for which he has prepared. I did observe, however, that scattered over Germany were more of those wonderful "switch" or "shunting" yards, capable of entraining tens of thousands of soldiers in a few hours—yards where from ten to twenty passenger trains could be drawn up at one time, and, oddly enough, some of these queer yards, all equipped with electric lighting plants, are out in places where there are not a dozen houses in sight. In some of these yards, located at central points for rural mobilization, one saw long trains of troop cars, dingy, empty, stodgily waiting for use in war, if one ever came. I was told of one test mobilization (in reply to my query as to why I had seen so many troops pass through a small place one evening), where twenty thousand men were assembled at ten o'clock one morning, made a camp complete, were reviewed, entrained, detrained, and just seven hours later there was nothing save *debris* and trampled grass to show that the place had ever been disturbed.

There were on every hand, this summer, signs of this super-excellence. At a mere "Tank-station" below Kriesingen, on June 12th, I saw probably seventy-five or a hundred locomotives (I had time to count more than seventy), most of which were of antiquated type, obsolete as far as the demands of up-to-date traffic are concerned, and of a kind that would have been "scrapped" in either England or America. Yet these were all being cared for and "doctored up." A few engineers and stokers worked round them, and I saw them run one down a long track and bring it back to another, whereupon hostlers at once began drawing its fires, and the engineer and stoker crossed over and climbed into another cab.

"What do you suppose they are doing that for?" I asked one of the train men with whom I had struck up an acquaintance.

"Why," replied he with perfect frankness, "those are war locomotives."

Reading the look of bewilderment on my face, he added: "You see, those engines are no longer good enough for heavy or fast traffic, so as soon as they become obsolete we send them to the reserve. They are all of them good enough to move troop trains, and therefore are never destroyed. They are all frequently fired up and tested in regular turn. Those fellows out there do nothing else. That is their business, just keeping those engines in order and fit for troop duty. There are dozens of such depots over Germany."

"But how on earth could you man them in case of war?—where would you get the engineers for so many extras?"

He smiled pityingly at my ignorance.

"The headquarters know to the ton what each one of those can pull, how fast, where the troop cars are that it will pull; and every man that would ride behind one has the number of the car he would ride in, and for every so-many men there is waiting somewhere a reserve engineer and stoker. The best locomotives would be the first out of the reserve, and so on, down to the ones that can barely do fifteen kilometres per hour."

Since that June day Germany has proved how faithfully those thousands of reserve locomotives over her domain have been nursed and cared for, and how quickly those who were to man and ride behind them could respond.

At this point, also as I write, I had something explained to me over which I have at time puzzled for months. On February 14th of this year, I was in Cologne, and blundered where I had no business, into what I learned was a military-stores yard. Among other curious things were tiny locomotives loaded on flats, which could be run off those cars by an ingenious contrivance of metals, or, as we call them in America, rails. Also there were other flats loaded with sections of tracks fastened on cup ties (sleepers that can be laid on the surface of the earth), and sections of miniature bridges on other flats. I saw how it was possible to lay a line of temporary railway, including bridges, almost anywhere in an incredibly short space of time, if one had the men. At one period of my life I was actively interested in railway construction, but had never before seen anything like this. Before I could conclude my examination I discovered that I was on *Verboten* ground, and had to leave; but the official who directed me out told me that what I had seen were construction outfits. The more I thought of those, afterwards, the more I was puzzled by the absence of dump cars, and that mass of smaller paraphernalia to which I had been accustomed in all the contracting work I had ever seen. Yet I had to remember with admiration the ingenuity of the outfit, and think of how quickly it could all be laid, transferred, re-shipped, or stored. Here before me, in the letter received from Holland but yesterday, and which comes from a Hollander who was a refugee in Germany, and on August 30th reached home after trying experiences, is the following:

"Never, I believe, did a country so thoroughly get ready for war. I saw the oddest spectacle, the building of a railway behind a battlefield. They had diminutive little engines and rails in sections, so they could be bolted together, and even bridges that could be put across ravines in a twinkling. Flat cars that could be carried by hand and dropped on the rails, great strings of them. Up to the nearest point of battle came, on the regular railway, this small one. At the point where we were, it came up against the soldiers. It seemed to me that hundreds of men had been trained for this task, for in a few minutes that small portable train was buzzing backward and forward on its own small portable rails, distributing food and supplies. It was great work, I can tell you. I've an idea that in time of battle it would be possible for those sturdy little trains to shift troops to critical or endangered points at the rate of twenty miles an hour, keep ammunition, batteries, etc., moving at the same rate and, of course, be of inestimable use in clearing off the wounded. A portable railway for a battlefield struck me as coming about as close to making war by machinery as anything I have ever heard of. I did not have a chance, however, to see it working under fire, for, being practically a prisoner, I was hurried onward and away from the scene."

I know of nothing, more than this, coming from one whom I know to be truthful, that so adequately shows how even ingenious details had been worked out for military perfection. We shall doubtless hear, after this war is over, how well those field trains performed their work when it came to shifting troops in times of fierce pressure on a threatened point, and how they added to German efficacy.

The evening of Sunday, June 28th, in Berlin was warm, somnolent and peaceful. With some friends I had been at Luna Park in Berlin, and we loitered slowly out of the gates and up the street before separating. Suddenly, as we approached the corner across the viaduct, we encountered small crowds collecting in front of the newspaper offices, and there saw bulletins announcing the assassination of the Archduke Ferdinand and his wife, the Duchess of Hohenberg, in the streets of Sarajevo. We were shocked far more, I believe, than any of those stolid Germans who elbowed us to read the news. We Americans have, unfortunately, too much knowledge of what assassination in high places means. I am certain that the German people regarded it as none of their business, and passed it by. Days later came the news, in regular editions, that the Kaiser was hurrying homeward, and that regattas and friendly sea visits were being abandoned, or brought to a close. It was publicly announced that the reason of the Kaiser's return was grief for a lost friend, and the stories, having a human note, aroused a sudden thrill of interest; but, strangely enough, he began a consultation with his war advisers. In the newspapers of the next few days the Austrian incident became subsidiary, and great stress was laid on the Ulster situation in Ireland, and editorial writers appeared to think that Great Britain was on the extreme brink of civil war. Then came the surprising news that Austria regarded the assassination of the heirs to the throne—in reality, as far as unbiassed observers can see the crime of a Bosnian schoolboy—as a great Servian plot. The world knows how Austria insisted on this and how, of a sudden, she made demands that would have forever ended Servia's independence as a nation. The world also is well aware that it would have been possible for the Kaiser, grief-stricken, surrounded by his military advisers, with direct means of communication with Austria, to have personally urged that abrupt and uncompromising Austrian ultimatum. There is not the slightest doubt that, whether he forced that ultimatum or not, he was in constant communication. The newspapers tacitly said so.

Immediately after this came what should have been a plain warning that the Kaiser meant to go to war; for, of a sudden, and a most significant incident too, the streets of apathetic, pleasure-seeking Berlin were flooded with extra newspapers from the notoriously Kaiser-controlled press, working up sympathy for Austria, vaguely hinting that it was Germany's business to support Austria in every way, and incidentally expressing grave fears that Russia might morally support Servia. If Berlin had not taken sufficient interest before, she was now systematically aroused. These extras were passed out gratis, in frequent series, by tens of thousands. Men drove along the kerbs in automobiles and passed them out. The streets were littered with them. I asked for one, tried to pay for it, and was told it was free. It astonished me, because it was the first time I had ever witnessed such prodigal generosity, it having been my experience that it costs money to issue enormous editions of extras, and also hitherto I had supposed that extras were printed to be sold, not given away. I wonder who paid for them! If no one did, there are newspaper proprietors in Berlin who merit monuments for philanthropy, after they are dead and the bankruptcy proceedings are concluded.

In a steady, well-defined, and constant crescendo the journals made references to the duties of the Fatherland, and to her naval and military strength, with now and then an adroit paragraph relative to bounden duty of the German to cling closely to his Austrian brother, lest the latter be bruised and crushed beneath a threatening Slavic heel. From apathy the German awoke to keen interest. There can be not the slightest doubt that those extras, so benevolently passed out, kindled a war-flame in Berlin, and non-partisan observers are convinced that their issuance and distribution and influence emanated from the Palace itself. Nobody familiar with Austria, and having knowledge of that weary, peace-desiring old man, Franz-Josef, believes for one moment that Austria either sought, or would have gone to, war with Servia on such a slight investigation of the assassinations, had not some one influenced, or perhaps forced, him to such issue.

The fact is certain that war talk had become common in Berlin when, on July 9th, I went to Hamburg; yet this was fourteen days prior to the Austrian ultimatum to Servia. I was there for seven days, and the only expressions I heard were apprehensive and regretful. The people of Hamburg wanted no war. They are a fine people, those Hamburgers, industrious, sober, hospitable, and filled with civic pride. Unlike the Berliner, already lashed to emotional martialism, they had no wish to interfere; but in Hamburg again the newspapers were being filled with articles that could scarcely be regarded as pacifying. Whether "influenced" or not, the truth of which we shall probably never know, already they too were strumming the harsh song of war, in unison with all the press of Prussia.

On Saturday, July 18th, suffering from an attack of hay fever, I went to Swinemunde, a fortified point on the Baltic, and found it filled with restless, excited people, who talked of nothing but a prospective big war. That same night, July 18th, the offing filled with torpedo boats and destroyers, ostensibly for a mimic attack on the fortifications, that had already been closed to the public, and all night long the flash-lights played and the guns banged in rest-disturbing volume. On Sunday there was great activity at the wharves leading up the channel that is one of the water highways to Stettin. Sentries kept the over anxious from encroaching on the scene of activities, but I saw men working at the torpedo tubes. War aeroplanes appeared and made trial flights over the city and harbor. I sometimes carry with me a sketch-book, although I am no artist and, while merely drawing an old lighthouse on the end of one of the moles, found a man looking over my shoulder and, reading menace in his attitude, tore it up and walked away. I remembered, later, that he sauntered after me to my hotel. "A certain person" that night came to my hotel, in civilian garb, and said, "Take my advice, but don't ask questions that I cannot answer. You go back to Berlin in the morning, pack your grips and get out of Germany while there is time."

"Those sketches?" I laughed.

But he had heard nothing of my movements, and said, "No, not on that account; but get away from Germany."

It is needles to say that I was in Berlin and packing on the following day, that immediately after I did go to Switzerland, and that still there was no open declaration of war on Germany's part. I stopped at Basle for a while, interested in that fine frontier station, and one day was amused by the extremely expressive swearing of a man who I found out was a "switchman" in the yards. He was complaining of over-work.

"One might have an idea," he growled, "that Germany was going to war, from the way the German railways are ordering all their empty trucks returned from everywhere. Nothing but empties going home, and if anybody makes a mistake or overlooks one, there's the devil to pay!"

I have since learned that this inflow of empty German carriages and trucks was so observable at other frontier stations that two weeks before war was declared the German yards were swamped with this excess.

On Tuesday, July 28th, the day when Austria declared war on Servia, German officers stopping at Swiss hotels received peremptory telegrams ordering them to cut their vacations then and there, and return home at once.

What I personally know can be summarized as a number of events, insignificant when taken singly, but, in the cumulative, to me at least impressive.

1. That not until this very year were German military and naval preparations complete.

2. That the Zabern "incident" was, in effect—and perhaps intentionally so—a challenge to France.

3. That the establishment of "operatives" in friendly foreign countries disproved any peaceful intention.

4. That the Austro-Servia imbroglio was not in itself sufficient cause for Germany to go to war had she not been prepared and eager.

5. That it was well known in inner and upper circles that the military clique hoped for war, and wanted nothing more than a pretext.

6. That the war spirit was kindled and stimulated by *freely distributed* newspapers.

7. That Germany was making ready for war days before the situation warranted the supposition that she was in any wise involved.

8. That days before such situation arrived many of her trusted officials had been quietly warned that war was coming.

—Contemporary Review.

How Palmer Found Things in Germany

Famous War Correspondent's Letter from Enemy's Country

By FREDERICK PALMER

I SAW a Germany where you could not turn a street corner without meeting a convalescent wounded man in his stained green uniform or a woman who was holding back her tears; where you could not look into a face or a shop-window without feeling that subtle misery which was in the minds of the women stemming their sobs.

The confusion of mind which came from reading partisan English papers and partisan German papers and from the German government's wireless news in America was cleared by what you saw no less than by what you learned in conversation. Errors of impression were corrected. The first of these was about a starving Germany. Food was literally thrust at you from all quarters. Frankfurters were no less plentiful at the railroad stations than in other days. A world in uniform was munching brown bread and raw ham sandwiches despite the exodus of male labor at harvest time. No crops were left in the fields; old men and boys and women, the drudge peasant women dragging carts while the horses were at the front, had brought them all in. They had managed to sow great acreages of wheat, whose green expanses under the somber winter skies gave the only freshness and cheer to the landscape.

Germany has food enough to last for a year. The question is if she has the men. These she will give while she has them—for the Kaiser. Make no mistake about him. Rightly or wrongly, he is the idol of the peasant women who take the place of the horses and of the men who die at his command.

His picture is everywhere, always in uniform. Always it is the soldier; the soldier in the peasant's cottage, the soldier looking down at you from the wall of a hotel foyer or a government palace. His face is impressed on the eye of Germany and fills the mind with its strength, its sterness, its alertness. It is a face which says "Forward!" in every line.

The English idea that the Crown Prince, leading the military party, started the war is ridiculous. He is popular with a certain set. He has more of the bonhomie of comradeship than his father; is fond of a good time and of action, of women's company as well as men's, and of good wine. He takes a sort of mischievous delight in opposing his father, whose serious self-importance excites the son's sense of irresponsible humor. But the war is not of the Crown Prince's brewing.

It is Germany's war; the war of Germany fashioning itself unconsciously in the likeness of the Kaiser. No German in that busy, progressive Germany has worked harder than he. He has led and he has driven. And Germans are deepest in loyalty to the royal idea. His ancestors built the empire; under him Germany has risen to her present power. He personifies Germany. Of his kind, he has been a great king, as old Frederick was, as Louis XIV. was. And he is king of the greatest military machine the world has ever known. "Attack!" says his upturned moustache and stern, set mouth.

On all sides the neutral American, whose friendship is wanted by every partisan, hears the protest that Germany is not a military but a peaceful nation. By the same token, the French protest that they are still military, while Poincare's Government takes care that no general at the front becomes too much of a popular hero, and that no Bourbon or Napoleonic princes are allowed to serve France. And doesn't the old Spaniard protest that he is really progressive? Yes, the German soldier does believe that he is fighting for peace.

"Berlin is perfectly normal. You would hardly know that there was a war," said travelers who came from Germany.

A Berlin alight at night and a London darkened for fear of Zeppelins make a contrast that leads to a superficial impression. By day, except for the sight of officers in restaurants and streets and of marching bodies of recruits, London, too, insists on being normal—in face of protests that the nation is in danger. "Wake up, England! This is war! Face the facts!" But so far as I can see, the throngs on the Strand are as great as ever.

The French would not think of business; only of war. Theirs was a pitiful candor. "We know it is life or death for France!" they said, and were willing that all the world should know the truth. After all, when a man sees a bayonet coming at his throat, if he says, "I apprehend there are mosquitoes abroad," he is not always acquitted of posing.

Germany insisted that business must go on as usual. It was heresy for any German civilian to think that the war was affecting him in his daily routine of business or labor.

When I asked the hotel clerk in Berlin if he had a room, he went through the forms of the pressure of business in a convention season. He would look and see. Yes, there was a good one vacant on the second floor. The truth was that the upper floors were entirely unoccupied. So was the main dining-room; but the breakfast-room was given the air of a cozy and confident hostelry. One missed no variety of food except bananas and oranges, which the blockade keeps out.

Perfectly normal! Every one you met repeated this. To mention that you had noticed some effects of the war was to bring that look—the look which changed you from a friend to a foe and gave you the peculiar feeling of a rooter on the Yale benches breaking out with an intimation that Harvard was going to win. The rah-rah business prevails throughout the whole nation.

You may criticize England as much as you please in English restaurants, and all you will get is a look which say, "Must be a German-American, that fellow," or possibly an assent to the need of England's waking up. They're that way, the English; it is one of their weaknesses that may keep them from winning the war. But try criticism in Germany and you are encircled with eyes blazing censure. If the American flag which I had in my buttonhole was hidden by my overcoat, the stars I got made me wonder if I had developed horns and a tail. My friend, another American, and myself always had our railway compartment to ourselves. We two might occupy six places, while in another compartment seven Germans occupied the same number.

Never shall I forget the sturdy German woman in trim Red Cross outfit at the station in Hanover. I wanted something to eat, and while the train stopped I saw a row of soup-plates and a bucket of steaming soup. I dived into my change-pocket with a view to buying a sandwich, and then I saw the woman. She looked to me as big as Minerva. Her lips half formed the word "Englischer!" An Englischer trying to buy the food that she was giving free to the Kaiser's soldiers! The look she gave me still burns in the back of my head, where it went sizzling through. From a good Samaritan, with the sweetness of humanity in her eyes, she had turned to a fiery Amazon.

"Perfectly normal," when in the windows of the offices of the two great shipping companies the register board of steamers about to sail for ports in all parts of the world were blank! Perfectly normal, because all shops were open, if empty, and the pavements still intact and the people still had faces, hands, feet, and bodies, and lived by eating and drinking, as they did in time of peace.

In one of the great departmental stores I found five customers on three floors. I was inclined to report the proprietor to the Kaiser: he turned on the lights only when a customer approached a counter. Infinitely important are lights in keeping up a people's spirit. Berlin even tried to start up its night life again—the night life which it had organized as a counter attraction to that of Paris for provincials and foreigners. But there are limits even to German patriotism. Besides, the provincials and foreigners were missing. On Sunday morning a band—of course a military band—played opposite the silent royal palace. There was only a small gathering, a wistful, sad crowd, I should call it, with the mighty statue of Victory to old William looming out of the mist.

Again and again I was asked the question, "How long do you thing the war will last?" Or, "Does England think that it will be a long war?" I had stereotyped my answer with a purpose. I always uttered it with a matter-of-course conviction, with the object of watching the effect on that reasserted bluff about everything being perfectly normal.

"How long will the war last?" asked the superintendent who had shown me over the hospital.

"Three years," I replied.

The superintendent's hands and head went down. "Three years! More and more wounded!" he exclaimed.

I was sorry that I had not made it two months. For a quarter of a minute he was not a cog in the imperial machine of war, but human. So were all the wounded in his hospital human, if one got beneath the crust of martial organization. A quarter of a minute, I say, for accuracy's sake; for he promptly stiffened up. He was a German again—one of the units of a mighty militarism.

"We'll see it through to the end!" he said.

Up to November fifteenth the Germans had lost a million men in killed, wounded and missing. Think of commanding a country to appear perfectly normal with such a weight as that in the hearts of its families! It is requiring a nation of seventy millions to act with the fortitude of the little community of ancient Spartans.

"You must not weep in public," says the Kaiser; and German women do not. But they appear in the streets with eyes red from nights of weeping. Moreover, you must not circulate any rumors of bad news concealed by the Government—which is a favorite diversion among Englishmen. The penalty for this is a year in jail.

All the news which the German public gets is the brief official announcements from Grand Headquarters and the daily batch of press matter given out by the Foreign Office. When bad news must be printed there is always some good news to offset it. The report of the *Emden's* fate, when I was in Berlin, was accompanied by the announcement that twenty-six hundred prisoners had been taken around Dixmude and Ypres. These include some English. The Germans like immensely to hear of prisoners taken, particularly if they are English. They hardly seem to realize that the Allies also have a great many prisoners.

THE GERMAN PRISON CAMP.

The sharpest contrast of all in war which the neutral may observe is seeing the men of one army which, from the other side, he watched march into battle —armed, confident, disciplined parts of an organization, ready to sweep all before them in a charge—become so many sheep, disarmed, disorganized, rounded up like vagrants in a breadline and surrounded by a fold of barbed wire and sentries.

This was the lot of the nine thousand English, French, and Russians in the "show" German prison camp at Doberitz, near Berlin, which you may visit by official permission. But you may not visit any of the other camps.

On a sandy knoll, fully exposed to the bleak wind, the prisoners sleep on straw ticks inside of big cavalry tents. And they do not wear any nighties, you may be sure. They wear the clothes in which they were captured, unless their Government through the American ambassador has provided them with others.

There has been a howdy-do of countercharges by Germans and British about treatment of prisoners. The facts are these, and they should be given in fairness, without prejudice: The British Government has sent to British prisoners in Germany thick suits of winter underclothes and socks and coats, while the Germans agreed to furnish two blankets apiece. Most of the prisoners hadn't yet received these blankets when I was in Berlin. England supplies her prisoners with a full outfit of clothing and blankets and feeds them with the regular British army ration.

The Germans were not wanting to fight France and Russia, but England. The hate of the Red Cross woman in the station at Hanover is the hate of a nation. Crystallized, the attitude toward England is that of disappointed hope. England holds the sea; she joined in the war when Germany wanted her to keep out. In the inner world of rumor you heard it said quite positively that soon Germany would conclude a treaty of peace with Russia, followed by one with France, thus leaving her free to attack England. The wish which was father to the thought spread in waves downward in the social scale of that responsive public. The humorous journals ceased to cartoon the French and the Russians. The French became a chivalrous, brave race—fighting for their country. Germany pitied them. She had no ill-will against Russia. As for the Belgian, German feeling amounts to contempt. He played the fool. He did not recognize power and give it room. Let him take the consequences. Let the British who got him into trouble take care of him. No neutral has yet visited a camp of Belgian prisoners in Germany.—*Everybody's Magazine.*

Human Blood-Hounds

The Wonderful Tracking Work Done by the Aborigines of Australia

By D. J. McNamara

LIKE all races that depend upon hunting for subsistence—the Bedouin, the North American Indian, etc. — the Australian aborigine has developed marvellous power of sight and hearing. Especially in the arid interior and what is termed the "West Coast" (skirting the Great Australian Bight), where the country is almost utterly destitute of plants suitable for human food, the capacity of these organs has been developed to an almost incredible degree. The marvels about to be narrated are, however, attested by men of the highest character of extensive and intimate acquaintance with the lives and habits of the blacks, and in some cases with considerable training in the methods of scientific investigation.

To realize to the full the wonder skill of these black trackers a consideration of the nature of the country is necessary. Vast wastes of sand-ridges gradually merging into the smooth, hard surfaces of stony plateaux occupy a great portion of Central Australia. These plateaux are, in parts, like a street pavement. In what is called "gibber" country great stretches of rounded ironstone pebbles are pressed closely together forming a natural mosaic quite impervious to the pressure of the heaviest feet. Elsewhere a low, stunted scrub of mallee or mulga interspersed with spinifex or salt-bush renders progress almost impossible. The ground is littered with dry leaves and dead bark, on which it would appear that no impression could be left. Yet in such country as here described the unerring instinct of the black, with his senses sharpened by necessity, enables him to pick up a trail and follow it undeviatingly for hundreds of miles.

Dire necessity, as hinted above, is the inexorable teacher who, through generations, has ruthlessly eliminated all who fail to pass the severest test. This wonderful faculty is, therefore, the bequest of ages of natural selection. But early training is called upon to aid. As soon as they can walk the "piccaninnies" are taught to recognize and follow up the tracks of small animals. It is the only trade they have to learn. Just as among civilized men a knowledge of engineering or architecture demands a severe course of early training followed by years of experience, so with these wild children of Nature, no effort is spared till the tracking becomes an instinct. With the help of the fingers, the toes, the heel, and the hand, or bits of stick, the tracks of various animals are made in the sand with marvellous fidelity to the original. The children are required to identify them and to reproduce.

With very young lads another method is sometimes used. An area of sand is smoothed over, the lads turn their backs, then an ant or small lizard is let loose on this patch. The youngsters turn round and are required to indicate where the trail began, to follow its course, and to name the creature. Constant practice in these amusements and an occasional experience in actual tracking for food give to eyes and ears unspoiled by the close contacts of civilization a keenness and power of discrimination that seem almost supernatural.

Whether on foot or horseback a native tracker keeps his eyes fixed on the ground. "Often when riding," says Mr. South, Protector of Aborigines in S. Australia, "a grunt would break from his dusky companion. 'What name?' I would inquire. 'Snake been walk;' or 'Mountain debbil come 'long a here.' " The so-called "mountain devil" with its tail and its feet makes the tiniest and most indistinct of tracks—merely a scratch on the hard ground. If it is a lizard's mark they will tell you the species, though no bigger than your little finger. They will follow it to the hole, but seem to know when it is at home, for they never dig out a hole unless to find the creature they seek.

The statement that the trail of an ant could be picked up and followed was received even here with incredulity, but the fact seems to be amply established by the consensus of competent observers. Captain A. White, relates that when leaving for Central Australia he was asked by Mr. A. M. Lea, entomologist of the South Australian Museum, to procure as many species of ants as possible. To this end the natives were employed. They followed the tiny tracks over dried mulga leaves and shelving rocks to their holes, or under stones, where the naturalist discovered them. But still more wonderful, they could describe the ant from the traces it made long before the creature itself was found.

In following the trail of larger animals they proceed unerringly and without pause, often at a brisk trot and over the hard stony country above described. They will single out and follow the prints of a particular horse, although it has been crossed and recrossed by those of a mob, even after the lapse of a week or more. When the animals are at the station they learn to individualize the impressions made by each separate animal, and they never forget them. Mr. D. J. Beck tells of the feats of a black fellow named Bonaparte, whom he kept at Milo Station. The property contained a paddock of ninety-six square miles, mostly of thick mulga, with some burnt patches. If you told Bonaparte you wanted a particular horse from a mob he would pick up his tracks and bring him in the same day. A white man might spend a week without finding the animal. Bonaparte knew the tracks of every individual horse on the run.

The black boys, setting out at the first streak of dawn, can follow camels over the "gibber" country for miles and without hesitation. When asked how they did this one would stoop down and show a blade of dry grass bent over the edge of a stone, or a pebble detached from the setting of clay in which it was embedded.

In tracking through the scrub, where scarcely any impression will be left on the dry bark and withered leaves, the black can follow the trail by noting the dislacement of the bark, the snapping of he smallest twig, the pushing aside of he boughs, and their instinct is as unfailng as on the stony plateaux. A story s told of a supposed lunatic followed for iles through the scrub, although he had aken the precaution to wrap his feet in agging.

But the genius of the black tracker is specially conspicuous in following the rail of their comrades guilty of murder, heft, or cattle-spearing. These delinuents know all tricks of the game, and o everything to baffle pursuit. They take o the hard, stony country, to the scrub, ross rivers, walk backwards for miles, lothe their feet with slippers of emueathers, and so forth. Seldom, however, ave they managed to elude the remorseess pursuit of the black tracker. An esaped prisoner, who was being conveyed rom the interior to Port Augusta, slipped way one night near the Queensland bordr. The tracker followed him for nearly hree hundred miles over hard, stony ountry, showed where a comrade with wo horses had met the fugitive, how he ad ridden sixty miles without dismountng, where he had turned the horse loose, nd many other particulars which he had leaned from observation of the tracks hich he read like an open book. A trackr followed a cattle-spearer, who had scaped from Alice Springs lock-up, down hard clay-pan, over a stony ridge, till e at length came up with him. The trail as followed without a pause. A pebble lightly displaced, a bit of trampled grass, r the broken bough of a tree were quite ufficient indications.

A retired police-constable once stationd at Fowler's Bay gives instances of the kill of the blacks in picking out individual racks from those of a crowd. Many ribes in the vicinity, to the number of ve hundred or more, would visit the bay celebrate tribal rites and ceremonies. n their return homewards they would lunder the huts on their line of march. tracker would be dispatched to the cene of a robbery. Although there ight be fifty or sixty tracks outside and e tracks of some half-dozen within he ould quickly pitch upon some footprints nd name the thief. He would follow em for hundreds of miles, among rowds of other tracks, till the perpetrat was overtaken or till the tracker was rced to return for want of water. In e latter case he would resume the purit many months afterwards. When told white troopers that no tracks were sible: "You tchee" (see), picking up a agment of salt-bush half an inch long. ooking at it for a moment: "Him been 'long two sleeps ago." He could also ll whether the fugitives had passed the ot by day or by night, and whether they ere in a hurry or taking it easy. Even om a body of sixty he would pick out the acks of an individual. Riding along, u exclaim: "What track that one, illy?" Instantly he would reply, "Him unga," or "Yarri," or whoever it might . This is sometimes explained by the ct that the impression of the big toe is aracteristic of each individual. Followg the tracks of some murderers, the

What is an Internal Bath?

By R. W. BEAL

MUCH has been said and volumes have been written describing at length the many kinds of baths civilized man has indulged in from time to time. Every possible resource of the human mind has been brought into play to fashion new methods of bathing, but strange as it may seem, the most important, as well as the most beneficial of all baths, the "Internal Bath," has been given little thought. The reason for this is probably due to the fact that few people seem to realize the tremendous part that internal bathing plays in the acquiring and maintaining of health.

If you were to ask a dozen people to define an internal bath, you would have as many different definitions, and the probability is that not one of them would be correct. To avoid any misconception as to what constitutes an internal bath, let it be said that a hot water enema is no more an internal bath than a bill of fare is a dinner.

If it were possible and agreeable to take the great mass of thinking people to witness an average post mortem, the sights they would see and the things they would learn would prove of such lasting benefit and impress them so profoundly that further argument in favor of internal bathing would be unnecessary to convince them. Unfortunately, however, it is not possible to do this, profitable as such an experience would doubtless prove to be. There is, then, only one other way to get this information into their hands, and that is by acquainting them with such knowledge as will enable them to appreciate the value of this long-sought-for, health-producing necessity.

Few people realize what a very little thing is necessary sometimes to improve their physical condition. Also, they have almost no conception of how little carelessness, indifference or neglect can be the fundamental cause of the most virulent disease. For instance, that universal disorder from which almost all humanity is suffering, known as "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," and a multitude of other terms, is not only curable but preventable through the consistent practise of internal bathing.

How many people realize that normal functioning of the bowels and a clean intestinal tract make it impossible to become sick? "Man of to-day is only fifty per cent. efficient." Reduced to simple English this means that most men are trying to do a man's portion of work on half a man's power. This applies equally to women.

That it is impossible to continue to do this indefinitely must be apparent to all. Nature never intended the delicate human organism to be operated on a hundred per cent. overload. A machine could not stand this and not break down, and the body certainly cannot do more than a machine. There is entirely too much unnecessary and avoidable sickness in the world.

How many people can you name, including yourself, who are physically vigorous, healthy and strong? The number is appallingly small.

It is not a complex matter to keep in condition, but it takes a little time, and in these strenuous days people have time to do everything else necessary for the attainment of happiness but the most essential thing of all, that of giving their bodies their proper care.

Would you believe that five to ten minutes of time devoted to systematic internal bathing can make you healthy and maintain your physical efficiency indefinitely? Granting that such a simple procedure as this will do what is claimed for it, is it not worth while to learn more about that which will accomplish this end? Internal Bathing will do this, and it will do it for people of all ages and in all conditions of health and disease.

People don't seem to realize, strange to say, how important it is to keep the body free from accumulated body-waste (poisons). Their doing so would prevent the absorption into the blood of the poisonous excretions of the body and health would be the inevitable result.

If you would keep your blood pure, your heart normal, your eyes clear, your complexion clean, your mind keen, your blood pressure normal, your nerves relaxed and be able to enjoy the vigor of youth in your declining years, practise internal bathing and begin to-day.

Now that your attention has been called to the importance of internal bathing, it may be that a number of questions will suggest themselves to your mind. You will probably want to know WHAT an Internal Bath is, WHY people should take them, and the WAY to take them. These and countless other questions are all answered in a booklet entitled "THE WHAT, THE WHY and THE WAY OF INTERNAL BATHING," written by Doctor Chas. A. Tyrrell, the inventor of the "J. B. L. Cascade," whose lifelong study and research along this line make him the pre-eminent authority on this subject. Not only has internal bathing saved and prolonged Dr. Tyrrell's own life, but the lives of a multitude of hopeless individuals have been equally spared and prolonged. No book has ever been written containing such a vast amount of practical information to the business man, the worker, and the housewife; all that is necessary to secure this book is to write to Dr. Tyrrell at Room 245, 280 College St., Toronto, Ont., and mention having read this article in Mac Lean's Magazine, and same will be immediately mailed to you free of all cost or obligation.

Perhaps you realize now, more than ever, the truth of these statements, and if the reading of this article will result in a proper appreciation on your part of the value of internal bathing, it will have served its purpose. What you will want to do now is to avail yourself of the opportunity for learning more about the subject and your writing for this book will give you that information. Do not put off doing this, but send for the book *now* while the matter is fresh in your mind.

"Procrastination is the thief of time." A thief is one who steals something. Don't allow procrastination to cheat you out of your opportunity to get this valuable information which is free for the asking. If you would be natural be healthy. It is unnatural to be sick. Why be unnatural, when it is such a simple thing to be well?

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tracker would point out the spot where the deed was done and how far the body was carried. This was most probably inferred from the deeper impressions made under the additional weight. In the same way they are able to discriminate between the tracks of a cow, a camel, or a mule.

Tracks have been picked up and followed after the lapse of twelve months in country that had meanwhile been grazed over by cattle and sheep. On another occasion some natives were followed for sixty miles, although for two miles they had never put foot on ground, but had swung like monkeys from branch to branch through the mallee scrub, and this tree-traveling was done backwards.

There was a lively controversy in the Press as to the comparative powers of the black tracker and the white man bred in the bush, but the balance of testimony was decidedly in favor of the full-blooded aborigine. Even a slight contact with white settlers causes these marvellous powers of the "untutored savage" to atrophy from want of constant exercise.

The aborigines are skilled naturalists, knowing the names, properties, and life history of the native plants and animals within miles of their habitat, and readily distinguishing the various species. They are also skilled astronomers, having their own picturesque names for the southern constellations, and associating quaint legends therewith. Their skill in mimicry is perfect, and one can readily recognize an acquaintance from their imitation of his voice, gesture, and gait.

It seems a pity that these great natura gifts are not more availed of by scientifi investigators.—*The Strand.*

The Camphor Monopoly

How the Japanese Tried t Corner the World's Camphor

By ROMNEY

INDUSTRIAL history contains fe more interesting studies than that o the failure of the Japanese attempt t corner camphor. Its history is littl known except to the chemist and to th industrialist, and of these it is probabl that not many understand the inte national importance of the rapid rise i the price of camphor after the Russ Japanese war; yet few events caused th Governments of the world more seriou anxiety, a fact to which the large ex penditure upon secret-service work an chemical investigation in this connectic bears witness.

Ten years ago the world enjoyed tw varieties of camphor. There were Borne camphor, the purer quality, of whic comparatively small quantities were pr duced, and which was used mainly f medical purposes. In addition to th there was the coarser common campho of commerce, whose use had increased enormously since the discovery of its employment in making celluloid by the Englishman Parkes in 1858, and since it had been employed as an indispensable ingredient in the manufacture of smokeless explosives.

Camphor is extracted by distillation from the camphor laurel (*Cinnamomum Camphora*), a tree which flourishes in Japan, Formosa, parts of southern China, Cochin-China, and Java, but whose preference for Japan and Formosa is shown by the fact that in 1905 over 90 per cent. of the world's supply came from those islands. In that year the total export of the Japanese Empire (the most of which came from Formosa) amounted to over six million pounds.

It appears to have been after the Russian war that the Japanese Government first awoke to the possibilities of their practical monopoly. 'As the production of camphor is practically limited to Formosa and Japan, we now control the supply of the world,' wrote Yosaboro Takekoshi in 1905. Synthetic camphor had already made its appearance in 1903, but at a prohibitive price. The formula discovered by the German Komppa required the oil of turpentine, which in itself is scarce, and becoming scarcer. It was accordingly hoped by the Japanese that they would be able to force up the price to a figure limited, of course, by the possibilities of synthetic camphor, but still high enough. 'We cannot,' said Takekoshi, 'permanently monopolise the industry;' but it was hoped to derive sufficient profit from a transient monopoly to finance some of Japan's naval schemes, and to relieve the very heavy taxation which oppressed the country after the war. It was realized that the camphor laurel would flourish elsewhere than in Japan and Formosa. But the Japanese seem to have been inspired with unjustified confidence in the security of the moment by the traditional methods of the Chinese distillers; for it was a dogma among the Chinese that trees could not be felled with profit for distillation until they had stood for fifty years, and it apparently did not occur to the Japanese to question this belief, which, if correct, would have meant fifty years' monoply to themselves, even if the laurels could be cultivated elsewhere. They seem accordingly to have been confident of their power to squeeze the world for a considerable period, and to retain to their hands the monoply of an ingredient indispensable in the manufacture of explosives. They did not, therefore, hesitate to raise the price of the article some 70 per cent., and to ensure their own supplies by stimulating reafforestation. In 1906 they planted three hundred and forty-six thousand trees; in 1907, one million three hundred thousand; in 1908, four million eight hundred and and thirty thousand; in 1909, five million and sixty thousand. Unfortunately for the Japanese, their energy only served to call attention to their monopoly, and to nerve the world to efforts to nullify it—efforts which were very soon to be successful.

Burning The Candle At Both Ends

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Most Governments, and particularly those of Germany, Great Britain, and the United States, devoted themselves resolutely, if unostentatiously, to experiments in producing camphor. The Americans, in particular, feared a monopoly of their Asiatic rivals in an article of military necessity, and their Department of Agriculture, by every means in its power, fostered experiments in growing camphor-trees. Seeds were procured from Formosa by secret agents—not without trouble, for the Japanese were watchful—and efforts at culture were made by the British in Ceylon, by the French in the Midi and in Madagascar, by the Germans at Anani in German East Africa, and by the United States in Texas and Florida. In 1907 the camphor acreage in Ceylon increased from one hundred and forty-two acres to one thousand one hundred and six. It was also found that the laurel flourished in Italy, and, lastly, but most important of all, in Jamaica. Jamaica has always been renowed for its production of essential oils. It now has another advantage over Formosa in the cheapness of its labor-supply. Negroes can be obtained at twenty-five cents a day. The Japanese are reported to be paying as much as a dollar a day in Formosa—why it is hard to say, unless it has been found that with a lower rate of wages the monopoly is not secure against betrayal. The difference speaks for itself.

But since, even in the most favorable circumstances, some ten years are required for trees to attain their maturity all this would not of itself have procured immediate relief if the world had been content to go on believeing with the Chinese and Formosans that the precious drug could not be extracted with profit from trees that have stood for less than half a century. However, it was soon discovered that the Celestials had as little reason for this superstition as for many others. In Florida and Texas excellent results were obtained from trees of five years' growth Some enterprising individuals went further, and reaped the young shrubs when three feet high by means of a machine similar to that used in reaping corn: The experiment was successful. Finally, an astonishing discovery was made which gave the *coup de grace* to the moribund monopoly.

The story runs as follows: it is impossible to verify it, but it is highly probable and there is no doubt of the solid results It illustrates what is going on daily in the industrial world. A German chemis analyzed the wood of the camphor laurel and discovered that it yielded .61 per cent. camphor. With this many men would have remained content; the Chinese, for example, had remained conten with far less for many thousands o years. But the German, being patien and methodical, went on to analyze the twigs. He found that these yielded 1.05 per cent. He then proceeded to the green leaves, which gave 2.37 per cent., and to the dried leaves, which yielded 2.52 per cent. The dead leaves showed a fall to 1.39 per cent. It was also discovered that the leaves can be gathered withou injury to the tree.

The commercial moral is obvious. It s easier to harvest leaves than to fell and hop up trees. Even if the yield was not reater, it would still be more profitable, or the tree which is stripped will bear gain in a year's time, while for the tree hat is felled another requires to be relanted and allowed to grow. Add to this he fact that, as we have already seen, he price of labor in Jamaica is only a uarter of what is paid in Formosa, and t will become obvious that the days of he Japanese monopoly were numbered. o far, the German chemist had been most uccessful; but a certain impracticability revented him from putting his discovery o immediate commercial use. In addiion, he registered it in America. Now here exists in America quite a number of ersons who make a steady income by dapting impracticable German patents o American requirements—a fact which peaks volumes as to the character of the wo peoples. One of these, noticing the erman's patent, lost no time in traveling o Jamaica, where he put the discovery o practical use, with the assistance of an ld-established planter. Since the Japanese have remained unable to introduce the mproved methods into Formosa—probbly because of the native obstinacy of the nhabitants, who adhere blindly to tradiional methods—the corner is broken. It nly remains to be seen whether the camhor laurel will permanently flourish in amaica, or whether, like *Cannabis Indica,* t will alter its characteristics after a proonged sojourn in the new soil.—*Chamers's Journal.*

Cutting the Cost of Education

A Remarkable College Where Learning is Cheap

By EDMUND VANCE COOKE

I CAN no longer doubt the reality of the higher cost of living. Board and uition have advanced one dollar per term t Fremont College, and when the price ises at Fremont College, the indication of he h.c.o.l. is indisputable.

This increased cost now makes the student's meals cost him 9 11-23 cents each. That is, they average that much if he is extravagant, and boards at the dearest able. If he wishes to economize, he can get good meals for less—7 11-23 cents.

What does he get for his 9 11-23 cents? Well, for breakfast he has—Fruit: apples, fresh or evaporated; peaches or apricots, evaporated; raisins, or prunes. Breakfast food: oatmeal, and various other kinds. Bread: white and Graham; pancakes or gems, toast. Also: coffee, tea, syrup, butter.

For dinner—a meat (roast, stew, or meat pie, sausage or liver, fish on Friday), potatoes and one other vegetable, pudding (bread, custard, or cornstarch), two kinds of bread, and coffee.

For supper—baked beans, hog and hominy, macaroni and cheese or tomatoes,

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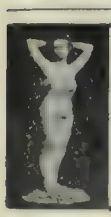

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yeast rolls and tea biscuit, salad; cake and sauce, tea or coffee.

Throughout the same territory in which this college is located, the traveler usually pays fifty cents for a meal no better and frequently poorer than these menus indicate. How does Fremont College furnish it for 9 11-23 cents?

Ah, ha! maybe the charge for tuition is made high enough to cover the loss on meals. Surely that must be the secret. Let us see. This extravagant board costs $2 per week. Room and tuition, $1.90, total $3.90, per week. If you want to economize, as before said, it comes cheaper, i.e., $3.50 per week.

Please observe, too, that this price is not bare cost. The college must make its profit. It must maintain its faculty staff of forty-two people. It must maintain its high-class equipment and provide for expansion, and it must pay taxes and interest on its investment. This plant is modernly equipped and is of sufficient size to accommodate an annual enrollment of between two thousand and twenty three hundred students.

On top of all this, be it remembered, the president and proprietor has to live, has to have a profit, for the school has *not a penny of endowment, or state or national aid.*

Don't imagine that this is any little tinkering school, either. You can get anything you want from a certificate to teach school to a bachelor's degree, from kindergartening to civil engineering, from pharmacy to oratory, from china painting to chemistry.

What you *can't* get are football, baseball and secret fraternities. Societies? Yes: two of them, the Star and the Union, but organized for literary and inspirational purposes. Physical culture? Yes, some, but no expensive gym. and no games with rival colleges, with a week of excitement before every game and a week of "How it happened" afterward. "Work!" is the watchword at Fremont. When you're paying $3.50 a week for board, lodging and tuition, you have little time for frivolities. You devote your time to getting your money's worth. Work! Everybody works at Fremont, especially "father," for the father of Fremont College is the president and proprietor, and he works as close to twenty-four hours a day and fifty-two weeks in the year as anyone you know. The college runs fifty weeks of the year, and some of the courses six days a week, so you can imagine how much time the president has for golf, auction bridge and trips to Egypt.

But 9 11-23 cents per meal, with a profit concealed in the figures—let us return to that. It suggests a triumph of co-operative housekeeping. How is it possible?

The president makes no mystery of it. It's all in the wholesale buying of wholesome foods and cutting out the non-essentials. Nor are the housing economies accomplished by undue skimping. The situation of the school is beautiful, in the heart of one of the prettiest of the prairie cities. The dormitories are steam-heated, electric-lighted, city-watered.

Sometimes the school finances the student. Usually, of course, he pays cash; but if a young person comes to the school

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hungry for an education yet has no money, the president schools him, feeds him, and takes his note in payment. Usually this is done for the Normal students. The school educates them, grants them a state certificate, finds them positions, and expects payment of the notes out of the first year's salary.

That's noteworthy enough; but now comes the most remarkable accomplishment of all; Nebraska has four State Normal Schools, all with excellent faculties and with that prestige which pertains to state-supported educational institutions. Yet this private, unendowed institution at Fremont furnishes a wider curriculum, does it at less expense to the student, and has a larger annual enrollment than any of the State Normals. The taxpayer who pays for the State Normal finds it cheaper to send his son or daughter to the unsupported school!

Here's a school where you are credited with just what you know, with what you can do. You can enter without an examination, and you can take just as many or just as few studies as you desire. To be sure, if you want a certificate, or a bachelor's or master's degree, you must follow the required course. But if you just want to *know* things, to learn the things which you can *use*, you needn't follow any prescribed course. "What in the fire is a 'course of study'?" asks President Clemmons, being a devout man and of mild oaths. "Isn't it studying what you want to know?"

So, if a student applies for admission and isn't interested in mathematics, and never could learn grammar and looks upon Latin as of less use than Choctaw, Clemmons doesn't discourage him. Six years ago the son of the richest man in town became discouraged in school. He was only ten, but he was huge for his age. His father could have afforded to have him tutored, or could have incarcerated him in some expensive boarding school. Intsead, he sent him to Clemmons. The boy had no interest in any ordinary school study Clemmons could name. "How'd you like to learn mechanical drawing?" asked Clemmons. The boy thought maybe he would. What was it? Having aroused his interest, Clemmons plumped him into the class in mechanical drawing. To-day he's not only doing creditable mechanical drawing but he's reading Virgil and doing conic sections. And he's only sixteen!

Maybe there are many institutions like Fremont College, and many educators as individual and hard-working and as effective as Clemmons. I hope there are. If so, none of them will begrudge a tribute to this mild-mannered man who is doing his share to untie the knotted educational problem of our time. "Mild-mannered," I said. Yes, but don't think Clemmons is milk-and-watery. He fights for his school week in and year out, and be sure that he has not established such a school without a fight. He believes in himself and maybe he seems a little too aggressive to some of his fellow-educators; but against all criticism stands this salient fact: He has the educational goods and he delivers them. And at three dollars and fifty cents per week!—*American Magazine.*

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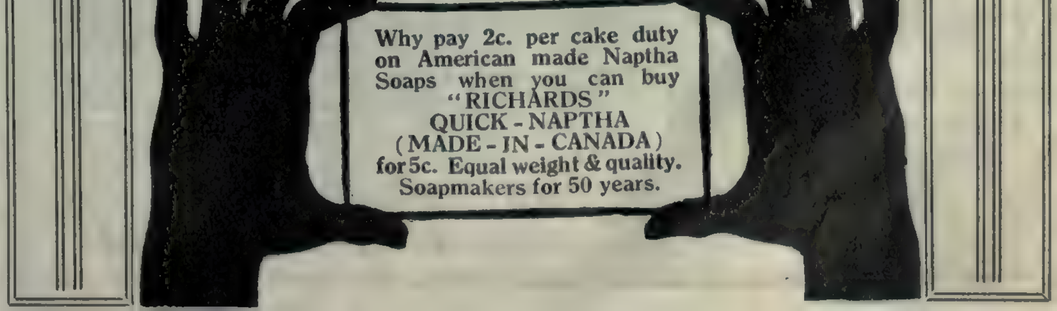
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The Work of the Red Cross

Continued from Page 42.

ing of the wounded from the field, and the exercise of proper care afterward. This side is thoroughly understood. A further and very important function of the Red Cross—by which is meant the service that is maintained by voluntary and not Government support—is the furnishing of supplies of comforts for the sick and wounded as supplementary to the regular list of requirements as established by the Government such as shirts, socks, underwear, cholera belts, sleeping caps and many articles of personal comfort. Further, the Red Cross supplies great quantities of dressings, rolled bandages, lint, adhesive plaster and such adjuncts to the hospital requirements.

It does not, however, limit itself to these apparently small and unimportant articles—it furnishes complete hospitals, nurses, doctors, equipment, drugs, instruments and everything which is necessary to go to make up a hospital. At the present time the British Red Cross Society, in conjunction with the Order of Saint John of Jerusalem, is maintaining, either wholly or in part, no less than three hundred and fifty-eight hospitals in England and on the Continent. The Saint John Ambulance Brigade has a small army of orderlies, and there are at present employed by it on the Continent nearly six thousand of these trained hospital attendants.

The British society is aiding in the quick transportation of wounded from the front by the establishment of a great number of motor ambulances, of which they have now some four hundred and fifty in operation.

The casualties in this war have been so enormous and the number of wounded so large that, with all these hospitals, in addition to the Government establishments, the society is now in process of organizing and equipping a hospital in the new building which has been built for H.M. Stationery Office in Waterloo road, London, with a capacity of sixteen hundred and fifty-eight beds, which are being paid for largely by individual subscriptions of £25 per bed. This great hospital will, upon completion of its installation, be maintained by the British Government.

Hospital trains, capable of carrying five hundred sick or wounded men, are either in existence or in course of construction by the society. The society has also three hospital ships finely equipped with every convenience including a modern operating room.

All this active and philanthropic work costs a great sum of money and, while the receipts of the British Red Cross Society up to the present time amount to nearly $3,500,000, there is but a small surplus at this time of writing.

THE CANADIAN SOCIETY.

The Canadian society which was organized by the writer in 1896, is endeavoring to do its share, in proportion to the means at its disposal, in the relief of the distressed soldiers. The Canadian sociey has presented to the British society twelve fully equipped motor ambulances and has provided seven hospitals for the Canadian contingent and one traveling field kitchen. A Canadian hospital has been established in Mr. Waldorf Astor's House at Clevedon, and is being equipped by the society. This hospital will be staffed by Canadian doctors and nurses.

Great quantities of supplies amounting up to the present time to about three thousand cases of an average weight of one hundred and fifty pounds each have been sent forward to the Canadian Commissioner in London, and their contents are being distributed by him to the hospitals in accordance with their requirements.

Some people may say: "Why should the society or the public apart from the Government be required to furnish all this money and these supplies?" In explanation of this it may be said that the medical services in the field of all armies is insufficient to meet with the demands. Also, it is the right and duty of private individuals to remedy this insufficiency. Further, the Red Cross is the means of an expression of the sympathy of the people of a nation with its soldiers.

It may truly be said that the alleviation of the sufferings caused by war is in these days a universal obligation imposed by Christian civilization on all nations. It is a solemn duty to the accomplishment of which every man of influence should lend his co-operation, and every honest man should give his thoughts.

In the end it is to the charitable cooperation of the public that we must look in order to alleviate the sufferings of the soldiers and to surround the victims of war with such comfort as is possible.

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MODERN chemists have found a way to fight fierce oil-tank fires to a finish. If a big tank containing more than two million gallons of oil should be struck by lightning it can be readily imagined what a terrific heat would be generated. Naturally the valuable tank would be destroyed as well as its contents.

In a demonstration recently made in subduing a petroleum fire a tank twenty-six feet in diameter was used. The test was made with burning gasoline, the most inflammable of petroleum products. Hardly had the black smoke begun to roll up when one of a number of fusible links suspended across the top of the tank separated. This link cable operated triggers controlling acid containers at the top of four standpipes filled with a chemical solution. Instantly the thick foam was discharged from the standpipes upon the surface of the burning oil. Within twelve seconds after the standpipes were brought into action, the fire was completely extinguished. It had been smothered under a blanket of foam fourteen inches thick.

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Viola Allen

Continued from Page 48.

she must have assumed. And a diversity of roles will always prepare one for the great role which usually comes to a player and creates out of a mere material him or her a brilliant satellite, radiant in achievement.

She had all the leading parts of such plays as "Liberty Hall," "The Younger Son," The Councillor's Wife," "Sowing the Wind," "Gudgeons," "The Masqueraders," "The Importance of being Earnest," "John-a-Dreams," "Michael and His Lost Angel," "A Woman's Reason," "Marriage," "Bohemia," "The Highwayman," "Under the Red Robe," "A Man and His Wife," and "The Conquerors." For five years she remained in the Empire Stock Company and when she emerged in 1898 it was as a brilliant star at the head of her Own Company.

The canopy which caused this young Star to shine so radiantly was "The Christian," such a canopy, if names count for aught, which ought to appear to every critical observer.

Then came seasons on the road. Long wearying seasons which tested her endurance and "staying" powers to the limit. And she stayed and endured counting each season only a stepping stone to the elusive goal which all of us hope one day to reach.

The plays which one associates with Viola Allen the Star are "In the Palace of the King," "The Hunchback," "The Eternal City," "Twelfth Knight," "A Winter's Tale" "The Toast of the Town," "Cymbeline," "As You Like It," "Love and Livery," and "The Lady of Coventry."

The time had surely come when Miss Allen could put into practice her supreme ideal: That of giving happiness to the scores of poor, neglected children of New York whose being in the World seems a mere accident in the dictates of the Fates.

And this she counts her most brilliant achievement, the greatest radiance given from her Thespian Star.

In the Wake of a Gold Ship

HYDRAULIC dredging of gold-bearing gravel beds has contributed a large part of California's annual output of the yellow metal. The gravel is lifted clear from bedrock by dredges floating in artificial ponds; the infinitesimal amount of gold, often only fifteen or twenty cents' worth per cubic yard handled, is washed out of the gravel and caught by mercury riffles while the boulders are dumped back into the water. Of late these boulders have been used extensively in the production of crushed rock for roadmaking and building and it has been found that the soil will grow fruit trees.

The Cannibals of Papua

An Interesting Description of the Aborigines of that Savage Land

By NORMAN DUNCAN

PAPUA—the British New Guinea of recent times and unsavory memory—is still cannibal country. Aboard the packet, lying in the brilliant, colorful little harbor of Port Moresby; and ashore, in the deep tropical shade, with the sun shut out and the breeze let in, singular tales are told of murder and magic. The half of Papua—the whole being a matter of ninety thousand square miles of swamp land, hardly accessible jungle, frosty plateaus, and considerable mountains, lying a bit under the Line—has not been explored; and what remains (except the patches of settled country near the sea) is not so familiarly known that no mystery attaches to its physical characteristics and savage customs. True, the land is open to settlement—a fertile, lovely, tropical country, but aggravating to white blood, in the way of all new tropical lands. It is not now a Crown colony; it is administered under the Australian Commonwealth—a patient, industrial, cunning, God-fearing administration, moreover, imposing civilization in no violent way, but adapting it, and cherishing, in an unusual experiment, the preservation and enlightenment of the native races, who thrive in the benign sphere of influence, above the wanton advantage of the settlers and trading adventurers. White inhabitants there are, to be sure, in slowly increasing number—a thousand, in round numbers, nowadays, occupied with planting, mining, and trading, the planters exporting chiefly cocoanuts, rubber, and sisal hemp; and of the natives it is roughly estimated that there are four hundred thousand, in widely scattered and mutually unfriendly tribes, speaking many languages and dialects, and frankly given, in the remoter parts, to the enjoyment of murder and the practice of the ancient cannibal customs. Notwithstanding these disproportionate numbers and established customs, and in spite of the amazing point of view in relation to the taking of life, a white man is reasonably secure, so surely and heavily has the hand of the law fallen upon offenders. Provided a man walk circumspectly through the familiar places, with some small notion of propriety in respect to alien property, dignity, and wives, he need go in no very grave fear of being boiled and eaten; but let him venture far afield, where the law is not and the emphasis of the Government's disapprobation is unknown, and let him prove himself a truculent fellow the while—he may then save himself from the boiling-pot and broiling-stones as best his wit and courage can manage.

"It is not," a planter explained, with no glint of amusement, "that a New

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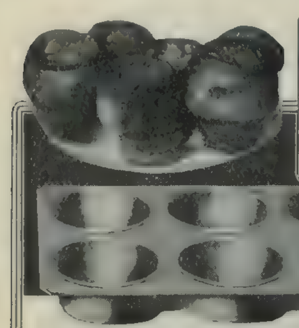

One cup Flour
One Egg
One cup Milk
Beat with an egg beater until bubbles appear. Pour into "Wear-Ever" Aluminum Muffin Pan.

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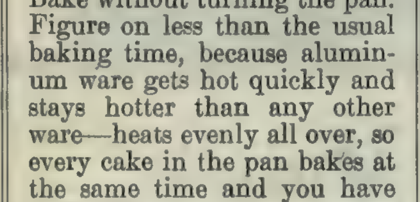

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Guinea native *prefers* a white man, for whom, as a matter of fact, he has a considerable distaste."

"Distaste!" we exclaimed, in astonishment. "Why?"

"Well, you see," the planter replied, "a white man is salty. And naturally, too, he tastes disagreeably of tobacco. You couldn't expect anything else, could you?"

Little is known—much from inference, perhaps nothing surely from intelligent contact—of what lies "beyond the mountains," in the far-away, unexplored places. And this region of mystery engages the horrified speculation of the natives of the coastal regions as well as the interest of the white inhabitants of the territory. It is recorded by a magistrate of the Rigo district, for example, that there is declared to be a village of women with tails, in the direction of Mount Brown. A native informed the Administrator of the territory, as the Administrator relates, that there is at any rate a race of tailed *men* "beyond the mountains," "I *know*," said he, "that tailed men live beyond the mountains." "*How* do you know?" the Administrator inquired. "I *ate* one," was the native's sufficient reply. Another native, according to the Administrator, protested that he was perfectly well aware of the existence and place of habitation of these tailed men. Taken in his garden, said he, he had been carried captive to the very village of tailed men; and he had lived there for many weeks, and had acquainted himself with the customs of the tribe, who were so indubitably possessed of tails, indeed, that they had bored holes in the floors of their houses, which were elevated upon piles, so that, to squat comfortably when at home, it was their custom to thrust their tails through these apertures and dangle them unconstrained in the space below. The captive, with his very own eyes, had observed them do this very thing; and not only had he observed the comfortably disposed appendages, he had himself slipped under the houses, upon occasion, and softly, very softly, tied a knot in each dangling tail. It was his pleasure in this way to annoy the tailed men. In response to his outcry—that an enemy approached—the tailed men would leap to their feet; and it was vastly amusing (said he) to observe their behavior when the knots brought them back to their haunches with a jerk.

Papua has long been known as a bloody land. It is a bloody land still. But the blood of white men is rarely let; and the wanton slaughter of natives, the one by the other—at least in those fast-widening regions which are within the sphere of the law—is fast diminishing. All this being so, in one year, nevertheless, when there were two hundred and fifteen prisoners committed for trial, one hundred and eighteen of them were charged with murder, nine with manslaughter, and five with attempted murder.

Wearing clothes is emphatically frowned upon by the administration. The fashion, indeed, is condemned with temper. One magistrate goes the length of declaring that "the curse of rags" should forthwith be prohibited by law—that it

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WRITE US TO-DAY

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should be made a criminal offense for a native to wear more than a loin-cloth and a woman to adorn herself with anything more voluminous and unsanitary than a brief grass skirt.

Clothes are worn by the New Guinea native with no degree of circumspection. They are never taken off—except to be traded—and consequently being counted articles of trade, they pass from hand to hand, from district to district, proceeding from the settlements to the far-away regions, leaving a trail of contamination to mark their course. Where the natives take to them "to an immoderate degree" (the reports declare) there is an alarming increase in "the lung disease." The object of a discerning administration seems to be a paradoxical attempt to civilize the native without interrupting his healthfully naked condition.

That the natives are at least occasionally moved to live in respect of the law, when they are aware of its requirements, is shown, at any rate, in the case of the Kuni mountaineers who came four days' journey to Kairuku to inquire of the magistrate if a widow might marry again, the village constable (a native) being in doubt. In the Sinaketa district, a village constable, reasoning from what meager knowledge he had of the bewildering regulations of the government in respect to the ordinary affairs of life—though, indeed, the poor fellow must have been sorely puzzled by the extraordinary circumstances—saved the villagers from a slight error of behavior. The funeral of a middle-aged man was in progress. Near the grave the middle-aged man complained of discomfort. It was found, upon taking him back to the house, and unwrapping the mats with which he was swathed, that what he wanted was a banana. Having disposed of one banana, he demanded another; and having disposed of the second, he reclined, seeming now to be satisfied and dead beyond doubt. Laid in his grave, however, he complained again. It was annoying. The middle-aged man, was putting his relatives to "shame." It was the sentiment of the village that he should be buried, anyhow. With this, the village constable (a native) heartily agreed, speaking as a man, but pointed out, speaking as a constable, that, humiliating as the situation of the family unquestionably was, the government would "make trouble" if the man were buried alive. The middle-aged man, being indulgently returned to his home, demanded this time a drink of water, and, having drunk, once more reclined, as though beyond all mortal concerns. At the same time in a neighboring house the relatives, whom the middle-aged man was scandalizing by his obstreperous behavior, consulted together. Eventually it was proposed to procure the consent of the middle-aged man to the seemly progress of his own funeral by tightly winding a cord around his neck.

"No," said the village constable. "It would annoy the government."

"But why?" the relatives demanded, like children.

"I don't know," the constable replied; "yet I am sure that the government will

The "Monarch-Knit" Line

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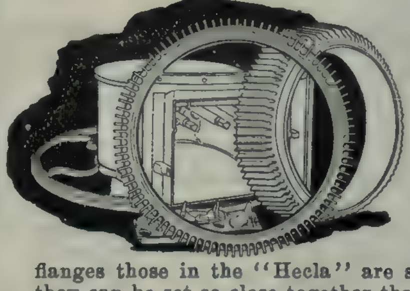
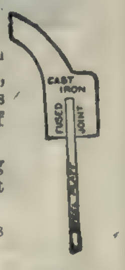


The fire pot is the most effective radiating surface in a warm air furnace. That is why every manufacturer seeks to increase that surface by the addition of cast iron flanges, or pins, or corrugations. As each of these flanges or pins covers a large part of the primary surface of the fire pot, there is a limit to the number of such cast flanges as can be effectively used.



The "Hecla" Steel Ribbed (Patented) Fire Pot is a step far in advance of any other firepot. Instead of thick and sandy cast iron flanges those in the "Hecla" are steel and are neat and clean. Being uniform, they can be set so close together that, where we formerly used 19 cast iron flanges we now use 97 steel ones without covering any more of the primary surface of the pot.

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It will protect every one against sudden changes in weather and climate.
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Because pure wool is the only material that really *protects* against sudden changes from cold to heat, and vice versa, it being a non-conductor; it absorbs the perspiration rapidly and evenly and does not get clammy and damp.

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It is then carefully manufactured on expensive and exclusive machinery, very different from the ordinary style of underwear machinery—fashioning each garment to fit the human form. It is all selvage edges, therefore cannot come unravelled, every join is knitted together, not sewn as with ordinary underwear.

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be annoyed if you prepare the man for burial by winding a cord around his neck."

"Well, then," said the relatives, "what are we to do?"

"Wait awhile," replied the cunning constable, "and see what happens."

What chiefly concerned the relatives of the middle-aged man was not the "shame" to which the middle-aged was putting them by interrupting his own funeral. It was this—that the body of the middle-aged man was unduly restraining the spirit from its flight. "He wishes to go," they said; "we don't want to hold him back—we want to help him to go." Next day—all this from a report of the magisterial investigation—the middle-aged man's spirit succeeded in loosing the bonds of the flesh and escaping to its place of desire.

Bloodthirsty as these natives are, and genuinely incapable of comprehending why life should not be taken, a discreet white man is safe in the land, so successful has the native policy of the administration proved in practice—a policy of the reasonable and patient dealing out of justice rather than of wholesale retaliation in the form of punitive expeditions. "It would probably be quite safe for a white man to travel unarmed from the Purari Delta to the German boundary," says the Administrator; "far safer than to walk at night through parts of some of the cities of Europe and Australia." Not long ago, however, as time runs in new places, it was as much as a man's life was worth to land helpless on the coast. Traders and missionaries were slaughtered and eaten. The ill fame of New Guinea was celebrated and well won. It was a feat of considerable daring to penetrate the forest—even to lie carelessly at anchor off the coast. It is this New Guinea—now comparatively a land of peace and a measure of fertile promise—that remains alive in the popular imagination. A score of shocking tales, current in Port Moresby, might be told to illustrate the recent precariousness of life in a land where an unarmed man may now walk as safe as in some slum quarters of an Australian city.

Cannibalism is of course practised in New Guinea to this day. Some of the remoter tribes would doubtless be amazed to learn that it is regarded with disfavor in any quarter of the wide world. A man consumes his victim. In some districts, however, he must not consume his own victim; he may distribute his own victim, but must himself partake of the victim of a generously inclined friend. The administration has put an end to the thing within the limited sphere of its influence—has put an end to the freedom of village raiding, moreover, and has pretty thoroughly discouraged the murder of one individual by another. Cases of cannibalism, however, still come before the court; and they are dealt with, I believe—it is said to be an exceedingly difficult matter to deal with them at all—under that section of the criminal code which relates to body-snatching. The incidents are far too revolting for description—the boiling and broiling and barter of the victims.

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Ask your Druggist
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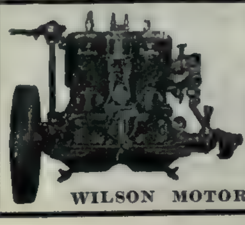

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he time-worn joke about the missionary nd the cannibal king is really in bad aste; the business is no laughing matter —not when one comes close to it. Some f the Papuan tribes are not cannibals; ome protest a horrified loathing of the ractice; and some, formerly accustomed, ave now abandoned the custom in reponse to the teaching of the missionaries, r in deference to the attitude of the administration. It may be said, in a general way, that the cannibal is a cannibal ecause he has a taste for that sort of hing. It is a food to which he inclines. Vhy waste it? he inquires. It may be hat he consumes some small part of a eparted relative because he has dearly oved that relative and desires openly to emonstrate his duty and affection; and t may be that he partakes of a ceremonal feast because custom indicates that to artake in such circumstances is a matter f high privilege and imperative propriety. The opinion is, however, that cannialism is not, generally speaking, a ceremonial affair, but a mere consumption of certain sort of food with which the annibal wishes to sustain life and tickle is palate.

"I understand," a resident informed s, "that women are not particularly dible."

We suggested that this was a singular hing.

"They do all the work," the resident xplained, "and are consequently lean nd tough."

A more or less palatable classic of New uinea cannibalism describes the fate of o less than three hundred and twentyix wretched Chinamen. It seems that the ree hundred and twenty-six Chinamen, aving been cast away in the Louisdale rchipelago, and in this way marooned on small island, were discovered in their elpless state by the natives of that reion. One by one, as occasion required, ey were taken off and eaten, until, as ight be inferred, the natives were surfeited. Upon this the remaining Chinaen were hawked along the coast—exhanged, as might again be inferred, for ore palatable food and for desirable rticles of every description. One only of e number escaped. It is not to e inferred from this incident that all apuans are cannibals—that cannibalism ourishes as once it did. As a matter of ct, cannibalism is all the while diminhing; it has been put down in the seted places, driven to close cover on the lge of civilization, and is practised, in e free ancient fashion, without reroach—as when the three hundred and venty-five Chinamen were disposed of—ly in those rather extensive regions to hich the white influence has not authoritively extended. One does not expect rub elbows with a cannibal in the little pital of Port Moresby. One may, of urse; but the cannibal will wear no ark of his degradation—flowers in his air, rather, and armlets of gay blosms, and a garland around his neck. — *Harper's Magazine.*

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Soak the gelatine in two tablespoonfuls of the milk 10 minutes; place dish over hot water until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved.
Cut the butter in small pieces and place same in a dish over hot water until the butter begins to soften; then gradually whip the milk and cream and dissolved gelatine into the butter with a Dover egg beater. After the milk is thoroughly beaten into the butter add the salt to taste.
If the milk forms keep on beating until all is mixed in. Place on ice or in a cool place until hard. If a yellow color is desired, use butter coloring.

NOTE. This mixture is intended for immediate use, and will do the work of two pounds of ordinary butter for table use and for baking cakes, muffins, etc.

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Yours truly, S. B. STICKLAND.

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THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Circulation Department: 143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO, CANADA

Canadian Women in Business

Continued from Page 40.

a large processing business which has doubled in output under her direction. She reads proof herself. She, too, emphasized the need of high school training prior to a business education for girls.

"My first position as stenographer was a very trying one, demanding a knowledge of medical terms. My employer's patience was exhausted and I nearly a nervous wreck before I became proficient. I wished to resign, but he retained me as a coach on his staff. He could never break in another stenographer," he said. "Whil processing demands accuracy and skil it affords so little chance for promotio and is so mechanical, that bright and ambitious girls are not likely to take it u except as a means to an end, or as supplementing the typewriter."

These instances of women who are engaged in business, of a very responsibl nature, on their own account, exhibit several features in common: all confirm th wisdom of sound cultural education prio to technical training for the girl; a demonstrate the fact that a woman ca make good in business on her own accoun and all appear to prove that women ca find permanent interest and happiness independent vocations.

Where Canada Leads the Worl

Continued from Page 34.

bucking the world on manufactured pr ducts, compel even the Germans to ra their brains for a means of commerci defence."

This making of harvesters in Canac from the birth of the business in Hart Massey's blacksmith shop at Newcast Ont., in 1852, is the livest commercial e in the records of Canada thus far. T self-binder, as we know it, is an everyd affair of Canadian farm life yet rep sents one of the most remarkable lab saving inventions of the age. The w of five men is done by one and in warmer climes, such as in Africa, Arg tine and Australia, the stripper, as ma in our Canadian factories, does still gre er wonders and displaces a dozen or teen helpers. The stripper pulls the he off the grain, threshes, cleans, separa and bags it by one continuous proc This is made advisable in semi-tropi countries for the reason that straw is solutely of no value except to be bur or plowed under.

Much has been done in this way bring the name of Canada into the li light of foreign competition and to est lish the possibility of a manufactured duct from a "tenderfoot" country w ning its place against a phalanx of frei rates, tariffs and prejudice.

Britain's Big Guns

A Surprise Promised for the German's

CONSIDERABLE interest has been aroused by the mammoth engines of destruction which are being employed by the German armies. Terrible tales have been told of the eleven and seventeen-inch Krupp weapons; but it may be said, without depreciating the powers of the enemy, that these stories are considerably exaggerated. The existence of these weapons has been known to military experts since the day the first of them appeared on the testing-range of its creators. A friend of the writer, who has been responsible for many important developments in artillery weapons, and who saw these guns under test upon the Krupp ranges, maintains that neither of these terrible howitzers has yet been used, but that the ten and a half centimetre—four and a quarter inch—howitzers, with which the German army is well equipped, have been mistaken for them. The former were employed against the Liege, Namur, and Antwerp fortifications with deadly effect. No occasion has yet arisen for the usé of the larger weapons, although the eleven-inch gun was being dragged southward, and was to be used for the reduction of the fortifications of Paris. Fortunately, however, the transport proved too difficult, and the guns beame stranded in the country along the River Aisne. The forty-two centimetre owitzer, which the same informant also aw under trial at the testing-ranges, as a life of only about thirty rounds. The shell weights nearly a ton, while he firing of a round represents an xpenditure of twelve hundred pounds. The weight of the weapon precludes its movement by ordinary systems of aulage, and it can be moved only over railway. The shell, when fired at a ertical angle of sixty-five degrees, has a ange of between eight and ten miles, atains an altitude of about three miles, and ravels at a speed of one thousand feet er second upon leaving the muzzle. Its ight may be followed with ease even by he naked eye, while with glasses the acon of turning turtle, which occurs when he missile has reached the highest point f its trajectory, is plainly visible. Exert artillerists, who are fully cognizant f the Krupp trend in gun evolution, vince slight regard for this weapon, and mphatically state that 'its bark is worse han its bite.' The forty-two centimetre weapon is claimed as the modern wonder f the artillery world; but as a matter of act the British force is just as powerfully equipped; and when the time arrives for bombarding the fortresses uarding the German frontier, it will be he Germans, as well as other nations, who will be surprised in turn. The field rtillery of the British army, taken on he whole, is the most powerful in the world, and it will be found that our siege weapons will fully maintain our claim to re-eminence in this particular field of uman endeavor—*Chamber's Journal.*

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Treasure and Trigonometry

Continued from Page 31.

neer, sighed with huge content. "This is altogether too good to be true," he said. "Percy, do we visit the Hall to-morrow?"

"An earthquake might stop us," said young Pomfret, who was going through for medicine in the same year as his chum, "but I don't think it would."

"You might as well have a try," said his uncle. "It will be necessary to secure permission, of course. You had better have a look at this first. It's the paper that was in Garth's hand when his body was found."

He went to his desk and drew out a crumpled piece of paper from an inner compartment. Smoothing it out with hands that almost shook with excitement, the two students made it out as follows:

Oct 16 2.14 p.m.
Second clue to Sundial
Em 2.11 6 ft 2 in.

THE two students, eyes aglow with the possibility of wonderful discoveries that lay before them, shoved through the gate early the next day. Even in daylight the building presented a sombre, almost a ghostly appearance. It was a dull autumn day and the crumbling walls stood out dark and forbidding against the leaden background of sky. The silence which broods over the deserted habitations of men seemed intensified in this lonely and desolate pile. A light wind sighed in the tree tops and rustled around and through the building.

"Glad we didn't tackle the job at night," said Pomfret. "I'd have seen old Garth's ghost gibbering at me from every corner of the place."

Beck, whose nerves were steadier, clambered in a very matter-of-fact way through a window.

"Cut out the quavers, Pom," he said. "Let's hunt up this laboratory first. That's where our investigations will centre all right."

It did not take long to find the place where Isaac Garth had conducted his mysterious labors. It was a long room, filled with all manner of scientific apparatus. Dynamos of various sizes and in different stages of construction and demolition were there. On a table in the centre was the mysterious machine that Ralph Pomfret had mentioned, the large concave disc on top glittering with a strange metallic brilliance. Beck examined this apparatus with keen interest.

"So this is the dooflang the old boy had rigged up, eh?" he said. "It looks to me as though it was designed to create an electric current; some new way to make electricity. Though, of course, that's impossible."

They searched the place through from top to bottom. Beck found plenty of things to examine with a growing and critical interest. Finally, he squatted himself on a bench that was littered with test tubes and other implements of chemical research. All flippancy had gone from his manner.

"Pom, this old Garth was no fool," he said. "He seems to have got farther along certain lines than any of the big men in the electrical field have gotten *to-day*. This room contains secrets, Pom, things that will make the world sit up and take notice."

In response to his companion's urgings, however, Beck, gave up his investigation of the purely scientific aspect of the case and turned his attention to the more material side of it, the search for the buried gold. His mind could not be entirely diverted from the many evidences of electrical research and it was with a shout of triumph that he brought to light a most curious contrivance indeed. In a padded receptacle he had found what looked like a large lens of a heavy, bulbous glass, which gave out a peculiar reddish glow. It was rimmed with heavy copper.

"Here *is* something," exclaimed Beck, triumphantly. "Now what in the name of Edison and Marconi was this intended for?"

He threw open the shutters of the small window on the south side of the room and held the lens up to the light. Instantly it gave off a peculiar red glow and a current of light emanated from it that seemed almost to crackle like electric current. Beck held it up at every angle, his face a study of wonderment.

"What've you found this time?" demanded Pomfret, impatiently.

Beck did not answer. He laid the lens carefully by and, drawing from his pocket the paper on which Garth had scribbled his last message, studied it with deep concentration.

"Well?" said Pomfret, after several minutes had passed.

Beck glanced up with a look bespeaking the imminence of a discovery that would seem to have a bearing on the important matter in hand.

"I believe I'm on the track," he said, almost to himself. "Now if there were only a pole of some kind here about seven feet high to which this lens could be attached, I would *know* I was right."

"There is," shouted Pomfret. "I found it over in this corner. How about this?"

He pulled out a strip about the size o a curtain pole with a copper attachmen at one end and handed it over eagerly Beck placed the lens in the attachmen and found that it fitted perfectly. Wit greatest care, he then put the lens safel away and faced his chum in a veritabl blaze of excitement.

"I'm going to discover Garth's secret! he exclaimed. "Whether that means we' locate the gold too, I don't know—but think it does. To-day is October 15, s to-morrow at 2.14 p.m. we'll know fo sure. By the way, ever hear when it was that Garth died?"

"He was discovered on the eighteenth of October, and it was thought he had been dead several days," replied Pomfret.

"Everything fits in like a glove," cried Beck. "Now I *am* dead sure about everything. See this note that no one was ever able to make anything out of? It tells how to find Garth's money. And I've made it out. Do you hear what I'm saying, Pom? I've found out what it means!"

"Instead of hopping around and shouting like a lunatic you might tell me this precious secret you've discovered," said Pomfret, in an aggrieved tone.

"I will. I'll tell you as we work," said Beck, spinning around on one heel and deftly kicking a row of test tubes off a shelf. "I feel so good I'd like to bust up something. But come on, Percy, old top. We've got a proposition in Euclid to work out first."

He led the way to the front of the building and examined the grounds. A row of elm trees ran along one side and, as Beck had expected, a sunken sundial stood to the left. He paced off the distance between the second tree and the stone.

"Sixteen feet," he announced. There's a spot on a direct line between these two that Garth had to remember but he didn't dare mark it and he was equally afraid to put any measurements on paper. So what does the wily old codger do? Figures out a way to find that spot by a mathematical calculation. His note read Euc. 2, 11. Look up Euclid, book 2, and you'll find that proposition eleven tells how to divide a given line internally in medial section. All we've got to do is to divide the line between that second tree and the sundial in medial section and we'll have the magic spot."

Accordingly Beck started in to perform an intricate series of measurements, on the lines laid down by Euclid for the solving of this particular problem. After a strenuous hour, due to the large scale on which the measurements had to be carried out, he finally located the exact spot.

"Do we dig now?" querried Pomfret eagerly.

"We do not," responded Beck. "You don't suppose old Garth was simple enough to *bury* his money, do you? Anyone could have found it if he had put it here. Percy, you could dig clean through to China from this spot without striking anything. No, Garth had a deeper plan than that."

* * *

At ten minutes after two the next afternoon, Beck and Pomfret had succeeded in planting the pole with the lens attached to the top, on the exact spot determined by mathematical process the previous day at an exact height of six feet two inches.

"Look," said Beck, as they gained the laboratory again. "Get behind the disc on this infernal machine and squint your eye out through the window. Do you notice that this disc and the lens outside are directly in line and that the sun is creeping up behind? At 2.14 the sun will re-

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flect the rays from the lens directly on the disc. Then we'll see what's what."

"You're right, Harry," said Pomfret, dancing with excitement.

"Get over here to this side of the room," admonished Beck. "There's no telling what will break loose when they get lined up."

They waited for two anxious, breathless moments. Then a ray of fiery red fell across the room and focussed on the large disc, placed to receive it. There was a low rumbling sound like the hum of a thousand bees and the lurid red light reflecting from the disc illuminated the room with a distinctness that made a pin-point visible in the farthest corner. Out of the rumble that came from the machine there gradually evolved a rythmic hum like a motor at full play.

Pomfret heard his companion draw in his breath sharply. Beck was leaning forward, his eyes fixed on the humming machine with the intentness of fascination.

Then suddenly there was a loud repor like the premature explosion of a shell a close range. In the small room it reverberated with deadening volume. Th two students were thrown off their fee behind a table which fortunately screene them from the flying fragments of th exploded machine. For a few moment they remained stunned with the sudde shock. Then Beck dragged himself to hi feet and cautiously peered over the table

"It's wrecked!" he groaned. "Th greatest discovery of the century lost There isn't a man living who could patc the pieces together now."

"Look!" almost screamed Pomfret. H had crawled around the other end of th table and was pointing with unstead finger at the opposite wall.

Beck looked. The wall had been bui of stone and plastered over. At one plac about four feet square of plaster had bee broken away and two doors, made of thi layers of stone, had swung open. A larg box, made almost valise shape to fit int the narrow space thus provided in th wall, was revealed to view.

"And there's Garth's hoard," whisper Beck.

* * *

"OLD GARTH guarded his secr well," explained Beck that nigh to Ralph Pomfret. "There was only o way to get into the narrow vault and th was through the agency of the machin He had it connected so that, as soon as t motor started, the doors were swung op and the thin coating of plaster was brok away. There was no way in which t presence of the vault could have be detected. The wall was eighteen inch thick and there was a sufficient width stone on each side to give every eviden of complete solidity. So long as the w was not torn down there was absolute no chance of the deposit being disco ered."

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"But what I would like to know is, what started the motor?"

"The action of the sun's rays," explained Beck. "That was Garth's secret. He had discovered how to create electricity from the heat of the sun. It was done by having the rays pass through the lens at a certain distance from the machine. Now you can appreciate the magnitude of his discovery. By using this method it would be possible to develop enough power to perform miracles. Just as he said, he could have moved mountains, destroyed armies and banished night entirely from the earth."

"And the secret died with him!"

"Absolutely. The machine was ready to fall to pieces and it couldn't stand the sudden strain. It was blown into a thousand atoms."

The Sale of Huntley Hall

Continued from Page 37.

Huntley, calmly. Bulwer walked back to his chair and sat down, laughing boisterously.

"Be sensible, Huntley," he said. "I've often helped a fellow out when he was up against it hard, but as for letting myself be held up like this, nothing doing! Absolutely nothing doing!"

The other paid no attention to the miner's vehement outburst.

"What I expect you to do," he pursued, "is to sign out a cheque for me for the ten thousand. Make it out to bearer. Then we'll keep you here until my man comes back with the money."

Bulwer laughed again—a laugh which snapped off into something very much like a snarl.

"You go to the devil!" he said. "This is Toronto and in the year 1915. You're not up in the silver country where a hold-up goes once in awhile or back in the dark ages. Do you think you can scare me into handing over ten thousand dollars to you? Get out of my way, or something will break loose here that'll sure look uncommonly like trouble."

He stood up truculently; and found himself looking into the business-end of a revolver.

"Sit down!" commanded Huntley. "Sit down, I say, "he repeated. Bulwer hesitated, growled, then sat down. Life in mining camps had taught him that there are times when a revolver pointed accurately and held firmly must be respected.

"Look here," he expostulated. "You can't get away with this, you know. I just have to raise a holler in here and that taxi driver will put back to the city for

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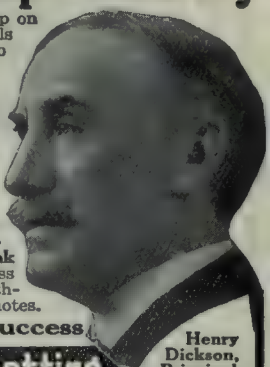

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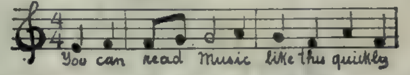

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the police. He could have them back here in half an hour."

"Lynch!" called Huntley.

The chauffeur appeared in the doorway. He also held a revolver and was grinning with vindictive enjoyment of the situation.

"Lynch is with me in this," explained Huntley. "He was waiting outside the hotel for you. All part of the game, you know. I have two other helpers, both armed and on the premises. And, Bulwer, listen, the nearest house is a quarter of a mile away."

"I guess you mean business after all," said Bulwer, beginning to realize the seriousness of his position. "Just the same I meant what I said. I won't give you a plugged kopek, not if you shoot me full of holes. So just go ahead. You know where I stand. It's your move."

"We give you half an hour to think it over," said Huntley, with a smile. "We'll leave you here for that length of time. Don't attempt to leave the room, however. I'll keep a man at each door and window. If you haven't come to your senses by that time, we will disclose the means we have decided on to force you to pay up."

"And what after that? Where could you go after getting the money? I'm asking out of idle curiosity, you know."

"Plans are made to leave the country at once," replied Huntley. "This place is mortgaged almost up to its full value. I would leave it without regret and with the ten thousand begin a new life across the line. I'd be in Buffalo almost before you could pour your tale of woe into the ears of the police."

With which explanation he withdrew, leaving Bulwer in sole possession of the room. The young mining magnate sat down in his chair in a savagely determined mood. Nothing would induce him to give in to this band of robbers. He would fight, and be killed if it came to that, rather than do as they demanded. On this point his mind was irretrievably made up. They would find also that he could fight, that even an unarmed man could sometimes prove a dangerous factor. He straightened himself at the thought of the impending struggle. Bulwer had always enjoyed a fight.

"Don't speak. Don't make a sound." He had been sitting in the chair for about ten minutes when the words came to him from behind, uttered in a low whisper. He turned in surprise, to find that what had appeared to him a solid oak panel in the wall had been shoved back, leaving an opening two feet wide. In this opening was framed the face of a girl, a decidely pretty girl too, with fluffy, dark hair and soft blue eyes and a most alluring supply of dimples; and in looking at her he forgot all about the predicament he was in.

The girl gravely placed a finger on her lips to signify the need for silence on his part, motioning him with the other hand. He obeyed and, as the girl slipped back into the darkness behind the opening in the wall, he stepped through. Without any sound the panel was shoved back into place. "Come," she whispered, taking him by the hand and leading the way in the darkness. They ascended a narrow stairway, which apparently had been built in the wall, paralleling the main stairway.

"Be careful not to stumble," admonished the girl. "You are in great danger."

"I certainly was in a ticklish position," said Bulwer, "but I've no complaint with my present one. I hope this stair is long. No, don't take your hand, away, please. I'll stumble sure, if you do."

The finish of the ascent brought them to a brightly furnished room that spoke undeniably of feminine occupation.

"This is my boudoir," said the girl. "I must apologize for bringing you here, but it was the only way to get you safely out of that room."

Bulwer seated himself comfortably on a couch piled high with cushions and surveyed his surroundings, and his companion, with the highest satisfaction.

"Don't apologize," he said. "I assure you I was delighted to get out in any way and especially through such an agreeable agency. Would you mind telling me who I am indebted to?"

"I am Sanderson Huntley's sister," she answered in a low voice. "I learned what he was attempting and planned to stop it. You must go without delay—I'll show you how. But first let me explain why this mad attempt was made."

She hesitated a moment as though she found it difficult to proceed with the explanation. When she did speak it was with studiously averted gaze.

"My brother, I fear, has become mentally unbalanced," she said. "He has never been well enough off to keep up Huntley Hall without difficulty and to make matters worse he has lost large sums in investments at various times. Finally, he became interested in that mining scheme which was—operated under your name. To raise the money to invest in it, he put another mortgage on the hall. Since his loss there, things have gone from bad to worse. The holder of the mortgages has been demanding a settlement and threatening foreclosure. So my brother began to see that his only hope lay in selling the hall and starting life anew on whatever might be left after the mortgages had been paid off. The outbreak of war has made it quite impossible to carry this idea out. We have no money and we have been notified that foreclosure proceedings will be started. I think all his money troubles have driven my brother to desperation. He has behaved most strangely of late. Now—well, you realize that he would not have attempted this had he been in a rational state."

"I have a request to make," she went on, before he had a chance to speak. "I want you to promise not to say a word about this unfortunate affair. Please try to forget—and forgive. My brother and I are supposed to be away from the city and people think the hall is closed for the winter; so the story could easily be hushed up, if you would help me."

The pleading note in her voice was ably seconded by the eloquence of a decidedly potent pair of eyes.

Bulwer concluded that he had never seen a prettier girl in all his life. Her story might not sound exactly convincing, but he was in no mood for critical analysis.

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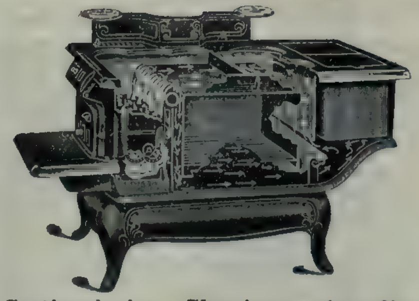

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"Miss Huntley, you can rely upon me absolutely," he assured her, earnestly. "I feel very guiltily about your brother's losses, but I want to tell you, as I did him, that I wasn't in on the game myself. They did me for the biggest slice of the lot. But I certainly won't see him go to the wall over the deal. Tell you what I'll do, Miss Huntley. I'll swallow what I just said to them downstairs and make a cheque out to you for the full amount of his losses. It's coming to him all right and I won't miss the money."

"No, no," she protested, regarding him with a new interest. "You are too generous. I believe what you say fully; and I couldn't take the money from you. Now I must show you how to get safely out of the grounds before they find you are not in the room. Hurry, please!"

"I won't go," declared Bulwer, obstinately. "I'll stay and face them. If your brother keeps going on at this rate, it won't be safe for you here."

"I shall be all right," she protested. "You really must go. And thanks, a thousand thanks."

"But I haven't had a chance to thank *you*," he said, getting to his feet reluctantly. "If I go now, will you let me see you again? I won't budge, if you don't."

"Huntley Hall will probably be taken away from us in a few days," said the girl sadly. "It is not likely that you will ever see me again."

"But see here," said Bulwer, "what's going to become of you? Isn't there any way out of this? Surely I can be of assistance in some way."

The girl hesitated a moment before replying.

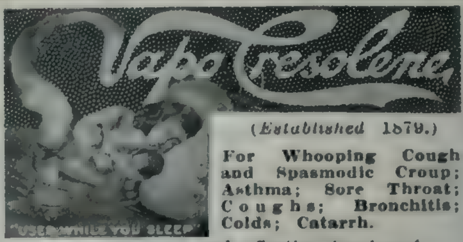
"If the holder of the mortgages forecloses at this time, we shall probably lose everything," she said, at last. "If the property were sold at anything like its real value, there would be a little something left. If any of your wealthy friends wanted a house, you might help us by recommending Huntley Hall."

Bulwer had learned something of mine-salting during his fifteen years in the north; and he had, in addition, a keen sense of proportion. This whole adventure had seemed rather too bizarre, too out of joint with everyday reality, to prevent him from hunting for a different motive than the obvious one. He had scented a rodent at the first. The girl's last words seemed to supply the missing link to his chain of skeptical reasoning.

"I though the real estate crowd had tried out every sales stunt known, on me," he reflected. "Can this be a new one?"

But—he looked across the room at the girl and found her good. Bulwer's experience with women of beauty had been long and varied. He had thought he knew every type. But here undeniably was a new one, an intensely interesting type—in fact the only girl who had ever made his reliable, steady-going heart skip beats half a dozen to the minute.

Bulwer had always known how to make up his mind. It had taken him five minutes once to decide to invest a half million dollars in a doubtful mining venture. He



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now gave something less than five seconds to the most momentous question that would ever come up in the course of his life; and in that time wavering conviction crystalized into a clear resolution. He decided that he wanted this girl.

Being also a man of action, he crossed the room, sat down beside her and captured both her hands.

"I'll buy Huntley Hall myself," he said. "But on one condition. I must get everything that goes with the place."

"But—" protested the girl.

"That includes you," he explained. "I begin to suspect that I've fallen in love with you. I might as well warn you that you needn't attempt to evade the issue or to think you can get out of having me. When I make up my mind about anything —well, I always get what I want."

He did. He proved an even more effective talker than the glib Mr. Grimes for in four mintues and a half he had carried his point and had secured a verbal confirmation of a life contract. It took considerably longer than that to seal the agreement.

"And now that I've got you signed up," said Bulwer, after a considerable lapse of time, "what I'd like to know is just how much of a frame-up this whole thing was."

* * *

NEXT day Harvey Grimes sat in his office chair and gazed almost with veneration at a slip of paper lying on the desk in front of him. The door opened to admit Nora Callahan, looking prettier and more radiant than ever.

"Sit down, Nora," exclaimed Grimes, grandiloquently. "I want to feast my eyes on you. Girl, you're a wonder. And here is our reward,a little old cheque for seven thousand five hundred dollars, half yours and half mine."

"Everything did go off well, didn't it," said the girl, almost abstractedly.

"It certainly did," affirmed Grimes. "He came in this morning and in two hours time we had the whole business finished up and the cheques signed. Believe me, it was a record deal. You certainly had him gaffed for fair."

"No," said the girl. "He saw through it before the deal was closed. And he made a counter proposition to me, which I accepted—as the deal would have fallen through otherwise, you know."

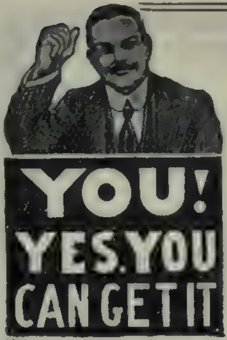
"What was it?" demanded Grimes suspiciously.

"Well, you see," began the girl, "he said he didn't need a home as he wasn't married, but he would buy the place if I would—well—"

"Exactly," interrupted Grimes. "And you consented to marry him. Nora, girl, you worked those dimples and the laugh not wisely but too well. Why I thought that you—I—"

"We're to be married this afternoon," went on the girl. He's a most tempestuous man, this future husband of mine. He broke all records in proposing and he's determined to break the marrying record too—so he says."

"Yes, yes," said Grimes. "Come on, Mrs. Millionairess and we'll go out and cash this cheque. Do you suppose half of



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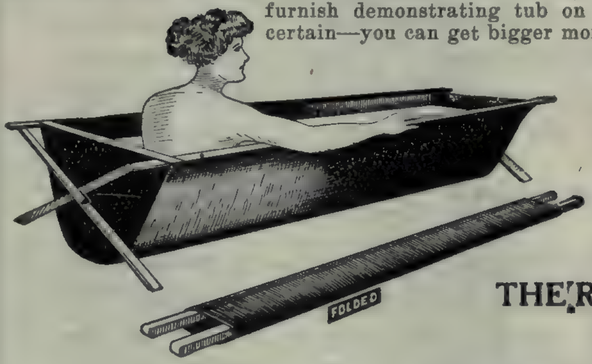

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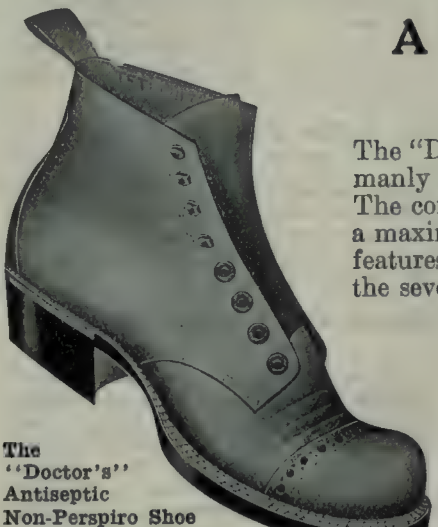

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Money in the Open Places on the Land

In this year of Strange Ways—this time of Commercial Earthquakes—a better examination of farming as a business may pay anyone. Dividends are made in many ways; besides, the living is assured. Get the idea and get it right by reading

January Farmer's Magazine

the magazine that is dignifying agriculture as a profession, and helping to bring together, for their mutual good, all classes of our Canadian people. Here are a few of the subjects, which are full of interest, besides carrying many illustrations:

Making the Farm Pay

By W. L. Smith.

Mr. Smith, the dean of agricultural journalists, late editor of the Weekly Sun, visited Prince Edward County, Ontario, at our request, to get accounts of the intensive farming there, where $1,000,000 yearly is paid out by canning factories to the farmers. The first of his stories appears in January.

Apples on a Mixed Farm

By Eluid Kester.

A bad year in our markets in Canada has led to inquiries into cost of production. With millions of young apple trees coming into bearing, what is the future? Eliminate the cull and the colorless, says this writer, and conserve labor costs. The article gives some useful tables from a New York farm.

When Fertilizers Pay

By Mackenzie Hall.

So many farmers are troubled over the question of making fertilizers pay that this article will be of decided help to them. The practical work of two potato growers will be a guide.

A New Fall Wheat Zone

By W. D. Albright.

This talented writer from the Peace River, where recently 40,000 farmers have gone since the opening of war, has told of the success of winter wheat in the far Northwest.

How Saskatchewan Aids Farmers

By W. W. Thomson.

The wonderful success of co-operation among Western farmers, is told by the director of such societies in the Scott Government. It is very readable, especially interesting at this time, because Western Grain Growers are asking Parliament now for powers to loan money to farmers.

Other articles deal with Dairy Farming, Ice House Construction, Feeding Draft Horses, Growing Walnuts, Home-made Furniture, Prairie Literary Societies, Alameda and its Wheat, Farm House Building, War and Sugar, Women's Work, and a Review of Reviews. Grasmere's talk on the month are leaders. Send for a copy to the circulation manager.

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Publishers of THE FARMER'S MAGAZINE

it will keep you in pin money for a week or so now?"

"It's all your's, Harve," she protested. "I really won't need it now, you know."

"Since you insist," said Grimes.

After she had gone, he remained seated for some minutes, gazing moodily at the floor.

"And here I was counting on this deal to provide me with the means to marry the girl myself," he reflected. Then his glance transferred itself to the cheque on the desk. Slowly the gloom disappeared and a smile took its place. "Well, after all, a woman is only a woman while a good cheque is—food and drink and a general soft time as long as you can make it spin out."

The Role of Israel Zangwill

Continued from Page 28.

has not minced words; that is not Zangwill's way. He wants to see the Jew have a home, and a country, and the distinctive and definite comfort which accrues to the man who is of an honored nationality. He wants to see the Jew build up his own new Canaan, his new Promised Land. He is tired, on behalf of his fellow-countrymen, of the years of wandering in the wilderness. Moreover, he has reason on his side. As he says, union is strength. As long as the Jew is scattered here and there and everywhere, all over a world, kicked from pillar to post, he cannot succeed as an individual unit of an honored nation. It is by standing together that the vision of a nation of whom its own sons shall be proud will be realized.

Meanwhile, until that day comes, the ITO has done much to help how and where it could. It has given practical assistance to hundreds of Jews who have hailed America and Canada as their new homeland pro tem. Their convenience when traveling, their comfort upon landing and their chances of success in thei adopted country are all contributed to b the ITO. America, of course, is looked t by most wandering Israelites. And in thi connection, mention must be made of Mr Zangwill's wonderful play "The Meltin Pot" wherein is pictured America, "God' Crucible, The Great Melting-Pot, wher all the races of Europe are melting an reforming." Surely from the point o human appeal few dramatic efforts hav ever excelled Mr. Zangwill's great pla Jew and Christian, both in America an Europe, have hailed with thankfulnes the pen which could depict so surely an so truly the continent where a man ma have "another chance."

Zangwill, prophet, litterateur, worke wit, is doing a good day's work for Go and man, particularly the Jew-man. I he had done nothing more than put o record for all time a true portrait of o of the most fascinating types of huma ity, his life would not have been lived i vain.

The patriotism of Israel Zangwill surely of the highest order.

Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Ralph Connor's Latest Book

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

EDITOR'S NOTE.—"The Patrol of the Sundance Trail," the latest book by Ralph Connor, is meritorious chiefly because of the historical significance of its connection with the North-West Rebellion of 1885. *While it does not fulfil the expectations of the big novel of the Canadian West, it is an important contribution to Canadian fiction and merits a good reception notwithstanding that it does not touch the high water mark of Ralph Connor's capability as a novelist.*

RALPH CONNOR'S new book, "The Patrol of the Sundance Trail," took the lead in sales throughout Canada directly after its appearance in the middle of November and is first in the December compilation of reports of best selling books from all parts of the country, with Harold Bell Wright's "The Eyes of the World," a strong contender for the lead, these two far outdistancing the next books in the list of six best sellers. In the United States' compilation it will be observed that these positions are reversed.

"The Patrol of the Sundance Trail," while not as strong a story as Ralph Connor's earlier tales, is an interesting tale and the introduction of events leading up to and connected with the North-West Rebellion, adds greatly to the value of the book in giving an impression of the historical significance of conditions in the Great Canadian West thirty years ago. There is the glamor of picturing earlier days in the settling of the expensive prairie section of Canada, a country destined some day to accommodate a population of fifty millions, which at that time had but a few thousand whites, and in addition to that the diffusing of information about our own country which in many instances would never reach thousands of the readers of the book. "The Patrol of the Sundance Trail" with its magnificent hero and his deeds of derring-do, the prowess of the chief, Copperhead, and the various exciting experiences in the Indian camps, may also be said to be an ideal tale of adventure for boys.

These features contribute more to the merit of the novel than its love story, which is rather a disjointed affair.

The hero of the tale is again the character which gave Ralph Connor's previous novel its name—Corporal Cameron, of the North-West Mounted Police, and the latest book, like its predecessor, gives a vivid account of the adventurous life of the members of that capable force. The action of the new story also serves to emphasize the great debt Canada owes to the North-West police in helping to quell the Indians and half-breeds in the troublous days of 1885.

Early in the tale reference is made to the machinations of the rebel Riel. One of the police superintendents speaking of that notorious character says: "There's bound to be mischief where the hair-brained four-flusher gets a crowd to listen to him. For, egotist though he is, he possesses a wonderful power over the half-breeds."

The superintendent then goes on to speak of the causes of the rebellion, mentioning that many of the half-breeds were squatters and that they had introduced the same system of survey on the Saskatchewan as their ancestors had on the St. Lawrence and later on the Red River, the system of "Strip Farms," farms with narrow fronts upon the river and extending back from one to four miles.

It was not the half-breeds but the Indians, who were feared, the strong support of the latter being obtained by promises of the restoration of their hunting grounds and the formation of an empire of the North from which the white race was to be excluded.

The chief trouble-maker among the Indians was Onawata, the Sioux chief known as the Copperhead, whose efforts were largely instrumental in enlisting the support of the Sarcees, Piegans and Bloods. He was successful even with Chief Crowfeet of the Blackfeet, but in the latter case as this story has it, was checkmated by Cameron, whose services as the Patrol of the Sundance Trail were far-reaching in their effect upon the ultimate outcome of the rebellion.

Cameron's task is the capture of Copperhead, and his adventures with that illusive redskin furnish much of the action and excitement of the story.

The first of these experiences is in the Piegan camp. Cameron by a good piece of work captures Copperhead. but permits him to go inside the tent where the Indian's son lies badly injured, to say good-bye to him and the wily old redskin disappears in some unaccountable manner. Time after time Copperhead eludes Cameron until finally the latter, hot on the trail, is himself captured by Copperhead, being dragged to the Indian camp with a rope around his neck by which Copperhead led him, a most humiliating experience which, however, seems to be but the prelude to a more dire fate and Cameron's life would have been forfeited but for the intervention of Copperhead's son, who secretly opens the way for escape, this action on the part of the young Indian being a proof of his gratitude to Cameron's wife but for whose action he would have lost a foot. The latter had

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been a trained nurse before becoming Mrs. Cameron and when the young Indian is found with his foot badly injured, she dresses it and later at the Indian camp, after blood-poisoning had set in and when the old doctor decides that the foot must be amputated, she holds out against this action, her stand being finally vindicated by the Indian's complete recovery. The latter's gratitude knew no bounds and the incident mentioned is not the only one in the story when he gives valuable assistance to Cameron.

The final meeting between Copperhead and Cameron is a most exciting reckoning and its result is crucial.

The adventures of Cameron, taking him continually among the Indians, generally accompanied by his faithful subordinate of the police force, the half-breed Jerry, who figures largely in helping Cameron toward the accomplishment of the end he had in view, provides continued excitement.

Some incidents of the fighting of the volunteers are given and this is the ending of the chaper headed, "War":

> The record of the brief six weeks' campaign constitutes a creditable page in Canadian history, a page which no Canadian need blush to read aloud in the presence of any company of men who know how to estimate at their highest value those qualities of courage and endurance that are characteristics of the British soldier the world over.

A good idea of the cause for action of those Indians who supported Riel is set forth in one chapter, when Cameron and Jerry come upon a gathering of Indians in the Sundance canyon, with representatives from different tribes when the Sioux chief, Onawata, awakens the old spirit of the Indians by eloquently taking them back to the time when there was "plenty of good hunting—plenty of beaver, mink, moose, buffalo, plenty to eat, warm wigwams and nothing wrong with the Indian's lot as he freely roamed those plains and woods, lord of his destiny and subject only to his own will."

What wonder that the possibilities of rebellion appealed to the Indian mind?

Nothing has been said here of various interesting characters who figure in the book, some of them principals in the working out of the story, nor of many incidental events rich in humor, pathos and heroism, the whole making up a novel which, while not up to the author's best efforts, is a creditable book.

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2. The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Connor.
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A Few Bars in the Key of G

Continued from Page 21.

swept down upon the town like a whirlwind.

As the usual crowd of train-time loafers lounged around the corner of the station, their attention was attracted by the two swiftly approaching riders, and they paused to watch the race. Presently one cried:

"Hullo, that first horse is Coberly's black, an' he's sure movin' too. The other chap ain't in it. Why, its' the sheriff! An' he's after the other feller. Horse thief, by thunder! I'll fix him," and he reached for his hip.

The others took up the cry of "Horse thief!" and as Waring flashed past the building at Star's top speed, a volley of shots greeted him, and the bullets sang around his head. Fortunately, they went wild, and before any more could be fired, the sheriff tore into the crowd and roared:

"Stop shootin', you fools. The man's all right; he's only tryin' to catch the train." At this there was a laugh, and then a rush to the track, for an unobstructed view of the race.

The road ran for a mile beside the rails, as level as a floor. The train was gathering speed with every revolution of the wheels, but Star was travelling too, and gaining at every jump. The crowd at the station danced and howled in their excitement.

"Will he make it?" "He's gainin'." "Look at that horse hump himself." "Gee, he's movin' !" "Hooray for the black!" "He'll make it ! ! " "He'll make it ! ! !"

Waring, with eyes fixed and jaw set, was riding desparately. Thirty feet!—The spectators in the doorway of the last car gazed breathlessly. Twenty feet—and Star straining every nerve and muscle in his body. Ten feet—and still he gained. Only five feet now! Inch by inch he crawled up. He was abreast of the platform ! ! Swerving his flying horse closer to the track, Waring leaned over, and grasping the railings with both hands, lifted himself from the saddle, kicked his feet from the stirrups, and swung over to the steps of the car. The faint sound of a cheer reached him from the distant depot.

After calmly accepting the enthusiastic congratulations of the passengers who had witnessed his dramatic boarding of the train, Waring dropped into a seat with a sigh of relief, and was soon lost in thought. He was roused from his reverie by a touch on the arm, and turned to find the conductor standing beside him. The sight of that official reminded him of the necessity of paying fare, and he reached into his pocket for the required cash. His fingers encountered nothing more valuable than a knife and some matches. The other pockets were equally unproductive. Then he remembered, with a shock, that he had put his

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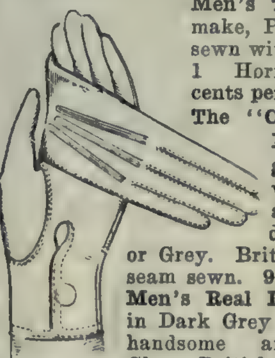

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money in the little bundle, at that moment firmly attached to his saddle, some miles to the rear.

It was maddening. There was nothing to do but throw himself on the mercy of the man in the blue uniform. That person heard his excuses with an impassive face, and merely announced that he would have to get off at the next station. This was not at all in accordance with Waring's plans, and he endeavored to impress upon the conductor the importance of his being in Denver that evening. He might as well have addressed the Sphinx, so far as any effect his words had on the official, who said in answer to his entreaties:

"I'd lose my job if I let you ride free. You'll have to get off. It's only ten miles back to Empire, and if you left your money on your saddle, you can soon get it again, that is, if no one has swiped it before you get there."

Waring grew desparate. Was his ride after all to be fruitless? He remembered his reason for haste, and decided to take the conductor into his confidence. Leaning over, he whispered something quickly into his ear, and ended by showing him the postal card. At first the man looked incredulous, but a glance at Waring's earnest face reassured him. His expression softened, and he handed back the card with a sigh.

"I reckon I'll have to fix it for you, but the only way I can do it is to pay your fare out of my own pocket. I'll do that, and you can send me the money. It's three-sixty." He wrote his name and address upon a slip, which he gave to Waring, together with a cash receipt ticket, unheeding the later's impulsive thanks.

This occurrence reminded Waring of similar difficulties to be overcome in Denver, and he did some hard, rapid thinking as he was being whirled down through Clear Creek Canon, but by the time the train shot past Table Mountain and out to the plain, his face bore a confident smile. The postal card had served him well thus far; perhaps its mission was not yet ended.

The car wheels were still turning when he strode through the big station, jumped into a carriage, and was driven to the nearest drug store, where he consulted a directory.

"Number nine hundred South Seventeenth Street," he cried, as he re-entered the vehicle. Arriving at his destination, he sprang out and, saying "Wait," ran up the steps of a palatial residence.

To the dignified butler who opened the door, he said: "I wish to see Mr. Foster. My name is Waring. I haven't a card with me."

Instinctively perceiving the gentleman beneath the rough flannel shirt and mud-covered "chaps," the servant politely ushered him into the reception room, saying that he would see if Mr. Foster was in. Apparently he was, for he appeared almost immediately, the personification of keen-eyed, well-groomed finance.

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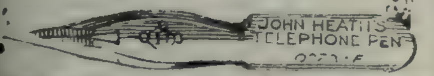

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That young man took in every detail of his appearance, and he realized that he had a hard-headed man of business to deal with.

"Mr. Foster," he said, "you are the president of the Denver National Bank, which, I believe, handles the Western interests of the Second National Bank of Boston?"

The other bowed, and Waring continued:

"I have an account at the Second, and I want you to cash a check for me. It is after banking hours I know, and even if it were not, I have no immediate means of identification."

The banker's features stiffened perceptibly, but Waring went on:

"It is of the greatest importance that I take the eastern express to-night, or I would not come to you in this irregular way—"

"One moment, Mr. Waring. Pardon me for interrupting you, but it will save your time as well as my own if I say that what you ask is impossible, as you should know. My advice to you is to wire your bank for the money."

Waring broke in impatiently:

"Of course I know that I can do that, but it means a day's delay, and that is what to avoid. See here, Mr. Foster, I am willing to pay any amount within reason for the accommodation if you will oblige me."

The president began to look suspicious: "It must be a very urgent matter that requires such haste," he said sarcastically. "Really, Mr. Waring, I must positively decline to do anything for you."

"It *is* an urgent matter," cried Waring. "I was about to explain it to you," and he went on and told of the postal card and its purport, adding a brief account of his efforts to get to the city in time to take the train that night.

"Let me see the card," said the banker. His voice had taken on a different inflection. Waring handed him the bit of pasteboard that had played such an important part in his adventures.

"From what is it taken, did you say?" Upon hearing the answer he left the room, to return in a few minutes with a rather bulky musical score, which he laid upon the table, and turned the pages until he found what he sought. Carefully he compared the music on the card with that of the printed sheet. Then, turning to the younger man, he said in a kindly voice:

"I will assist you, Mr. Waring. It will, of course, be a purely personal accommodation, as it is contrary to all my business methods, but I cannot resist such an appeal as this. Also, I consider myself a good judge of faces, and I feel safe in trusting yours. What amount do you require?"

Waring, beaming with joy, replied, "A hundred dollars will be sufficient," and the banker motioned towards a desk.

"Make your check for a hundred and fifty. You will need that, unless you care to travel in your present costume."

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Lay Aside $100
When You Buy A Piano!

Louis XV—Style 80

The Sherlock-Manning
20th Century Piano

has every standard feature found in the highest priced instruments made. Yet — by using modern methods and employing every up-to-date labor-saving device, we are able to give you a piano of equal or higher quality at a clear saving of $100.

It is this unique combination of high quality and honest price that has caused the **Sherlock-Manning** to be known as

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value"

We are prepared to make good all our claims, and also to prove that we can save you fully one hundred dollars on the price you would have to pay for equal value in any other make.

Every piano we sell carries a broad ten-year guarantee. Write for full particulars and handsome art catalogue F. Address Dept. 9.

The SHERLOCK-MANNING
Piano Co., London, Canada

(No Street Address Necessary) (53)

KERMATH BOAT MOTORS $180.00

4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 12 to 20 H. P.

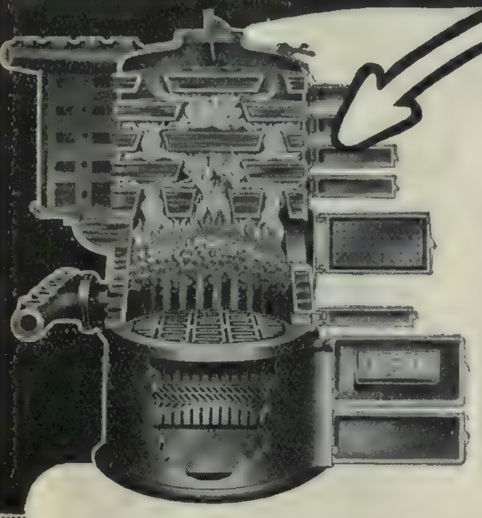
Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 60% of the world's leading boat builders. Catalogue on request.

$180 to $360 depending on equipment.

KERMATH MFG. CO., Dept. 44, Detroit, Mich.

WHY "THE SOVEREIGN" HAS

INDIVIDUAL CLEAN-OUT DOORS



WHY is there a separate clean-out door between each section of the **"Sovereign,"** instead of only one door, covering all the sections, as in other Hot Water Boilers?

BECAUSE opening one small door at a time, when removing soot and ashes from the boiler sections, admits the smallest possible current of cold air to chill the water that has been heated for circulation to the Radiators. These "individual clean-out doors" are one of the minor improvements of the "Sovereign" that show how carefully it has been designed to promote fuel economy and increase the heating capacity of this standard type of hot water boiler.

"WESTERN JR." BOILERS

TAYLOR-FORBES COMPANY, LIMITED

"SOVEREIGN" RADIATORS

AS

Toronto—1088 King Street West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.

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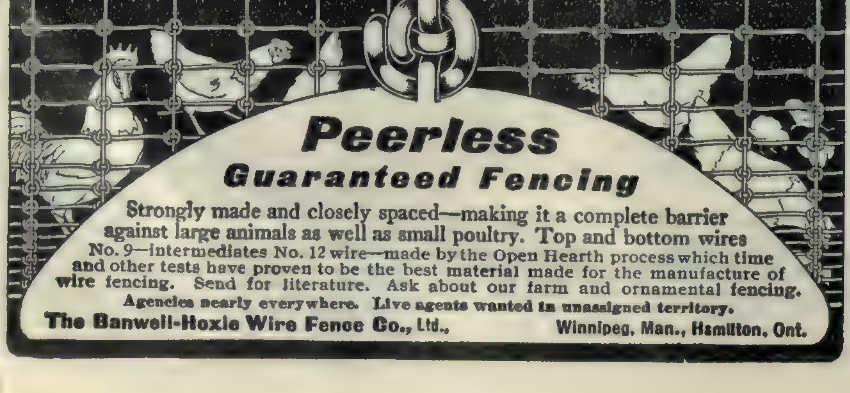
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
Quebec, Que.—Mechanics' Supply Co.
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada



Peerless

Guaranteed Fencing

Strongly made and closely spaced—making it a complete barrier against large animals as well as small poultry. Top and bottom wires No. 9—intermediates No. 12 wire—made by the Open Hearth process which time and other tests have proven to be the best material made for the manufacture of wire fencing. Send for literature. Ask about our farm and ornamental fencing.

Agencies nearly everywhere. Live agents wanted in unassigned territory.

The Banwell-Hoxie Wire Fence Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.

The banker exchanged it for a check for a like amount, saying:

"You can cash this at the Brown Palace Hotel. I will 'phone the cashier, so you will have no trouble."

Waring tried to thank him, but h would not listen.

"You are perfectly welcome, my boy I am glad to be able to help you. I envy you, with all my heart. I would giv half of all I own to be in your position,' and his voice trembled a little. "Yo have my best wishes for a pleasant jour ney. Good-bye." A cordial hand grasp and Waring ran down the steps, and te minutes later, these words were speeding over the wire:

"Postal received. Arrive Boston
Friday night. See Luke i. 13.
—Jack."

When the Chicago Limited pulled ou of Denver that evening John Talbo Waring, clean shaven, and attired garments of the most approved cut, wa standing on the rear platform of the las Pullman, softly humming a fragmen from the great oratorio, "The Messiah. There was a tender light in his eyes he gazed at a postal card he held in h hand. And the words he sang were:

For unto us a child is born;
Unto us a son is given.

At the same moment, two thousar miles away in the East, a pale your wife was holding a telegram close to h lips. An open Bible lay on the bed besi her. Turning softly on her pillows, s glanced lovingly at the dainty cradl and whispered:

Thou shalt call his name John.

Safeguarding Canada's Level Crossing

Continued from Page 11.

ed in the act governing the expenditu of the Fund that assistance cannot extended to more than three separ pieces of protective work in any one mu cipality within a year. As grade sepa tion is frequently carried on under comprehensive plan or would be, if und taken, it is obvious that through t restriction also, the Board's work is be handicapped.

TO REVISE THE ACT.

When the Railway Act is revised, a will probably be at the present session Parliament, it is understood that regulations dealing with the disposit of the Grade Crossing Fund will be lo ened up considerably and that the limits of 20 per cent. and $5,000 will enlarged. Hitherto, owing to reas already outlined, the full $200,000 never yet been given to the railway co panies to do more in the direction grade separation and, instead of be compelled to keep their money, the Board will find an outlet for all of it.

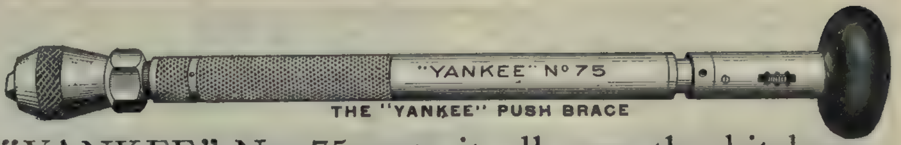
Of course, apart from the protective measures referred to, there are certain dangerous crossings. Sometimes by simply cutting down a grove of trees or paring off the side of a bank, a crossing can be rendered reasonably safe and these remedies are frequently recommended by the engineers of the board. Occasionally the diversion of a road is all that is needed, while there are instances on record where the board has simply made the municipality close a road altogether.

The application of the Railway Grade Crossing Fund is confined to crossings in existence prior to April 1st, 1909. Any railway constructed afterwards has to bear all the cost of protecting its crossings with existing highways, except when some special agreement is entered into whereby the cost is divided among other interested parties. These new railways, of course, have to have all their plans approved by the Railway Board in the first place, nor can they cross any highway without the board's permission. This gives the commissioners a leverage and enables them to compel the new roads to provide adequate crossing protection while construction is in progress. It might be thought that this would mean no more level crossings, but it has been found quite impossible, in view of all the conditions, to compel railways to separate grades at every highway intersection. The commissioners have done as much as possible in passing the plans of new lines to ensure the least number of dangerous crossings.

A NOTABLE PROGRAMME.

In any survey of what is being done in anada to reduce the level crossing evil, ie effective work of the Grand Trunk ailway Company in separating grades long its western entrance to the city of oronto should not be overlooked, nor the aluable work of the Canadian Pacific ailway Company in obliterating level ossings on its line crossing the northern art of the same city. With the comple- on of these undertakings, the construc- on of the proposed viaduct along the aterfront and the removal of certain vel crossings on the east and west sides, oronto will in a few years be rendered ie of the safest cities in America from ie standpoint of thorough highway pro- ction. Even to-day the west-end grade paration ranks in magnitude with the ost important works of a similar char- ter in any city on this continent.

As a result of the change in the grade the Grand Trunk line entering Toronto om the direction of Hamilton, trains run om the wards at Mimico to the Union ation, a distance of over five miles, ithout crossing more than one street on e level, in the entire distance. The work as begun in 1910 and was completed ith the building of the overhead bridge Sunnyside during the past summer. ltogether two million dollars was ex- nded on the project which was carried it without dislocating the heavy traffic erated over this line. The scheme in- lved the building of five overhead idges and eight subways, the laying of ur tracks, two for passenger service and



It will pay you to write for the "'YANKEE' Tool Book," as offered in this ad. It shows all the "YANKEE" Tools for boring in wood, drilling in metal, driving and drawing screws, illustrates the tools in use and tells of their time- and labor-saving benefits for you.

"YANKEE" No. 75 puts it all over the bit-brace: holds same tools and revolves them *by pushing.* Operates like "Yankee" Spiral Screw-driver. Rapid work! Chuck holds up to one-half inch squares.

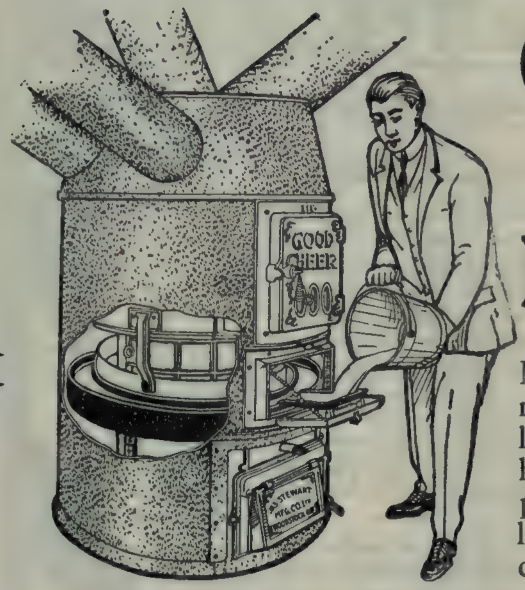
Drives 3/8 auger-bit in hardwood; larger in soft. Drills 3/16 holes in metal. Drives or draws screws.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

Your dealer can supply you. Look for **"YANKEE"**

Write us for "'Yankee' Tool Book" for mechanics and amateurs; "'Yankee' Tools in the Garage" for motorists

NORTH BROS. MFG. CO., Philadelphia


GOOD CHEER
JAS. STEWART MFG. CO. LTD. WOODSTOCK

Good Health
Essential to
Prosperity

Many people unconsciously run risks with their health by living in wrongly heated houses. An over dry atmosphere is enervating and leaves one susceptible to colds or sore throats.

LOOK TO THE FURNACE FOR THE REMEDY

See that the water pan is adequate to keep the air moist all the time.

"GOOD CHEER"
CIRCLE WATERPAN
Warm Air Furnaces

have ample provision in the circle water pan to provide adequate moisture so necessary to the conservation of health.

If you have a house heating problem our pamphlet will be of vital interest to you. Free on Request

The James Stewart Mfg. Co., Limited

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JAMES STEWART
MFG. CO.
Limited
WOODSTOCK, ONT.
WINNIPEG, MAN.

Please send copy of Department of Public Health article on The Heating of our Houses.

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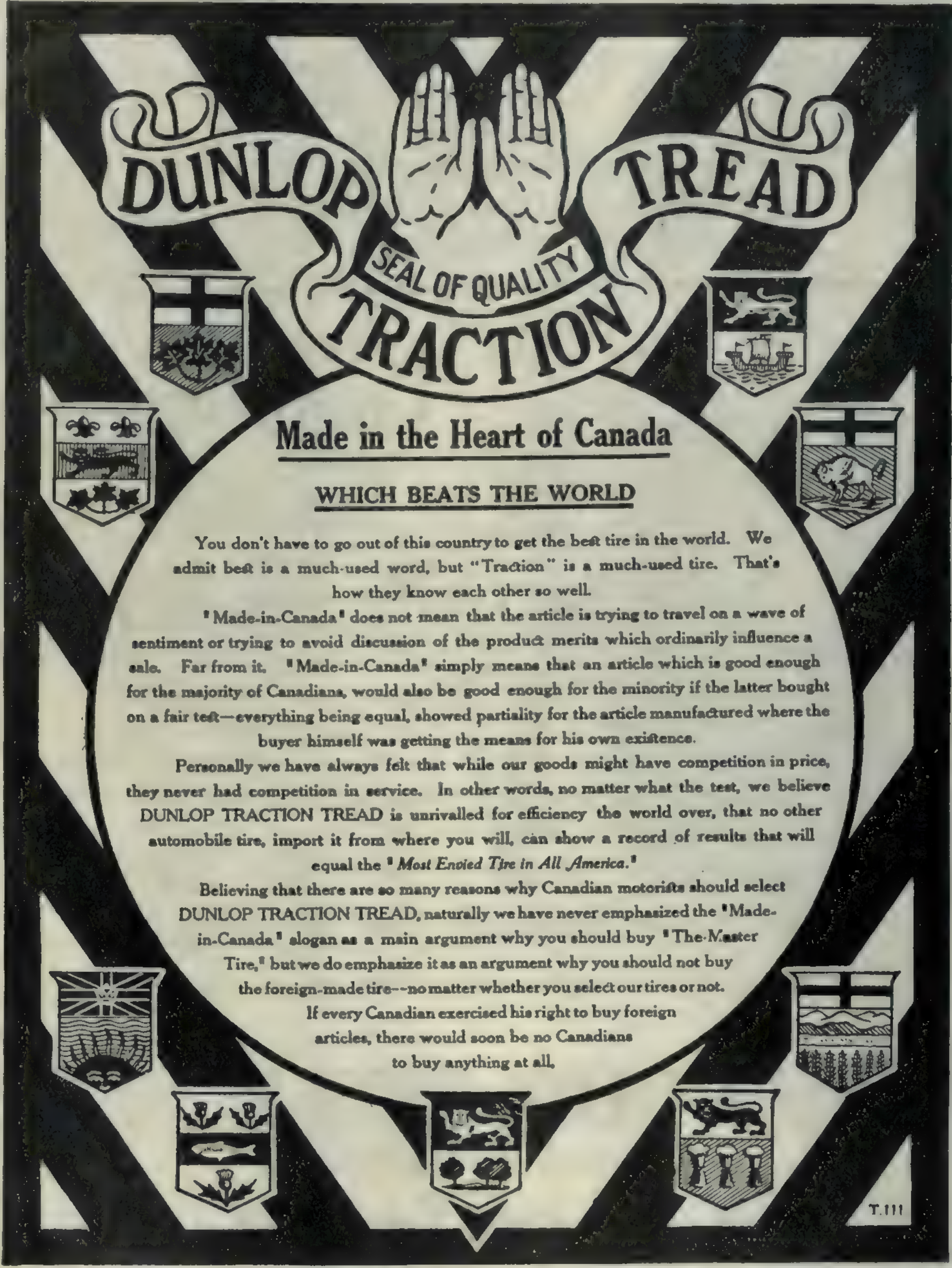


Made in the Heart of Canada

WHICH BEATS THE WORLD

You don't have to go out of this country to get the best tire in the world. We admit best is a much-used word, but "Traction" is a much-used tire. That's how they know each other so well.

"Made-in-Canada" does not mean that the article is trying to travel on a wave of sentiment or trying to avoid discussion of the product merits which ordinarily influence a sale. Far from it. "Made-in-Canada" simply means that an article which is good enough for the majority of Canadians, would also be good enough for the minority if the latter bought on a fair test—everything being equal, showed partiality for the article manufactured where the buyer himself was getting the means for his own existence.

Personally we have always felt that while our goods might have competition in price, they never had competition in service. In other words, no matter what the test, we believe DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD is unrivalled for efficiency the world over, that no other automobile tire, import it from where you will, can show a record of results that will equal the "*Most Envied Tire in All America.*"

Believing that there are so many reasons why Canadian motorists should select DUNLOP TRACTION TREAD, naturally we have never emphasized the "Made-in-Canada" slogan as a main argument why you should buy "The Master Tire," but we do emphasize it as an argument why you should not buy the foreign-made tire--no matter whether you select our tires or not.

If every Canadian exercised his right to buy foreign articles, there would soon be no Canadians to buy anything at all.

For Our Subscribers' Information

Every subscription is entered under the name of the town from which the subscription is received. If you change your address and desire to receive your magazine without delay, always give us your old address in addition to your new one, otherwise we are unable to make the correction in our mailing list. As we publish fourteen magazines and newspapers, please mention MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE in your letter.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, LIMITED
143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO

two for freight, and the sodding of al
the banking in order to prevent earth
slides in spring. Approximately 600,00
cubic yards of material were excavated i
the cut from Sunnyside eastward, all o
which was used in the fill along Humbe
Bay. Thus not only were level crossing
eliminated throughout the entire fiv
miles, but the railway company reduce
its grades appreciably.

Grade separation along the Canadia
Pacific and Canadian Northern rights-of
way across the northern part of the cit
is being rapidly pushed to completion an
will be rounded off with the building o
the subway at Yonge street. The projec
involved the raising of the tracks on a
earthen embankment and the depressio
of the thoroughfares to admit of passin
underneath in a series of subways. Th
distance covered is slightly over thre
miles, in which space ten subways hav
been or are being built, eight of which ar
fourteen feet deep and two, twelve fee
The contrast between the level crossing
which existed before the work was under
taken and the splendid steel and cemen
subways through which both pedestria
and vehicular traffic can pass withou
danger or delay, is marked. The enginee
ing department of the Canadian Pacifi
Railway Company is in charge of th
grade separation, but on completion of th
undertaking, which will also cost up i
the millions, the C.P.R., the C.N.R. an
the city of Toronto will be called on
share the expenditure.

These are two important examples
what is being done in a big Canadian cit
but one might also introduce instanc
where, on a smaller scale, steps are bei
taken to get rid of level street crossin
in other centres of population. Subwa
and bridges are becoming much common
than they were only a few years ago a
by degrees one may hope to see a comple
wiping-out of all the dangerous railw
crossings in the country. It is a go
work and should be given first consider
tion in any further railway developmen

POWER FROM RAIN.

ENERGY is wasted in every directi
although during the past two or thr
years considerable ingenuity has be
manifested in efforts to turn natural
sources to account. A corresponde
in an American journal has recen
pointed out what we are losing throu
our failure to make use of the rainf
The district in which that observer
sides was visited by a severe rainstor
the fall of water aggregating 4.17 inc
in ten hours over an area of ten squa
miles. He estimated the height of
rainclouds to be five thousand feet, a
on that basis some six million pounds
water fell during the ten hours, represe
ing fifteen million horse-power-hours. T
correspondent estimates that if this en
gy were harnessed, four thousand
lamps in the city streets could be kept
therewith for four hundred and twen
five days.

Service and Super-Service

Continued from Page 24.

the door, must observe the basic rules of service, such as giving fair value, prompt attention and efficient delivery. The man who aims, however, to score a real success, to show a larger turnover each year and a profit increased in proportion, must strive to give Super-Service. His additional margin of business each year will be the regard for new ideas, original "stunts" for attracting and pleasing the public and continued concentration on the wants and idiosyncrasies of the genus customer.

A couple of years ago the proprietor of a combined dry goods and grocery store in an Ontario country town, put in a rest room for the convenience of farmers' wives. The rest room is not a new idea by any means but the point is that it *was new to the locality.* The merchant got full credit for having evolved a brand new Service for the benefit of customers. Last year he followed up his advantage by establishing a 5, 10, and 15-cent department. There is not a farmer's wife now who would visit town without dropping in at this particular store.

The merchant in question is not an originator of ideas. He is far from a merchandising genius. But he always has his ear to the ground; and he keeps at least one lap ahead of his competitors. In twenty-one years his annual turn-over has increased from $20,000 to $72,000.

OVERSTRAINING SERVICE.

An inevitable development of the competition in Super-Service has been a noticeable overstraining. Stores are trying to do too much.

A Toronto furnishing house made a special bid for business in wallpaper by offering to do the papering free with every purchase of material. This brought a big response and an actual cash loss resulted with every sale.

Stores will frequently pay the railway fares of people from adjacent points who shop with them.

Retailers of women's garments, after cutting their prices almost to cost, will do any amount of refitting and altering free of charge, thereby cutting off all profit and leaving not one cent to be applied to overhead costs.

Hardwaremen will sell nails and grocers sugar at cost or less than cost.

This is the reverse side of the picture—Super-Service carried to the extreme where it defeats its own purpose. It is not rendering a service to the public to sell goods at any time without a profit; *for the inevitable result is the creating of a necessity for putting a larger profit on other lines to even up the balance.* A merchant cannot stay in business unless he makes a profit and so if he cuts his margin on one line, he must double it on another line. This rule is as immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. And so the public is no further ahead in the long run. From the standpoint of the

PERFECT PROPORTIONS

This is one of our Advanced Pupils in a pose that is almost an exact duplicate of a famous statue. This picture was shown to an artist whose only comment was:

"Your Pupil's Figure is Finer than the Statue"

In fact this youth is a perfect example of that grace and balance which is found only in those athletes having superb strength and muscular control.

This picture shows the ideal towards which we are working. We are the ONLY trainers who are actually creating a new type of Physical Culturist, viz: That combination of enormous power—superb shapeliness—great activity, and boundless health and vigor, as exemplified by the pupil whose picture is here shown.

OUR LATEST

is another instructive **Booklet entitled,**

"PERFECT PROPORTIONS"

In it we tell **"How much a man should measure"—"How to acquire a perfect figure," etc., etc.** Written by the proprietor of this Company and illustrated with photographs showing the athletic figures, and immense strength of some of our Advanced Pupils.

All others who are interested in the most successful body-building system of the present day should send for:

The booklet, "PERFECT PROPORTIONS" and CATALOG OF ADJUSTABLE DUMBBELLS—BOTH FREE.

THE MILO BAR-BELL CO., **1001 Chestnut Street PHILADELPHIA, PA.**

We are helping merchants and manufacturers to eliminate *Unnecessary Expenses*

Luxfer Prisms

cut down artificial lighting expenses. They bring the free daylight to store, office, or factory that is dingy or is eating up artificial light. The cost of installation will be more than regained by the saving made.

Catalogue "L" giving full particulars sent on request

Keep the ball of Canadian business rolling by living up to the

CANADA FIRST IDEA

The Luxfer Prism Company, Limited

100 King Street West **TORONTO, CAN.**

PRESIDENT SUSPENDER
NONE-SO-EASY
9-14

Made-in-Canada

Liniment plus Germicide

Absorbine, Jr., is primarily a liniment, does everything usually expected of a high-grade liniment, and in addition is a germicide—powerful and yet positively safe and harmless. This not only makes it a better liniment, but increases its field of usefulness.

Absorbine, Jr.
THE ANTISEPTIC LINIMENT
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

is the American-made liniment de luxe because of its efficiency, convenience, and safety. It is made of herbs—pleasant to use—and economical, as but a few drops are required at an application.

ABSORBINE JR

Use Absorbine, Jr., for sprains, wrenches, swollen veins; to allay pain and inflammation; to heal cuts, bruises, wounds; to kill germs—as a spray or gargle (diluted) for sore, infected throats. Keep it on hand for emergencies—it is a dependable first-aid.
Absorbine, Jr., **$1.00** *and* **$2.00** *per bottle at druggists or post-paid.*

A Liberal Trial Bottle
together with booklet and laboratory reports mailed anywhere for 10 cents in stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F.
506 Lymans Building, MONTREAL, CANADA

STAMMERING

or Stuttering may make life miserable for your child, or for one of your family or friends. If it does, you owe it to the sufferer to investigate the successful Arnott methods of permanently curing these disturbing impediments. We will gladly give you full particulars and references. Cured pupils everywhere.

THE ARNOTT INSTITUTE
BERLIN, ONTARIO, CANADA

Come to the HOTEL SANITA and enjoy the mineral baths, excellent cuisine and homelike comfort and quietness. Especially desirable for grip men. Send for our descriptive booklet.

Chatham Mineral Springs Hotel
Chatham, Ont.

merchant himself it is very bad policy to thus ride a teeter. The public soon gets to appreciate the discrepancies in the values offered. His store will be crowded when he is "down" to cut prices but people will leave him severely alone when the swing of the teeter takes him to the "evening-up" level where exorbitant profits are necessary.

Too much service is sometimes just as fatal as too little.

This, then, is the new idea in trade. Once upon a time it was quite the rule to get the better of the other fellow in a deal by hook or crook. All was fair in barter. No sympathy was wasted on the man who gave more than he received. Doubtless Jacob's trade with Esau was considered quite legitimate in the light of the rules of barter of early days. It has taken many centuries to get away from this idea but now at last our feet are definitely set on the up grade and only those who walk the straight and lofty path of Business Rectitude, which means Service in the broadest sense, may have hopes of permanent success.

Turning Point of the Great War

Continued from Page 26.

Their artillery fire did not reach us because they did not have our range and our advance had been altogether too swift.

Right into the very heart of the invaders we drove like a flying wedge and we mowed down everyone in sight. It was cruel but it was magnificent! Here and there a car was smashed but it was sent into the ditch, the occupants being left to shift for themselves or to throw themselves into other vehicles.

Everywhere the enemy began to break and flee. The fight was developing into a rout. We dealt death and destruction everywhere. For twenty miles we kept this up! No less than 400,000 troops were being cut off!

A sensational incident occurred at the height of our charges at ——, but the day was saved by the quickness of mind of ——' the noted driver in charge of our flag car, who gave up his life in the act. The brave chauffeur of one of the enemy's ammunition trucks steered his vehicle directly into our path and stalled it in the middle of the road.

Quick as a flash the officers of our front car leaped from their machine but —— retained his place at the wheel. With full speed he dashed into the big truck. There was a blinding flash and a terrific explosion! The impact had ignited the trucks dangerous cargo! Both machines reared like colliding locomotives and with a roar both cars fell over into the field, locked in a deathly embrace. The Grand Prix hero had gone to a triumphant end and the road lay clear for us.

Without a pause the cavalcade passed

PURGEN
The
IDEAL APERIENT

Of Druggists, 30 c. per box or postage paid for 35 c. direct from
LYMAN'S, LTD.,
474, St. Paul Street,
MONTREAL.

"CHALLENGE" BRAND

Those in High Places
wouldn't dream of wearing an **ordinary** Rubber Collar, but they will wear

"CHALLENGE" COLLARS and CUFFS

"Challenge" Brand Goods have the same dull finish and comfort in wear as the linen collar you have always used. They will not crack or wilt, last surprisingly and can be cleaned with a damp cloth.
Specify "Challenge" Brand when next buying.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA - TORONTO
MADE IN CANADA 4062

MINARD'S
KILLS PAIN
LINIMENT

As a first aid for Burns, Sprains, Strains or Bruises you cannot get a better remedy.

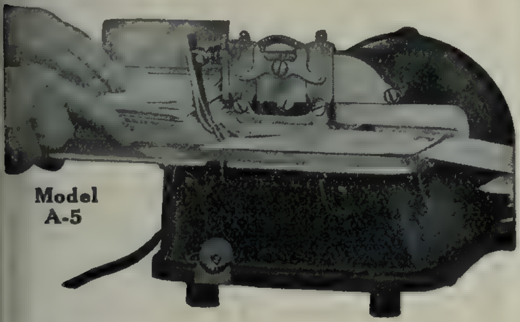
MINARD'S LINIMENT
THE GREAT EXTERNAL & INTERNAL REMEDY
MAN & BEAST
MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED
YARMOUTH, N.S.

MINARD'S LINIMENT
has shown the test of time and has given years of satisfaction to its many users. A good internal or external remedy for man or beast. Gives instant relief.

Beware of Imitations
Sold on its merits

Lightning Calculation

HOW MUCH SOONER could your daily mails be distributed to your various executives and departments, if the envelopes were opened at the rate of 500 per minute, by one person on a LIGHTNING LETTER OPENER?



The saving of TIME AND LABOR over the old "hand method" has influenced thousands to install **LIGHTNINGS.**

WHILE DEVISING METHODS to decrease expense and promote efficiency, **write for A TEN DAY TRIAL to**

Lightning Letter Opener Co.

44 Adelaide St. West
TORONTO, ONT.

73 Exchange St.
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

THE CANADIAN OFFICE & SCHOOL FURNITURE Co LIMITED
PRESTON ONTARIO
MANUFACTURERS
OF HIGH GRADE BANK & OFFICE FIXTURES; SCHOOL LIBRARY & COMMERCIAL FURNITURE, OPERA & ASSEMBLY CHAIRS & INTERIOR HARDWOOD FINISH GENERALLY.

RUBBER STAMPS
ANY KIND FOR ANY PURPOSE
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE
WALTER E. IRONS
115 BAY ST. (near City Hall) TORONTO

on, the officers clambering into the cars wherever there was room for them.

Presently a motorcycle buzzed at our side and with a leap the rider flung himself into our car and his machine bounded into the roadside hedge. He was a despatch bearer and the order he carried from General —— instructed us to change our route at ——, the next village, which was in the heart of Flanders. This order spelled the termination of the enveloping movement and the turn would bring us in direct face to the rear of the foe's main battle line, stretched from —— to ——. The principal attack was about to be made!

In a moment we saw several dark objects flying down the road before our advance. We could make out three motorcars. We had uncovered the headquarters of General ——, who was in command of the hostile right wing. He and his officers were fleeing for their lives. This was at——. We did not attempt to pursue because our object was to capture the whole army division which was now laboring under the disadvantage of being leaderless.

Our own shell fire of the previous week had torn great holes in the highways and it required skillful operation of the cars to circumnavigate these pitfalls. But there was no danger from mines because the enemy had been in the act of using these same highways and had not foreseen anything like our wonderful raid.

We followed the directed change of direction to the right which movement brought our swift and terrible weight to bear upon the foe's main formation. On the opposite side our own entrenched infantry kept up a perfect rattle of fire to hold the attention of their opponents while we rapidly threw ourselves into position for an attack. The third and fourth lines of the enemy had to be reversed to meet us and virtually became first and second lines of defence to them.

With spades and other trench-making tools, great numbers of men leaped from the cars and trucks and rushed ahead with the formation of rough breast-works. Some even began, with feverish haste, to throw up the earth with bayonets. Others, under orders, took machine guns from the unprotected vehicles and placed them to advantage in available ditches where they commanded a clean sweep of stretches of level country. The turreted cars took up positions where their quick-firers could be used to good purpose. Those who were not digging trenches were operating the guns to keep the enemy in check. To a certain extent we were still under fire but there was no concerted action yet on the part of our opposing forces because of the complete surprise we had given them and its resultant confusion. In addition, they had lost their commander-in-chief.

While we were digging ourselves in, our commissariat departments had not been idle. Already the field engineers were erecting the wires for a line of telegraphic communication to our headquarters at ———, thirty miles away. Aeroplane and motorcycle despatch carriers

Ask your stationer
250 styles
R. ESTERBROOK & CO'S
FALCON PEN
048

The most popular pen in the world.

Esterbrook's
Falcon No. 048

The standard pen for general correspondence, combining a smooth, medium point with large ink-holding capacity.

Send 10c for useful metal box containing 12 of our most popular pens, including the famous Falcon 048.
Esterbrook Pen Mfg. Co.,
New York Camden, N.J.
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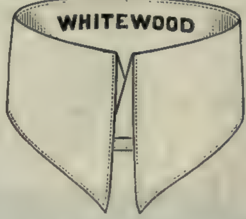
Esterbrook
Pens

E&W RED MAN



THE TRIUMPH OF THE COLLAR MAKERS' ART IN A SPLIT FRONT COLLAR
20c., or 3 for 50c.
The distinctive style which makes the Red Man Collar different from all others is very marked in this collar.
A joy to the fastidious dresser.
FOR SALE BY CANADA'S BEST MEN'S STORES.
EARL & WILSON
NEW YORK
Makers of Troy's best product.

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flew back and forth also. Trains of ammunition trucks and cars carrying heavy artillery, escorted by armoured automobiles and motorcyclists, were following our course and squads of men from our service department were taking immediate possession of the enemy's forsaken field kitchens which were stocked with large quantities of food. Further along over the same highways which we had just covered, were lumbering various vehicles carrying food and supplies of al kinds. Red Cross ambulances were quickly following up and field hospitals were set up here and there. We had come to stay and the necessities of life were just as important and needful as anything else.

As quickly as our trenches were established and the maxims in place, a number of the armored cars scooted down severa roads to take up outpost positions as a defence against possible attack by relieving columns. There were none, however, because the enemy was everywhere being kept busy, by the allied armies in front of them. The surrounded right wing was, of necessity, compelled to work out its own salvation, if possible, unaided Assailed from all sides, however, there was really no hope for our antagonists.

Night came and still we fought on—sometimes the firing became furious bu at intervals the exchanges were desultory. Jets of flame from the opposing rifles and field pieces were quite discernible but the brilliant rays from our powerful searchlights swept the landscape to prevent any sudden attack under cover of darkness. We took turns in snatching needed sleep but our arms were always ready and there were many alarms. There was really little sleep because of the great excitement engendered and there must have been less opportunity for rest for the hemmed-in enemy.

With the breaking of day, the fighting re-opened with fury. Time after time the fear-driven invaders attempted to pierce our lines but our many quickfirers, upon which we placed great reliance, mowed them down in awful numbers. Back and forth they surged and the ground became littered with dead and dying. For another night they endured this terrible ordeal and thousands of them were surely starving through lack of provisions. On the second morning their efforts clearly showed the want of food as they barely left their dug-outs and trenches.

It was not long before we noticed evidence of restlessness in their trenches Something seemed to have happened and we questioned each other. Were they arranging for one great blow as a final attempt to crush through and escape, or had they had enough? They seemed to be signalling to us. They were huddled in groups—waiting for us to stop the carnage. Finally a small detachment marched out, the foremost figure bearing a white flag. Bugles sounded the "Cease Fire," officers' whistles shrieked, and we stopped short.

All that was left of the 400,000 invaders were surrendering!

From trenches and from thousands of armored cars, touring automobiles and London omnibuses, splintered and ripped, cheer after cheer echoed and re-echoed.

The great coup had succeeded.

It was all over.

The Fight that was Pulled

Continued from Page 44.

I am not a chicken raiser, myself; indeed, I take little interest in them living. A stiff, stark joint, served with water cress and white sauce, represents the limit of my study of chickens. But by hearsay I have it, that two bantams placed in juxtaposition, are fatally apt to ruffle their neck feathers and cry for one another's blood. Those belonging to Johnsie and Jimsie were no exception, and their gyrations were too entertaining to be kept for private amusement.

"Let's have a show," said the first.

Jimsie looked from the kitchen window back to the roosters. Rising from the steps a little carefully (though not as carefully as he had let himself down) he remembered that Mother had a distaste for fighting in any form. His last encounter with Pastey was only twenty-four hours old. Seeing that he was undiscovered, however, he separated the combatants, picked up Johnsie's rooster and nodded toward the front gate. They strolled out of ear-shot, the bird tucking under Jimsie's arm.

The plot thickened like cornstarch when James and John met them and remarked upon the bantam's ruffled appearance.

"He's a slick fighter," murmured Johnsie, as a feeler.

"So's ours, dad," announced Jimsie.

"We're thinkin' of havin' a show," continued Johnsie. "I s'pose you and Dad'll come, Mr. King?"

This was a bold stroke and the boys waited with a thumping heart for the reply.

"H'm!" said James. "And what does the Band of Mercy say upon the subject?"

Then the boys' unerring instinct told them they had a sympathizer. "Oh, we ain't crool to e'm," they protested, promptly. "They're just like showin' off. S'pose they was both mine—in my yard—they'd fight just the same. The only dif. is that they both *aint* mine, and we're goin' to take 'em to another place, and have a show."

James allowed himself to see their point. Oh, a large-minded man was James! And by a strange and happy coincidence, John saw eye to eye with James, although John thought his son's bantam more than a match for Jimsie's bird, which occasioned rather a heated argument with James. After bed time, the boys planned the show in their way; and after bed time the fathers planned a cock fight in theirs. By mutual and tacit understanding no mention was made to the mothers at all.

Johnsie and Jimsie did not make very creditable progress at school on the fol-

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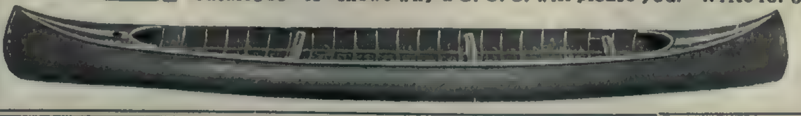

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lowing day. John and James did not concentrate on business in their offices, either. The morning just dribbled away in a delightful series of conversations with whomsoever happened along. They invariably ended like this:

"We've framed up a neat little sporting event for this afternoon. My kid has a bantam, you know, and he's keen to fight it against King's bird. I've promised to see 'em through with it—just a lark, you know. We'll go down to the old Mill about five. Wouldn't you like to happen in?"

During recess Jimsie and Johnsie approached such boys as would likely have the price of admission. Intense excitement and crushing secrecy was observed. Pastey hung on the outskirts of the group and glowered; he was desperately anxious to know what was up, but not being on speaking terms with most of his school mates, felt it *infra dig* to eat humble pie and enquire. It was not until some one suggested the entering of chickens other than the original birds that a rank traitor gave the secret away to Pastey for two sticks of licorice.

Important offices were bartered by Jimsie and Johnsie.

"I'll give yuh a Scout belt, if yuh leave me be door-keeper," offered one youth, who had no chickens to enter.

"Can it!" sneered another. "The buckle's broke. I'll give yuh fifteen cents in money."

Bidding increased; it was too much for Pastey.

"Say," he blurted, "I'll give each of yuh three birds' eggs—already blowed—two old coins, worth a heap of money, my fingernail clip, AND a quarter! I kin take outer my Easter box. Now, will yuh leave me be in it?"

"Deliver the goods," demanded practical Johnsie.

"Aw, I'll bring 'em after dinner, all right."

"Like ducks," commented Jimsie with well-grounded suspicions.

In the name of justice, however, the offer was held open until the afternoon. Failure to produce the quarter decided against Pastey, whose further suggestions were spurned. Offices were rapidly bestowed; gatekeeper, time-keeper, first aid men, and—grave digger. No favoritism was shown; everything was run upon a strictly commercial basis; the highest bidder being the successful claimant. And by and by a thoroughly demoralized school was dismissed.

The boys separated at high speed, some to get their chickens, and others to repair to the scene of conflict. Five o'clock found James, John and about a dozen of their friends at the Mill. By ten minutes past, twice the number had gathered. Old Mr. Luke, a keen gamester in his day, panted up excitedly, with scales and spurs, but the latter were rejected unanimously, by the younger generation. The gate-keeper took up his position, the men laughingly paid their admission, and then they arranged themselves about the scales and were usful in weighing the cocks and planning for the different rounds.

"We may as well see the thing done right, as long as we're here," they said, with monotonous frequency. But by and by, in the excess of their enthusiasm and desire to see the thing done right, they left nothing for the boys to do.

"Say," whispered indignant Jimsie to his crony, "who's runnin' this show, I wanta know! You'd think the chickens b'longed to them!"

"The way some people butt in, certainly is the limit—b'lieve me!" returned Johnsie. "I'm goin' to kick!"

"Say!" he shrilled a moment later, when James on one side, and John opposite, took a rooster each, and held them ready for the fight. "Say, Dad, that's not fair—I fend to be starter!"

But old Luke had given the word; there was a scratching and a flutter, and the battle was on.

"Go to it!" yelled the men, excitedly.

"He's killing my rooster," screamed a child's voice, above the din.

Simultaneously, Jimsie, who had taken up his position at the door, called:

"Cheese it, Dad! Here comes a cop!"

"AND Pastey — the rotter!" added Johnsie.

"Damn!" said several gentlemen.

Birds were thrust into baskets with smothered squawkings, but not in time. The men looked sheepishly at one another, seeing escape was impossible. The boys sidled close to their parents and waited with delicious thrills chasing up and down their backs. James and John thought of their wives and shuddered.

"Gentlemen," said Sergeant Edward Grimsby, from the doorway. "this here fight is pulled. Youse'll oblige me by marchin' to de coop."

Pastey, after one glance at the formidable array of Millsford's representative citizens, anticipated trouble for Grimsby, and made a quick get-away. He knew just where to find old Mickey, the other protector of law and order, and pressed him into service. Hurrying through short cuts as fast as two hundred men can travel on a hot day, Pastey piloted him to the deserted mill. The constable's puffing awakened echoes in the distant hills. Cautiously, they peeped in at the door. Sergeant Edward Grimsby lay on the floor in a peculiarly uncomfortable position. Sombre quiet reigned.

"Gee!" breathed Pastey, turning whiter than usual. "Looks as if they beat him up some."

Old Mickey entered the room, and laid violent hands upon his confrere. He jerked him to his feet and choked off an abortive, "Where am I!"

"Where's de bunch?" he snapped.

The sergeant passed a dazed hand across his brow.

"Dey overpowered me and made a clean get-away," he moaned. "I fought sumpin awful," he added, wiping the blood from his head.

"Cut it! Cut it" sneered the other. "Wash dat rooster blood off'n yer face, an' dont try to put one like dat over on me. Where's de lot?"

"I told yer dey got away," was the sullen answer. "Dere was at least t'irty of 'em. Wadyer expect?"

Mickey made a rapid calculation.

"T'irty of 'em? Den come across wid half."

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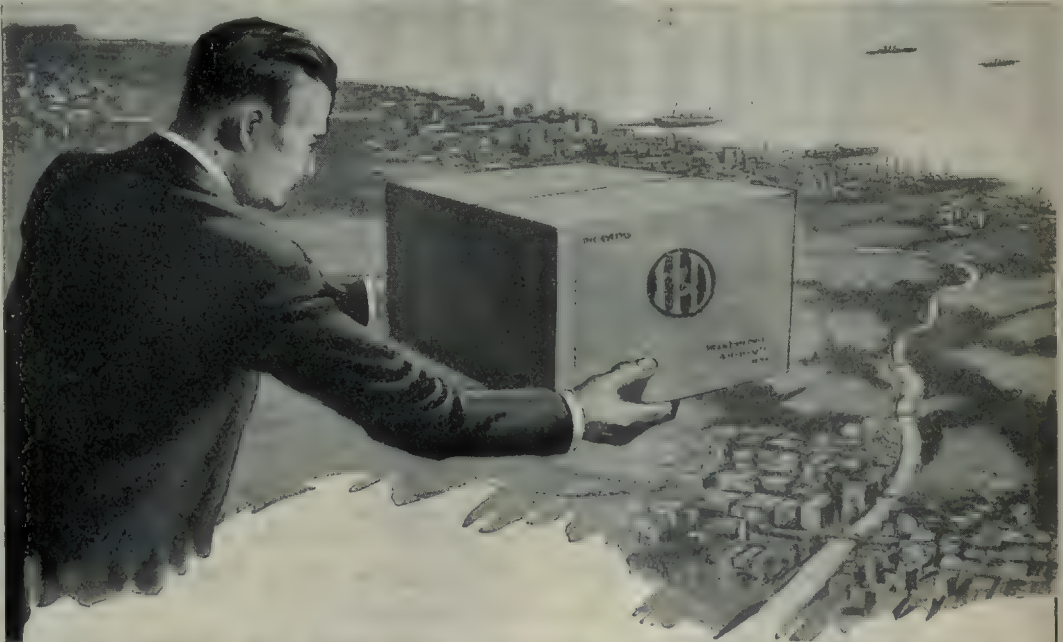

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It was with evident reluctance that Sergeant Edward Grimsby dived into the mysterious recesses of his uniform and produced a wad which to Pastey's greedy eyes looked too large for a trained greyhound to jump over. Mickey watched the division, jealously pocketed his share and did not even say thanks. The two prepared to leave the premises.

"Hi, where do I come in?" cried Pastey. "If it hadn't a been fer me, vou wouldn't a known nothin' about it."

The two policemen turned their attention downward.

"Why, look who's here," remarked Grimsby. "Lost your way, sonny?"

"I want some of that dough," demanded the boy, angrily. "If it hadn't a been fer me, I say, you two woudn't a known nothin' about the chicken fight!"

"The chicken fight?" echoed the others, in astonishment. "Was there a fight?"

"You know there was," cried Pastey. "An' I'll tell on you, I will! A fine bunch of p'licemen, you are—you cheats!"

Mickey, during this tirade, had brought his huge bulk down to a level with the small boy and was looking earnestly into his face.

"Why, Sergeant, I declare!" he said. "Blast me, if this aint the very boy I caught monkeyin' with Mister King's chickens! You remember, there was a couple of 'em killed, and Mister King was lookin' fer de murderer? Do you think as how I had oughter arrest him now, sir?"

"Hm-m-m!" considered Grimsby, rubbing his chin. "It does seem as how we had oughter do our duty, sir."

"No, no!" begged Pastey. "Don't you 'rest me! I didn't go to kill 'em—honest!"

"What d'y say, Sergeant?"

They drew apart and appeared to discuss the matter.

"I'd be fer lettin' him off, this onct, only fer his tom-foolery about a chicken fight. Taint no more right to turn a boy loose wid visions like dat, than if he'd get the habit of ringin' the fire alarm!"

"But I aint goin' to tell any one I saw a chicken fight," said Pastey. "I cross my heart and hope I may die."

"A touch of the heat, p'raps," ventured old Mickey, with a pat on the head. "A nice ice cream cone would about fix him, don't you think, sir?"

The Sergeant did. And the two generous-minded fellows gave Pastey a half dollar each, in case his hallucination should return on the morrow, when another ice cream cone would dispel it.

They went their several ways, a strange triangular alliance. Although poorer than his colleagues in money, Pastey was rich in experience, and mark this well—he will get his first, hereafter, in any fight that is pulled!

TO the Japanese the scaffold is an indispensable adiunct or, rather, prefix. It is erected while the foundation is being laid and rushed to completion—then attention is diverted to the building. Often a scaffold looms three storeys or more high before a stick of the building's framework is discernible.

The Business Outlook

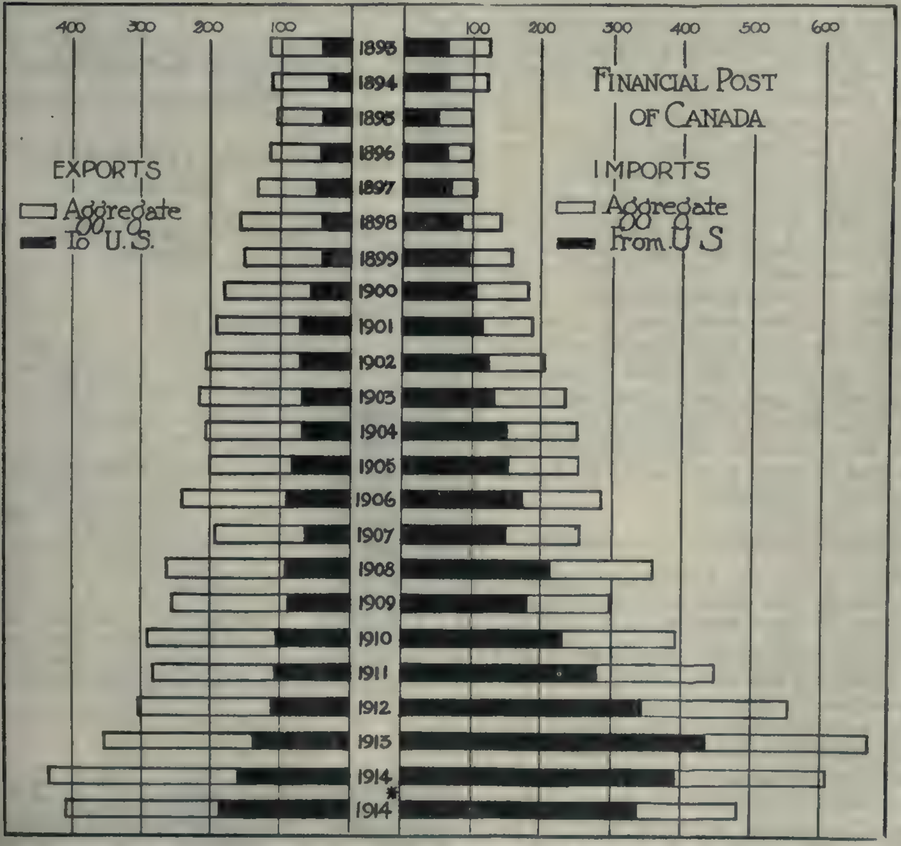
A Revival will Result from the Wealth and Prosperity of the Rural Population of Canada

By JOHN APPLETON, Editor of The Financial Post

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Appleton accentuates the fact that the outlook for the rural population of Canada is very bright and that trade with it should be better in 1915 than in 1914. In view of the great void being created for all kinds of farm produce through devastation in Europe, and the employment of millions in consuming and destroying in place of producing, the demand for Canadian products will be heavy, with results that will stimulate business. Not only will the demand from Europe be heavy but that from the States will not be negligible as our neighbors will not have a bumper crop every year.

WE are now well started on the New Year and the outlook for business is no clearer than it was at the commencement of the war. Anxious eyes are peering into the future. The bank president cannot see very much further than the day laborers, and of the two possibly the latter has the least about which to worry. Everyone has his own cause for some more anxiety than usual. Whether it be the care of a cottage housing a city laborer's family or the conduct of an industrial undertaking upon which the comfort of a thousand homes depend, the duty never has had before it greater uncertainty than that which enshrouds the remainder of the present year.

Happily for Canada this condition applies only to the city—not to the farm laborer or operator. The calamity of war affects Canada adversely, in this instance at least, only in her cities. War costs will, of course, be shared by all but the advantages in the form of higher prices for the products of the farms, all go to the tiller of the soil and the rancher. So long as war continues and its ruthless hands do not interrupt, and there is no possibility of it doing so, the productive operations on Canadian soil there is no



*Estimated on basis of returns for the first eight months of current fiscal year.

Exports to United States are steadily increasing, as is shown in the above diagram. The cause of this movement is to be found on the farm. For the 12 months ending October, 1913, the value of live animals exported by Canada was $4,919,677. In the corresponding twelve months ending October, 1914, the value of exported live animals was $13,427,269, of which $13,096,875 went to the United States. That market is a great factor in making the rural districts of Canada as prosperous as any on the continent.

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doubt but that the rural population of Canada will profit very largely. On this point all authorities seem to agree.

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On this central fact the welfare of the various classes that constitute a typical village community depends. There are storekeepers, professional men and others whose services are essential to a rural life. If these communities are healthy and prosperous there need be no fear for the remainder of Canada. The rural population—of the farm and the village or town—is the backbone of the Dominion and always will be. If all is well with this class there can be no real cause for alarm. Our climate is fairly reliable and if during the coming year the weather man sends us but normal weather the farmer will have as much produce to sell as he ever had and he will get more money for it.

RURAL CANADA OF 1914.

For the last two years the railway builders and the money borrowers, those who have brought to Canada approximately $2,500,000,000, have been anxiously looking to the soil to produce more. We are not pointing this out in a critical sense. The man who homesteaded and lived on the farm has been the most pressing borrower and it is on his behalf that most of the money has been obtained. The distribution of the borrowed money has helped, no doubt, to make business active. The after effects of all the borrowing—many say it is over-borrowing—have been adequately dealt with hitherto and we need not go further into that matter now. At the commencement of the past year the leaders of the nation were urging more production. On the other hand a very large number of brainy and imaginative Canadians were boosting real estate and "blowing" about what could be done rather than of what they were actually doing. This class still enthused by large profits which had been made had not entirely disappeared. But all the "horn blowing" for which the necessary wind could be raised would not induce the wheat to grow or induce more people to come to the land to make good the promise of real estate speculators. Circumstances, and the Kaiser, combined to finally eliminate the speculator and enthroned the idea that to make good real estate had to be used and cultivated.

PURGING EFFECT OF CITY PROBLEMS.

When it was the principal commodity of domestic and foreign trade disaster was sure to follow. With 1914 much has gone respecting which Canada need have no regrets. That year, however, gave us the lesson of production which will be the great asset it left for the nation. For years the cities have been robbing the villages of the talent and the energy that was needed on the soil. To-day the problems of the city are driving back to the land men and capital. Attempts are being made to hold the unemployed in the cities by "making" work for them. It is a fundamental error for which the nation will have to pay. The greater the pressure to get men back to the land the bet-

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THE FORTUNATE FARMER.

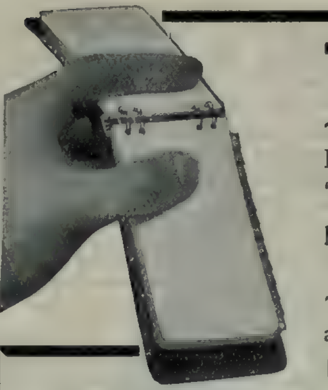
Although we had war, financial paralysis and collapse during 1914, the rural districts of the Dominion were not affected except in well defined districts that were unfortunate in respect of the weather. Farmers got more for their produce than usual; they paid their debts as well or better than usual and look upon another year as having prespects for their material welfare better than those which faced them a year ago. The harvest of 1913 was bountiful but the price was low and it had a sobering effect. A check was given to buying unnecessaries. That year, as well as 1914, were characterized by the liquidation of much debt. At the close of the latter, a week or two ago, the farmers were in the position of having economized, perforce, to a very large extent, for about two years during which they "nibbled" at their liability which now forms a smaller ratio of the wealth they now possess. Since the declaration of war still greater care and economy has been exercised. Under the circumstances it is no wonder complaint with regard to the way in which their liabilities have been taken care of is of rare occurrence.

What we have said applies to Canada, taken as a whole. In the West the conditions, generally, have not been quite as favorable as in other portions. The crop failed in limited districts so completely as to necessitate the action of the Government on behalf of the suffering farmers.

Speaking generally, however, the farmers have been economical now for two years; they have paid off much of their liability and their wealth is greater than ever. This attitude has resulted in quieter business for the tradesmen and in general trade contraction. But we cannot attribute to the farmer responsibility for all our trade contraction. By far the greater proportion is due to the cessation of large capital expenditures in the form of railway building and other large enterprises. That part of our domestic trade which originates and is sustained as a rule by the farmer is the steadiest and the most reliable. In the earlier months of the present year it will be found that many failures will take place, but they will not be due to an extent appreciably exceeding normal, to the delinquences of the rural consumer, or impairment of his purchasing power. His wants constituted the most normal element in trade during last year and his wants during the ensuing year will be, if present prospects hold, larger than usual and will in our opinion result in setting in motion some of the present idle wheels of industry.

RURAL CANADA OF 1915.

Starting the New Year we find the rural districts of Canada in a position that they have not hitherto faced. At no time have the chances of higher prices for every kind of farm product been better. It is all very well to talk of prospects but what are the foundations of our belief in this? It is patent to everyone that mil-



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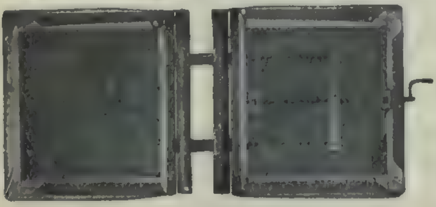

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lions of men usually employed in producing more than they consume are now engaged in destroying much and consuming more than usual. This will create a great void for the very products for which Canadian soil is best fitted to produce and at no time in Canadian history has the producer been better equipped to produce. Not only is the market in Europe offering greater demands than usual but the gates are open wide to a market on this continent. The United States is taking our produce to a greater extent every year. The accompanying diagram which was prepared by the *Financial Post* shows the trend of our exports to the United States, and it should be remembered that the exports are those originating on the farm. Out of a total of $13,427,269 in living animals exported for the twelve months ending October last, the United States took $13,096,875. These figures together with some others are reproduced herewith to show how rapidly our trade with the republic to the south is growing and it is the farm that is at the root of this growth.

Farm Produce and Fish and the Amount Sold to U. S.

	1913.	1914.	To U.S. 1914.
Animals, living	$ 4,919,677	$ 13,427,269	$13,096,875
Breadstuffs .	150,797,726	139,558,811	14,460,203
Fish	18,638,513	18,781,072	7,583,241
Hay	1,821,498	2,140,522	1,353,552
Hides	8,359,700	8,442,660	8,412,434

As our business depends fundamentally upon the farmer we have no reason to be gloomy with respect to the future. Facts tell us, beyond question, that for our produce during the past year we have received more than usual and the prospect is that, for a very much larger production, during the current year the farmers will obtain more than they did in the past year. If there is any real distress in the country, or any class of business that is suffering it is because it has not been built upon sound foundations. That being the case it is to the advantage of Canada that it should at this time crumble and pass away and leave the land purged of what is not fit to live.

For all the operations on our farms there is every prospect of the banks of the country having all the necessary funds. For the moving of actual produce for which there is a real demand there will be no doubt as to the financing. During the last week of December last the Government statement covering the operations of the chartered banks of the Dominion for the month of November was issued and it disclosed a state of affairs that was indicative of steadiness, and which was re-assuring. Deposits by the public were shown to be on the increase and correspondingly commercial loans contracted. The latter movement is not unusual at that period of the year. For ever dollar the public had on deposit with the banks seventy-nine cents were out on loans. Usually the amount out on loans is eighty-four cents or thereabouts out of every dollar. Never before has the ratio of loans to deposits been so low. Another fact worthy of note in connection with the bank statement is that the aggregate of actual cash in the till, the amount due to banks from their correspondents abroad, and Government securities were very much larger at the end of November than it has ever been before. We may take it from these facts that the banks are in a position to take care of the legitimate commercial needs of the country during the year. One thing is sure the movement of any kind of merchandise will be facilitated.

The chief thing is that more wealth is being produced than is being consumed. That appears to be the position in Canada to-day. Undoubtedly the result will be more business in due course. If the producers are busy we cannot but think that even the industrial conditions in Canada will very soon right themselves. Meanwhile the village store, or any store that has business with the farmer and the producer need not worry as to business during the year. The prospect is that the demands from rural Canada will be quite normal before the close of the present year.

How the Canadian Armada Was Saved

Continued from Page 8.

Almost immediately after the first shots they saw the intruder swerve away to the north, travelling at terrific speed. He was headed off by another aeroplane, spitting bullets at him. Then he tried to soar above his enemies, but they spread about him, and climbed even as he climbed. Slowly they drifted away over the land, still struggling for the upper air. Smaller and smaller they became until they were only specks in the sky. Then they faded from sight altogether.

"Just a practice flight, I guess," said one of the men who had watched them. And that was the general opinion on board.

It was after dark that night when a man entered the lines at Valcartier Camp, and was escorted by armed guard to the tent occupied by the Minister of Militia. He did not wait outside, but rushed in, at the imminent danger of being bayoneted by the indignant sentry.

"It's all right," said the Colonel, pushing the sentry out, as soon as he saw his visitor.

"We've got him at last, Colonel!" exclaimed the latter. "Hit him somewhere with a bullet—God only knows where, for he was smashed to a jelly by the fall. There's his map."

He spread out a topographical chart upon the table. "There's Quebec, and there's the Zeppelin hangar"—he pointed to a cross. If I figure out the scale right, it's 150 miles north-east of Quebec."

Ten bomb-carrying aeroplanes started out the next day to find and destroy the Zeppelin in its hangar. The aviator on each carried a photographic copy of the map found on the dead aviator. They had no difficulty in following the route. In little over three hours they located the hangar. There was no attempt at disguise about it. It had evidently been considered too far off the beaten track for that. It was situated in the middle of a clearing beside a lake. A dozen log huts had been built around it.

The ten raiding aeroplanes were riding the air in a long, wedge-shaped flock, like the flight of wild geese. Each was half a mile or more behind the other. The leader, when the hangar was sighted, hesitated not a moment, but began to swoop down on it on a long slant. He passed less than a thousand feet over the hangar and dropped his bomb. It missed. The aeroplanes behind had drawn out into a long line now. On came another one and dropped his bomb—and another and another. They exploded with deafening reports. The pilots could see the little figures of men running about excitedly below. But except for the destruction of one of the huts, no harm seemed to have been done.

The aeroplanes that had passed began to return in long circling flight. Their occupants saw one of the oncoming aeroplanes swoop down till it almost touched the roof of the Zeppelin hangar, the others meanwhile swerving off to watch his flight.

In a moment a vast sheet of flame sprang up from the hangar. Then a great cloud of white smoke enveloped an area of a quarter of a mile around the shed. An appalling agony of sound shook the air, and the nearer aeroplanes were tossed about like autumn leaves. They headed away at full speed and came slowly back. When the smoke had cleared the aviator saw a vast black patch upon the site where the hangar and the little houses had been—nothing more.

Alighting the aviators found that one of their number, the man who had successfully fired the hangar—was missing. He must have been blown into a thousand atoms. The explosion had been far worse than could have been caused simply by a gas-filled Zeppelin. It was evident that not only had the Zeppelin been destroyed but that a vast quantity of bombs had been exploded. Not a tree within a quarter of a mile was standing.

Premier Sir Robert Borden and Colonel Hughes walked restlessly about the camp at Valcartier, deep in conversation. On every hand were scenes of military activity. From the butts far in the distance came the ceaseless crackle of rifle fire. On another part of the camp the artillery were deploying with heavy field guns. Near the great tented city were masses of infantry wheeling and manoevring to the hoarse shouts of their officers. But none of these things interested them. Their thoughts were with the bird-men who had left that morning on the most daring and most responsible mission ever undertaken by aviators on this side of the Atlantic—a mission that was to make world history.

"Do you know," said the Premier, "we've been so busy with the details that

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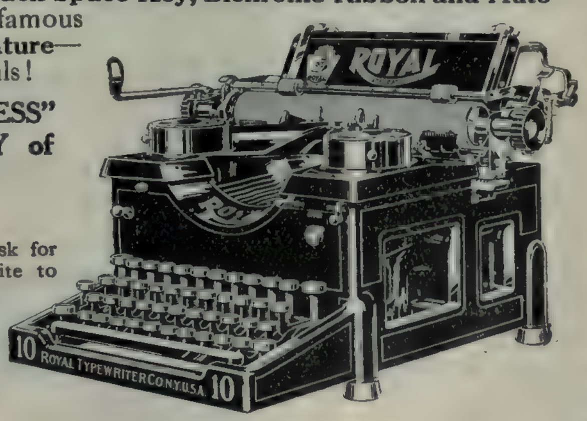
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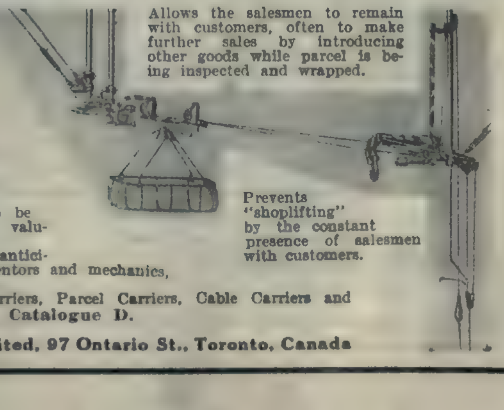

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we have not been able to see the thing in its larger aspect. But think of it as, say, Germany must have been thinking of it. Think of all that great fleet of transports and their convoys, over fifty vessels in all, streaming out from the New World to help decide the fate of Empire on far-off European battlefields. Say the transports ride half a mile behind each other, with convoying warships riding half a mile away on either side. Why, there's a procession of ships a mile wide and twenty miles long! The thing is colossal. There never was anything on the sea so vastly imposing; never such a demonstration of imperial power. Why, just think, Colonel"—and the Premier smiled at his own enthusiasm—"this thing will go reverberating down the corridors of Time, and we shall reverberate with it!"

The Colonel laughed heartily. "By Jove!" he exclaimed, "I never thought of that! By Jove, we shall!"

The Premier's voice dropped to a lower and a graver note. "But if this strikes the imagination," he proceeded, "think how it would strike the imagination utterly to destroy that fleet before it got out of Canadian waters! Supposing this Zeppelin had stolen out by night, dropped bombs on these transports, as I verily believe they would have, and as the Germans, by their very preparations, show that they undoubtedly intended to do, and had destroyed every one of them—supposing, as I say, the Germans had succeeded in destroying this great Armada before it had even got out of the Gulf—why it would have been by far the most terrible marine disaster in history! It would have been an accomplishment of such magnitude, and betokening such swift, far-reaching, and appalling striking power, as might well have shaken the Empire and have caused the world to stand in awe!"

Even as they were talking there was a stir in the camp. Thousands of eyes were directed at the sky, and soldiers were pointing upwards.

"There's one of the aeroplanes coming back," said the Colonel. "See it? There it is. Far away, right over that big elm!"

Side by side they stood watching the aerial messenger as it came bringing out of the clouds its great tidings for good or ill.

The aeroplane alighted gracefully as a bird not five hundred yards from where they stood, and curious soldiers crowded around it.

The aviator unstrapped himself from his seat, got out upon the ground, and pulled his goggles and headpiece off.

"Where's Colonel Hughes?" he asked.

"Here!" said the Colonel, pushing forward to grasp his hand. "Shake hands with Sir Robert Borden!"

The aviator drew them away, out of earshot of the others.

"We've blown the Zeppelin and all its crew into a million fragments!" he said.

"Excuse me one moment," exclaimed Colonel Hughes—and his action in dragging himself away from that fascinating

MACLEAN'S
TORONTO MAGAZINE CANADA
Vol. XXVIII MARCH, 1915 No. 5

After the War—What?

An Introduction by ROBSON BLACK

THE physical incidents of the European conflict, the harvest of more war or less war, the re-alignment of boundaries are matters of such absolute speculation at this stage that human opinion ceases to be even a guess. But though the fortunes of war alone can impose reforms where the civilized world regards them as most bitterly needed, the permanent and lasting changes within any country must be fashioned by the inhabitants themselves. If the armies of fighting men seeking to crush Germany and Austria are not followed by a still more potent *army of ideas* the slaughter of millions will be marked off in history as a petty carnival. The character of individual thinking done to-day in Canada and elsewhere will establish the conduct of Governments when Peace takes the reins and looks about for leadership. Hence this symposium, in which Canadians of high standing in a variety of callings have answered a request for a statement of their views. The importance of 'personal opinion' on what must be admitted is a more or less prophetic mission is that the ideas let loose in March, 1915, even while the war wages uncertain and slow, are bound to set in motion popular discussion and make possible a clearer national conclusion when the day for that arrives.

The scope of the contributions was restricted to a single phase of after-the-war developments—the attitude which Canada should take towards military preparation. There are other, and, in Canada's case, more profound and far-reaching considerations which rest their solution upon the future, but at this moment when War holds the stage and Death and Destruction chant their ghastly lines, the interrogation focuses strongly upon national and international defence. Certainly it is the most immediate and appealing problem, and whoever may think that by some miracle of altruism moulded about the peace terms Canada will be relieved of her military responsibility for evermore, surely does not represent Canadian belief as a whole. Opinion differs widely, and very naturally, as to the technical advantages of this or that system of defence but on one broad understanding all opinion seems to rest easy—that a long roster of resolutions is a poor substitute in the opening weeks of war for a division of trained and ready fighting men, that Canada's self-respect must be lifted above the pleasant assumptions of a Monroe Doctrine or a paternal and never-wearying British Admiralty. The *manner* of the defence is incidental and to be ascertained without undue difficulty, although the European battleground has disturbed not a few old standbys of military science. Nor will it be the professional soldier primarily who will select the defences of this country but the voters of the town and township acting on their own impressions of what accords with Canadian democracy and Canadian obligations to the Empire. The importance of maintaining the Imperial responsibilities makes it impossible that defence for this country, particularly on the sea, shall ever be estimated on a purely local basis should that be in conflict with the commitments of the Mother Country or the other dominions. For a like Imperial reason, the views of the Canadian people upon the post-bellum undertakings in military defence, while loyal and enthusiastic as to principle, are necessarily diffident as regards detail. The scale of armament considered imperative by the British Government during the next ten years will probably be accepted without question as the standard of measurement for Canada's own equipment, for there is little disposition to look upon Britain as maintaining army or navy above the requirements of absolute safety. It would seem, therefore, that the undoubted identity of interests of Great Britain and her Dominions would compel some sensible uniformity of the Imperial weapons of defence as well as an honest distribution of the *burdens.* Whatever the arrangement, ultimately, Canada's opinion will have plenty of elbow room in the day of decision.

If Great Britain and her Allies succeed in slaying the militarist dragon in Germany and Austria, taking care to include the lesser militarism within the borders nearer home, the problem of Canada's participation in Empire defence is tremendously simplified. At this period of the hostilities, however, disarmament is nothing more than a rainbow of hope, and, in the papers included in this symposium, the authors have usually assumed that the rivalry in armaments will persist, and that Canada's future duty, as far as can now be discerned, will call for courage and increased sacrifice.

The methods of defence best adapted to this country form a question of some striking disagreements. It will be noticed that Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, K.C., favors strongly a standing army of forty to fifty thousand men which he regards as meeting the main necessities of military effort whether in the resistance of invasion or as an overseas contingent. This view he upholds for the further reason that wholesale application of compulsory training to schoolboys of all ages instils, in his opinion, the self-same poison of soldier-worship, the results of which Great Britain is combating in Europe at this very moment. Mr. W. K. George, on the other hand seeks to attain the object of preparedness through a universal training system based somewhat on the Australian plan. Mr. George's view, indeed, is shared by most professional soldiers who advocate a small standing army of five or ten thousand men and a large volunteer militia prepared through school years and after to take their places as disciplined fighting men. Whatever the scheme of national defence, there appears to be complete unanimity that the country's military unreadiness displayed at the opening of the War did not help anybody's self-respect and that the error should not be possible to repeat. Mr. Joseph T. Clark makes clear some factors in the Pacifist view, a view by the way which has been the object of more than a fair share of misquotation and misconstruction.

No doubt the reader will feel, as the writers of these papers felt, that the discussion of conditions *after* the war anticipates a great deal that is beyond human judgment or imagination. However, there are some fixed points from which intelligent opinion may reasonably venture into the future. A perusal of the statements contained in what follows will uncover variety and independence in the points of view. And at the same time, one is bound to appreciate their spirit of reasoning patriotism.

"It is said there are over 1,200,000 men of military capacity in this country"

Imperial Co-operation the only Solution

By Sir RICHARD McBRIDE

Prime Minister of British Columbia

I STILL hold to the views often expressed in the past, that Canada owes a duty to herself to have her Atlantic and Pacific Coasts well defended with adequate forts and ships. Canada is the only country in the world of a similar status that is not so defended. When this war is over it doesn't mean that war will never come again. On the contrary, experience teaches us that, notwithstanding the universal dread of war, it is a contingency that is beyond the ken of governments and can not very well be foreseen or forestalled. I am not a militarist; I am an advocate of peace, but we must not blind our eyes to possible danger, and if England's navy had not been as prepared as her army was unprepared on the fourth of August last, the story of the present war would have been writ quite differently for the Empire and for Europe. The great lesson of the European war is the necessity for coast defences, both on land and sea. With forts at all strategic points, kept equipped with the most modern ordnance, the danger of attack from sea is reduced to a minimum. Another lesson is the value of submarines and swift cruisers. Defences of this nature, if highly efficient, are ample for home protection and are well within the resources of Canada. The larger question of Empire defence is one in which Canada should co-operate with Great Britain and the other Dominions on some uniform and definite basis, for the reason that the object of defending trade routes and maintaining a supremacy upon the sea is a common one. Canada with her growing trade with Great Britain and the other Dominions, wherein her greatest future lies, is equally interested with Great Britain and Australia and New Zealand, and I firmly believe that all parts of the Empire should contribute to an Imperial navy in equitable proportion. The arrangement of a proper basis is a matter requiring careful consideration, but after all is a matter of detail and presents no formidable difficulties.

A Large Standing Army will be Needed

By E. F. B. JOHNSTON, K.C.

YOU ask a question, the answer to which must be problematic. In ordinary times the future of a country may be reasonably predicted. Under present conditions, it is practically a case of "shooting in the dark."

So far, the War has rather improved the condition of Canada than otherwise, and if peace comes within the twelvemonth, which I believe it will, due more to economic causes than to military results, the immediate future of Canada thereafter would be highly prosperous. The danger would lie in over-prosperity. The vitality of Canada is apt to go too far when times are good. There is a wonderful elasticity and recuperative power in Canadian business undertakings.

I understand that the question on which personal views are being asked is more of a military character than it is of our commercial prospects. The first fact to be stated is,—that few people believed that Canada could produce on a short notice practically 100,000 men, capable of bearing arms; and if we accept the statement of those who ought to speak with authority, double that number can rapidly be raised. It is said there are over 1,200,000 men of military capacity in this country. It might be reasonably argued, therefore, that half a million men could be made available, so far at least as Canadian defence against an invading enemy is concerned. The main fighting, apart from an attack upon England, must be, as it is now, on land. An army is, therefore, more important in many ways than a Navy. For naval protection, we must necessarily depend largely on Britain. The Atlantic and the Pacific are entirely too extensive to be protected by the utmost naval strength we could put forth. It is manifest that the smaller destroyers, cruisers, submarines, etc., are the most useful, unless perhaps in case of a large naval engagement. I think that the first step to be taken is to provide a defence of this character. If we had a number of these on the Pacific Coast, and sufficient to be absolutely dangerous to enemy's vessels in the Gulf, the country could take reasonable chances. The St. Lawrence and the Gulf could be mined in such a way that no ship could hope to pass up the St. Lawrence Channel. The same thing occurs at Vancouver, although Victoria might be exposed.—Indeed, a few dozen mines would absolutely protect Vancouver, owing to the narrow channels of approach. No advancing army from the Pacific could hope to reach the Prairie District, if we had one man in the mountains to every twenty that would attempt to cross. Troops on the east could not be brought into the country except through neutral territory, if we were protected as I have indicated. It seems to me that Canada would be much more difficult of attack than Great Britain, if proper precautions were taken.

My opinion is, and has for a long time been, that Canada ought to have a very considerable standing army, well trained and well-equipped, and I think steps should be taken towards this end after the declaration of peace. There are four reasons for this:

1st. A standing army is easily mobilized and is at once ready for action.

2nd. It creates a National spirit so long as we keep the army and the army instincts from dominating tendencies.

3rd. It would make good men and good-living citizens out of a great many men who are to-day items of human drift.

4th. Instead of a large section of a class liable to be tempted to commit crime by reason of want of a proper anchorage, the army would create of that same class, sober and healthy men, as a result of military regulation and training.

I do not believe that money could be more wisely spent than by maintaining in Canada an army of at least 30 to 40 thousand regular soldiers.

A great point to be avoided is militarism as developed in Germany. The conscious power on the part of a soldier, influenced by the officers of an autocratic system, is apt to lead to the very evil complained of in Prussia. In a very small way, this is evidenced in large police forces. These men, instead of being servants of the people, sometimes presume to rule by reason of a military spirit, and seek a dominating influence on the immediate localities under their control.

Should we have young lads brought up with military instincts? Much is to be said in favor of military education schools. On the whole, I cannot accede to the proposition that it is entirely beneficial. The young boy is tempted by the imitation of real war. He has not reached the age when he is in a position to discriminate. He gets his uniform and his wooden gun, and he at once assumes the spirit of the soldier, without the proper restrictions and training necessary to make a soldier a good citizen as well as a good private. The man fully grown will not be carried away, as youths are by novels dealing with wild Indians, the action of pirates, or the romantic rovings of buccaneers. A boy, on the contrary, acts and feels the part, and unconsciously becomes imbued with the idea through his mimic warfare that military strength means a dominating control of the people.

I think, however, that every young man between the age of say, 18 and 24 should hereafter be taught something of military tactics and manoeuvres, so that when he is called upon to defend his country, he has a sound foundation in military training. The objection to this is that it looks like conscription. This would be avoided by the fact that the act of subsequently joining an army would be purely voluntary.

Perhaps the most important part Canada will have to consider in the near future is immigration. The increase in population up to the present has been slow. Millions of valuable acres are still lying profitless. We want agricultural production in this country, because the country is suited for that phase of our National life. We should have had by this time at least 15,000,000 of a population. When that figure is reached, the increase will be much more rapid proportionately than it is now. A much broader and more comprehensive scheme of immigration must be devised for the future. Practically free land and a bonus of a substantial amount should be offered as an inducement. It has been declared by economic writers that every man who settles in a country like ours is equal to an addition of $1,000 in capital to the National wealth of the country. I think double that sum would not be an unreasonable estimate, under the circumstances, in Canada. If the agricultural community was doubled or trebled, and agricultural production increased accordingly, the amount of money realized from our farm exports would be materially felt in times of peace, and the value of such a state of affairs in time of war would be incalculable.

From a Pacifist Standpoint

By JOSEPH T. CLARK

Journalist

IN discussing ordinary events a man may, with a reasonable degree of confidence, based on observation and experience, venture to predict what will ensue from a set of circumstances spread out before him. But who can estimate the effects on Canada of such a war as this, more particularly as the war is still unfinished—may, indeed, have only begun—and the extent of our participation in it is as yet unknown? But is it not quite safe to predict that never again shall we see the Canada we have known—a nation in knickerbockers unconcerned with the cares that beset its elders? We have quit school and set out in life. Wherever it be that we are going, we are on the way.

Twenty million men are under arms. Even nations not in the war have forces mobilized larger than the armies Napoleon led. It will not be an easy task for Europe to disarm their aggregations of men and put each atom back into place in a peaceable and working world. Even if the war should end within three months through the collapse of Germany, a long period, perhaps extending over years, will follow during which some nations will be readier for war than for peace—that is to say they will have armies in training, and war equipment ready, and a martial spirit stirring the populace. These armies of men, they could use as soldiers; they will not know what to do with them as civilians. There must come a period of rumors and distrusts, if not of secondary wars. Canada will, like other countries, feel this influence, and as Great Britain will but slowly reduce her standing armies —and will probably for years keep up larger forces than ever before in her history, so here there will be more soldiering, more preparedness, than ever before.

Of the folly and crime of war man may be much more fully persuaded than ever, but among them will be none who can say that war is so foolish that the possibility of it may be dismissed from a nation's calculations. I am what I call a pacifist, although not at all resembling the pacifist as he is sometimes described by those who revile him. What I mean by a pacifist is a man who believes in peace and who thinks that the world could get along without war and be a vastly better world without it. He seeks to establish this view in his village, in his city, in his country and abroad if he can. It is an idea that must spread among individuals both great and humble before it can influence States. But a pacifist need not be a man who would want to see half the world abandon self-defence while the other half was devoted to conquest. What he does want is to make quite sure that no act of his own—nor so far as he can bring that about, no act of his own country—shall tend to prolong the crime of war in the world.

After the war Canada will need to examine the new position in which she will be placed. For one thing she might resolve to set an example to other nations by nationalizing the manufacture of such armaments as she may use thus eliminating private profit in these lines of production.

Imperial Federation for Defence

By WILLIAM PETERSON

Principal of McGill University

I AM asked to make a contribution to a discussion of the question of what Canada may learn from the war, especially in regard to military preparedness and the training of men for active service. It occurs to me to say that in the days following a declaration of peace we shall have other things to attend to, especially the question of imperial relations. And I can make no claim to expert judgment on military matters. But it must be obvious to all that Canada has been taken at a great disadvantage. She has lulled herself into the comfortable belief that history would not repeat itself and that her people lived in an "impregnable citadel free from care." Her efforts to recover lost ground have been splendid. But some of us do not like to think of what might have happened if the Canadian Expeditionary Force had been sent straight into the firing line.

It may be that after the peace no nation will be left in Europe animated by such a desire to dominate the world as seems likely to prove Germany's ruin. Let us hope that for this reason the danger to Canada may not be so great as it has been in the past. We have the best material in the world for making war. But all the same we must take training more seriously. Militia officers are not rendered competent to lead troops in the field by street-parades and two or three days in a camp. And if for want of adequate training officers are not thoroughly efficient, the men under their command will be inefficient too. I sometimes think that we make too little of the Permanent Force in Canada. It is small, but it is all that we can boast of in the way of a professional soldiery. And it ought to be made the model on which the militia should form itself.

Then there is the Navy. It has been proved, I think to demonstration, that we need no ships on our Atlantic seaboard.

The place where they were needed was the North Sea; and New Zealand has robbed us of the credit that might have been ours. Would it not have been possible to unite the two rival policies in regard to the Navy? It has always seemed to me at least that, after making a contribution in the way of ships to meet the emergency that has so suddenly confronted us, we could have gone forward with the policy of a Canadian navy on the Pacific coast. It may be needed ten or fifteen years from now, and it would take all that time to "build, equip and man" it in Canada.

But these are the views of a layman. I should have been more pleased to answer your question, "After the War—What?" if you had asked me to speak of the Imperial problem. It is difficult, but not insoluble. If a representative Imperial Council is held to be impossible, we may at least set to work to develop the Imperial Conference. Federation for defence such as shall insure our Imperial safety, should certainly be possible of attainment: if we fail to achieve that, we shall show ourselves wanting in political capacity. But the spirit of mutual helpfulness is an essential element in the solution of the problem. Concessions must be made to the Dominions; for example, I am beginning to think that Canada ought to be joined with the Mother Country in diplomatic representation at Washington. On the other hand we must not ask for the impossible. Sir Edward Grey would have been greatly hampered in the discharge of the awful responsibilities which he had to wrestle in the end of July, 1914, if he had been under the obligation to keep the cable going all the time with Canada and Australia and New Zealand and South Africa, before definitely deciding what he should say next. It is a great thing that even under existing conditions we have a representative of our Government on the Committee of Imperial Defence; and as I have often said if we have the will we shall surely find the way.

One further point. It is sometimes stated that Great Britain will be reluctant to make any concessions In order to remove that misapprehension let me quote Mr. Asquith's most recent utterance on the subject in the House of Commons, July, 1912.

> "I will add—although I will not make any detailed statement upon that point at this moment—that side by side with this growing participation in the active burdens of the Empire, on the part of our Dominions, there rests with us undoubtedly the duty of making such response as we can to their obviously reasonable appeal that they should be entitled to be heard in the determination of the policy and in the direction of Imperial affairs. . . . . without committing ourselves in any degree to particular forms in the matter, we share with our great Dominions the feeling which has become more and more conscious and articulate as years have gone on throughout the Empire, that we have a common heritage and interests, and that in the enjoyment of that heritage, and in the discharge of the duties which those interests involve, we ought more and more to be conscious partners with one another."

Compulsory Training of Youths

By W. K. GEORGE

Late President Canadian Manufacturers' Association

THE duty of the Canadian people in the days following the declaration of peace must be gauged by armament conditions as we then shall find them. There are few, I am sure, who look forward to a prolongation of those military rivalries which have drained the purse and deflected the energies of European peoples for hundreds of years. No one with a wholesome sense of patriotism could wish to see this conflict ended in such a way as to make its repetition possible. No solution can be satisfactory which does not impose heavy and immediate penalties upon a nation that lends itself to brutal aggression. In adopting a mutual compact based on humanity and justice, the Allies would only be expressing the determinations of their governments and the desires of reasonable citizens in almost every country of the world. At the same time we must recognize that the idea of a peaceful and orderly Europe, a group of independent and contented states, is so repugnant to modern Germany as never to win its voluntary support. The nation, therefore, which will not subscribe to good sense and fairness and everyday morality must be brought to its knees like any vicious transgressor on the public street. That cannot be effected in a day nor without tremendous sacrifice. But assume that it is accomplished as the Allies have planned. What follows? Either the world returns to its custom of tragic antagonism, thereby inviting a still greater war, or some form of co-operation will be reached by the Britannic allies constituting a sort of police system with sound rules and adequate *force*, at the same time admitting an all-round reduction of armaments.

We in Canada, however, need not soothe ourselves unduly on these theories of the ultimate peace arrangement. Our chief business is to cut loose from the indifference of the past which showed itself in an almost complete unpreparedness for military defence, due principally to those propagandists who, calmly arrogating to themselves the entire hatred of war and love of peace—which is the common heritage of every sane person—termed every one not agreeing with their doctrine a militarist and who, in effect, have preached the doctrine that lack of preparation for defence renders a nation immune from attack.

In the years preceding the war, the naval mastery of Britain that protected our shores for generations had grown to be just a pleasant mental conviction which never brought us within range of actual sacrifice and co-operation. Our military needs excited the interest chiefly of professional soldiers, for we had never known in this generation the sound of hostile guns or the pitilessness of the invader. To-day a large section of the people is keenly awake to Canada's military helplessness. They face a war, which is *our* war, and not after seven months' preparation have our troops become a main factor in the battle-line. The lesson is obvious. Although the pledged foe of the Germanic powers, we were forced to wait more than half a year before striking a blow. Meantime the power of Britain and her Allies was our only shield.

If the ways of nations, the omnipotence of physical strength, persist after the declaration of peace, Canada must take a strong stand for whatever system of military preparation will put this country in a position to meet a foe like a full-grown man. From all reports the war has discovered to us our great military weakness—lack of discipline. No commander of Canadian troops has complained of poor physique, nor of lack of courage or devotion to the Cause. The weak side seems to be our capacity for submissiveness, an absolute essential in the modern army. The remedy would seem to me to consist in compulsory training of youths during their school years. This would inculcate discipline at an age when the mind is most sensitive, and would confer upon Canadian young men a mental quality of the highest value in civil life.

Canada Must Bear Her Share

By GEO. BURN

President Canadian Bankers' Association

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Burn's statement as given here was prefaced by the remark that as he had been unable to give much continuous thought to the subject he was prevented from offering an extended or decided expression of opinion.

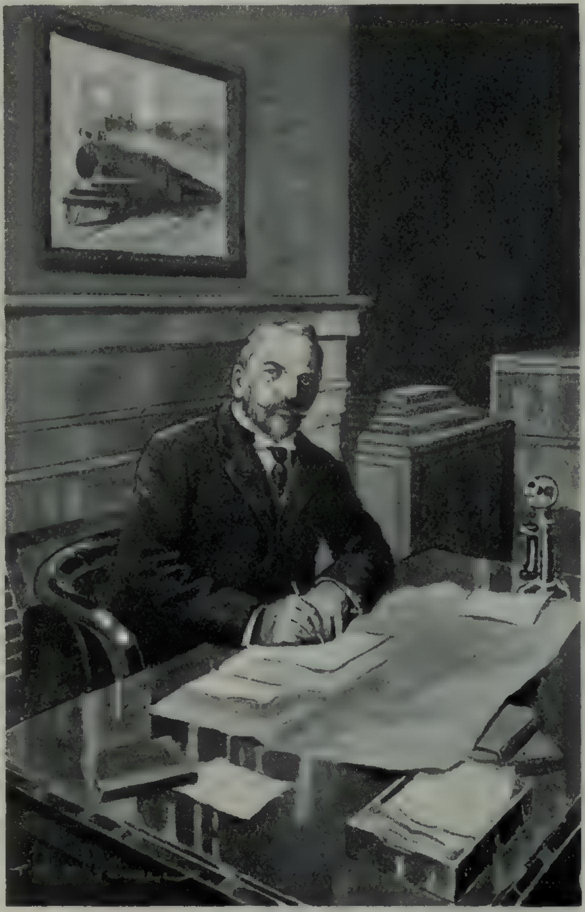
"Do you not think it likely that the terms upon which peace is declared may be factors in the consideration as to what Canada should be committed to in the way of a scheme of armament? On one phase of the subject it seems to me there can be but one voice and that is that Canada should bear her full measure of whatever burden the Mother Country decides to take up in the way of military preparedness. Let us hope, however, that one great result of this awful conflict will be that an understanding may be brought about among the nations for the 'policing' of Europe so that an agreement may be entered into that armaments may be largely reduced instead of increased, and the saving thus effected could be applied in 'building up the waste places' and in wisely helping to restore the enormous economic waste caused by the war."

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

EDITOR'S NOTE: The name Sir Horace Lazenby, in this series of business "confessions" is necessarily an assumed name. The "Confessions" were not made with any desire to play the bravado, or to flaunt unpopular theories in the face of the reader. Mr. Cooke, who was entrusted with the transcription and arrangement of the notes in proper order has the assurance of the business captain from whom his information comes, that "Sir Horace Lazenby's only motive in preparing the confession—or, as it might better perhaps be called, his autobiography—was to present his point of view to the public." To those who may ever have wished to glimpse the inner workings of a really important businessman's mind, this series of stories offers an interesting opportunity. In so far as possible the diction and the arrangement of sentences have been kept the same as in the original notes, even to the omission of words here and there.



I am Writing This in the Office Now, While Anderson Outside Tells People that I Can't be Disturbed

I HAVE just come from the court. Just been acquitted. That nonsense is over.

When I have fired Cochrane and hired a new man as head of the legal department, the whole thing will be a closed chapter. If Cochrane hadn't blundered I'd never have been in such a mess. If I had left the case to Cochrane I would have been out "on bail" now, tangled up in legal technicalities, instead of back here in this office. Nice, comfortable office. Cochrane thinks he knows too much about my business to be fired. He's a fool! Outside—out in my secretary's office, Anderson has a whole file of notes on A. J. Cochrane, K.C. Some foolishness he got into with a crooked mining concern—and something about a person—not his wife. Wouldn't expose those notes for the world—Cochrane wouldn't think of asking me to by trying to sell what he may know about us, to the Saturday papers. I'll have Cochrane paid just up to the end of the year.

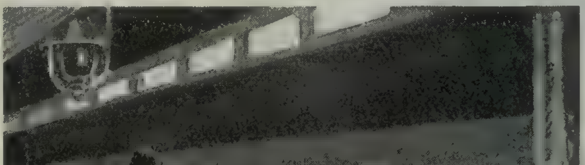
I have just shown young Miller, the Crown Attorney that a course in Law doesn't give even him any wrinkles that I haven't been able to find in a general experience of the world. I have just made Hartwell, counsel for the independent bread men, look like the fool he is. I have just let a little real sunlight into the foggy wits of poor old Methune—the presiding judge, sitting up there quibbling with first one lawyer and then with another, about technicalities. That old fool had a notion once he'd like to have me invest some money for him. I did and he made enough in three months to build a twenty-thousand dollar extension on that old dog house on Carling street, which he calls his residence. I think he liked presiding at my trial because it gave him a chance to run his fingers through that long white beard of his, and pose knowingly. I don't blame him for posing. Do it myself if I could. But to think of that old dotard having it in his power to——to send me to penitentiary for what the clerk called "an offense against Section ——of the Criminal Code: to wit, forming a combination in restraint of trade"——is absurd!

Old Methune knew it. He was worried at the seeming strength of the case against me, when little Miller and his honorable friend Hartwell started to lay the foundations of their case: how I had made my fortune by forming combines in restraint of trade ever since—well they couldn't find when I'd commenced it; how I had not been content with the money I was making out of railways, steel mills, factories and general investments, but that, in my greed I must needs enter the bread business and the milk business—fields which these honorable lawyers thought were beneath me—to form combines in order that I might squeeze out the small baker and the small milkman, and gouge a few more pennies for the shareholders in the bread trust and the milk trust. They told of the efforts of their detectives, following me from appointment to appointment, tapping my private telephone wires, hiring a detective to apply for a position as my personal man-servant so that he could get near my private safe at the house. They told how small factories had been squeezed out of business and how finally, in self-defence, the independent dealers, with public opinion behind them, were led to have me indicted! Methune was uneasy. Then Cochrane came along with his silly technicalities and refused to allow me to be placed on the stand until I got him by the ear and told him he was balling up the case: I said I was going on that stand or going to the penitentiary, one or the other. And I went. I told everything they wanted to know—Miller and Hartwell—and a number of things they would just as lief I hadn't thought of. Old Methune rallied at once. His color came back and he remembered his beard in time to stroke it, elegantly, several times before he announced pompously that he was quite dissatisfied with the evidence laid before him by the Crown and by counsel for the Independent Bread Manufacturers, and would dismiss the case at once. The crowd started to hoot and the newspaper reporters made a bolt for the door to telephone the news to the city editors, I suppose. They had extras on the street with seven-column lines across the top, "Lazenby Acquitted!" before I was down the steps of the City Hall. As I write I can hear the boys calling, "All about Lazenby," in the street below these windows of mine. Well—let 'em!

Now—now that I'm back here in this office, I can admit something to myself. I'm as tired as a grading team after a fourteen-hour shift. I have experienced what I never knew before—fear! Just a single shiver of it when I came out of the court and faced the mob outside the doors. There was a queer look in their eyes. . . . I'm almost glad the outer door of this office is locked. I'm glad there are three secretaries between me and the outside world, even if it's just for the next hour. And I'm glad that inside of them again, Anderson is lurking. Anderson is faithful. Too faithful to be a real man. I can relax here. I can drop this damned mask of self-confidence on the floor. When I fire Cochrane I'll raise Anderson. I believe he had twins once.

II.

TEN days from now I shall be in Scotland in a shooting place that nobody knows about but Anderson. I'm going to hide there. Anderson will do the cooking and the dominie's wife from the nearest village will watch the rest of the needs. It is there that I can get away from the horrible thing which I have created—a business, or rather a combination of business interests. The *Saturday Sun*, before it went out of existence, used to speak of me as "captain of industry," "Croesus" and so on. I had Anderson find out who Crœsus was. Said he was a rich man away back in history. A magazine writer once said I had but to command and my slightest wish was granted—all that sort of thing. He didn't know he lied, but he did. For men spend their lives building up businesses or acquiring an environment and connections, which afterwards become their masters, masters of the very men who worked so hard to create them. I used to think I bossed this business. No such thing. I am the slave of my own lamp. When it's killed me the first vice-president will probably succeed in getting control—and it'll kill him. But now, just for a short while, I *am* the master. To-night we leave for Montreal. In nine days I'll be at Claridges'. On the twelfth day we'll disappear from Claridges'. In case of need the manager of the cable company will know where to forward a communication to Anderson. Anderson is supposed to be having a holiday with his aunt in Scotland. I'm the aunt.



"Take that Man—There—There's a Good Looking Fellow. Ask Him"

This time, however, Anderson and I are going to do literary work. I'm writing this in the office now, while Anderson, outside tells some of the subs that I can't be disturbed—having a business conference with Lord knows who. Cochrane sent in his card a minute or two ago. Got the same answer. What I want, for once, is to do as I please and say as I please. So I write. On the boat I shall write some more and after we get out of London I'll continue it. Anderson will type it out on his little traveling Blickendorffer. Then, if it's any good, he can find a way of getting it published. If the book people won't take it on its merits then I'll pay to have it printed, and I'll pay even to have it circulated. I want to get down off this cramped pedestal for an hour or two and exercise myself on the ground, among the folks I came from. I want to tell the other side of this *competition game!* I want to tell 'em the story of a man who confesses to making trusts and is proud of it, and intends to make more. And I want to tell these two-by-four economists that trusts are as inevitable as oceans and when they try to break up trusts with little bits of laws, it's like sticking chips in front of a steam roller.

This is enough for to-day. Must dictate that note for Cochrane, K.C. Guess Anderson will want to take his wife down on the car to-night, to see us off. I'll tell him to have the twins along too. Twins must be interesting.

III.

On board R.M.S. *Dinozar.*

I CAN'T remember there ever being any thing pathetic or beautiful or inspiring about my life. That makes it hard to write about it. I was born in the township of Garafaxa, Ontario. People poor as Job's turkey. My father was a keen, hard Irishman from the North and my mother, from the same country, had caught a little of his harshness. They were cynics. They trusted no one. When father did anything he ought not to have done mother always remarked drily that she knew he would — had known it all along. If he failed to do what he should have done, she said she had always known he would act that way. Her great dread was lest the world should ever, as it were, "get anything on her." She would rather have fasted for a month than let anyone surprise her into showing surprise. She kept herself rigidly calm. She was braced against any disappointment. My father's only sin was an occasional bout with Drink—as it was called through that country. Once in six months he yielded himself to its horrors and in place of the steady, strong, shrewd, suspicious man who ran our farm and made the children tremble in his path, his castle of dignity all went to pieces, and for a month after he was straight again, mother was the head of the house and father, sitting at the foot of the table, wore a sheepish look. The sheepish look would last a month and then pass suddenly away. Next morning father would be the chief again. Father had been disappointed in his farm—he was cheated. Mother had been disappointed in the farm and in father. Yet there was a strange, unbreakable tie between them, and underneath all their quiet cynicism there was a grim loyalty and even something that might be called devotion. But of outward appearances of affection—not a sign.

We had butter only on Sundays and when the preacher called. We were Methodists. Mother made our straw hats in summer and wove the cloth for our clothing. She had one silk dress—her black silk as it was spoken of, reverently—which she had been enabled to buy by saving up an occasional sheepskin which father gave her. These sheepskins lay stored in a dark closet, a piece of furniture which my mother's father had hauled along with his other household goods, all the way from Montreal by ox-team: the furniture had originally come from Nova Scotia, by boat to Montreal with the family. Mother's sheepskins were coin of the realm to the pedlars. It took twelve to buy the silk for the dress. It was twenty years old when she died, and she was buried in it. In summer time she had a garden full of queer plants with strange names: Old Man, and Pinks, and Sweet William, and Fox Glove and Bleeding Hearts and Geraniums. Her bleak face was just as grim when she tended them as when she ordered the children to bed. But her hands touched the leaves and stalks with a gentleness like that with which, while she scolded us for being ill, she stroked the hot foreheads of her family. She kissed us regularly, once a year, at New Year's. Father, on that occasion, shook us gravely by the hand, each in turn. But that was all. We were a dry family. When mother died it was with the same sort of calm resoluteness with which she had sanded the floor, and the only touch of sentiment I ever saw in my father was when he had made the coffin: he ordered us to come with him into the garden and pick every blossom there and heap them in about her. There were two brothers and myself. We dared not even cry.

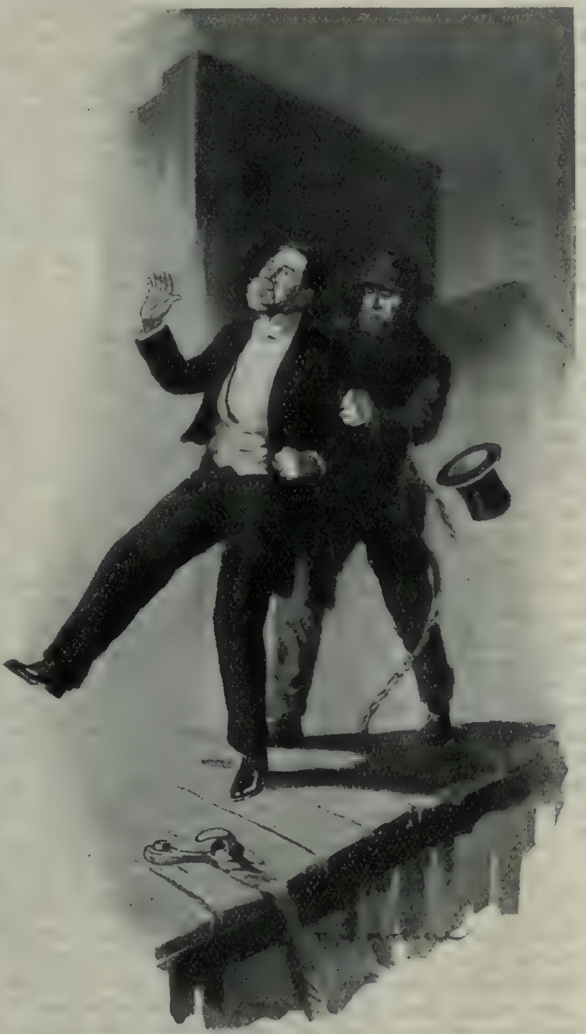
Within five months father married again. He had to. There was no one to do the milking properly and make the butter, and there were certain essential things that had to be done by a woman. He made a sort of business marriage with a fat woman, the widow of a former tavern-keeper. She was a cunning woman and soon tried to get the farm in her own name. She succeeded and we boys ran away, trudging down the valley of the Grand River till we came to Dunnville. There we stowed away on board a barley boat bound for Oswego.

We stepped in on top of the grain, the two others first and then I. I saw them struggle and clutch at one another as they tried to keep a footing in the shifting grain. We dared not cry out for fear of being discovered. I tried to help them but couldn't. When finally, stretching a piece of planking along the top of the grain, I dug to their faces—they were dead! I was alone under the deck of the new heaving barley ship, heading out into Lake Erie. When I was dragged out at Ogdensburg, I was unconscious and lay ill at the house of a Quaker for several weeks. My brothers had been buried. One night, fearing that the Quaker would demand payment for his help, I ran away. I knew nothing of disinterested kindness. I had been taught at home that nothing was given for nothing. No doubt I wronged the Quaker, but afterward, I sent him money from New York, and thanked him. How he had found me I never knew.

IV.

YOU have heard the old saying that a Canadian has a better chance to get along in New York, or anywhere in the United States for that matter, than even a native-born American. I am not so sure that the rule still holds good, but there was a time when the man from Canada was to New York what the man from Scotland is to London, even to-day. London is a city of Scotchmen sprinkled with Englishmen. New York might almost have been said, at one time, to be a city of Canadians, sprinkled with Americans. I did not realize this when I tramped into New York from Ogdensburg. I had been three weeks on the way. I had slept in hay-mows and under the culverts of dried-up creeks. I had chopped wood, or filled the wood-boxes of farmer's wives with stove-lengths in order to get my dinner. When I arrived in the outskirts of what was then New York the prospect seemed far from rosy. If I had known the general reputation of Canadians I might, perhaps, have thought better of myself.

In New York at this time was one of the most famous of pioneer American railway men. Call him John J. Vandervort. He was a little short, stout man with plump hands and a red face and the voice of a child, high and piping. His round cheeks and open, shining blue eyes gave him the appearance of a sort of aged cherub, one that had been allowed to grow old without being promoted among the angels proper. As I, nineteen years old, shabby and unwashed—save for falling rain along the wayside, or an occasional dip in a friendly river—walked into what was then a remote suburb of New York, and wended my way down old Broadway, John J. Vandervort was the commanding figure of the times. He was the railroad king, not only of New York state but was rumored to have control, or some sort of serious influence over all the other chief railways then being built in the United States. His name was in every newspaper. Reports of his latest plans or latest successes were being told in every club, and witty people were eagerly retailing the droll anecdotes for which the little old railroad king was then almost as famous as for his financial ability. He was the subject of countless paragraphs in the papers and of Saturday-issue special articles without number. And perhaps the most outstanding feature of his personal qualities was said to have been his ultra-democratic principles. He never used a carriage if he could take time to go on foot. He had a private car but it was more of a traveling office than anything else.


My Song was Suddenly Cut Short by a Hand Over My Mouth and in the Scuffle that Ensued I was Struck Over the Head

The third day after my arrival in New York I was given a position handling baggage in what was then the Grand Central depot of New York. I earned seven dollars a week and slept in an unspeakable place in an unspeakably shabby house on Broadway itself — I have since occupied box seats in a handsome theatre raised on the very ground ground where the old Kirby boarding house stood. In the baggage rooms of the railway company I was one of twenty other husky young men engaged in lifting trunks and portmanteaux on and off hand-trucks, and wheeling them to the various trains. I was physically strong so that the work cost me no effort. When I received an increase from seven to eight dollars per week I thought I had at last found a career, and I worked with greater zest than ever. There were other men there who were quicker to handle the freight, and some that were promoted faster than I was, because they had better heads for figures—I have a poor reputation for addition, subtraction and division, even yet.

I had been at this work over a year when, one morning, we heard that the president, John J. Vandervort had been attacked by a nihilist. A man, who afterward proved to be insane, had walked into the old man's office and fired three bullets at him, almost point blank. Not one of the bullets had hit their mark but the newspapers were in an uproar and old John J. was more the talk of the town than ever.

That afternoon when the regular train for Buffalo was due to get her load of luggage, I was called to one side by the superintendent, and given charge of two unusually heavy pieces of luggage which were to be placed, not in the baggage car as usual but on board John J. Vandervort's private car at the rear of the train. As, with a helper, I was heaving and tugging the luggage into the old-fashioned car, there came a regular parade of men down the station platform: constables in the lead, constables following behind, and constables swarming on both sides of one small man — Vandervort —and a sickly-looking clerk whom I took to be the famous man's secretary. Reaching the steps into the car the constables formed up in special line and allowed the old man, and then the secretary, to ascend. That done they made a sort of cordon round the car. The baggage smasher and I were leaving the far end of the car when we heard the famous old railroad chief in argument with his aide. He was protesting bitterly, not, it seemed, in the tone of voice of a superior, telling his employee what to do, but in the tone of a fatherly old man protesting against the over-anxiety of a son.

"I tell you," he was saying, "I don't like these men watching around my car. I ain't afraid. That fellow that shot at me was only crazy—and he's locked up now. He's quite safe! Why do I have to have these policemen around the car—like as though this was a circus car. I say I simply won't have it. I'll," plaintively, "I'll forget to be good-natured about these things some day, Pearson, and I'll—I'll say more than I mean to say. Now be a good man, send them away."

"Mr. Vandervort," replied the other, in the tones of a superior English butler, "I am acting in your interests. You must be guarded."

"Of course, Pearson. Of course! But surely not with a whole regiment. Tell some of 'em to go away. Tell at least a few."

"I am responsible for your safety, sir."

A sigh of despair seemed to escape the old man.

"Pearson," he said, "If that is your idea—if you're going to keep up that silly nonsense all through this trip—"

"It is necessary," retorted Pearson.

"—then," John J. Vandervort went on, "Then let us hire a guard in plain clothes. Let's have a permanent guard."

Pearson thought.

"But you couldn't carry them all in this car."

"Of course no — *not all,* responded Vandervort, almost pleading. "But we could get one man—a big husky fellow like—like one of these trunk handlers. Take that man—there—there's a good-looking fellow. Ask him."

He was pointing at me as I settled the luggage in the far end of the car, underneath a collapsible desk which was evidently intended for secretarial work.

Ten minutes later—because John J. was, at times, the boss of his own road and could get what he wanted when he really wanted it—I was installed, still in baggage-room uniform, on a chair at the office end of the car, an official bodyguard to John J. Vandervoort. I held the position for six months and in all that time did nothing more, toward defending the chief of the road, than to frown down upon would-be beggars, and gently but firmly show undesirable persons to the door. I was given money for a suit of good plain clothes which I exchanged for my baggageman's uniform at Buffalo. It was a queer life.

V.

ONE night, travelling between New York and Washington with the old Man—as we secretly called him—in the shabby private car which had become famous everywhere that railways ran in the United States, Pearson was taken ill and I was made secretary in his place. A sudden attack of heart trouble sent Pearson gasping to his berth. While I ran forward into the passenger coaches to find a doctor, and later, at the chief's command, had the train stopped at an unusual stopping place in order to find a physician, the presiding genius of fifteen thousand miles of railways, then either built or under construction under his authority, sat holding the hand of his secretary and stroking his forehead as gently as a woman. At intervals he administered small sips of brandy, all he could think of, and all that was at hand, to the sick man. When I had found a doctor and brought him to the train, Pearson was near death. Eventually he recovered. But he was never again able to accompany the Chief on his trips.

I was made secretary. Why, the chief selected me instead of one of the numerous supernumaries on his clerical staff, is something I have never fully understood. I had been under his personal notice for a long time; and he had made it a boast that he always picked the right man for the right place, sometimes finding the right man in the most unlikely places. Perhaps he had discerned in me qualities that he knew would fit me for the post.

It was this close association with the great pioneer of American railroading that taught me the principles I have since applied, and elaborated, in railroad work in Canada. The western farmers say we don't give them the service we should give them, particularly in the wheat-carrying season. The Canadian manufacturers' Association in the East is never through making applications to the Dominion Railway Board for rulings against our rates or our classifications, or our service. Many things are done by the junior executives of a railway which the chief executive does not really know about, and which he might not approve. Sometimes, in order to have his department make a good showing in the semi-annual reports, a superintendent will exercise his authority to the detriment of the service. But in the main the policy of the road with which I have been connected is the policy I saw John J. Vandervort apply in the state of New York and elsewhere.

His moments of communicativeness, he always prefaced with a curious reference to my nationality.

"Boy," he would say, "Boy! Y're a C'nadyun aren't y'? Of course, of course —I'd just overlooked it. Well now they tell me C'nadyun 're pretty cute folks. Good business folks. Sharp! Sharp! Very sharp! Got a little Scotch in 'm somewhere. Scotch cleverest people in the world—next to Jews.—But I want to tell you, Boy, Service is the great basis of success. Service is the basis of all success in the world. I'm not talkin' Christian religion, understand, I'm not referring to anything but straight business. If y' want t' get on—serve folks."

"Why dammit," he said once, his ruddy little face beaming with good nature, while a curiously shrewd twinkle showed in his round blue eyes, "I had a secretary once—before old Pearson's time—and he served me so damn well I had to get rid of him. Yes sir, that man watched everything I did and if he could do it first—do it *for* me, understand, he would. Quick's a flash! Got to askin' if he couldn't do my routine correspondence. Did it so well that I gave him the most important sort of correspondence. Did that so well that I began asking his suggestions about one thing and another. Got so damn serviceable that I had to get rid of him or I'd had to admit he was doin' most of the work while I was gettin' all the glory. I was gettin' so dependent on him I saw what a hole I'd be in if I got used to him, —and he were to die. So I got rid of him. Made him Assistant to General Manager." And the old chief smiled.

If another road would carry five barrels of apples from a certain point to another point for two dollars, we not only met that rate but we added "quality service." We had a system of post cards to advise consignees when and where the shipments were—no matter how small. If the consignee wanted the goods sent on to another man, we took the worry and trouble off his hands. We were always on the look out for any opportunity to make our service more valuable to a customer than anybody else's service. And we succeeded.

That was the one form of competition of which John J. Vandervort approved. Rate competition he would not tolerate.

He called me to him one day in his private office in the New York terminal station of our road.

"Boy," he said, "Y're a C'nadyun, aren't y'? Of course. Of course. Well then—what would you say to this; The B and D line is cutting its freight rates and our line isn't. What do you say? Making a big cut—ten per cent. practically. That puts us eleven per cent. higher than them. What say, Boy?"

I studied his cheery old face for signs of the kind of an answer he expected. All I could think of was to get the answer he wanted—not what was the common sense of the thing.

"Well," I said at last. "If they cut ten per cent. it means one of two things; either they are getting weak and are adopting strong measures to recuperate, or they're getting so strong that they want to cut us out."

"Did you see their last annual report, Boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, am I an old fool for saying they're earning heavily and making a good showing—yes, dammit—a blame too good a showing for a young whippersnapper of a road like that."

"It was a good showing." I admitted.

"Then you think they're trying to add to their business by stealing ours?"

"Yes. I do."

"You're right and you're wrong. They aim to steal our trade, but they're headin' straight f'r eternal destruction. There is just one rate at which railroads at the present time can afford to operate over the territory we cover,—and pay reasonable dividends. That rate is just two per cent. lower than our own present rate. Our operating expenses are still lighter than the B. and D.'s—now where d'you expect they're going to make up that ten per cent."

He paused.

"This road, Boy," he went on, "will make no cut. We're selling a service that can't be beaten. If we sell at less than a fair rate we jeopardize our whole organization. If at the end of the month our traffic is down very much, I'll consent to two per cent. off—the very minimum of safety. Not a penny less."

For a month we lost traffic heavily. In place of sixty-car trains that we used to send over our easy divisions, we were sending out twenty-five car strings or thirty. But we did not cut down our service. Customer after customer went to the B. and D. The B. and D. terminals were crowded. Their rolling stock was so busy they couldn't afford to leave an engine in the round house for a decent overhaul.

"Look's bad, don't it," asked the old man, one day. "Feelin' shaky, boy?"

"They are certainly getting the trade."

Continued on Page 90.

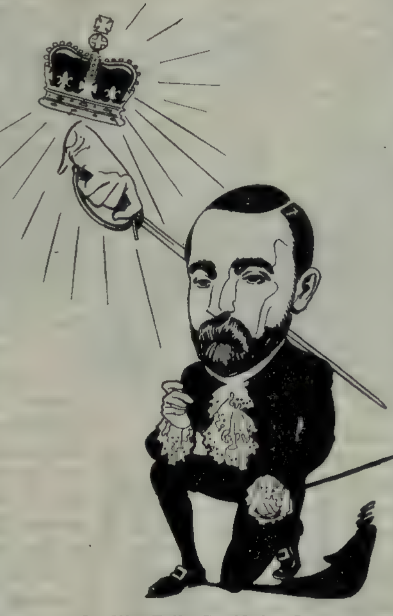
Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

Hit or Miss Sketches of Fortunes Favorites

THAT shrewd and amusing little book The Press Gallery Guide alludes to our hero in this wise—Perley, George Halsey, looks like Sunday but is Premier Borden's man Friday. This highly condensed description of Canada's Acting High Commissioner in London hits off to a "T" his dour aspect and his general usefulness to the Borden Government.



He Was Fully Certified at Last

Sir George, to give him his latest honor, is a silent, lowering, black-avised sort of person who hides his features behind a beard as dark as Kaiser Wilhelm's thoughts. Often and often the Ottawa correspondents have wished that he would shave off his whiskers and come out from behind the bush so that they could see what the man looked like, but up to the present this desire has not been granted. Sir George is fifty-eight years of age, which is to say he isn't old enough yet to shed his foliage in a vain attempt to turn back the universe and get yesterday. Sir George's heart is still young and will offset his midnight whiskers, also the chronic reserve and the abiding gloom which are his other stage properties. Outside of one or two undertakers I have met I know of no man in Canada who combines these qualities in such just proportions as our High Commissioner. As a matter of fact they have made him what he is to-day and have obliged the whole world to take him at his face value.

But why, asks somebody, is this man who has everything to live for as sad as a new bride's first angel cake? Several theories have been broached but the one that finds the most upholders is that he is haunted by the thought that he narrowly escaped being an American citizen. Of course it wasn't his fault that he was born at Lebanon, New Hampshire—his parents were largely to blame—but it was a close squeak and like J. Castile Hopkins who was born in Iowa and H. B. Ames, M.P., who was born in Massachussets, Sir George has been sternly loyal ever since. He doesn't preach Imperial federation at full pitch like Mr. Hopkins or tour the country with a lantern-slide lecture on the British navy like Mr. Ames but he has the root of the matter grimly in him just the same. When hearts like Sir George's are caught on the rebound they are caught at the top of their bounce.

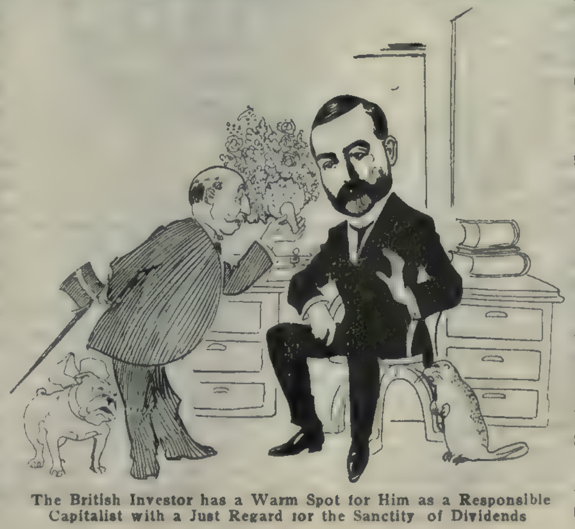
Sir George's family deserted New Hampshire many years ago—they got out in fact just about the time the cedars of Lebanon were disappearing and the Ottawa Valley was looking up as a lumber region—but not before they had saddled the future Cabinet minister with a Harvard education. Sir George has felt his Harvard degree keenly ever since and if he had to do it over again he would make it Oxford or nothing, but these guilty stains have long since been washed away and now he may be regarded as an air-tight, copper-riveted, double-reinforced citizen of the country of his choice. More than that he is the first official citizen of the British Empire. When England opened her arms to naturalized Canadians, Sir George was the first man to register. Being on the spot he was able to beat his distinguished compatriot, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, to the poll book by the difference between London time and the time it takes to make the voyage from Montreal to the Heart of Empire. Sir Thomas puffed a little as he signed the roll but he was a good second. He was obliged to admit, however, that Sir George had got the Atlantic Ocean and half the breadth of England the start of him. As long as emulation like this exists between our great captains of industry the British Empire is safe.

After this adventure it was possible for our High Commissioner to go anywhere in the world and say, "*Ego Britannicus sum,*" or words to that effect at the same time producing the affidavits. But he was sad at heart yet. He had beaten Sir Thomas by an ocean to British citizenship but Sir Thomas had beaten him by several years to the King's favor. King George, who has a wonderful kingly eye for things like that which may be rankling in his faithful servants' bosoms, pierced his secret at a glance. King George has been piercing this sort of secret for some years now and knows the signs without half looking. He can even tell from the way the man's mouth puckers which one he wants it for—himself or his wife.

At any rate he called the member for Argenteuil—I forgot to say that he sits for Argenteuil in the Canadian Parliament—to Buckingham Palace, tapped him on the shoulder with the flat of a sword about as sharp as a butter-knife and said, "Rise Sir George." Which Sir George did, and as he rose a great burden fell from his soul. He was fully certified at last. The sin of his nativity he had cast at the foot of the throne and the foot had kicked it into the waste-basket.

After that all should be as merry as wedding bells but the traces of Sir George's terrible experience linger with him still in the shape of a gentle, sub-acid melancholy not unlike a John Collins with a dash of Hunyadi water. Some of the marks he will carry with him to his grave. He shudders even now when he reflects that he might be joining President Wilson in a protest on behalf of the copper trust instead of drumming up recruits for the cause of freedom in general and rallying the soldiers of the King to the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze. It's a long way to Lebanon, N.H., but Sir George has made the grade.

Sir George showed great moderation in the selection of his new name. Most knights when they receive their rechristening from the King, choose their second or middle name as the one by which they will go down to posterity. Nearly every knight has, at some time or other, had a fond mother who read novels and who did not hesitate to lift a middle name for her son from her favorite poem or romance. These names are full of liquid music and are favored by the wives of the new-made knights even more than they are by the knights themselves. As a consequence the New Year's and Birthday Honors reveal many prominent citizens with names nobody ever suspected they had about them—Tancred, Lothaire, Lara, Charlemagne and the like, high-sounding, mouth-filling aliases that make plain Bill Jones look like thirty cents in Confederate currency. The practice is not confined to human beings—it prevails throughout the animal kingdom. A horse of my acquaintance, a gallant steed—

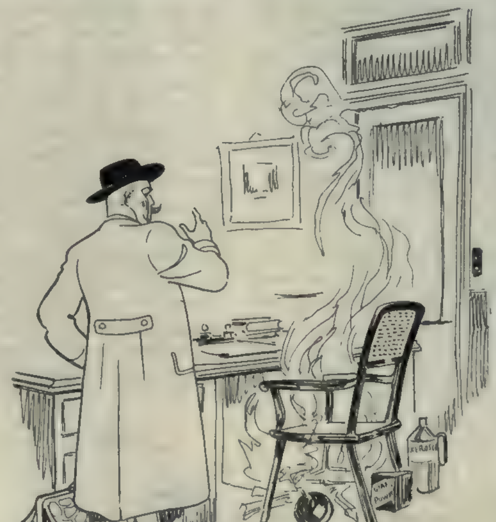


The British Investor has a Warm Spot for Him as a Responsible Capitalist with a Just Regard for the Sanctity of Dividends has the stage name of Barbarossa and is known as such on the bills but the ostler addresses him as "Jim"—simply Jim and nothing more.

Similarly we might have had a Sir Halsey Perley but the High Commissioner rose above all such weakness and emerged plain Sir George instead, which, I contend, was greatly to his credit, because he might have been anything in the whole range of literature. However, he stuck to George, being happy, no doubt, to give a final testimony of loyal citizenship by adhering to a name that was good enough for the King and the patron saint of England. Sir George, you will remember, has slain his dragons too—and he may want to put it on record.

It is worth noting also that there are two Sir Georges in the Borden cabinet—Sir George Foster and Sir George Perley. The one has got along by talking a lot, the other by talking little or not at all. The Acting High Commissioner may be intending to emphasize the contrast. At all events George is a lucky name for Ottawa statesmen—it seems to work both ways. What's in a name, asks Shakespeare? This and the preceding paragraph are supposed to be a more or less complete answer.

Another outstanding feature of Sir George's knighthood is that they are making them out of white pine now. In the old days a lumber baron was in danger of being a lumber baron all his life. He was a lumber baron in the local peerage but nothing went with it—no precedence, no handle to his name. It was considered at the Court of St. James that a lumber baron had too many knots in him to work up yell or take a high polish. So no matter how much money he had, a lumber baron he remained, with no chance of a title unless they took him into the cabinet at Ottawa, when he was put off with a piffling "Honorable" which, as likely as not, he would lose at the next general election. Yes, those were hard days for a lumber baron with social ambitions and a climbing wife. The most his lumber could aspire to was a place in the Cabinet, which is a wooden institution largely composed of blockheads anyway. But time and Sir George Perley — mostly Sir George Perley — have changed all that. When the fountain of honor sends up its glittering jets at Buckingham Palace nowadays the lumber barons get their share. At the last creation two lumber barons were made knights—one from Ottawa, Sir George to wit, and one from Quebec, Sir William Price. Both orthodox, both maintainers of the British Constitution whatever happens to it, both firm believers in old mahogany furniture, white pine and the Thirty-Nine Articles, perfectly safe men both. When England heard that George Perley, a lumber baron, was to be Acting High Commissioner she prepared for the worst. She expected one of the old-time, rough-hewn fellows with black finger nails and no grammar to speak of. Instead she got, one with a college education and his hair parted in the middle. She was so surprised that he did not eat peas with his knife, or put his fishbones in the epergne, or tuck his napkin under his chin that she made him a knight out of sheer relief. What's more she asked him if he had any friends up to his sample who would like to be knights too and he mentioned Price of Quebec who got his accordingly. I merely throw out this suggestion which is possibly the best thing I can do with it.



When the Holidaying Minister Comes Back He Doesn't Want to Find the Seat of His Chair Burnt Out by the Man He has Left to Warm the Job

It's a safe bet that the High Commissionership of Canada in London is the job that Sir George Perley intends to keep. Other jobs, many other jobs of an official nataure, he has relinquished without regret but this is a job that suits Sir George Perley as much as Sir George Perley suits the job. Moreover, Sir George Perley suits the British people and with his solemn countenance, which no sunshine ever breaks through, he suits grim-visaged war and this year of catastrophe, 1915 A.D. He is the right man in the right place at the right time and there is little doubt that his appointment will be confirmed during the present session of Parliament.

It is perhaps the only Government job that Sir George ever wanted to hang on to and it is certainly the only job that nobody ever asked him to hand back. Sir George has been Acting Everything from Premier down and has always been willing to quit acting when the Real Thing came along and took up the lines where he had left off, but this looks like a case of the Acting becoming the Actual and that at no distant date. Sir George knows when a job is a good fit. All the other jobs he has tried on were hand-me-downs; this one is made to order.

Sir George will get the job, if for no other reason than that so many other people want it that it will be the easiest way out of a difficulty to let him keep it. Many names have been mentioned in connection with the place, including Sir Robert Borden whose career finds room enough right here in Canada, Sir Hugh Graham, who would like to die Baron Dreadnought of Montreal, with a tomb in Westminster Abbey; Sir Clifford Sifton, who already possesses as many of this world's honors as he cares to assume, and the Honorable "Bob" Rogers, who is a good sport and would take it on the off chance that he might be able to do something with it. But all their chances are slim beside Sir George's; possession being nine points of the law and a little over.

Sir George may be expected to retire definitely from party politics when he becomes High Commissioner, not only because such an attitude is proper in a High Commissioner but also because it is safer and more comfortable and fits in better with his desire for a quiet, dignified life. That is to say he will not be in the "stormy petrel" business like Sir Charles Tupper, or be trying to "put one over" like the late, lamented Strathcona did in the All Red Route. He will do nothing to cause the Ottawa Government a pang and W. T. R. Preston and fellows like that will find never a peg to hang a book on. He is constitutionally disposed to let well enough alone and though he has been on the job for six months now he has done nothing out of the jog-trot of routine, except to move the High Commissioner's office from the middle of the block to the corner of Victoria street where it will probably remain for another forty-seven years. He is eminently conservative and is on that account highly respected in England where they admire him as a man who says little and has the right weight of money behind his opinions. Moreover, the British Investor has a warm spot for him as a responsible capitalist with a just regard for the sanctity of dividends. He feels in his bones that Sir George will not attempt to push the Monument over, tear the Nelson column up by the roots, or set the Thames on fire. In short he is reliable all the way through.

The High Commissioner's success is largely due to his gift of silence. Silence may conceal abysses of wisdom or reservoirs of emptiness. A man may be silent because he has so much in him that he can't get it out or he may be silent because he has so little to give out that he prefers to keep it in. More reputations have been made in history through being silent than by telling the world one's secrets. The Sphinx is accounted wise chiefly because she has been able to keep her mouth shut for six thousand years. At all events Sir George Perley makes few speeches and those not long ones and the comfortable proportions of the Perley fortune provide abundant evidence that silence is golden if you know how to use it. Under certain circumstances and with a certain line of goods to deliver it is even more golden than advertising. Sir George has not said much in his active life of fifty-eight years—even as an infant he could not have been addicted to prattling—but as president of a lumber company, vice-president of a railway, and director of a bank, opportunity has always found him posted at the strategic spots where dollars in large numbers might be expected to show their heads. And when

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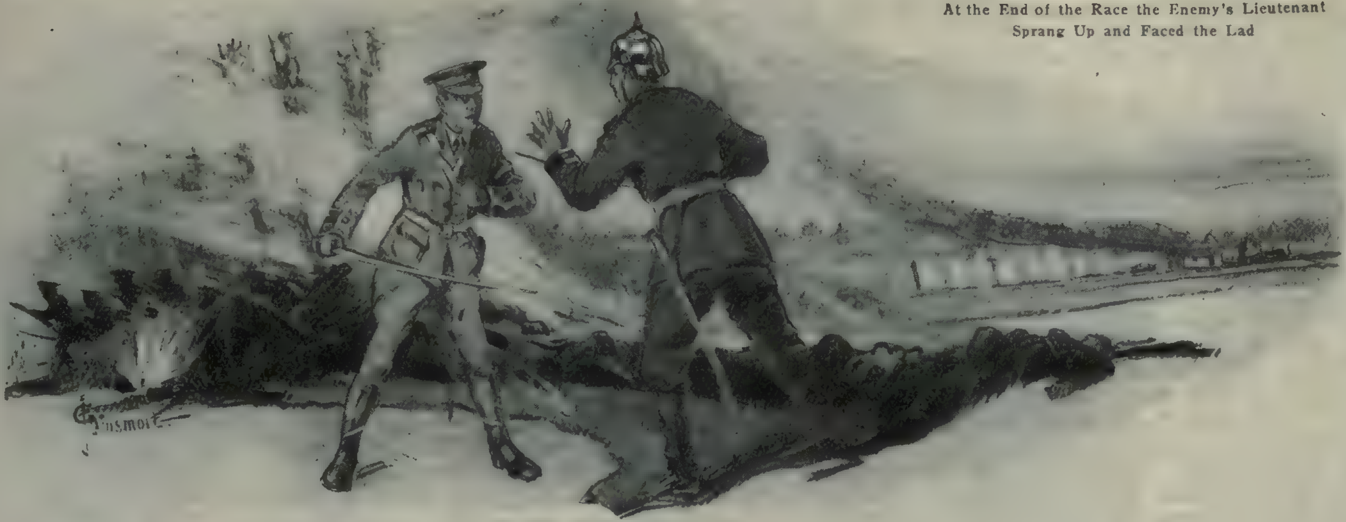


At the End of the Race the Enemy's Lieutenant Sprang Up and Faced the Lad

Victory

by Alan Sullivan

- Illustrated by E. J. Dinsmore -

THE Red Cross Nurse glanced at the form on the stretcher, then her gaze wandered to the stricken landscape. Opposite the tent a mound of earth was littered with splintered gun carriages. Somewhere in the ruin a wounded horse screamed constantly, with a shrill human note of agony. The sun, descending to the horizon, loomed murkily through banks of fog and smoke. From low, gray clouds there drifted fine flakes of snow that vanished as they touched the sodden earth. From far in the East a dull booming sounded intermittently.

The figure on the stretcher tossed restlessly. The brown hair was plastered down to the young forehead. The eyes, large, blue and sightless, roved from the ridge-pole to the nurse's face, then back to the stained tent wall. The nurse took one aimless hand and pressed her cold fingers against the wrist.

It was a marvel that he still lived. Six hours before, he had jerked his squad out of the trenches and headed them in a mad race for a low ridge, two hundred yards ahead. The ridge spat fire and lead, but the loose line ran steadily. Here and there, men pitched forward on their faces and dug stiff fingers into the ground; but the line itself had not faltered. At the end of the race the enemy's lieutenant sprang up and faced the lad with drawn sword. There had been a quick stare, the clash and flicker of steel, and the brown-haired boy got under his guard. Far to the right a bugle called and the whole line swerved and ran for it. The boy ran too, but his face had turned ghastly white. Came a whistling roar overhead, then a blinding explosion. The boy faltered, put his hand to his side and stared curiously at his fingers. Then his knees began to tremble and he slipped to the ground. His men jumped over him as they wheeled toward the calling bugle.

He had lain motionless till Mercy came with a red cross on her arm. Then the tent and stretcher. Science came too, looked at his side and turned away with a shake of the head. But a curious light had dawned in the nurse's eyes. The field hospital might move on, but she would not. Orders brought forth only—a mute refusal. There was an unearthly look in her face. The C.O. shrugged his shoulders and crooked a finger. The hospital moved on.

That was hours ago. Night was approaching The litter of gun-carriages began to grow indistinct. The horse was quiet now. The nurse shivered and drew her cloak close. She too was very weak. The long struggle had sapped her own vitality. A month in the hospital had so drawn on her strength and pity that there remained little else but a worn frame that was deadly tired and longed for nothing so much as to put down its head and sleep, sleep, sleep.

She turned to the wan figure and great tears began to run blindly. They were curiously alike these two with the same high forehead, blue eyes and smooth oval face.

A flush came into the lad's cheeks and he began to talk incoherently in a thin, high-pitched, querulous voice.

"Rotten thing war," he mumbled, "Lot of decent fellows knocked out. Hello, Fritz, that you old chap?"

The Red Cross Nurse started and her lips moved nervously. She stared at the lad fascinated.

"You shouldn't be here at all," the voice went on. "Beastly mix up isn't it? Let's take off our swords and talk about Freiburg. Don't be touchy. Your people have hold of the wrong end of the stick, but that needn't affect you. Besides I want to tell you about Mary. Ah, I thought that would fetch you."

The voice dropped and the sightless eyes climbed again to the ridge pole. The Red Cross Nurse sat motionless. Her hand was patting at her heart. "Be still," it seemed to say, "let him talk."

There came a pause in the distant rumble of guns. The night was growing colder, but no chill could reach the fever in the boy's leaping veins. Moments crept by till the stretcher gradually merged into an indistinct mound.

Into the darkness the shaky voice rose again. "Mary was talking about you, Fritz, just before I left—Keep your head down you fool—Now wait for the whites of their eyes. That's better. Hello Fritz, that's a ripping uniform. Don't look at me like that, I tell you. Dead men ought to shut their eyes. What's the good of looking, Fritz? You can't see anything when you're dead."

The Red Cross Nurse moaned like a stricken thing. Then she leaned over the stretcher and laid her hand on the hot brow. At the touch the lad lay silent. She could not see his face now. Motionless she sat with that rioting brain under her icy palm. In a little while the lad spoke again but with understanding in his tone.

"I'm hit and you're a nurse aren't you?"

"Yes, dear, but please lie still. It's better for you."

"Why do you call me Dear? Your voice is like my sister's—but I'm glad it's not. Am I going to pull through?"

"Yes," she said firmly, "you'll pull through, but—but why are you glad I'm not your sister?"

There followed a little silence in which she caught his whisper.

"Because I would have to break her heart."

"Why?" The nurse's head bent close to him.

"She was engaged to a German—his name was Fritz—Fritz—its queer I can't remember the other part of it. Why can't I?"

"You will bye-and-bye," said the nurse faintly. "Go on Dear."

The lad tried to raise himself on his elbow and fell back with a groan.

"Your voice, your voice! It's just like Mary's—And why do you call me Dear?"

"I don't know. Won't you tell me about Fritz?" The nurse's face was gray and old.

"Fritz got a letter through just after the war broke out and said, —and said—why am I getting cold again, Nurse?"

She took off her cloak and laid it over him.

"That's better. What did Fritz say?" Her voice was trembling.

"He said professors would not be called—but," he added with a shake in his voice, "they were."

"Yes—and then?"

"This morning we were horribly hammered. As soon as we got a chance we went at them. Then Fritz jumped up out of their trenches and I had to kill him—You see he had been trying to kill my men." His voice dropped and wandered. "Curious isn't it? Fritz wanted to kill me and my men."

The fancy caught his wandering brain and carried it away. The nurse clutched at her throat. It was dry and choking. She threw back the door of the tent. Far to the East the horizon was glimmering with flashes of red fire and the thud of dull explosions came faintly across fields that were already white with frost.

"Fritz," called the failing voice, "Fritz! You understand, don't you? Let Mary know about it somehow. I can't tell her—Ah! what's that?"

She turned to him quickly. He was conscious again.

"That you, Nurse?"

"Yes I'm here. Don't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid, I only feel queer. I say, would you mind putting your arm around me, I seem to be slipping. Don't if—if—you'd rather not."

She knelt beside the stretcher, took the limp shoulders to her breast and put her cheek close to his own.

"That's better," he whispered, "much better. We—we won to-day, didn't we?"

"Yes, we won."

"I don't somehow feel like a—like a winner, on account of Fritz."

"Do you think that—that Mary would ever understand?"

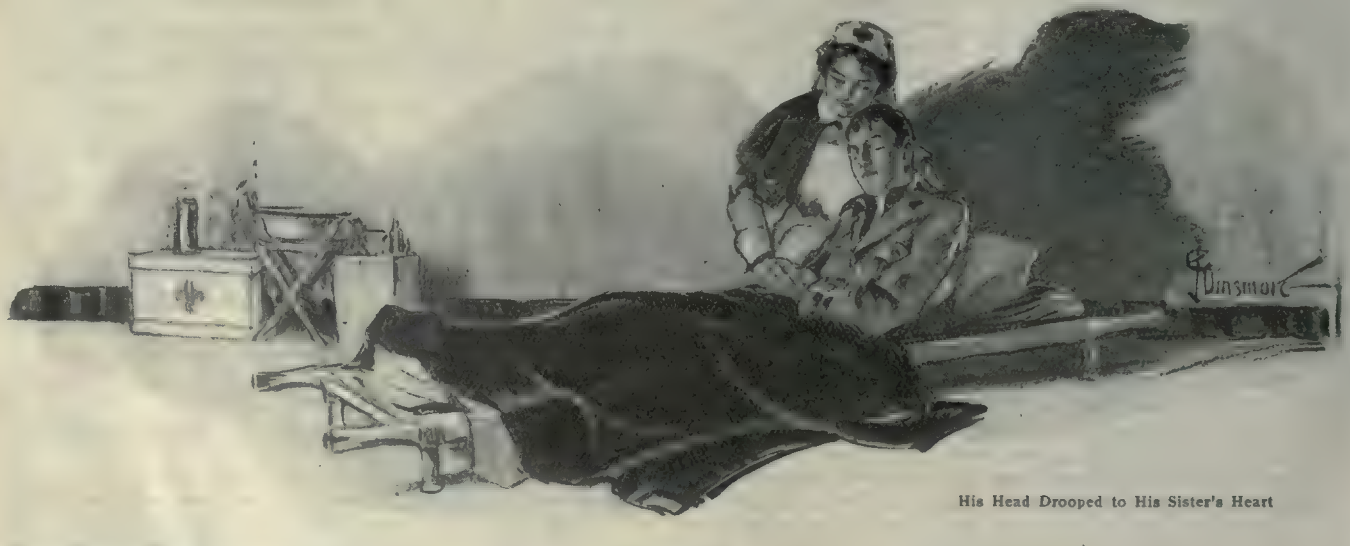
The nurse's eyes were blinded with hot merciful tears, "Yes, Dear She would understand,"

"I'm—I'm so glad. I'm tired now, I—I think I'll go—to sleep."

His head drooped to his sister's heart. For a moment he breathed rapidly with great panting respiration. Suddenly this ceased and his body relaxed.

Thus for an interminable hour she held him, till, with infinite tenderness, she laid the still form back on the stretcher, sealed the glazing eyes and pressed her lips to the speechless mouth.

Then, at the door of the tent, she fell on her knees and stretched out imploring arms. "God!" she panted, "God! Where are You?"



His Head Drooped to His Sister's Heart

How Canadian Men Dress

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Sir Wilfrid Laurier is a correct dresser. He has been referred to as a "symphony in gray"

SOME proverbs are painfully incomplete. "Clothes do not make the man"—how often is that remark hurled at the callow youth who chooses to spend his money in an attempt to look well. What an unnecessary observation! Of course clothes don't make the man, but then, neither does the food he eats, nor the books he reads nor any single influence—altogether! It is the combination of forces which makes or mars. And while clothes do not make the man, they certainly do go part way. The well-dressed man in this year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen starts with a distinct advantage over his fellow who frankly "don't care a hang." Clothes are externals, but they are, in some sort, an index to the man inside.

Clothes are an undoubted asset in business. The neat man gets a position quicker, wins the confidence of customers more surely and holds a higher place in the esteem of associates and competitors alike.

Clothes used to be more a matter of nationality. You could tell a Britisher by his preference for tweeds; a Frenchman by his braided coat; an American by his padded shoulders. Year by year we are getting away from that relationship. Clothes are becoming more and more cosmopolitan; a matter of like or dislike, of prejudice or prepossession. And yet, with this trend towards wearing what each man wants to wear has come, in the early years of this twentieth century, the tendency to conform towards regularity and convention in dress. We *do* wear what we want to wear nowadays rather than some distinctive style of garb which would stamp us immediately for a Britisher, an American or a Continental, but we only *dare* to want to wear what will conform with certain none too broad limitations of a vague thing we call fashion.

It has ever been a popular pose with malevolent masculinity to snort at the changeableness of women so far as their taste in dress is concerned. There is a fashion in poses, too, and superiority is never out of fashion. Men are frankly "superior" when they descant in their clubs to their *confreres* or in their own homes to their women-folk on the subject of the latter's dress. The good lady happens to see a gown which she likes, and she immediately orders one like it. It may be that it does not suit her lord and master—if such an appellation is not too far-fetched for the matrimonial viewpoint of the American continent. Apart from the question of price, the lord and master likes it not. It is too daring, possibly, or possibly not daring enough. Husbands' tastes in their wives' clothes are as multifarious as the colors of a spectrum. It is too frumpy, or it makes her too youthful. Anyway, the lord and master does not like it, and will Cynthia please consult him before she goes shopping again?

And yet, it is a nice point whether the boot is not on the other foot. If originality is to be prized above rubies, and initiative above many precious stones, who is worth most, so far as dress in concerned—the average man or the average woman? We cannot imagine one of our business or political leaders rejoicing in clothes which would suit the real *ego* in him best. Imagine Sir Donald Mann transacting the affairs of his railroad in the easy-to-wear costume of the Westerner that is actually most fitted to his temperament. In days of old when knights were bold, they were knightly in garb as well as in disposition. Sir Galahad was Sir Galahad to look at as well as in character. Those were the times when to follow the giddy multitude—or "muddy giltitude" as Sydney Smith put it—was not a matter of the first importance. A man dared to dress as he wanted, without much regard to how the rest of the community appeared. So the fool had his cap and bells—the outward semblance of the inner ego. The scribe looked a scribe; the gentleman of the cloth could be mistaken for no other; the soldier was always a soldier. Yet I may see Harry Lauder dressed for the greater part of his days in a lounge suit much after the style which I myself affect, with no suggestion of bells (though there is a weird type of headgear that Harry would call a cap). And when I glimpse Sir William Meredith I am hard put to it—if I am a stranger—to tell whether he is a scribe or a farmer. The jolly person, clothed in a light check suit and with an up-to-the-minute hat and a scarf that can be heard for some distance, who sits next to me at the baseball match is a parson; yet he might have been a frequenter of the race tracks at Juaritz and the Woodbine, to judge by his appearance. And the average soldier wears his uniform just as little as he need instead of as much as he ought, simply because the spirit of the age is to get away from distinctiveness in dress. We shrink from publicity in this regard; our forbears shrieked for it.

P. C. Larkin, of Toronto, always wears morning coat and silk hat to business, rivaling the immaculate English stockbroker

Sir Robert Borden disregards the standards of golfing dress by appearing in white flannels and blue serge coat

II.

THIS tendency towards conventionality in dress is more noticeable in Canada than in England. The daring dresser is not present in large numbers in the Dominion. This is evidenced first of all by the striking similarity of men in dress, even though the fashions change fairly rapidly. We walk up and down the streets of our big cities, and look at the business men, for instance. One after another, man after man, they are hatted and suited and overcoated and booted in essentially the same way. Details are different, widely different. But the main items of dress and the main lines of these items are followed by a very high percentage of our men folk. A new style of sack suit comes in; within a few months the great majority of the comfortably-off men—and some, be it said, that are not comfortably-off—wear that style of sack suit. It may be that the new style has a long roll collar, a pronounced waist and two buttons. It stands to reason that that model cannot be adapted for every sort of dresser. Possibly the fashion for a year or two previously was a short lapel; three buttons; broad bulky shoulders. Yet men change from the old to the new with little regard—in most cases—to whether the new will suit their own particular person as well as the old. The number of suits sold in Canada per annum is proportionately, per man, much greater than the number sold in England. Canadians follow the dictates of fashion more readily and certainly more quickly in Toronto and Montreal and Winnipeg than in London and Manchester and Newcastle.

To the left R. B. Bennett, who ranks high at Ottawa sartorially. To the right "Barney" Hepburn

There is a reason for this. Most men in Canada buy a suit at a stated time in the year. A man will buy a spring suit—in the spring; a summer suit—in the summer; and a fall suit—in the fall. The thing is orderly, regular, systematic. And the tailors lay their plans accordingly. In England this is not altogether the case. A man buys a suit, when it suits him (if the play on words permissible). He suddenly overhauls his wardrobe one day and decides he hasn't got a good suit, or, more often, his wife badgers the life out of him with plaint that he is shabby, and he goes to his tailor and orders a new suit. Then he wears that till his better half once more starts on the warpath. The consequence is that the average English street will display as many conceivable styles of suit—worn by men of the business and middle classes—as a second-hand store in the neighborhood of York street, Toronto. There again is the question of originality. The very fact—and it is a fact—that Canadians buy their new clothes at stated and periodic times while the Englishman buys haphazardly has the effect of making the Canadian more or less stereotyped, while the Englishman is more likely to be dressed in what suits him, whether it is a 1915 style, or whether it was first conceived in 1900.

When one asks the question, "How Do Canadian Men Dress?" the supplementary query instantly comes to one's mind—"compared with whom?" Well, compared with the Englishman, for example. This, of necessity, is very largely a matter of viewpoint; it depends upon who asks the question. Perhaps it is fair to say that while the Canadian is not dressed better than the Englishman, he is certainly clothed better. Canada, while it recks nothing of smartness in dress—and I shall try to show the reasons for this—certainly looks much better in the matter of dress than England. The fact is that warm, well-made, comfortable clothes are more universal among our menfolk than they are in England. We have no Bond street Johnny here(except such as we have imported; they do not thrive in the Canaian climate) and we have no class here which is dressed with punctilious smartness and with scrupulous regard to a fashion plate in every little detail. There are few men in Canada who look as if they had just been turned out of a band-box. But the rank and file is much better dressed than the English rank and file. When you walk through a public park on Sunday, or when you glance at the men and women riding in our street cars in the evening you cannot tell what walk of life they are in. The bricklayer wears his fifteen or twenty-dollar suit, and looks as well in it as the banker does in his.

In England, the laborer by day is, at night, still the laborer. When he does put on a better suit, he is obviously uncomfortable, and his suit is very generally a cheap shoddy, costing, at a liberal estimate, thirty shillings. The middle-class men of England are not as well clothed as the middle-class men of this country. Why, I don't quite know, except that it is axiomatic that, broadly speaking, the middle classes in England are spending most of their days in a fight to keep up appearances. It is not a question of whether they keep up with the styles; it is rather that they cannot afford to do so. This, of course, refers to the poorer people and the average middle-class people in England. For when we set out to compare the dress of England with the dress of this country we are really touching the fringe of a much weightier question—the economics of the Canadian compared with those of the Englishman.

III.

ON the other hand Canada is not a smartly dressed country. Here again we come to a matter of viewpoint, but, as in the last section I took the Canadian outlook, in this I am taking the Englishman's. There are certain unwritten laws of the art of dress that the Englishman finds conspicuous by their absence in Canada. Says he, when he goes, resplendent in his dinner jacket or his full dress, to see Sothern and Marlowe playing in Shakespeare: "Where are all the dress suits?" It is inconceivable to him that a dollar seat at a theatre should be filled by a man in a lounge suit. The theatre to the Englishman is a formality. It is an occasion. It is a social engagement. That he should go and see the play, sitting in a fauteuil or dress circle seat, much less a box, in a lounge suit, is frankly impossible — in England. Yet in Canada he does not care a rap, for the simple reason that Canadians do not care a rap. The fundamental fact about it is that the Canadian goes to the theatre to amuse himself. The Englishman goes because it is a social engagement. The average bank clerk in London will exist on beer and cheese for lunch for a week in order to appear with immaculate dress shirt, pomaded hair, and general "Well, rathah" air at the Playhouse or the Prince of Wales' on Saturday night.

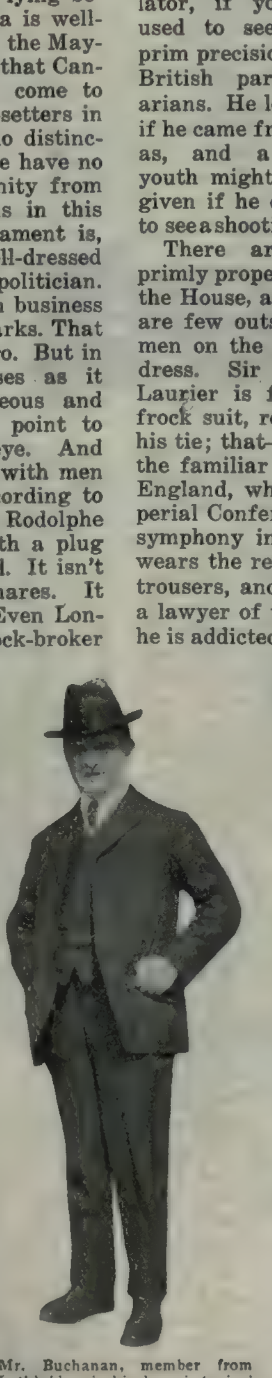
Much the same reason lies behind the fact that we have few families in Canada who dress for dinner at night. In England, we have many; in this country men do not look upon dinner as a "social engagement." Why on earth it should be a social engagement for a man to meet his wife and family at dinner every evening is a mystery to the Canadian. He flatly refuses to get himself up in stiff-and-starch majesty for the very ordinary task of consuming a dinner. He attends his dining table to eat. There is nothing formal or ceremonial about that.

Hon. Dr. Beland, a former member of the Laurier cabinet, now serving at the front in Belgium. Dr. Beland is typical sartorially of the French-Canadian members of the House

I said just now that we have few men in Canada who look as though they had always just been turned out of a band-box. That is an index to our whole scheme of social ethics. The fact is we have no "band-box" class, as yet. We do not see the smartness of the Piccadilly Johnny bearing down on us, somewhat overpoweringly, between ten and eleven each morning. Our streets are too full of men on business bound to permit walking-space for what small boys in England refer to as the "nut." The British nut, when he comes to Canada, retires into his shell, and we have no Made-in-Canada products, for which the saints be praised! Canada is pre-eminently a business country. We have no lounging class. The sons of our great ones, taking them all in all, work as hard as the clerks in their father's offices. They do not run round Rosedale in Toronto or Westmount in Montreal at the fashionable hour with a bouquet in one hand, and the other poised gracefully, ready at the appointed moment to sweep off an immaculate silk hat in the latest hat-raising manner directed by fashion. Instead, they are at their desks or traveling through the country, bringing grist to the business mill. That is what the days are for—not lady-killing. In this country to rich and poor alike, "life is real, life is earnest." In Britain that applies to most classes, but not to all. Well, the man to whom life is earnest is too busy to bother with ultra-smartness in dress. He can afford to leave that to the habitué of Rotten Row. Being a fashion-plate—well, for people who like that sort of thing it is the sort of thing they like, but it is a small ambition.

On the other hand there is a danger of our being a trifle indifferent on the question of well-dressedness. While ultra-smartness is not for the business man, smartness is an asset not lightly to be valued. It carries much weight. It is safe to say that it carries much more weight in Canada than it does in England. Men are much better dressed when attending to business in this country than are the business men over the water. And it is here that the Canadian proves his wisdom. I said in an earlier section that we are not fond of being distinctive. Here is the justification; the flashily-dressed business man finds his very distinctiveness a handicap. Observe, as you go up and down, the number of plain blue or dark grey suits worn by our men-folk. They are quiet, unobtrusive, yet always eminently tasteful. Moreover, a quiet dress is the dress for business. A man does not wear a blue serge business suit to go and shoot grouse in. Then why wear a tweed sporting suit in the office? If the first proposition is wrong, it is good Euclid to suppose the corollary wrong also. There would be as much sense in playing golf in a stiff hat as there is in calling on merchants in a cap which is a cross between a checker-board and a counterpane.

There is another reason, too, lying behind the fact that while Canada is well-clothed she is not well-dressed in the Mayfair meaning of the word. It is that Canada is democratic. When you come to think of it, we have no fashion-setters in the Dominion. We have first no distinctive style of dress. Secondly, we have no particular class of the community from whom we take our instructions in this regard. In England, the Parliament is, for the most part, filled with well-dressed men. There is a dress for the politician. The Stock Exchange abounds in business men who have distinguishing marks. That is, they did a very few years ago. But in Canada our Parliament dresses as it wills and it is so heterogeneous and variegated that no man may point to the mote in his brother's eye. And our Stock Exchanges are filled with men who dress as they will, not according to some schedule of tradition. Sir Rodolphe Forget does not buy shares with a plug hat rakishly settled on his head. It isn't necessary to the buying of shares. It doesn't regulate their values. Even London is now recognizing that a stock-broker may pursue his avocation in a straw or fedora, and not be one whit the worse business man for it! The stock broker is no better or worse, no higher or lower, than the rest of humanity. The novelist who writes about the Canadian business man cannot with truth describe him as "Boarding the car to the city, faultlessly attired in silk hat and morning coat." If the Toronto Stock Exchange opened its doors to a score of members so attired there would be no business done for the rest of the day.



Mr. Buchanan, member from Lethbridge, in his dress is typical of the average member at Ottawa

IV.

As for our Parliament—it is the *sanctum sanctorum* so far as democracy goes. Here is a democracy of the democracy. Here is no replica of Westminster. Here are no long lines of frock coats and silk hats. You may sit in the Gallery down there at Ottawa and count the number of silk hats on the fingers of one hand, and ten chances to one, you would have four fingers left them. Most of the members make the laws in loose sack suits. It would be difficult to tell their financial standing from their dress, or their Parliamentary standing either. When the Honorable Robert Rogers wears his Derby so far over his eyes the greenhorn may be pardoned if he attributes Yiddish ancestry. And in the old days when Glen Campbell viewed his fellow-members from beneath his Stetson it was hard to put him down as a legislator, if you were used to seeing the prim precision of the British parliamentarians. He looked as if he came from Texas, and a callow youth might be forgiven if he expected to see a shooting-iron.

Winston Churchill and Lord Crewe, Liberal leader in the House of Lords, leaving a Cabinet Meeting. Churchill shows a departure from parliamentary dress etiquette by his fur collar and cuffs. Lord Crewe is of the standard

There are few primly proper men in the House, and there are few outstanding men on the point of dress. Sir Wilfrid Laurier is frequently clad in the grey frock suit, relieved by a splash of red in his tie; that—in its turn—ornamented by the familiar diamond horseshoe pin. In England, when he was there at the Imperial Conference, he was described as "a symphony in grey." Sir Robert Borden wears the regulation frock coat and grey trousers, and looks for all the world like a lawyer of the old school. In the winter he is addicted to a fur hat. In the summer a panama of fedora shape or a soft fedora is his choice. Unlike his counterpart in the British Parliament, Mr. Asquith, he does not wear trousers for the making of which his tailor ought to be ejected from the union.

We have no "Winnie" here to give copy to the illustrated papers by the hats he wears; Mr. Churchill, if he comes to Canada, had better leave his weird headgear behind. Nor have we an Austen Chamberlain, immaculate and resplendent in monocle and orchid. The nearest approach is Mr. W. E. Northrup, who emulates Mr. Chamberlain as far as the button-hole goes, but backs down at the monocle. Nevertheless Mr. Northrup is accounted the "Beau Brummel" of Parliament Hill, with Mr. R. B. Bennett, the member for Calgary, running him a close second. Hon. Mr. Rogers is easily the best dressed man in the Cabinet. There are times when Mr. Rogers "gets himself up regardless," as Artemus would say, and dazzles the eyes by the superb fit of his braided morning coat, and the perfect set of his tie and collar. He is rather extreme and he adopts the latest ideas sooner than any other member.

Last summer Sir George Foster threw a bomb-shell into the camp by appearing in the House in an "ice-cream" suit. As Sir George usually wears dark grey or black, the sombreness only relieved by the white vest, the House wondered what this strange and wonderful innovation portended. It was nearly as epoch-making as the appearance of Mr. Keir Hardie, the Socialist leader, at St. Stephens, clad in a straw-colored linen suit. The British Parliament have forgiven Mr. Hardie a lot, but this was the last straw—and the first, too! Mr. Hardie's action wounded the House of Commons in its tenderest spot.

Across the country there is Sir "Dick" McBride, the Premier of British Columbia, wearing a hat which might be worn by an impresario—and a broad smile.

We have one gentleman in business circles in Toronto who looks any time and every time as if he had stepped out of Lombard street, in old London. Behold Mr. P. C. Larkin, a prominent tea-man, clad in the shiniest of top hats, the most immaculate of cheviot morning suits, cut by a tailor who knows his business. Every inch of Mr. Larkin's six feet is dapper, smart, *a la mode*. Mr. Larkin has never been known to visit his office without his silk hat. He is one of the few survivors of the sartorial "old school."

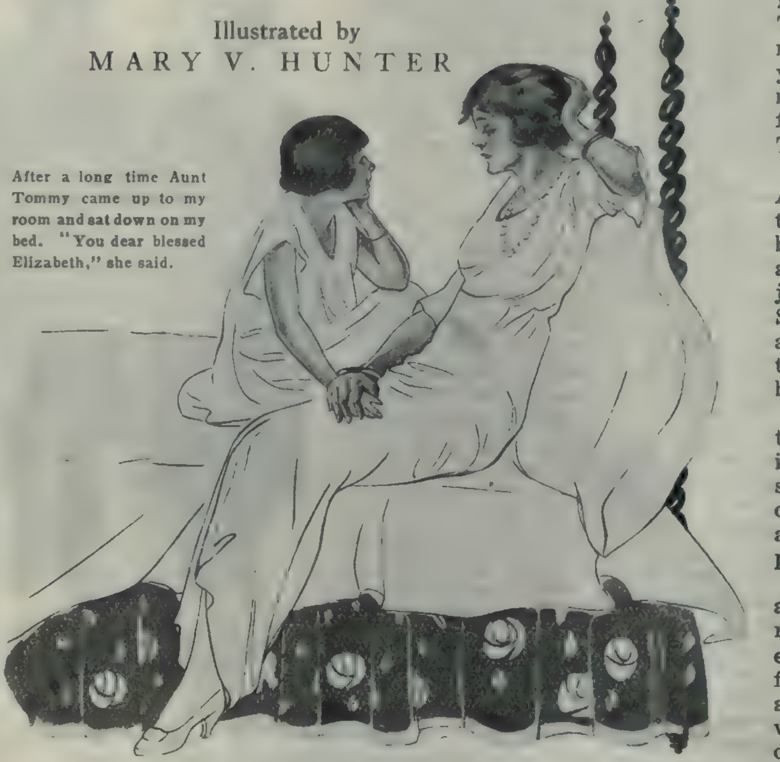
Not all of our millionaires are so particular. Sir William Mackenzie is well dressed—usually in a grey suit—but would never attract notice. He is small, to be sure, but then so was Zacchæus and he managed to make himself prominent. Z. A. Lash, when he hurries along King street, might be a prosperous business man, but nothing more. The same applies to J. W. Flavelle, E. R. Wood and a score of our business leaders. Sir Thomas Shaughnessy may be head of the biggest railroad in the Empire but that is no reason, he thinks, why he should live in a top hat. J. C. Eaton may be head of the biggest department store in the Empire, but it does not impose upon him a morning coat, and white linen spats.

And so one might go on. The *big* men in Canada are rarely *de rigeur* in their dress. Their point of view is that they have come to the time when they may dress as they will.

When Jack and Jill Took a Hand

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by
MARY V. HUNTER



After a long time Aunt Tommy came up to my room and sat down on my bed. "You dear blessed Elizabeth," she said.

Jack's Side of It

JILL says I have to begin this story, because it was me—I mean it was I—who made all the trouble in the first place. That is so like Jill. She is such a good hand at forgetting. Why, it was she who suggested the plot to me. I should never have thought of it myself. Not that Jill is any smarter than I am, either; but girls are such creatures for planning up mischief and leading other folks into it and then laying the blame on them when things go wrong. How could I tell Dick would act like a mule? I thought grown-up folks had more sense. Aunt Tommy was down on me for weeks, while she thought Jill a regular heroine. But there! Girls don't know anything about being fair and I am determined I will never have anything more to do with them and their love affairs as long as I live. Jill says I will change my mind when I grow up, But I won't.

Still, Jill is a pretty good sort of girl. I have to scold her sometimes, but if any other chap tried to I would punch his head for him.

I suppose it is time I explained who Dick and Aunt Tommy are. Dick is our minister. He hasn't been it very long. He only came a year ago. I shall never forget how surprised Jill and I were that first Sunday we went to church and saw him. We had always thought that ministers had to be old. All the ministers we knew were. Mr. Grinnell, the one before Dick came, must have been as old as Methuselah. But Dick was young and good-looking. Jill said she thought it a positive sin for a minister to be so good-looking; it didn't seem Christian; but that was just because all the ministers we knew happened to be homely, so that it didn't appear natural.

Dick was tall and pale and looked as if he had heaps of brains. He had thick, curly brown hair and big dark-blue eyes—Jill said his eyes were like an archangel's, but how could she tell? She never saw an archangel. I liked his nose. It was so straight and finished looking. Mr. Grinnell had the worst looking nose you ever saw. Jill and I used to make poetry about it in church to keep from falling asleep when he preached such awful long sermons.

Dick preached great sermons. They were so nice and short. It was such fun to hear him thump the pulpit when he got excited; and when he got more excited still he would lean over the pulpit, his face all white, and talk so low and solemn that it would just send the most gorgeous thrills through you.

Dick came to Owlwood—that's our place; I hate these explanations—quite a lot, even before Aunt Tommy came. He and father were chums; they had been in college together and father said Dick was the best football player he ever knew. Jill and I soon got acquainted with him, and this was another uncanny thing. We had never thought it possible to get acquainted with a minister. Jill said she didn't think it proper for a real live minister to be so chummy. But then Jill was a little jealous because Dick and I, being both men, were better friends than he and she could be. He taught me to skate that winter, and fence with canes, and do long division. I could never understand long division before Dick came, although I was away on in fractions.

Jill has just been in and says I ought to explain that Dick's name wasn't Dick. I do wish Jill would mind her own business. Of course it wasn't. His real name was the Reverend Stephen Richmond, but Jill and I always called him Dick behind his back; it seemed so jolly and venturesome, somehow, to speak of a minister like that. Only we had to be careful not to let father and mother hear us. Mother wouldn't even let father call Dick "Stephen;" she said it would set a bad example of familiarity to the children. Mother is an old darling. She won't believe we're half as bad as we are.

Well, early in May comes Aunt Tommy. I must explain who Aunt Tommy is or Jill will be at me again. She is father's youngest sister and her real name is Bertha Gordon, but father has always called her Tommy and she likes it.

Jill and I had never seen Aunt Tommy before, but we took to her from the start because she was so pretty and because she talked to us just as if we were grown up. She called Jill Elizabeth, and Jill would adore a Hottentot who called her Elizabeth.

Aunt Tommy is the prettiest girl I ever saw. If Jill is half as good looking when she gets to be twenty—she's only ten now, same age as I am, we're twins—I shall be proud of her for a sister.

Aunt Tommy is all white and dimpled. She has curly red hair and big, jolly brown eyes and scrumptious freckles. I do like freckles in a girl, although Jill goes wild if she thinks she has one on her nose. When we talked of writing this story Jill said I wasn't to say that Aunt Tommy had freckles because it wouldn't sound romantic. But I don't care. She has freckles and I think they are all right.

We went to church with Aunt Tommy the first Sunday after she came, one on each side of her. Aunt Tommy is the only girl in the world I'd walk hand in hand with before people. She looked fine that day. She had on a gorgeous dress, all frills and ruffles, and a big, white, floppy hat. I was proud of her for an aunt, I can tell you, and I was anxious for Dick to see her. When he came up to speak to me and Jill after church came out, I said:

"Aunt Tommy, this is Mr. Richmond," just like the grown-up people say. Aunt Tommy and Dick shook hands and Dick got as red as anything. It was funny to see him.

The very next evening he came down to Owlwood. We hadn't expected him until Tuesday, for he never came Monday night before. That is father's night for going to a lodge meeting. Mother was away this time too. I met Dick on the porch and took him into the parlor, thinking what a bully time we could have all alone together, without Jill bothering around. But in a minute Aunt Tommy came in, and she and Dick began to talk, and I just couldn't get a word in edgewise. I got so disgusted I started out, but I don't believe they ever noticed I was gone. I liked Aunt Tommy very well, but I didn't think she had any business to monopolize Dick like that, when he and I were such old chums.

Outside I came across Jill. She was sitting all alone in the dark, curled up on the edge of the veranda just where she could see into the parlor through the big glass door. I sat down beside her, for I wanted sympathy.

"Dick's in there talking to Aunt Tommy," I said. "I don't see what makes him want to talk to her."

"What a goose you are!" said Jill in that aggravatingly patronizing way of hers. "Why, Dick has fallen in love with Aunt Tommy!"

Honest, I jumped. I never was so surprised.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"Because I do," said Jill. "I knew it yesterday at church and I think it is so romantic."

"I don't see how you can tell," I said. And I didn't.

"You'll understand better when you get older," said Jill. Sometimes Jill talks as if she were a hundred years older than I am, instead of being a twin. And really, sometimes I think she *is* older.

"I didn't think ministers ever fell in love," I protested.

"Some do," said Jill sagely. "Mr. Grinnell wouldn't ever I suppose. But Dick is different. I'd like him for a husband myself. But he'd be too old for me by the time I grew up, so I suppose I'll have to let Aunt Tommy have him. It will be all in the family anyhow—that's one comfort. I think Aunt Tommy ought to have me for a flower girl and I'll wear pink silk clouded over with white chiffon and carry a big bouquet of roses."

"Jill, you take my breath away," I said; and she did. My imagination couldn't travel as fast as that. But after I had thought the idea over a bit I liked it.

"We must help them all we can," said Jill.

"What can we do?" I asked.

"We must praise Dick to Aunt Tommy, and Aunt Tommy to Dick, and we must keep out of the way. We mustn't ever hang around when they want to be alone," said Jill.

"I don't want to give up being chums with Dick," I grumbled.

"We must be self-sacrificing," said Jill. And that sounded so fine it reconciled me to the attempt.

We sat there and watched Dick and Aunt Tommy for an hour. I thought they were awfully prim and stiff. If I'd been Dick I'd have gone over and hugged her. I said so to Jill and Jill was shocked. She said it wouldn't be proper when they weren't even engaged.

When Dick went away Aunt Tommy came out to the veranda and discovered us. She sat down between us and put her arms about us. Aunt Tommy has such cute ways.

"I like your minister very much," she said.

"He's bully," I said.

"He's as handsome as a prince," Jill said.

"He preaches splendid sermons. He makes people sit up in church, I can tell you," I said.

"He has a heavenly tenor voice," Jill said.

"He's got a great muscle," I said.

"He has the most poetical eyes," Jill said.

"He swims like a duck," I said.

"He looks just like a Greek god," Jill said.

I'm sure Jill couldn't have known what a Greek god looked like, but I suppose she got the comparison out of some novel. Jill is always reading novels. She borrows them from the cook.

Aunt Tommy laughed and said: "You darlings."

For the next three months Jill and I were wild. It was just like reading a serial story to watch Dick and Aunt Tommy. One day when Dick came Aunt Tommy wasn't quite ready to come down so Jill and I went in to the parlor to help things along. We knew we hadn't much time, so we began right off.

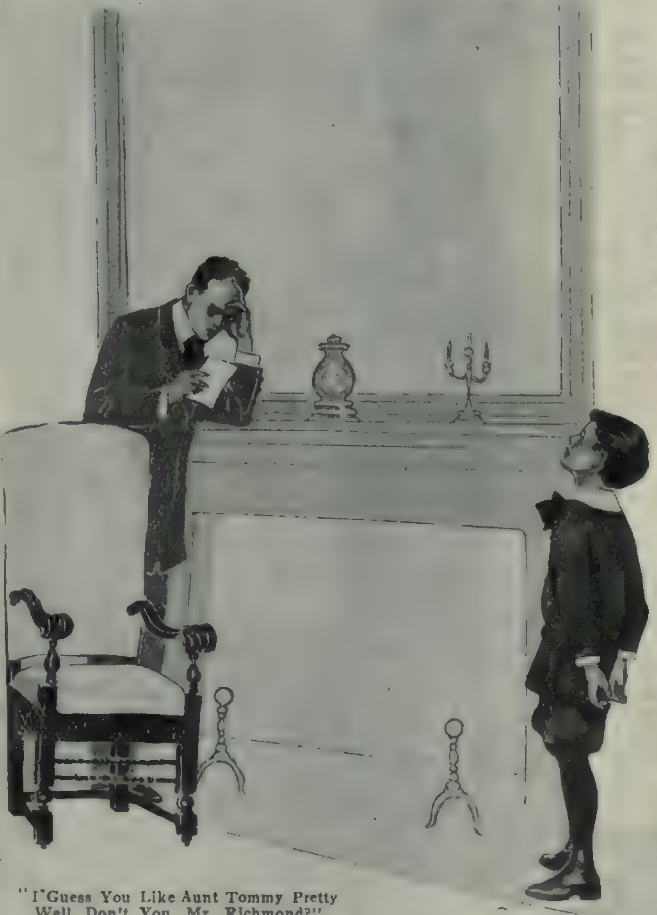
"Aunt Tommy is the jolliest girl I know," I said.

"She is as beautiful as a dream," Jill said.

"She can play games as good as a boy," I said.

"She does the most elegant fancy work," Jill said.

"She never gets mad," I said.



"I Guess You Like Aunt Tommy Pretty Well, Don't You, Mr. Richmond?"

"She plays and sings divinely," Jill said.

"She can cook awfully good things," I said, for I was beginning to run short of compliments. Jill was horrified; she said afterwards that it wasn't a bit romantic. But I don't care—I believe Dick liked it, for he smiled with his eyes just as he always does when he's pleased. Girl's don't understand everything.

But at the end of three months we began to get anxious. Things were going so slow. Dick and Aunt Tommy didn't seem a bit further ahead than at first. Jill said it was because Aunt Tommy didn't encourage Dick enough.

"I do wish we could hurry them up a little," she said. "At this rate they'll never be married this year and by next I'll be too big to be a flower girl. I'm stretching out horribly as it is. Mother has had to let down my frocks again."

"I wish they would get engaged and have done with it," I said. "My mind would be at rest then. It's all Dick's fault. Why doesn't he ask Aunt Tommy to marry him? What's making him so slow about it? If I wanted a girl to marry me—but I wouldn't ever—I'd tell her so right spang off."

"I suppose ministers have to be more dignified," said Jill, "but three months ought to be enough time for anyone. And Aunt Tommy is only going to be here another month. If Dick could be made a little jealous it would hurry him up. And he could be made jealous if you had any spunk about you."

"I guess I've got more spunk than you have," I said.

"The trouble with Dick is this," said Jill. "There's nobody else coming to see Aunt Tommy and he thinks he's sure of her. If you could tell him something different it would stir him up."

"Are you sure it would?" I asked.

"It always does in novels," said Jill. And that settled it, of course.

Jill and I fixed up what I was to say, and Jill made me say it over and over again to be sure I had it right. I told her, sarcastically, that she'd better say it herself and then it would be done properly. Jill said she would if it were Aunt Tommy, but when it was Dick it was better for a man to do it. So, of course, I agreed.

I didn't know when I would have a chance to stir Dick up, but Providence—so Jill said—favored us. Aunt Tommy didn't expect Dick down the next night so she and father and mother all went away somewhere. Dick came after all and Jill sent me into the parlor to tell him. He was standing before the mantel looking at Aunt Tommy's picture. There was such an adoring look in his eyes. I could see it quite plain in the mirror before him. I practised that look a lot before my own glass after that—because I thought it might come in handy sometime, you know—but I guess I couldn't have got it just right because when I tried it on Jill she asked me if I had a pain.

"Well, Jack, old man," said Dick, sitting down on the sofa. I sat down before him.

"Aunt Tommy is out," I said, to get the worst over. "I guess you like Aunt Tommy pretty well, don't you, Mr. Richmond?"

"Yes," said Dick softly.

"So do other men," I said, mysteriously, as Jill had ordered me.

Dick thumped one of the sofa pillows.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said.

"There's a man in New York who just worships Aunt Tommy," I said. "He writes her most every day and sends her books and music and elegant presents. I guess she's pretty fond of him, too. She keeps his photograph on her bedroom table and I've seen her kissing it."

I stopped there, not because I had said all I had to say, but because Dick's face scared me—honest, it did. It had all gone white, like it does in the pulpit sometimes when he is tremendously in earnest, only ten times worse. But all he said was:

"Is your Aunt Bertha engaged to this — this man?"

"Not exactly engaged," I said, "but I guess anybody else who wants to marry her will have to reckon with him."

Dick got up.

"I think I won't wait this evening," he said.

"I wish you'd stay and have a talk with me," I said. "I haven't had a talk with you for ages and I have a million things to tell you."

Dick smiled as if it hurt him to smile.

"I can't to-night, Jacky. Some other time we'll have a good pow-wow, old chap."

He took his hat and went out. Then Jill came flying in to hear all about it. I told her as well as I could, but she wasn't satisfied. If Dick took it so quietly, she declared, I couldn't have made it strong enough.

"If you'd seen Dick's face," I said, "you'd have thought I made it plenty strong. And I'd like to know what Aunt Tommy will say to all this when she finds out."

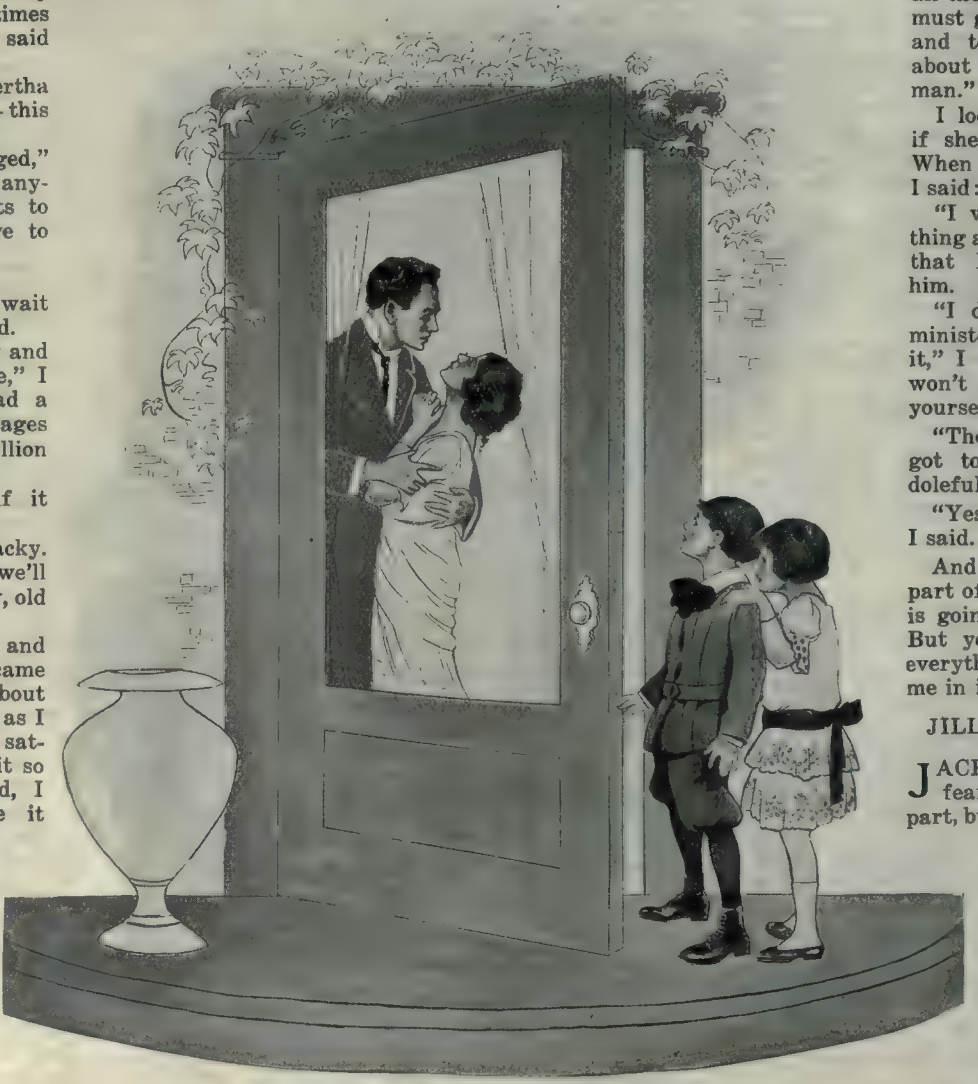
"Well, you didn't tell a thing but what was true," said Jill.

The next evening was Dick's regular night for coming, but he didn't come, although Jill and I went down the lane a dozen times to watch for him. The night after that was prayer meeting night. Dick had always walked home with Aunt Tommy and us, but that night he didn't. He only just bowed and smiled as he passed us in the porch. Aunt Tommy hardly spoke all the way home, only just held tight to Jill's and my hands. But after we got home she seemed in great spirits and laughed and chatted with father and mother.

"What does this mean?" asked Jill, grabbing me in the hall on our way to bed.

"You'd better get another novel from the cook and find out," I said grouchily. I was disgusted with things in general and Dick in particular.

The three weeks that followed were awful. Dick never came near Oakwood. Jill and I fought every day, we were so cross and disappointed. Nothing had come out right and Jill blamed it all on me. She said I must have made it too strong. There was no fun in anything, not even in going to church. Dick hardly thumped the pulpit at all and when he did it was only a measly little thump. But Aunt Tommy didn't seem to worry any. She sang and laughed and joked from morning to night.



Dick Looked at Her for Just a Moment, then He Stepped forward and took Her Right Into His Arms

"She doesn't mind Dick making an ass of himself, anyway. That's one consolation," I said to Jill.

"She is breaking her heart about it," said Jill, "and that's your consolation!"

"I don't believe it," I said. "What makes you think so?"

"She cries every night," said Jill. "I can tell by the look of her eyes in the morning."

"She doesn't look half as woe-begone over it as you do," I said.

"If I had her reason for looking woebegone I wouldn't look it either," said Jill.

I asked her to explain her meaning, but she only said that little boys couldn't understand those things.

Things went on like this for another week. Then they reached—so Jill says—a climax. If Jill knows what that means I don't. But Pinky Carewe was the climax. Pinky's name is James, but Jill and I always called him Pinky because we couldn't bear him. He took to calling at Owlwood and one evening he took Aunt Tommy out driving. Then Jill came to me.

"Something's got to be done," she said resolutely. "I'm not going to have Pinky Carewe for an Uncle Tommy and that's all there is about it. You must go straight to Dick and tell him the truth about the New York man."

I looked at Jill to see if she were in earnest. When I saw that she was I said:

"I wouldn't take anything and go and tell Dick that I'd been hoaxing him.

"I don't know how a minister might look upon it," I said. "Anyway, I won't go.' You can do it yourself, Jill Gordon."

"Then I suppose I've got to," said Jill very dolefully.

"Yes, you'll have to," I said.

And this finishes my part of the story and Jill is going to tell the rest. But you needn't believe everything she says about me in it.

JILL'S SIDE OF IT.

JACKY has made a fearful muddle of his part, but I suppose I shall just have to let it go. You couldn't expect much better of a boy.

Well, I didn't like the idea of going and explaining to Dick, but it had to be done unless I wanted to run the risk of having Pinky Carewe in the family. So I went the next morning. I put on my very prettiest pink organdy dress

Continued on Page 91.

Francois Lessard—Son of Mars

By ROBSON BLACK

General Lessard at a Review of Cadets in Toronto

WHEN the day's business was over and most of the clerks had taken themselves home, the ledger-keeper slid off his high stool and knocked at the boss's door.

That gentleman, sunning himself with a fat string of millinery sales, skewered his glance upon the door with something of irritation.

"Urgent?" he inquired.

The young man crossed to the proprietor's desk. "Not very," he said, "I'm resigning."

"Any complaint?"

"No complaint."

"Looking out for a bigger salary, no doubt?"

"On the contrary, I am taking a reduction of fifty per cent." The head of the firm improved his trajectory by a shift of his spectacles; and the ledger-keeper continued:

"I fear I was born to be a *soldier*. If for the last three years I have stuck to business, it was a compromise — to please others. Now I am of age and have a notion to please myself."

"On half a salary?"

Ledger-keeper shook his head. "What does it matter?" said he.

There is not—never was—any use countering a youth of wanton self-will. The proprietor wrote out an order for the balance of his pay and saluted him a grave farewell.

The young man who quit the ledger stool that day was François Louis Lessard, who is the new-created Inspector-General of the Canadian army from Port Arthur eastward. A few days ago he handed over the command of the second divisional area, which meant the boss-job of a very large section of the new overseas contingents. Nothing more creditable than Lessard's preparation of 4,500 men at the Toronto mobilization camp need be suggested to satisfy Canadians of the genuineness of our army-building efforts.

Just now the Big Business of the nation is the successful prosecution of war. All hats come off to the drill sergeant. Hands are out to the Royal Dragoon. There's a new appraisal on Tommy Atkins. No language exaggerates him. The metaphorical posies of our hymnals—the life-line, the rock, the staff—are to him as withered rue. We find ourselves saying, almost with the instinct of breathing, "The country's all right; money's tight but—they're enlisting fast." By which saying we add our testimony that this is the feast-day of Mars. Yesterday it was the politician and the trader. To-morrow, the trader and politician. But to-day—there's no doubt about it.

And so, to return to Lessard and Co., it was a cuddling, consoling sort of talisman for a young anti-militarist nation, in the awful predicament of war, to have two or three red-hot militarists somewhere on the Government pay-roll. They do come in handy, like a fire-brigade in a holocaust.

What the definition of a finished soldier may be, I cannot learn. But if General Lessard does not approximate that title, the discrepancy cannot be very noticeable. He is a Quebec product, of French-Highland Scotch ancestry, for in that city and in that blood the military seedling finds the soil propitious. Quebec held him until he was eighteen. Then loyalty to his father's strong commercial predilection held him some more until he was twenty-one. At twenty one, as we have noticed, he slipped his cable and stood out to sea.

In the day when he began his service as a lieutenant in the old 65th, the French-Canadian militia battalion of Montreal, "time-server" had long been the stamp placed upon the professional warrior by this braid-hating democracy. Not from first to last did Lessard in his own record justify the stigma. The "time-serving" notion he has denied untiringly by thirty-three years of daily example. No man in the country has worked harder to undo what he believed was a public folly in the policy of unpreparedness. Of course, his acts have not been obtrusive; nothing but a thorough-going war would have discovered him as one of the national "indispensables."

There was no high-falutin' dragoonism in the simple methods he adopted. Himself satisfied that a war must some day be faced, he endeavored to instill by as loud a propaganda as his duties permitted a wholesome fear of an inevitable quandary.

The quandary is here. We have it to-day. A war plays havoc with two-thirds of the world, and Canada, as becomes her spirit and her history, pitches in and lends a hand. Men come forward in thousands. They are brave, muscular, determined men, but they are mostly unskilled in the business of war. It may be nine months before they are judged able to translate Canadian ardor into German casualities. The causes of this national innocence of military usefulness were none of Lessard's inviting—perhaps none of anybody's inviting. For thirty years he worked to overcome just such an inertia as has dominated every section of the people. But one man or ten men cannot pry up a mountain.

If the lure of warlike activity has been a pale and listless lure, it will certainly take no rejoinders from the elder generation of Canadians. When Lessard quit the millinery for the military he entered the Cavalry School Corps, Quebec, with about $600 a year to come and go on. This was one of the military units formed to replace British regulars and at the same time to be the instructional department of the Canadian militia. The Cavalry School Corps eventually took the name of the "Royal Canadian Dragoons," by which it is known to this day.

A millinery ledger-keeper is not obliged by any orthodoxy of his craft to ride a horse. Lessard could ride—"acceptably," as they say. That is, he knew the saddle and bridle were not interchangeable and that the horse was not steered by a rudder. I am told by an old officer that when Lessard first entered the Cavalry Corps and took his turn cantering about the tan-bark, his fellow officers were at least polite enough to hide their grins. Lessard was not insensible to the drollness of his daily performances. He might have quit. But he pounded away at the riding school, listened to instructions, watched his more successful comrades. When the R.C.D.'s were called to active service in the North-west Rebellion Lessard took his place as a lieutenant—an expert rider, tough and agile as a Cree. One day when the troops were encamped along the lines of communication, a broncho-buster brought a beast into the compound and dared any officer to break her. The man who took the dare was the Montreal tenderfoot, Lessard.

If a man may be estimated by one well-conquered detail, we need not look, in General Lessard's case, beyond the aforesaid equine. By his horse ye shall know him! With the rebellion settled agreeably, he journeyed to England for a special course in veterinary and other science. Few officers thought the departure worth the trouble. It was easier to depend on the professional "vets." But there came a time, not so many years afterwards, in the height of the South African War when "vets." were nowhere near and the only cure for a suffering mount was a bullet-hole in his head. At such times they blessed the day when François Lessard took a fancy to the horse-doctor's mysteries. Many a hemorrhage the young officer stopped by a well-placed tourniquet! Many the twist of lancet that saved a beast permanent disablement. And should his charger cast his shoe, who but Lessard would play the farrier! I would I had a sovereign for every horseshoe he has adjusted or replaced.

There was a day, not so long ago, when Lessard was attached to Stanley Barracks and word came to him that a horse, much prized and of great beauty, belonging to a friend, was to be shot because of an incurable foot. I cannot give the pathology of that horse's foot, but in plain terms the hoof had grown so brittle as to qualify the animal for summary execution. Lessard asked the owner to send the sufferer down to the barracks. There, before a small but wondering clinic, the amateur physician removed the hoof down to the quick, bandaged the limb with great thoroughness and ordered the animal into hospital. The owner answered a telephone call one day and, upon reaching Stanley Barracks, found his horse champing impatiently in its stall. The missing hoof had regrown to normal size and to a firm texture. "Doctor" Lessard might easily have built a good local practice on the owner's amazement and gratitude.

But the tales of any man's singularities are at best the by-play of his serious attainments. The testing of his metal, the proving of his courage and devotion as a soldier, could not come by the shifts and promotions of peace. The business of the soldier is to make war—or peace—however you look at it. And the best examining board for the profession of arms is a trenchful of foes. Along came South Africa with its peck of trouble. Lessard was among the first to step off the steamer at Cape Town. For three months he served on the staff of Sir John French, the officer commanding the cavalry division. When the Royal Canadian Dragoons arrived, he rejoined his regiment and stuck with them through the whole twelve months of that pitiless campaign.

Twice he was mentioned in despatches and so marked were his services that King Edward granted him the decoration of the Military Order of the Bath, and the Dominion Government raised him to a full colonelcy. Altogether, he was under fire in from forty-five to forty-eight engagements.

When I mentioned the number of these engagements to him one day, General Lessard hastened with a modification: "No, no, that is not exact. The *Royal Canadian Dragoons* were in forty-five to forty-eight engagements and I was one of their officers." There is a point to that modification. But it does not alter the facts. Lessard escaped practically without a scratch, although in one fight two officers to his right and left were laid low by Boer bullets.

If General Lessard Does Not Approximate the Title of a Finished Soldier, the Discrepancy Cannot be Very Noticeable

Returning to Canada after fifteen months of fighting, he declined to fall back into the routine of a military commander, waiting leisurely for "the next war." There was work to do. All over Canada existed an apparently insuperable caste barrier between the militia officer and his brother of the "regular" forces. It was ruinous to efficiency. Annual manouvres were sometimes blighted by it. So Colonel Lessard, who himself had worked through a few layers of discouragement, influ- his fellow veterans to conduct special courses for the militia officers, dealing with the more intimate science of war, and these soon opened up in many parts of the country with excellent results. One of his first and most enthusiastic pupils was John Currie, M.P., now commanding a Highland regiment at the front. A sense of comradeship between the militia and permanent forces was engendered and some at least of the old obstructive venom eradicated. Again, at the annual camp at Niagara, Colonel Lessard inaugurated what is known as a "staff tour" which means the conduct of a mock campaign by the officers alone. Thus, permanent and militia officers would accept their assignments just as they would with bodies of men behind them, working across miles of imaginary battlefront. Each commanding officer did his utmost to worst the enemy, utilizing telegraph stations, telephones, signaling devices, whatever came first to hand, to assist toward victory. Upon the enterprise and daring of those occupied in these operations, judgment would be given at the close of the day. In this manner, Colonel Lessard brought the two former factions into sensible and agreeable relationship, the permanence of which has been well manifest.

What does a man of General Lessard's ability and training think of the Canadian soldier as fighting material? To a question of this kind he was not slow in returning an answer.

"Excellent material—but a bit short on discipline"—with the emphasis of one who fumbles not for his opinions—"Physically? Oh, fine fellows, none better! The men at Exhibition Park, training for the second contingent, run a mile before breakfast every morning. The man who cannot do his mile on an empty stomach cannot go to the front.

"Discipline is the back-bone of an army. The individual must knuckle down to the mass. Initiative has its place, indeed is a prime virtue in modern *business*. But it is not the prime virtue on the field of battle. Obedience, submissiveness — these are qualities largely outside of the Canadian's experience until the day he joins a force for active service. Three or four months of rigid training will produce a *physical soldier*, but the riddance of the democratic notion of individual self-sufficiency, the inculcation of obedience to superior officers, may strain every resource of the drill-sergeant for the *better part of a year*. One who has a knowledge of the free-and-easy upbringing of the children in America is not much surprised to find the Canadian recruit take a lieutenant's command with a proper salute and then when his back is turned saying to himself: 'Ah! he's only Jim Jones! What's Jim Jones know about soldiering?' and walk off, maybe, with no notion whatever of carrying out the order. Now, the fact to remember is that, while a private may feel contempt or resentment for a junior officer, that officer probably received his orders from one in greater authority and he, in turn, from his general. Personal animus or friendship must be absolutely obliterated. One headstrong private may, in some circumstances, balk all the plans of the Headquarters Staff. It is not hard, therefore, to appreciate the importance of smothering the instinct for do-as-you-please *before* we send our armies into the crucible of battle."

I asked General Lessard what plan he would suggest as the basis of a permanent defence organization for Canada. This was his answer:

"Not compulsory training, as that term is usually applied. I would prefer to begin military education before habits and tastes have been cramped into the one necessity of earning a living. All boys in our public schools should be obliged to undergo regular drill during school hours. Continued for three or four years

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Meeting Wartime Conditions

By WILLIAM BYRON

RESOURCEFULNESS in finding new fields is enabling many manufacturers to meet adverse conditions in the market which they had previously been serving. The war has cramped manufacturing activities in some directions but it has opened up wide possibilities at the same time.

THE war had put grim lines into the face of the publisher of a certain daily newspaper in a city of about twenty-five thousand population. It was only after intently studying a slip of paper with columns of figures sprawled across it that he found it possible to smile.

"Six hundred dollars saved," he said. "And all in one month! Guess I'm pretty strong on efficiency when I once get started."

But then his elation vanished and he became again the picture of gloom.

"That saving was certainly necessary!" he affirmed with emphasis. "It's a case of save or go out of business. War is hell—for the newspaper publisher. Just as soon as it started my expenses went up sky high and the bottom nearly fell out of my revenue. I tried to meet the situation by boosting for new business by all the approved boosting methods—but there wasn't any new business to respond to approved or any other kind of boosting. So then I got down to brass tacks and put the pruning hook into expenses."

"To aggravate matters," he went on, "the public seem to think the newspapers are having a regular harvest. Lots of men still think that who ought to know better. A week after war broke out, I dropped in to see my banker about a little temporary accommodation.

"'A loan?' he exclaimed, looking genuinely surprised. 'Why I thought you newspaper fellows would be loaning money to the poor banks before long. You ought to be rolling in it with all the extra sales you're getting.'

"I showed him the figures on a special edition we had put out the previous evening. We printed 800 copies and sold 480 copies to the newsboys at half a cent apiece—a grand total revenue for the issue of $2.40. It had cost us just $19.58 to put that special out, figuring only on telegraph tolls, typesetting and paper. The figures made Mr. Bank Manager gasp. 'I thought you were making tons of money out of those specials,' he said."

The newspaper in question had a remarkably good circulation built up by careful management and a thorough appreciation of the basic fact that a local paper's success depends upon the extent and accuracy of its local news. Before war broke out it was paying well. From a position where it showed profits of approximately $800 a month, the paper receded until on the second month after the declaration of war, it showed a loss of about $500. This serious reversal could be accounted for partly by the heavy losses in advertising and partly by the increased costs entailed in securing and publishing the war news. It will be interesting to see how the publisher went about remedying this condition.

The first step taken was to reduce the size of the paper. For many years it had been growing by leaps and bounds. In 1900 the average daily size was eight pages with twelve on Saturdays. In 1912 the week-day average was sixteen pages and special editions were turned out on Saturdays which ran anywhere from twenty-four pages to thirty-six. Prosperity had also visited the opposition paper with the result that there had been keen rivalry as to which could turn out the bigger sheet. They filled up page after page with comics, exclusive cable services direct from the boiler plate factory, sporting reprint and fashion news. An additional two-column advertisement would often be made the excuse for an extra four-page form.

This had seemed good tactics when prosperity was running high and a bullish sentiment controlled every phase of business. A big paper brought big ads. It looked different, however, after war broke out and optimism shriveled up over night. A new order was instituted. When ads. dropped out—and for a time they dropped thick and fast—the size of the newspaper was reduced accordingly. During the past three months it has seldom gone over twelve pages and the week-day average has been eight. It is to-day a better newspaper in some respects than it was before; it prints less matter, it is true, but what it gives is better selected and better written. Quantity after all is not the only editorial attribute that counts.

The next big saving was in the elimination of expensive features from the news columns. Most newspapers have plenty of them—daily hints on health, beauty specifics from actresses, interviews with prize fighters and baseball players, all of it matter that is syndicated throughout the North American continent at a fixed charge per week. This particular newspaper had a number of other features supplied by local talent. A maiden lady of advanced years but retrogressive ideas contributed a weekly column of literary chit-chat; a local organist ran a musical department; one of the high school teachers supplied two poems a week—and received pay for it! All these "features" were promptly stopped. "I found people were reading every word we printed about the war," declared the publisher, "and mighty little else that we printed. So I decided to clear the decks of everything but what the people wanted. The side issues that we needed to keep up interest during peace times when big news was uncertain and intermittent were an encumbrance when the wires were choked up every day with more sensational matter than we could use in a week. We 'canned' the kickshaws and gave our readers a solid diet of news."

The job department of the paper had never been a paying branch of the business. It had been kept up as a service to readers and a safety valve for rush times. Now the publisher hunted the foreman out from his dingy desk in a secluded corner of the department where he was wont to spend many a comfortable, contemplative hour and told him that his job depended upon the amount of business he secured. The foreman got out on the streets and drummed up enough orders to keep his men going full time.

Attention was then turned to the office books and an active collection campaign was launched. Every newspaper has a certain number of subscribers who get in arrears on their payments—and stay there. Almost any small city paper can show accounts dating back five or six years. The publisher in question had been loth to cut these old readers off the lists. With ready money the one real consideration facing him, however, he swept all scruples aside and started a campaign on the "dead-beat" list. There was a bow and a smile in every line of the collection notices he had been wont to send out before; now he put a bark and a threat in every second word. And the money started to come in. When all was said and done, this was good business; for a soft collection letter turneth away many dollars. Only by sharp measures can the slow-pay subscriber be brought into the paid-up fold.

THE public think the newspapers are reaping a harvest from the war. On the contrary newspapers have found it necessary to institute intensive economies

To cut a long story short, the economic efficiencies instituted in this newspaper have resulted in bringing it just over the safe side of the line where profits end and losses begin. The publisher is content with this showing. The profits that have been sacrificed he counts as his personal share in the losses that war has entailed.

The experiences above recounted are not peculiar to the newspaper business nor are publishers alone finding it necessary to institute economies since war broke out. Business in Canada has been in a stage of remaking as a result of the stringency of 1913-14. Young Canada had sown the wild oats of speculation and extravagant optimism and was just starting to settle down to a more drab but decidely saner way of doing things when the war came along and for the time being turned business upside down. War followed the stringency like a tornado on the heels of a hail storm. Business, convalescing from a two-years' attack of depression, had a violent relapse. Some physicians gave the patient up.

Despite the fact that the months following the outbreak of war have been marked by a rapid return of confidence and a very decided improvement in conditions; despite our confident "Business as Usual" slogan; there is no blinking the fact that war has created new conditions which business men must face. Many industries were crippled and all felt the general effect. The necessity that drove this newspaper publisher to intensive economies, has imposed the same task on practically all business men. The remaking process which began with the financial depression has been precipitated by the European conflict.

Business in Canada is in a particularly sound condition. It may be that the shattering of industrialism in Europe will ultimately bring a degree of prosperity to Canada that would have been impossible had the peace never been disturbed. Certainly the future holds out the surety of continued improvement toward a degree of prosperity never equalled in the past. But in the meantime business has had to take stock of itself, to eliminate extravagances, *to find the efficiency which should have been found long ago.* The crisis precipitated by the war may prove a blessing in disguise inasmuch as it has led to a much needed business house-cleaning. When normal conditions return, business will be found on a much sounder basis than ever before.

The word "economy" is perhaps a misnomer in this connection. The situation does not call so much for economy as for the elimination of waste. The newspaper publisher ceases to waste paper by putting out bulky editions filled with features of doubtful value, the merchant refuses to squander money in unproductive premium schemes, the manufacturer watches his cost sheets for "leaks." Canada's share of the war cost can be met by the elimination of waste without diverting one cent from legimate business.

This can be exemplified by citing what has been done in a leading dry goods store in one of the bigger cities of Western Ontario. The war did not catch the proprietor unprepared; he was financially sound and his stock was not overly heavy. For the future of the business he felt no alarm whatever, but, as the city had been built on a foundation composed of half a dozen manufacturing concerns, all of which were bound to suffer to some extent, he could not help feeling alarm on the score of his ability to keep his staff intact. To find employment for his whole staff became his chief consideration.

This he accomplished in a large measure by establishing a wider co-operation between departments. The modern dry goods establishment is in reality a department store and it is generally found that the various departments work on an independent basis. There may not be a customer in the dress goods, but the sales people there do not go over to the laces and ribbons where there is a rush of business for the time being. The salesman in the men's ready-to-wear does not in spells of leisure go to the assistance of his hard-worked associate in the haberdashery department. This is a double waste—waste of time on the part of the sales force and waste of business, for the staff at the counter where the rush is on cannot secure the maximum of business from customers.

The proprietor set himself to the task of establishing a system of closer inter-department co-operation. It was impressed on the staff that the business of the store could be maintained only by each one utilizing every moment for the sale of goods. As the store boasted a floor-walker, it became an important part of his duty to see that the clerks in one department did not idle while another counter was rushed. He kept the staff moving; and it is interesting to note that sales in most departments of the store have increased. It has resulted also in a more intelligent co-ordination of sales effort. The clerk who sells a customer the material for an evening dress now takes an interest in seeing that she secures hose and slippers of the same shade. The shoe clerks take an interest in collars and the millinery are learning something of mantles.

A corollary of this plan, by which clerks were given a fuller opportunity to make good their positions, was the taking on of new lines and specialties. The boot and shoe department, which had formerly been carried as a convenience for customers, was given an opportunity to justify its existence by the way of more substantial sales. New lines were added and better display facilities were provided. Counters were installed for new bargain lines—military stick-ups for hats, books of war poems, odds and ends and current novelties that provoked a ready sale. Whatever sales might be lost in the staples were more than made up for at the new bargain counters. All of which kept the store turnover on the increase; and it has not been found necessary to let a single employee go.

Waste of time had been eliminated.

FINDING NEW ACTIVITIES.

The soundness of things has been very effectively demonstrated by the facility with which firms, thrown out of one market by conditions over which they have had no control, have been able to find new markets, or, finding demand for certain lines on the wane, have turned to new lines with instant success.

Basingwell is the president of a planing mill and building company. Of recent years the planing-mill end of the business has been used largely to turn out supplies for the building operations of the concern which have been the big end. A novelty department, where such lines as bread boards, crockinole boards, checker boards, etc., were turned out, had been permitted to dwindle down to infinitesimal proportions. Where once big orders for washing machines and wheel-barrows had helped to keep the plant humming, so little business had of late years been secured in these lines that it had hardly paid to keep the stock up. Building had become the sole mainspring of business.

Basingwell's plant was located in one of those Western cities which have experienced a phenomenally rapid growth. What the war did to building operations in that city needs no comment other than that Basingwell found himself face to face with a trying decision. To find busialong other lines or close the plant down.

For the first time in four years he gave a few earnest hours to investigating the reasons for the decline of business in washing-machines, wheel-barrows, and novelty lines. He found that the connection the firm had once enjoyed with the wholesalers and the hardware trade had been allowed to slip away. All that had been done for five years had been to send out an annual circular to a list which had not been revised once in that time! The trade had not been called upon. Even the jobbers had been neglected. The firm had spent many thousand dollars advertising in their local papers for the building trade, but not a copper had been spent to get business in other lines.

"Our one chance to keep running," decided Basingwell, "is to win back our connection with the trade."

A connection between manufacturer and the trade can be maintained without excessive cost, provided that its continuity is not disturbed. Once let it lapse, however, and it costs money to build it up again. Basingwell recognized this. With temporary extinction staring him in the face, he decided to "take a chance," to spend some money in an effort to rebuild a profitable connection. He did not let a hand go but turned the whole plant on to the manufacture of novelties in woodwork. At the same time he took on two thoroughly trained specialty salesmen and sent them out to call on the trade. He spent several hundred dollars on a catalogue and several hundred more in trade paper space. He made a tour of the wholesale houses himself.

And business came back. The trade remembered Basingwell's washing machine as a medium-priced article of good quality which had been a brisk seller in the past. The only reason they had not continued to stock Basingwell machines was that Basingwell himself had made no effort to hold trade; had, in fact, obliterated himself and his machine and had made it inevitable for dealers to take on other lines. It was not a difficult matter, despite the caution that war time engenders, to get a fair proportion of dealers to start selling Basingwell lines again.

There is every evidence that Basingwell will be able to keep his factory running full time after all. The connection he had allowed to slip away is gained back. Fully awake now to the disadvantages of concentrating his energies on one line only, he has given much thought to the question of new lines; and has found several which promise to be big profit-makers.

One of the largest clothing manufacturers in Ontario had found it necessary to take up the manufacture of certain lines of leather goods and is finding it a profitable venture. Countless other instances could be quoted to show that resourcefulness in finding new fields is enabling many manufacturers to meet adverse conditions in the market which they had previously been serving. This is rendered possible by the fact that importations from many European countries have been almost completely stopped, thus giving Canadian firms a chance to turn out the goods which were formerly obtained abroad. The war has cramped manufacturing activities in some directions, but it has opened up wide possibilities at the same time.

INDIVIDUAL READJUSTMENT.

The same has applied to individuals. For four years F. F. Glover (we'll call him that) had been sales manager of a real estate concern in Toronto. Their specialty had been suburban lots sold on the easiest of slow terms and the slowest of easy terms. Business prospects did not look very bright after August 4 and Glover was gradually shoved off the payroll. He looked hard for another job—in the real estate line—but found it not. His efforts to assume a share of the white man's burden with the rewards thereof, brought him in touch with quite a number of other salesmen temporarily relieved of their share; and the prospect rather disheartened him. There were more salesmen around than jobs. Gradually, however, the other side of the case impressed itself upon him. People seemed to be spending as freely as ever. Stores were busy, restaurants were always full, moving picture theatres were more crowded than ever. With the big, easy-going public spending money in its usual easy-going way, there was no excuse for salesmen being out of work.

> PEOPLE seemed to be spending as freely as ever. Stores seemed busy, restaurants were always full, moving picture theatres were more crowded than ever

The public, he noticed, took as readily to novelties of current interest as ever. Here was Opportunity.

He rented an eight-by-ten space in an office building and a quarter-inch space in the newspapers. The latter filled the former on the following day with men who were willing to "handle sales agency entailing hard work." Glover selected a dozen or more and turned them loose on the public with engravings of English generals and admirals suitably framed and offered at the price of —. But it would hardly be fair to mention the price other than to say that a good margin was left over and above cost to provide for sales expense. The pictures sold well. Glover became ambitious and had some cards printed which read, "Glover Sales Agency." He took on more specialties, more salesmen—and more profits. He bought a supply of miniature iron crosses and sold them again to street corner peddlers who disposed of them in turn to a ready public at ten cents apiece.

Glover expects to keep his sales staff recruited up to an effective basis and to make his agency a permanent one. He counts on making a living by tickling the fancy of a novelty-loving public.

COAXING THE RELUCTANT DOLLAR.

There is a grain of caution in the typical Canadian. For a time after war broke out a dollar in the bank, or, better still, in the toe of a grey woolen sock, looked to be worth two dollars out in investment. Money continued to repose in the banks or was even withdrawn to the imagined security of a feather mattress. Lots of men who had not hesitated in days not long since gone by to sink their savings in land they had never seen, now looked askance at gilt-edged securities.

The way of the bond salesman was hard. To coax the reluctant dollar into the open became a task that required the guile of a Machiavelli and the persistency of a bulldog.

After a month of hard work trying to get the investing spirit into a public that had forgotten everything but the ostrich act, seemingly, an idea occurred to a young bond salesman. There was plenty of money in the country—more than at any time in the previous three years. All that was lacking was confidence.

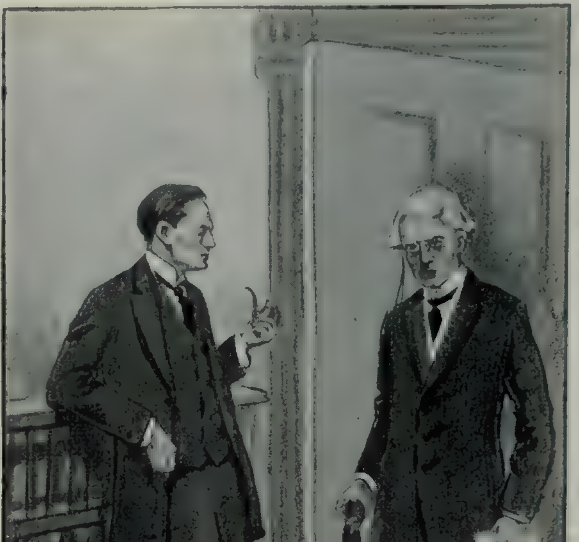
Continued on Page 94.

The Third Man:

By Donald Donovan

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER

The First in a New Series of Detective Stories



In twenty-five minutes by actual count he returned. "You are not an apt pupil, Bracey," he said, "or you would not have bothered me with this A B C problem"

THEY sat around the table at the Bohemian Club—Brandon Bracey, Saunderson, the short-story writer, Denton Briggs, broker and plunger, and Perry Robbins, a newspaper man, Bracey, as usual, was expounding. Bracey was a man of about thirty-five, brilliant and incisive, but incurably lazy. And, like all lazy men, he had a brainful of theories.

"You've all heard that an expert on forms of animal life can take a single bone of an extinct species and, even if he has never heard of the animal before, construct the whole carcase again," he was saying, with his peculiar stuttering rapidity. "Well, its true enough. What's more, given a perfect section of *anything* it is possible to reconstruct the whole. I contend that a fragment of canvas torn from a painting in which the artist has observed the laws of balance and color harmony absolutely would provide all that was needed for a perfect reproduction of the picture. Give me the cards played in the first two rounds of a game of bridge between four perfect players and I'll figure out exactly how the rest of the cards are distributed."

"How about crime?" queried Robbins. "Does a single clue provide the means of bringing out the complete facts?"

"I was coming to that," said Bracey with the impatience of a raconteur who has been forestalled in his climax. "The rule applies more particularly to crime than to anything else. General opinion to the contrary, life proceeds along well defined paths. Certain causes create certain effects. Under certain circumstances, the human mind works in certain ways. Every incident in a person's life, even the most trivial, can be used as an X-ray to plumb into the recesses of that person's mind and past life. Given a clue, a single fragment forms a series of incidents leading up to a crime, and the close student of crime psychology can reconstruct the whole story."

"You're making some pretty broad statements and taking even more for granted than usual in your theorizing to-night, Bracey," said Saunderson.

"I'm not giving you theories to-night," answered Bracey. "I'm giving you facts."

"Then," demanded Robbins, "why do so many crimes go undetected? Why don't the police hire a few competent reconstructers and hand over the clues to them on all cases? According to your way of putting it, a police force is unnecessary. All we need is a staff of crime professors and a crew of rough-necks to make arrests as directed."

"Crimes go undetected because there are only three men in the world capable of doing as I have said," answered Bracey. "One is Swinton, the Englishman. France contributes another in Paul Dufere. The third is—well, perhaps the most peculiar American that ever lived."

A pause ensued. "Go on," said Robbins, finally. "You don't suppose we intend to let you off at that, do you? If what you say is true, we simply insist upon full details."

"You won't make a feature story out of what I tell you?" demanded Bracey of Robbins. "You promise to treat the whole thing as strictly confidential?" The others nodded. Very well, then. The third man lives in three small rooms in a part of the city where perhaps none of you have ever penetrated. He is short-sighted and hard of hearing. For days at a time he never leaves his rooms. He is the laziest and most sedentary of men. But the physical strength and energy that he lacks is made up for by his wonderful power of mental reasoning. When the police get lost on an important case, they go to Anson Hogarth. He never goes out on a case himself. If the information collected by the police is accurate, he can solve the case for them in nine cases out of ten, but he can never be tempted to go out to investigate a case himself. In fact, he might prove a failure as an investigator. He is peculiarly constructed to pass on the evidence collected by others and find the logical conclusions arising therefrom."

"You may be inclined to scoff at what I am going to tell you," went on Bracey. "As a matter of fact, I have gone a little into the detective business for myself lately—purely for the interest that attaches to it, you understand. I've worked on several cases, as a sort of investigating associate with Anson Hogarth. I verify the police reports and gather such material as I may discover myself and then turn the facts over to Hogarth. Remember the Davis case, any of you? The police worked on that for ten days without getting any closer to a solution than they were at first. On the eleventh day, the whole thing was suddenly cleared up. Then there was the Harland diamond robbery, the Dickie flat shooting affair and the murder of Cecilia Burns. Hogarth solved them all—with the assistance of your humble servant."

A waiter approached Denton Briggs at this point with the information that Mr. John Carson wanted him on the telephone.

Briggs got to his feet with alacrity and hurried to the 'phone. The name of John Carson, present head of the famous banking and security house of Kelvie and Carson was one to conjure with.

In a minute he returned. "Sorry, but I must leave you," he announced. "Just made an appointment, but I'll be back in an hour's time. Save the rest of your story until then, Bracey, I'm immensely interested."

* * *

AT 8.47 the next morning, Ephraim Rogers, for twenty-five years private secretary to John Carson, entered the offices of Kelvie and Carson, and found that, as usual, he was the first to arrive. He shook the snow from his old-fashioned greatcoat and hung it methodically on its accustomed peg. With the decorous lack of haste that characterized all his movements, he opened the door leading into the private office of Mr. Carson, and stepped within. The next instant, with a wild cry, he dashed out again, arms elevated with agitation, face distended with alarm.

"Robbers!" he shouted. "Thieves! The safe's been broken into!"

Two clerks who had entered directly after him took up the alarm and in a few moments the whole building was in a state of uproar. "I'll telephone the police," said one of the clerks, but was promptly checked by the secretary who remembered office regulations even in the midst of his mental upset. "Nothing must be done until Mr. Carson has been notified," said Rogers, decidedly. Accordingly, he called up the apartments of the president and received the startling information that Mr. Carson had left there early the previous evening and had not since returned.

"'E went to the club, sir," said the president's man, who had answered the 'phone. "I expected 'im back early sir, and when 'e didn't come, I telephoned the club. They said as Mr. Carson 'ad left there, sir."

The secretary spent an anxious quarter of an hour endeavoring to locate his superior. In the end he gave it up and reluctantly broke the sacred office regulations by summoning the police. Two brisk plainclothesmen answered the summons promptly. Rogers showed them into the private office and pointed out the safe in a corner, with its massive door yawning wide open.

"Know what was in it?" asked one of the detectives.

"Yes," replied Rogers.

"Then find out if anything is missing."

Rogers went down on his knees before the safe and examined its contents thoroughly. At the conclusion of his search he rose stiffly, with a puzzled look on his face.

"All that's missing is a bundle of papers relating to some litigation," he said. "Mr. Carson was intending to go into that matter to-day. It's very strange."

"Anything of value left?"

"Anything of value?" said Rogers almost incredulously. "It would be difficult to compute the value of what that safe contained."

The second detective had been conducting a minute examination of the room. Now he paused before the swivel chair which the president used and pointed a knotty finger at a stain on one corner.

"Blood," he remarked in a matter of fact tone. "Been a shindy in here. Chair's been shoved back and swung around."

"Right, Shannon," said the other who appeared to be the senior. "Waste basket been shoved over behind that dictating machine."

Here, Rogers who had become quite pale, volunteered the information that Mr. Carson had left his apartments early the night before and had not since been heard of.

"It's the first time it's occurred in twenty years," he added. "He's very methodical, is Mr. Carson."

The detectives exchanged a quick glance that betokened an awakening interest in the possibilities of the case.

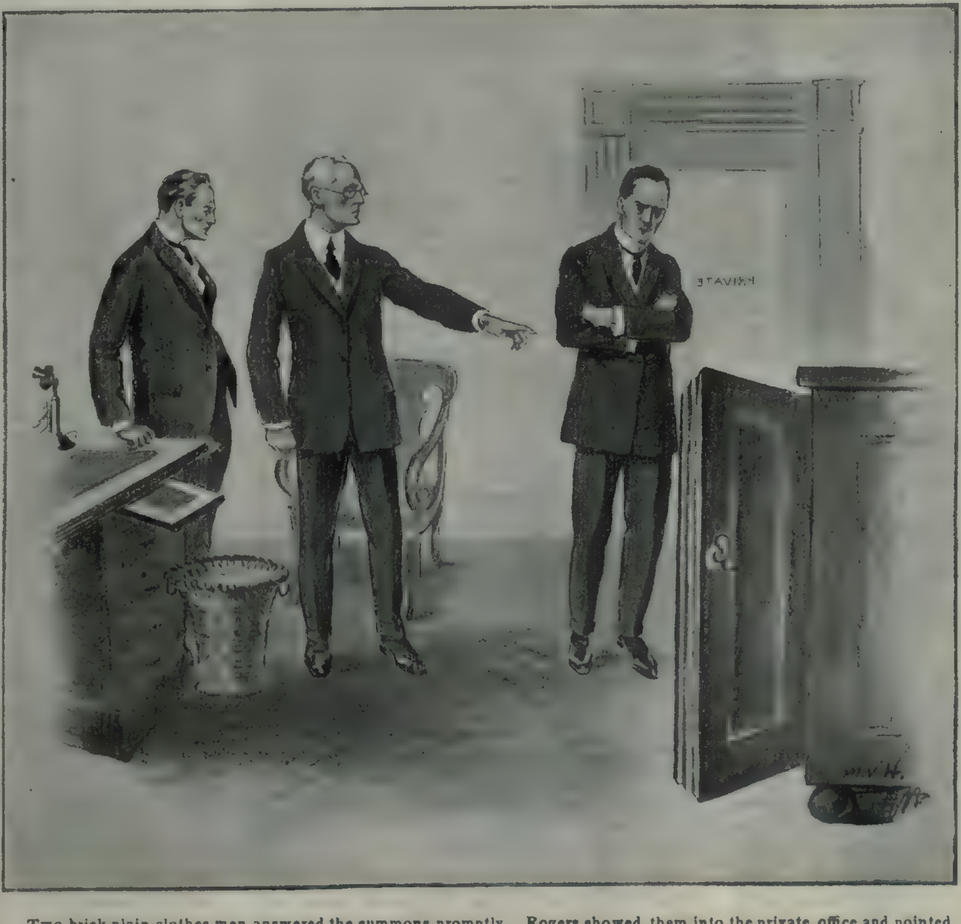
"I'll take the office force, Shannon," said the senior briskly. "You get hold of the janitor of the building."

The members of the staff were put through a close grilling at the hands of Corley, the senior detective, but no information of value was obtained. At 5.15 the preceding evening, Rogers himself had locked the safe, Mr. Carson having left as usual at 5.10. By half-past five the secretary had turned the key in the outer office after the last member of the staff had gone. None of the staff had returned until the usual hour in the morning.

Shannon had better success with the janitor, however. The latter, an industrious but not overly bright Swede, remembered having seen Mr. Carson enter the building and walk up the two flights of stairs to the offices of Kelvie and Carson about eight o'clock the night before. He, the janitor, had been busy sweeping out the offices on the first floor at the time. About ten minutes after, another person had entered the building and mounted the stairs, although the janitor had not seen him. In half an hour one of the two had come down the stairs at a sharp gait and left the building. Twenty minutes after, a third party had come in—his step had sounded different from the other two, so the janitor was sure it was not the second man returning—and had mounted hurriedly to the Kelvie and Carson floor. The janitor's acquaintance with the events of the evening ended there as he had then made his way to the cellar to attend to the fires and had not heard or seen anything further.

The detectives secured assistance from headquarters and a thorough effort to find the missing Mr. Carson was instituted. All the likely clubs and the homes of acquaintances were called up. Homes and hospitals were visited. After two hours of systematic search, the only information the police had gleaned was to the effect that the missing man had dined and had last been seen at the Pilgrim's Club, leaving there about 7.45 in a taxicab.

Despite the frantic efforts of Rogers to keep the matter under cover, the newspapers soon got the "story." Specials were on the street at 10.30 and Rogers groaned as he read in scarehead type: "*Millionaire Banker Missing!* John Carson visits his office last evening and mysteriously disappears—safe found open and valuable papers missing—Absolutely no trace of the wealthy banker found — Police nonplussed." The papers went on to recite the intimate details of the daily life of the missing banker. John Carson was about fifty-five years of age and had never married. He maintained sumptuous apartments in the Belvidere, with one man-servant who had been in his employ for over twenty years.



Two brisk plain clothes men answered the summons promptly. Rogers showed them into the private office and pointed out the safe in a corner, with its massive door yawning wide open

A quiet man of extremely methodical habits, Carson had never taken an active part in anything outside of his business. The collection of curios was his one hobby and recreation. His apartments at the Belvidere were literally crammed with costly odds and ends gathered from the four ends of the earth.

"What *will* he say!" groaned Rogers, who knew that publicity of any kind was highly repugnant to the millionaire banker. "If he comes back," he added.

At twelve o'clock another special was put out, this time with a piece of news that had seemed to the editors to warrant something really extra special in the way of dreadnought type. *"Was John Carson Murdered?"* read the top line which reached across the full width and a third way down the page. The new development thus featured was the finding of a pedestrian who had seen a man emerge from the building in which the Kelvie and Carson offices were located, carrying another man in his arms. This had been, so far as the pedestrian could judge, about 8.45.

The inert figure had been carefully deposited in a waiting automobile which had then driven away. It had been too dark to notice the parties particularly, but the one who carried the other out had managed his load with great difficulty.

Further developments occurred during the day. On being examined, Rogers gave it out that the papers missing from the safe referred to litigation of a rather serious character pending between the firm of Kelvie and Carson and Mr. Denton Briggs, a stock broker, famous for his daring market speculations. Pressed further, Rogers acknowledged that Mr. Briggs had become deeply involved with Kelvie and Carson and had endeavored to extricate himself by questionable means. The missing papers had contained full information as to the transaction and also proofs of Briggs' duplicity.

Working on this clue, the police soon fell upon other information. Briggs had received a telephone message from Carson at the Bohemian Club about 7.45 or thereabouts and had left immediately to keep an appointment with the missing man, promising a party of friends to return in an hour's time. He had not returned.

More information was readily obtainable after that. It was found that, starting about ten o'clock, Briggs had visited several fashionable cafes and had wound up at a cabaret in a condition of almost complete intoxication, being finally taken home by two acquaintances.

Under the circumstances, the chief of the detective staff felt justified in requesting the presence of Mr. Briggs at headquarters to answer a few questions. Briggs, who had been nursing a morning-after head in bed, rose at the summons and followed a detective to headquarters where, not having seen the specials, he was staggered to learn that he was suspected of being responsible for the disappearance of John Carson and the robbing of his safe. While Briggs was detained at headquarters, Corley and Shannon conducted a thorough search of his apartments. As a result of their examination, they found certain papers which Rogers identified as among those abstracted from the safe.

When Briggs, dazed and almost speechless, was allowed to return to his apartments, an officer accompanied him. "I'm to stay right here till this matter's cleared up," the latter informed him. "Orders from the chief."

"All right!" assented Briggs. "Make yourself at home."

* * *

AT three o'clock that afternoon, Bracey received an urgent telephone message from Briggs, requesting him to come up to the latter's apartments. He complied without delay and was surprised to find the broker's living-room occupied by a heavy-built man in rough tweeds, who favored him on his entrance with a suspicious and belligerent stare.

"Meet my friend, Mr. Alfred Brophy," said Briggs, with a half-rueful, half-quizzical smile. "Mr. Brophy is attached to the detective force. I'm not exactly under arrest, but if I attempted to leave my room I rather suspect Mr. Brophy would have something to say on the subject."

"You've guessed it," said the detective, gruffly.

"The Carson case?" asked Bracey. "Rather thought they would drag you into it."

"Do you know," said Briggs, "they talk as though they thought I murdered the old gentleman. And the worst of it is, there appears, on the surface, to be really some grounds for thinking so. It's a rotten mess. It'll be cleared up in no time, of course, but in the meantime, it's rather uncomfortable for me."

"The papers are going for you," said Bracey. "By the way, I suppose you've told your side of it to the police. Mind repeating it for me?"

"There's really nothing to tell," declared Briggs. "As you know, I got a call at the Bohemian Club to go over to Mr. Carson's office to talk over this business matter the papers are making so much fuss about. I went over and found Carson all alone in the office. We talked the matter over and finally decided on a settlement without letting it go to the courts. Carson took the papers from the safe and returned certain ones to me, in accordance with the agreement we had reached. We then shook hands, and I left him. The thing has been hanging over my head for some weeks and I felt so good at getting it settled that I started out and got lit up by way of celebration. That's all I know about it. In the meantime, somebody seems to have entered the office and knocked the old boy on the head and carried the body off. The papers all disappear and some are found in my rooms. It looks nasty for me. I'll admit that. But what I've told you is nothing but the truth —and it's the whole truth."

"What I wanted to see you about is this," he went on. "This mysterious third man you were telling us about last night; could he be persuaded to concentrate his mind on the case? I'm like a drowning man clutching at straws. The police seem content to accept me as the goat and, unless someone else gets started on the case, they may succeed in fastening it on me after all. Surely the case is strange enough to be worth the attention of your arm-chair magician?"

"I'll try him," promised Bracey. "Don't worry, Briggs. It's a nasty mess, as you say, but even as it stands, there's no case against you. There isn't any proof yet that anything has happened to Carson. If I can get Hogarth interested, he should clear the case up without difficulty. It will mean some investigation on my part first, though."

At 6.15 Bracey returned to the apartments of his friend and handed a note to the detective.

"Orders from the chief," he explained. Then to Briggs: "Blockade raised. You're a free man once more. Come along to dinner with me and I'll explain it all to you."

"What about John Carson?"

"Found," explained Bracey with characteristic brevity. "Quite alive, but not exactly well. Hurry along, I'm hungry."

* * *

AFTER a substantial order for dinner had been placed, Bracey began his explanation.

"If Saunderson and Robbins were here, I would be inclined to crow over them a little. I gave Hogarth a single clue—one that the police had overlooked, by the way —and he reconstructed the whole story from it. It was quite a simple problem, he told me; in fact, he seemed rather annoyed that he had been bothered with so transparent a case. It looked simple enough—after he had explained it.

"Well, anyway, here's the whole story. I got permission from the police to visit the office of Carson which, I found, had been left quite undisturbed. I quickly verified the various points made by the police. The safe contained many papers of very great value but nothing had been even disturbed with the exception of the bundle relating to yourself. I made a map of the room, showing the exact position of everything, desk, the telephone on the desk, chair, dictating machine and waste basket. In doing this, I picked up the clue that the police had overlooked. A fresh record was on the machine and only a few lines had been dictated. Now Carson is the most methodical man alive. He clears up his day's work before leaving the office every night. It was quite contrary to his invariable practice to leave a record unfinished on the machine. A natural assumption was that he had started to dictate during his evening visit and had been interrupted. I reversed the machine and copied down what had been dictated, finding that my assumption was quite right. Carson had started to dictate a letter to his lawyer, after finishing his talk with you. The words on the record were as follows:

> My Dear Hartney:
>
> I have disregarded your advice and settled the whole matter with Denton Briggs along the lines previous-

Continued on Page 85.

Mr. Speaker: A Glimpse of the Man and the Office from the Human Interest Side

Hon. Dr. Sproule, Present Speaker of the House, in his Robes of Office

Hon. Peter White, Q.C., Speaker from 1891-96

Hon. Napoleon Antoine Belcourt, K.C., Speaker 1904, who completed Hon. L. P. Brodeur's term as Speaker

By W. A. CRAICK

IT is nearly three o'clock. As the hands of the time-piece in the lobby of the House of Commons approach the hour, increasing activity becomes evident in the corridors. Members of Parliament who have up to the present been dropping in singly and in somewhat leisurely fashion, now enter the main door in larger numbers and with more show of haste. Visitors are seen ascending to the upper hallway, whence entrance to the galleries is secured, there to wait resignedly until admission is granted them. Pages scamper about and attendants go on duty at the doors leading into the lobbies. There is an air of expectancy pervading the place that naturally quickens one's interest in the proceedings.

Presently a man in a modest half-military, half-civilian costume appears from the west wing. A sword dangles from his side. He wears a black rosette between his shoulders and a little gold lace on his trousers. He bears about him the insignia of authority. As he passes into the lobby on the left of the Commons Chamber, he is given a short sharp salute by the Dominion policeman on duty. He walks on through the lobby to a door at the far end and disappears.

A moment later another figure enters the corridor from the west wing and hurries through the lobby. He wears a long black robe and white tie and he too has the black rosette at the back of his collar. In his arm he carries a bundle of papers.

The first figure was the Sergeant-at-Arms, the second, the Clerk of the House, and their destination was the Speaker's apartments at the rear of the Commons' Chamber.

It is now three o'clock. On the stroke of the hour, bells begin to ring through the building. As their prolonged tones beat on the air, the door at the end of the lobby opens and a small and dignified procession emerges. First comes the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing on his shoulder the massive ornamented mace; following him there appears a black-robed figure wearing a three-cornered cocked hat and conspicuously white gloves; behind him walks the Clerk of the House, the deputy clerk and a messenger. The five proceed in single file to the door leading from the lobby into the Chamber, pass through it and disappear.

Hon. James Cockburn, Q.C. The first Speaker of the Confederation and the only Speaker to hold office during more than one Parliament

This little pageant is repeated each day the House sits. It is the necessary introduction to the proceedings of the afternoon. Savoring of the old world, full of formality, it is one of the incidents that adds dignity to the everyday life of Parliament. Its central figure, he of the cocked hat and white gloves, is the Speaker, the man about whom pivots the whole Parliamentary system. Grave, dignified, presumably impartial, he stands for that authority which, despite the wrangling of politicians and the play of passion and prejudice, rides on through the whole history of legislative action unshaken and unimpaired.

No outsider's eye beholds and no stranger's ear hears what goes on inside the Chamber from the moment the Speaker disappears within the folding doors until the attendants at the gallery entrances admit the waiting public. Presumably the great mace is laid on the table and Mr. Speaker ascends the dais to his chair; prayers are read, one day in English and the next in French, and such matters as any member may desire to bring up before the press is admitted, are introduced. Apart from that very little may be supposed to happen.

It is in a sense paradoxical to call the dignitary in the cocked hat, the Speaker. As a matter of fact he "speaks" a good deal less than most members of the House.

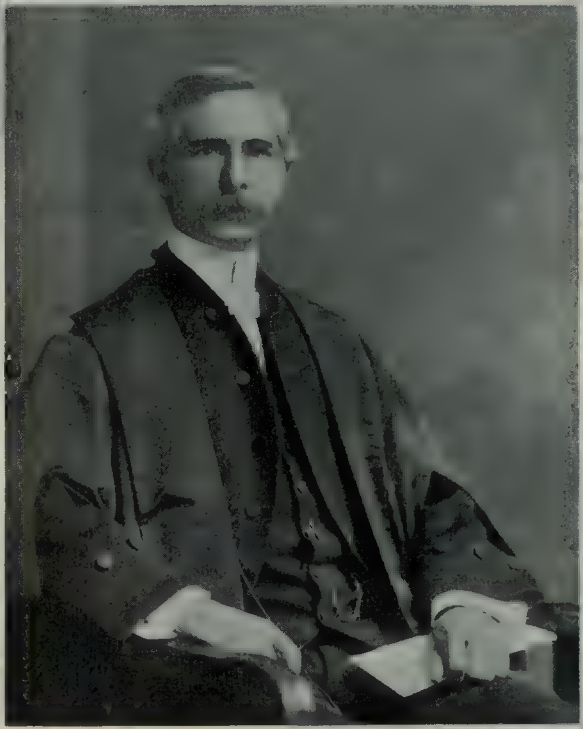
Hon. Charles Marcil, Speaker 1909-1911, the last speaker of the Liberal Regime

the name is simply a relict of those good old times when the commons of England had their troubles with would-be unconstitutional monarchs. Some one member had perforce to express the views of his colleagues in interviews with the sovereign and the man who undertook this dangerous duty was known as "the speaker." In process of time the speakership brought with it the added duty of presiding over the sessions of the Commons and so the presiding official of the House, as he is now known, came into existence.

In the year 1377, about the end of the reign of Edward III., the office of Speaker became regularly established and from that time right down to the present there has been a continuous line of Speakers in the British House of Commons. At first appointed only for a year at a time, the custom was gradually changed until now the Speaker of the mother of Parliaments holds office with the utmost impartiality through the lives of more than one Parliament and then goes to his reward in the House of Lords. So much above party is he regarded there, that only on one or two occasions during the past hundred years has his seat as a member of the House ever been contested.

But if Mr. Speaker's life was in jeopardy years ago when he tremblingly appeared before the monarch and voiced the desires of the people, his position was frequently not less uncomfortable in those days in the House itself. To-day his authority is so firmly established that manifestations of lack of respect for his person or decisions are so rare as to be practically negligible. Then, it was often his painful duty to call the attention of the House to gross breaches of decorum, as for instance when a certain Speaker reported that "Sir E. Herbert put not off his hat to him but put out his tongue and popped his mouth with his finger in scorn," and another Speaker complained that a member had come up to him and cried "Baw" in his ear.

The British custom under which a Speaker holds office for a dozen years or more is not followed in Canada. Instead the office falls vacant automatically at the end of each Parliament and one of the first duties of a new Parliament is to elect its Speaker. The entire performance savoring of Mediaevalism and carried through with the utmost formality, is not without its special interest for those who delight in the maintenance of time-honored customs.



Hon. R. F. Sutherland, elected Speaker after the election of 1908. Now Judge Sutherland

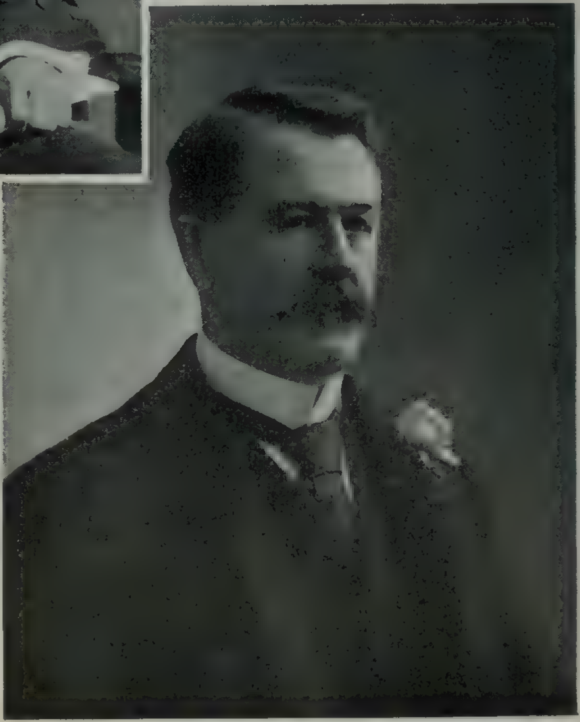
HOW MR. SPEAKER IS ELECTED.

Stereotyped descriptions of the opening of Parliament elaborate on the antics of Black Rod and the gorgeous pageant in the Senate Chamber when the Governor-General reads his speech in the presence of elaborately gowned ladies, Windsor-uniformed privy councillors and galleries full of the cream of Ottawa society. They frequently overlook the happenings anterior to this brilliant event.

On the day before the formal opening, the House of Commons assembles in a sort of free and easy way and the members crowd up to the Clerk's table to be sworn in, very much the same as schoolboys at the end of a vacation throng into the headmaster's office to register. Some are new and strange; others old and experienced, but all are eager to be through with the swearing-in process. When this is accomplished the Clerk informs the House that he has received a communication from the Governor-General's secretary, which he proceeds to read. It is to the effect that the Chief Justice of Canada in his capacity of Deputy Governor-General, will be in the Senate Chamber that afternoon to open the session. Almost before the words are out of his mouth Black Rod's knock is heard and the Commons are informed that the Deputy of His Royal Highness, the Governor-General, awaits them. The order is obeyed in a lackadaisical way and, like a lot of sheep without a shepherd, the members wander through the corridor to the scarlet chamber.

On their arrival the Speaker of the Senate addresses them. He intimates that the Governor-General has prepared a speech explaining the cause of his summoning the present Parliament, which he would like to read to his devoted Commons, but he is not inclined to do so until they shall have chosen from among their number a Speaker. One wonders why the Commons could not have elected a Speaker without this hint, but apparently such an idea had not entered their heads.

This formality accomplished, the members wander back to their own



Sir George A. Kirkpatrick, Speaker 1883-1887, subsequently Lieut-Governor of Ontario chamber, the whole excursion having occupied only a few minutes and, having taken their seats, the Prime Minister rises in his place and addressing himself to the Clerk of the House, proposes that such and such an honorable member shall become their Speaker. He eulogizes the man of his choice, pointing out how exceedingly well-qualified he is for the onerous duties of the position, and then resumes his seat amid applause. Immediately some other distinguished member of the Government jumps to his feet and seconds the nomination, adding a few more words of appreciation of the nominee. Then, not to be outdone in courtesy, the leader of the Opposition rises to express a cordial approval of the Government's choice, his words conveying a vague hint that, while, of course, he might have selected a more suitable occupant of the Speaker's chair, had he been given the chance, yet the Prime Minister had done very well, very well indeed.

The Clerk of the House now puts the motion, which under the circumstances is carried unanimously, and the new Speaker is duly appointed. There is a hearty burst of applause and the first commoner is immediately escorted to the dais on which the Speaker's chair stands ready for his occupancy. He mounts three of the four steps leading to the platform and then turning proceeds to express his thanks for the honor done him. Of course he makes a mild pretence that the choice of his fellow-members has come as a surprise to him—but why disclose all the secret negotiations that had led up to his appointment? Let the drama run its course in the old approved fashion without any unnecessary display of the stage-properties.

Meanwhile the Sergeant-at-Arms has taken his cue and as the newly-appointed Speaker ascends the dais, he produces from its temporary hiding-place under the table, the great mace and places it gently on its cushion. The movement made silently and unostentatiously is symbolic of the accretion of power which has that moment come into the hands of the man who has just received the important appointment from his fellow-members. Henceforth, or until the Parliament but newly constituted shall have run its course, he and the gilded mace will never, officially at any rate, part company. While he is in the House, it will lie on the table before him; as he passes to and from the House, it will be borne in front of him; and in his apartments, it will stand in its glass case within the walls of his private office.

The Governor-General's mandate having thus been obeyed and the Commons having selected a speaker, there is nothing further to be done for the present. The House adjourns and the Speaker marches off behind the mace to make an inspection of his apartments. Of course, he has been there before; in fact has everything arranged to suit his needs, for hadn't he knowledge of the honor that was coming his way weeks, even months ago? What had occurred was just a bit of stage-play and he might quite as well as not have gone into the House that afternoon with the three-cornered hat on his head which had been ready for him for days, instead of wandering in in his street clothes.

THE SPEAKER'S CHAMBERS.

Presuming, however, that he is actually entering the Speaker's apartments for the first time in the capacity of master, what must his feelings be as he takes a hasty survey of the various rooms? Taste in decoration and furnishing has brought about notable changes in the apartments. He may approve or disapprove of his predecessor's choice in color schemes or arrangement. If his wife be with him, she is almost certain to do so. From the red-carpeted hall to the gorgeous drawing-room and on into the long and stately dining-room with its paintings of previous speakers, they pass and, if they are not contemplating alterations, they will doubtless be dreaming of the numerous and elaborate functions that will take place in these rooms under their patronage.

Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, Speaker 1874-1878. This portrait was taken in the Speakers' Chambers, Ottawa

The Speaker's apartments in the Parliament Buildings are indeed a handsome suite of rooms. Entering them from the lobby of the House, one passes at once from the cold and uninviting corridor of a big public building into the cosiness and comfort of a private dwelling. Even though it is a uniformed footman who responds to the summons at the door, there is a homeliness and simplicity about the appearance of the hall that immediately gives one the impression that the Speaker is after all a fellow-being. To the right of the hall a stairway ascends to the sleeping apartments, which are, of course, not open to the public inspection, and beyond the stairs is the private secretary's room with the private office of the Speaker adjoining it. Both are plain rooms furnished for use not show.

The drawing-room and dining-room on the opposite side of the hall are, however, the main attraction. Both are large rooms and both are handsomely furnished. The drawing-room, under the hand of Madame Marcil, was converted a few years ago into a very gorgeous apartment, with bright colors and modern furniture. The dining-room on the other hand still retains its old solidarity and is darker and statelier in tone. In these two rooms all those social functions associated with the Speaker's tenure of office, take place—those receptions, lunches and dinners, the giving of which seem to be of almost as much importance as his duties in the House itself.

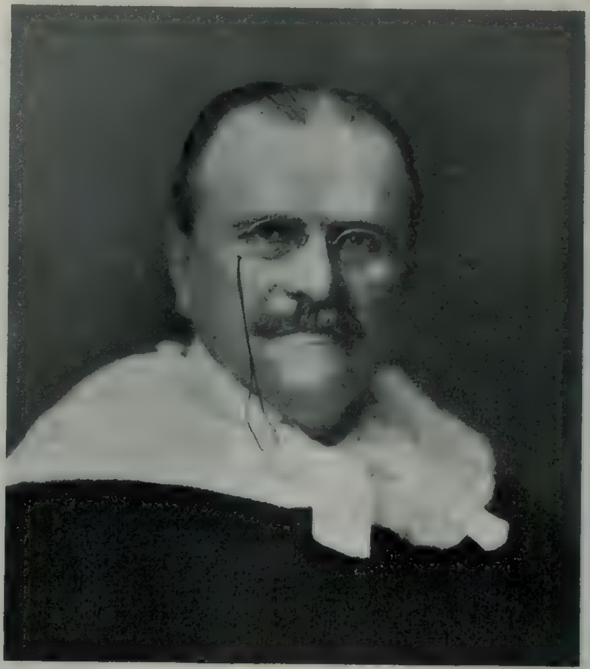
MR. SPEAKER PRESIDING.

When Mr. Speaker next appears on the scene in the House of Commons (which will be the afternoon of the day following his election) there has been a complete metamorphosis. His apparel is changed and even his features have suffered alteration. He is no longer the ordinary everyday member whom his colleagues have been in the habit of chaffing, but a most dignified and serious individual, with an awe-inspiring gleam in his eye and a majestic stride in his walk. The cocked hat, the robe, the white tie and gloves and the glistening patent leather boots all add to the air of superiority that surrounds him, placing a gulf between him and the other members of the House.

This time, when Black Rod summons the Commons to the red chamber following the reading of a formal message from Rideau Hall, there is a shepherd for the sheep. The Speaker steps into his appointed place as first member and leads the way through the corridors. And the scene is very different. To-day the Governor-General himself sits on the dais, surrounded by all the dignitaries of Church and State. The Senate Chamber is thronged, precisely as described in the society columns, and there is much curiosity among those whose first time it is to witness the spectacle.

The Speaker, with the members of the House crowding round him, takes his place at the bar of the Senate and the proceedings commence. He speaks up boldly and, if he has memorized the words sufficiently well, makes an effective pretence of demanding the rights usually accorded to himself and the members of the House of Commons. The phraseology is stereotyped in form and runs somewhat after this fashion:

"May it please your Royal Highness, the House of Commons have elected me their Speaker though I am but little able to fulfil the important duties thus assigned to me. If, in the performance of those duties I should at any time fall into error, I pray that the fault may be imputed to me, and not to the Commons, whose servant I am, and who, through me, the better to enable them to discharge their duty to their King and country, humbly claim all their undoubted rights and privileges, especially that they may have freedom of speech in their debates, access to your Royal Highness' person at all seasonable times, and that their proceedings may receive from your Royal Highness the most favorable consideration."



Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, Speaker 1901-1904, now Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada

The Speaker of the Senate thereupon assures the petitioner that the Commons will be allowed their constitutional privileges, following which the speech from the throne is read. This done, the Commons march back to their own chamber and the first session of the new Parliament is at length officially under way.

Sir James D. Edgar, First Speaker during the Laurier Regime from 1896-1899

IN THE HOUSE.

It would doubtless be tiresome to enter into a detailed account of all that a Speaker is supposed to do. The text books and rules of procedure have plenty of dry-as-dust information to supply on the duties of the office. Briefly, he is required to take the chair and call members to order; to announce in proper succession the various matters of business coming before the House for consideration; to hear motions stated and submit to the House such as deserve recognition; to put the vote and announce its result; to receive messages from the outside world and deliver them to the House; to affix his signature to bills; to act as the mouthpiece of the House and to see that the rules are not infringed.

The office is no sinecure. Other members may enter or leave the Chamber at will, may loll in their seats, may read newspapers write letters or even go to sleep, but Mr. Speaker must sit up in all his starchy dignity and pay patient attention through all manner of weary debates. Of course, he has a deputy to relieve him when the sitting becomes long-drawn-out and he may even summon an ordinary member of the House to take his place in emergencies, but this does not lessen the necessity for the constant exercise of his authority. The responsibility for the smooth running of the proceedings of the House always rests upon his shoulders.

So far Canadian Speakers have had a fairly peaceful time of it. There have been turbulent scenes, heated altercations and threatened disregard of the rules, but only once since Confederation at any rate, has the trouble gone beyond the stage when Mr. Speaker's warning has had to be followed up by the actual naming of a member. "Naming a member" is the last resort of a harrassed Speaker. It involves the removal of the unruly one from the Chamber and the decision by his fellow-members of what shall be done to him. In the one case of "naming" in the history of the Canadian House, the difficulty was settled before the member had actually been ejected.

NAMING A MEMBER.

This incident occurred during the heated debate on the naval question in the session of 1913 and under the speakership of the Hon. Dr. Sproule. The House was in committee of the whole with the member for Kent, New Brunswick, F. J. Robidoux, in the chair. After a pro-

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TWELVE PILLARS OF SUCCESS

The Triumph of Common Virtues

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

THE great majority of people who have done things in the world were not born geniuses. They developed talents. Carlyle defined genius as "an infinite capacity for taking pains"; and the trouble with most of us is that we are not willing to take any pains at all.

The great difficulty with "genius" is that it is often accompanied by some defeating weaknesses, a lack of comcommon sense, of good judgment, of system, of initiative. in other words, what is called genius is often mere brilliancy resulting from one-sided development, an over-stimulation and growth of one or more faculties, which is inevitably paid for by an under-development or a fatal deficiency somewhere else.

We hear a great deal about this extraordinary, really unnatural kind of ability, but if we analyze the success of most men we shall find that it has come rather from the extraordinary application of just those common, everyday qualities which all well-balanced people possess in some degree.

As the sum of the mental faculties together constitutes our ability, each separate faculty must contribute its share to the judgment, the common sense. If any one of them is weak, deficient in any respect, the judgment, the common sense, will be weak or deficient by just so much. In other words, when a person has good, sound judgment, good horse sense, it simply means that his brain is well balanced and that all the faculties which make up his ability are normal. On the other hand, when we say a man has very poor judgment, lacks common sense, we mean that some of his mental faculties are deficient; that all of them do not contribute their normal quota to the general ability—hence it is weak. So, when we say a man has good judgment, good common sense, we do not mean that he is a genius or necessarily very talented. It simply means that what ability he has is well balanced, that his brain is symmetrically developed.

One of the most difficult things in the world is to convince an ambitious boy that his hero is not a great genius, that he is not possessed of some marvelous, unusual talent which is so far above his own possibilities that it would be useless for him to try to imitate him.

The youthful mind throws a fascinating glow or halo around the successful character, or invests it with some divine attribute which common mortals do not possess.

The most encouraging truth that can be impressed upon the mind of youth is this: "What man has done man can do." Men of great achievements are not to be set on pedestals and reverenced as exceptions to the average of humanity. Instead, these great men are to be considered merely as setting a standard of success for the emulation of every aspiring youth.

Perhaps we can best appreciate the uplifting power of these simple virtues which all may cultivate and exercise, by taking some concrete example of great success which has been achieved by patient plodding toward a definite goal.

There was McKinley who did not start with any great mental ability. There was at no time, anything very surprising or startling in his career. He was not a genius or a scholar; he did not stand high in school; he was not a great lawyer; he did not make a great record in Congress; but he had a good, all-round, level head. He had the best substitute for genius—the ability for hard work and persistence. He knew how to keep plodding, how to hang on, and he knew that the only way to show what he was made of in Congress was to stick to one thing, and he made a specialty of the tariff, following the advice of a statesman friend.

Nothing can keep from success the man who has iron in his blood and is determined that he will succeed. The world stands aside for the plodder if he has determination, and perseverance and grit.

When the determined man is confronted by barriers he leaps over them, tunnels through them, or makes a way around them. Obstacles only serve to stiffen his backbone, increase his determination, sharpen his wits and develop his innate resources. The record of human achievement is full of the truth—"There is no difficulty to him who wills."

Perseverance, it has been said, is the statesman's brain, the warrior's sword, the inventor's secret, the scholar's "open sesame," and yet the cultivation of perseverance is within the reach of every one.

Persistency is to talent what steam is to the engine. It is the driving force by which the machine accomplishes the work for which it was intended. A great deal of persistency, with a very little talent, can be counted on to go farther than a great deal of talent without persistency.

You cannot turn a determined man aside from the goal on which he has set his heart. Take away his money, and he makes spurs of his poverty to urge him on. Lock him up in a dungeon and he writes the immortal "Pilgrim's Progress."

Stick to a thing and carry it through in all its completeness and proportion, and you will become a hero.

Thoroughness is another of the common virtues which all may cultivate. The man who puts his best into every task will leave far behind the man who lets a job go with the comment "That's good enough." Nothing is good enough unless it reflects our best.

As a matter of fact, a world inhabited by men of genius would be a sad one after all. Genius is disturbing and often very difficult to live with. On the other hand, to be an average man is to be truly great, because it is to enter into the thoughts of millions of fellowmen, to share all the common, the elemental instincts. To be commonplace is to be, if one choose to open his mouth, the voice of the multitude.

Young men do not realize that success is not necessarily measured by the accomplishment of some great thing; that it does not consist alone in being wealthy, famous, or powerful; but that it is the crown of all who just honestly, earnestly do their best and live the everyday simple life. It is by the exercise of the common, homely virtues; it is by trying to do everything one attempts to a complete finish; by trying to be scrupulously honest in every transaction; it is by always ringing true in our friendships, even by holding a helpful, accommodating attitude toward those about us; by trying to be the best possible citizen, a good, accommodating, helpful neighbor, a kind, encouraging father—it is by such things as these that we make successful lives.

There is no great secret about success. It is achieved quietly, without noise or straining, by the natural exercise of the commonest, most everyday qualities.

We have seen people in the country in the summer time trampling down the daisies, the beautiful violets, and other lovely wild flowers, in their efforts to get a branch of showy flowers off a large tree, which, perhaps, would not compare in beauty and delicacy and loveliness to the things they trampled under their feet in trying to procure it. In just the same way do many people disregard the common virtues in their efforts to accomplish some unique and extraordinary thing.

In straining for effect, in the struggle to do something great and wonderful, we miss the little successes, the sum of which would have made our lives sublime; and often, after all this straining and struggling for the larger, for the more showy things, we discover to our horror what we have missed on the way up, what sweetness, what beauty, what loveliness, we have lost in the struggle.

Great scientists tell us that the reason why the secrets of nature have been hidden from the world so long is because we are not simple enough in our methods of reasoning; that investigators are looking for unusual phenomena, for something complicated; that the principles of nature's secrets are so extremely simple that men overlook them There is a great lesson in this for us in the ordering of our lives. The nearer we keep to nature's ways, the less friction we encounter, the less energy we waste, the more power we conserve.

It is most unfortunate that so many young people get the impression that success consists in doing some marvelous thing, that there must be some genius born in the man who achieves it; that otherwise he could not do any thing above the mediocre.

The ability to do hard work, and to stick to it, is the right hand of genuis, and the best substitute for it—in fact, is itself, in a way, genius. If young people were to represent Lincoln's total success by one hundred, they would probably expect to find some faculty which would rank at least fifty per cent. of the total. But I think that the verdict of history has shown his honesty of purpose, his purity and unselfishness of motive, his kindness, as his highest attributes, and certainly these qualities are within the reach of the poorest boy and the humblest girl in America.

Suppose we rank his honesty, his integrity twenty per cent. of the total, his dogged persistence, his ability for hard work ten per cent., his passion for wholeness, for completeness, for doing everything to a finish ten more, his aspiration, his longing for growth, his yearning for fulness of life ten more. The reader can see that it would be easy to make up the hundred per cent. without finding any one quality which could be called genius; that the total of his character would be made up of the sum of the commonest qualities, the most ordinary virtues, those within the reach of the poorest youth in the land.

The great trouble lies in our misconception of what success means. How few of the youths of to-day who look with such awe and such envy upon Lincoln's career could be induced to go through the same process of self-improvement, the same self-drill and self-discicline that he went through, or who would do the same things that he did as earnestly and whole-heartedly as he did them!

The plain fact is that the most of us are too lazy to get right down to hard work. We are not willing to put ourselves under the same severe training for our lifework as Lincoln did. We expect somebody to boost us.

A man like Lincoln was willing to go in a box car. He regarded it as a privilege to walk scores of miles in the forest to borrow books, because they were the stepping stones to something better.

Many of us spend our time longing for some indefinite, mysterious power to help us to do the thing we want to do, while we neglect to cultivate the very gifts which would enable us to reach our goal, if only we were willing to stoop to develop the means and abilities already at hand.

A great many people waste a large part of their lives longing and dreaming for that which can only be reached by downright hard work and persistent application.

It seems incredible that such a large part of the human race should still labor under the delusion that some mysterious power, luck or chance, a fortune left by someone's death, or help from some outside source is necessary to enable them to succeed in their undertaking, when on every hand are splendid examples of exactly the contrary. We don't use our eyes, we don't use our common sense, or we would realize that it is not the sky-rocket genius, but the doggedly plodding average man, the man "who never lets go," who is the successful man to-day.

Take, for instance, the quality of reliability. This is commonplace enough. This is within everybody's reach. Any man or woman, boy or girl, can resolve to-day to make a record for reliability *and can succeed.* Success in a thing like this rests wholly with one's own will, is entirely a matter of determination and effort. Yet this quality of reliability is frequently worth more than a big bank account at a crisis. There is no capital to compare to it.

Mere money capital is of little value in comparison with a well-earned reputation for absolute reliability. It is the fact of their reliability alone that brings millions of dollars of business to some of our large establishments. No cunning advertising, no business schemes, however, shrewd and well devised can compare with reliability as a business getter.

There is nothing in so great demand as business integrity. It commands a higher salary than any amount of ability, without it. In a word, there is nothing which *pays so well* as integrity, reliability. No one can estimate what public confidence is worth to a large business house. Who can estimate the value of merely the name of some of our great business houses! Thousands of people who have never seen a member of the firm of some of our biggest banking houses, for instance, yet do not hesitate to send large sums of money long distances, knowing that they will be just as squarely dealt with as though they went in person.

As a matter of fact, nearly all the business of the world is done on faith, is built on trust in the other party; on the assumption of his reliability. Hence, when a man really is reliable, he holds as it were a "corner" in the commodity most in demand throughout the world. Think what this means, and then remember this quality of reliability is within the reach of every one of us.

Take such a common faculty as that of the voice. Scientists tell us that in the vocal chords of the greatest singers and those of the average nasal "twanger," there is originally scarcely any difference. The great, the almost immeasurable difference that exists between the throat of a trained singer and the throat of a street "barker" is due entirely to persistent effort—a fixed purpose and an indomitable will.

It is a terrible handicap to go through life repelling, unpopular, even avoided, when we are really capable of being popular and doing superb things if we could only correct the defects and deficiencies, the peculiarities and the habits which handicap us, make us unpopular and hinder our advance.

And when such a handicap is so simple a thing as one's voice, a thing over which one has sole control, it seems incredible that any one of us would submit to being saddled with a poor one for life—that any one of us would be willing to fall short of the perfect development of this simple but powerful factor in a successful career.

These are but two instances out of scores that might be given to show what may be done with the commonest faculties, the most ordinary abilities. When the story of the world's greatest achievements is written at last, it will be found to be the story of the triumph of common virtues.

The Three of Us: By Tarleton Winchester

Written from the Film Produced by the B. A. Rolfe's Photo Plays Inc., with Mabel Taliaferro in the Title Role

Mabel Taliaferro in the Title Role of Rhy. "There was the Faint Click of a Latch, the Whizz of the Wind as the Front Door Opened and Shut."

"RHY dear, how would you like to leave New York, and go and live in a real mining camp in the West?"

Donald McChesney looked up into the face of the golden-haired slip of a girl before him anxiously.

"What do you mean, Father—just you and I? Or would Clem and Sonny go too?"

"All of us, dear child."

Rhy slipped her hand into his. "I'd love it if you would," she said simply. He had been sure of her answer, for when had she ever failed him, this wise, tender little daughter of his, who looked at him with her mother's blue eyes, and always understood, as only her mother had done?

So in a few words McChesney explained the situation to her; how things had been going from bad to worse in his business for a long time and how, only the day before, the inevitable crash had come.

"When I pay all my debts, dear, there'll be hardly anything left," he ended. And Rhy pressed his hands in both her warm, young ones.

"We'll still have each other, father dear," she whispered.

Then he described to her the one piece of property left, a mining claim at Cedar Gulch where, in the opinion of experts, there was a chance of making a fortune.

"You'll do it if anyone can," she said bravely. And when Clem and Sonny came in, she told them between smiles and tears, how they were all going out together into the world like the Swiss Family Robinson, to seek their fortunes. She made it sound so delightful, indeed, that little Sonny was for starting right away but Clem, always sulky and combative protested that he didn't want to leave New York, and all the fellows he knew.

It was a terrible change for them all from the luxuriously furnished home on East Sixty-third street, to the wooden shanty at Cedar Gulch. Even Rhy had to sing her cheerfullest songs those first few days to keep up her courage, as she surveyed the bare board walls, the cook stove in the corner, and the uncompromising ugliness of the houses that faced their uncurtained windows.

"Never mind, Maggie!" she cried to that faithful soul, who had refused to be dismissed with the other servants and had insisted on following them into their exile. "There's plenty of paint to be had, and chintz and cheesecloth are only ten cents a yard."

So she managed somehow to turn the shanty into a home and, with Maggie's aid, to make them comfortable at least.

And then, one day, the great tragedy happened. Clem, always in mischief, managed to fall into an abandoned shaft of the mine; and in attempting to rescue him Donald McChesney either fell himself, or was overcome by the marsh gas.

Few who saw her will ever forget little Rhy when the news was brought to her. She didn't faint or scream or anything like that. She wasn't that kind. No; she walked quietly to where her father lay, knelt beside his body and offered up a silent prayer that she be given strength to bring her brothers up as they should go. Then she rose quietly, smiling bravely through her tears. With one arm around, Clem, who was still weak from his fall, and the other round Sonny, who stared wide-eyed and unbelieving at his father's outstretched form, she said: "Now the three of us are left to fight together. Let's do a good job."

Thus it was that the mine became known as the "Three of Us." Tests proved that, while the property was not valuable, it would yield enough pay dirt to keep them. And so Rhy took up the task her father had left, mothering Sonny besides, and keeping an eye on Clem as well as she could. Many an anxious hour did she spend thinking of Clem who's habitual sulkiness had settled into a dark cloud of grumbling discontent.

For about four years nothing of great import happened, and then one day Rhy suddenly realized that she had grown. Of that there was little doubt and, if she wanted anything to convince her of the fact, she had only to notice the way young Steve Towney, former superintendent of the "Three of Us" mine, glared at any man who happened to look at her. She was not the only person to observe this phenomenon, by the way. Among the miners the betting was strongly in favor of Steve's winning the prettiest girl in Cedar Gulch.

And then Lewis Beresford came. Who and what he was no one knew. He had the manners of a gentleman and plenty of money. He lived alone except for a Chinese servant, who did his cooking and housekeeping. Affable, perhaps a trifle too affable, he seemed always ready to talk on any subject except himself. When questioned as to why he was in Cedar Gulch, he invariably smiled, remarked that in his search for amusement he struck all sorts of out-of-the-way places—and changed the subject.

It was not long before Steve began to wear a worried look, and Beresford only smiled the more. Soon he and Rhy were riding together, walking together, dancing together, while the miners looked on with growing disapproval, and Steve grew silent and taciturn. The young girl, unconscious of how he was suffering, sometimes wondered at the change in her old friend and, resenting his apparent indifference, accepted the attentions of this new acquaintance only the more willingly.

Meanwhile Clem was becoming more of a problem every day. He hated the crude, ugly little town, the rough discomfort of their life. To Rhy, to Steve, to Beresford—above all to Beresford—he talked of nothing but New York and his impotent longing to get back to the East.

"Why did father ever bring us out to this God-forsaken place?" he said one night. "I can't stand it, I tell you!"

Gently Rhy reminded him that his father died in saving his life and the boy hung his head, murmuring that he was sorry. His repentance did not last long, however. Soon he began to feel as before, only now he kept his thoughts to himself, or what was worse, poured them out to Beresford, who apparently had gone out of his way to win the lad's confidence.

On Hallowe'en night the Bix's, the near-swells of Cedar Gulch, planned a dinner, to which Rhy, of course, was asked. It was to be a very ambitious affair indeed, modeled as strictly as possible upon like entertainments in the effete East.

Rhy was a good deal troubled as to what she should wear, as Mrs. Bix herself was having a new and very resplendent gown sent from Chicago especially for the occasion. As she stood at the window wondering whether she should decide on her last summer's white muslin or the grey poplin that had been lengthened twice and was still too short by an inch or two, she saw Steve rounding the corner at a brisk pace, his head up and whistling shrilly as he walked. He was making straight for the McChesney house and, catching sight of Rhy at the window, he beckoned to her to open the door.

"What is it, Steve?" she asked, struck at once by the light in his eyes, as he threw his hat on a chair and advanced toward her with both hands outstretched.

"Rhy, I've struck it—the richest vein of ore that's been found in these parts!"

"Oh, Steve, I'm so glad, so glad!" He seized her hands and drew her to him.

"It's in that property of mine next to the 'Three of Us' and I think the veins run right through into yours. Anyway, whether they do or not, you know all I have is yours, don't you?"

"Of course I do, dear," Rhy answered. She was perilously close to him, so close that he didn't quite take in her words for a moment or two.

"Rhy, do you mean that—that 'dear'? Rhy, do you?" Again he reached out his arms; and before she knew it she was in them.

What followed should not be inquired into too closely. Suffice it to say that several hours passed without their being in any way able to account for them. So absorbed were they in one another that they did not hear Clem enter and he, seeing their attitude, tiptoed to the door, saying to himself that "Old Beresford would be mighty sore if he knew." Just as he was leaving the room, Steve spoke again and Clem stopped involuntarily, amazed at what he heard.

"I'll be a rich man, little girl," Steve said. "But I've got to file my option this evening. You know it expires to-morrow."

"Oh, not this evening, Steve," Rhy answered. "You must go to the dinner. Wait till to-morrow and I'll go with you. We'll hide the option here on the mantelpiece, and as no one but you and I knows of its being there, it'll be quite safe." And she thrust the paper behind the clock on the narrow shelf.

Clem stole out, his brain in a whirl. So Steve, slow, good-natured Steve, had struck it at last! He could scarcely believe it; he felt that he must tell someone the amazing, the astounding news.

And just at that moment Beresford hailed him.

"Where are you going, McChesney?" he called. "Come in and have a pipe with me."

Clem swelled visibly whenever Beresford, the polished man of the world, at least fifteen years his senior, addressed him as "McChesney" and spoke to him thus as man to man.

Soon, seated in the Easterner's comfortable lounging room, sunk in the depths of an easy chair, his feet on the table before him, in inspired imitation of Beresford's own attitude, he poured out the whole story, reserving only the whereabouts of the hiding-place in which Rhy and Steve had stored the option.

"Now tell me about New York," he said, when his companion had expressed his surprise and somewhat half-hearted pleasure at young Towney's good luck. Beresford complied, painting a vivid picture and smiling as he watched the effect of his words.

"How would you like to go back there?" he asked suddenly.

Clem could hardly speak. His eyes rested wonderingly on Beresford as the latter took five one-hundred-dollar bills from his pocket.

"There's more where that came from," he said. "Now tell me where that option is."

Clem had met his first big temptation; and like most humans he gave in to it.

Above:—The arrival of the M. S. Chesney family at Cedar Gulch

Below:—"Steve," she whispered. "You're sure you love me, aren't you?"

THAT night there was a merry gathering at the Bix's. Beresford was rather too attentive to Rhy, Steve thought, but remembering the afternoon, the latter could afford to be charitable. If he had not gone into his his host's den for a quiet smoke—just at the wrong time, he might have noticed that for a space of fifteen minutes the Easterner was not at Rhy's side and, if he could have followed him, he would have been greatly interested in his movements.

The McChesney house was in darkness. Sonny was asleep in his little bed, having decided to leave the front door open, so that he might hear the music from across the way. When Beresford entered, tiptoed across the room and felt along the mantlepiece, Sonny said nothing. When the visitor left as quietly as he had come, the child decided to investigate.

"'Sfunny," the youngest member of the McChesney family observed, tiptoeing across the room much as Beresford had done. Dragging a chair to the mantlepiece, he made a thorough investigation. Apparently everything was untouched.

"'Svery funny," he murmured again; and went back to bed.

Through a side door Beresford let himself into the Bix's house. No one had seen him go and no one saw him come.

"Well," Rhy laughed. "You certainly have managed to avoid me for the last hour or two."

"Has it seemed that long to you?" he smiled. "I'll own it's seemed an eternity to me."

He leaned forward and, as he did so, his coat fell back. The folded paper in his pocket looked somehow out of place. She glanced at it and in a flash her eyes caught the words: "Steve Towney—Option." Just in time she looked away, for Beresford was gazing at her questioningly.

"What is it?"

"Oh, nothing at all. I was thinking of

something else. I beg your pardon," she stammered.

"Perfectly all right, I assure you. Tell me, how's the mine doing?"

"No better than usual, I'm afraid." Rhy was thinking hard.

"I believe there's gold somewhere around there."

"What do you know about it?"

"Oh, mining's one of my hobbies."

"Do you know what I think?" Rhy asked suddenly. "I think you're an expert from some big company in the East."

Beresford's baffling half smile masked his face perfectly.

"What makes you say that?" he answered. "And after I've gone to all the trouble of telling you I'm nothing but a fairly healthy, well-intentioned loafer, too!"

"You don't look like a loafer to me. You're too clever."

"Thanks," he bowed ironically. "Ah, may be I'm one of those gentlemen adventurers you read about, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know what you are, and I don't care." She glanced at him quickly to see the effect of her words. He flushed slightly. Otherwise his face did not change.

"Don't say that," he replied. "Because you do care." He leaned forward. "If you don't I'll make you."

"What do you mean?"

"That I love you, that I want you to marry me. I want to take you away from this life." With a gesture he indicated the log house, the clothes of the miners, in a word, Cedar Gulch. "To take you back where you belong, back to your own people."

"But suppose I don't want to go?"

"Ah, but you do. You may not know it but you do. So does Clem."

"I believe it was you who put these silly notions into Clem's head."

"You're mistaken; I didn't But they're not silly. Rhy! Will you marry me?"

She was thinking harder than ever now.

"I don't know," she said, a bit tremulously. "You must give me time to think."

"As long as you want," he smiled.

* * *

AS quickly as she could Rhy hurried home from the party. Steve, proudly escorting her, was inclined to linger, but breathlessly she tugged at his coat sleeve, forcing him to keep pace with her.

"What's the hurry, dear?" he asked. "It's only a little after twelve."

"I know, but I hate leaving Sonny so long,"

"Huh, Sonny's all right. That kid can take care of himself, he can."

As they reached the door she turned to him.

"Steve," she whispered. "You're sure you love me, aren't you?"

"Why, what a question!" His astonishment would have made her laugh ordinarily.

"And you always will love me no matter what I do?"

"Sure!"

"And no matter what I do you'll know I love you?"

"Sure!"

"You've never known me to lie, have you, Steve?"

"Nope. Say, what is this? I'm not on trial?"

"Kiss me."

"W-what?"

"Kiss me."

A moment later he turned toward his cabin, walking on air.

It did not take Rhy long to make sure that her eyes had seen aright. She gathered her cloak about her and crept softly to the door. As she reached it, the door opened and Clem entered. Not seeing her in the semi-darkness, he crossed quickly to his own room and returned a moment later with a suitcase.

"Clem where are you going?"

He started, shaking like a leaf.

"Why—er—nowhere."

"Clem, tell me the truth. Where are you going?"

"To New York," he said defiantly.

"Where did you get the money?"

"None of your business."

"Clem, you are rude. If you are going away I don't believe you will want to think of those as your parting words, will you?"

No answer.

"Clem, did Mr. Beresford give you the money?"

Silence.

Find Steve Towney and tell him I've got the option and that I'm riding as hard as I can to the Claim Agents

"You told him where Steve's option was, didn't you?"

Still no answer.

"Oh, Clem, how could you?"

"Aw, I had to get out of this hole," the boy suddenly burst out. "I couldn't stand it another minute. If I stay I'll go crazy! I want to see Broadway. I want to see a show, for once in my life, and live like a human being."

"Do you think you could live like a human being on money that you stole?"

"I didn't steal it." Clem was taken aback at this way of looking at things.

"Clem, did you know that I love Steve—that this afternoon I promised to marry him."

"I always thought it was Beresford; he seemed to think so."

"Well, it isn't. I love Steve with all my heart and soul. You talk of what you want to do. Well, what of us? Do you think we want to live in Cedar Gulch for ever?"

"Guess I didn't think much about you all."

"I guess you didn't, Clem." She slipped an arm around him and drew him to her. He buried his face in her lap, his body shaking convulsively. She kissed his hair, then raised his face to hers.

"Where is the money, dear?"

He drew it from his pocket and gave it to her.

"I'll take care of it," she said.

"You can't buy the option back with that. Beresford said it was worth much more to him and that was just to keep me going till I ran out."

"Oh, well, we won't worry about it. Let's get to bed now."

"But the option runs out to-morrow." Clem suddenly remembered something that had never left Rhy's mind for an instant.

"Yes, but what can we do now?" She crossed to her own room. "Good night," she called.

"'Night," he answered.

For some moments he stood in indecision, then he shrugged, turned out the lamp, and going to his own little bandbox of a bedroom, began to undress. Sitting on the edge of his cot, he began to think of all he had missed.

"Nope," he said to himself. "I guess Rhy's right. The three of us have got to stick together."

So intent had he been on his reverie that he did not hear Rhy's door open and close. There was the faint click of a latch, the whizz of the wind, as the front door opened and shut, and all was still again.

Beresford rose, laid down the book he had been reading, and put on his coat.

"I beg your pardon for being caught in such informal attire," he said. "But really, if it were not for an unfortunate, or rather fortunate, habit of reading a chapter or two before going to

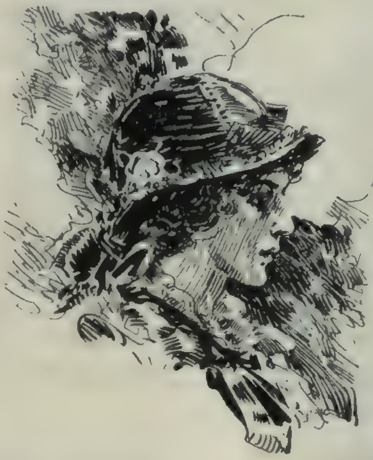
Continued on Page 83.

Two Women

By A. W. Burt

1

First, infant lying in her dainty cot,
Beaming and dimpling bright at man or boy,
A tiny baby girl, born a coquette.



Next, school-girl, tingling with new womanhood,
Conscious of her attractiveness to men.
Half shy, half bold, demure with downcast eyes
That ever slyly twinkle sidelong glances.

Then woman in the fulness of her power,
Who, bringing all her panoply of charms—
Hair heart-entangling, eyes pulse-quickening,
Curved lips resistlessly provoking kisses—
To bear upon mankind, makes him her thrall.

Later, her aim no longer is to win
The hearts of many men, but one man's hand;
Aspiring to establishment in marriage,
With hope to escape the fate invidious
Of spinsterhood, and deal with some poor swain
As cat with captured mouse, her lawful prey.

But now men's eyes repeat the bitter truth
Her mirror tells her of her waning charms;
Grey hairs intrude themselves among the brown
And apple-bloom cheeks take tints of falling leaves,
Vain struggles with invincible age ensue.

Airs kittenish or languishing she assumes,
Tries to conceal time's ravage with cosmetics,
Assails men's callous hearts with flattering wiles,
Coquettish glances turning dull-eyed leers.

Last, pitiable in second childishness,
Bewigged, beruffled and belaced; bedridden,
Dying, she ogles pastor and physician.

2

Seriously sweet, presaging her vocation,
She drinks from mother eyes the mother love.
An infant cradled in warm gentle arms,

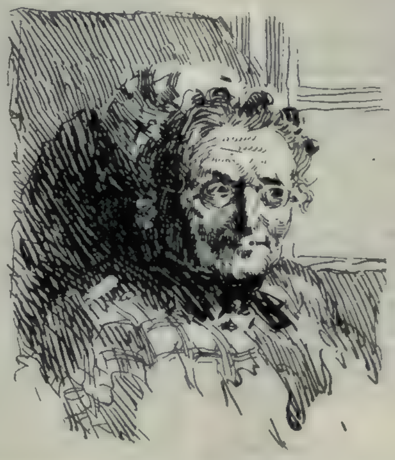
Dimly awakening to life's deepest truths,
The girl's soul gains a glimpse of motherhood;
Her dolls she cherishes, with yearnings keen
For babes to bless with a full measure of love.

God shield her now in her sweet womanhood!
Enthroning him in the sanctuary of her heart
She weds with one she deems endued with traits
That mark him meet to be her household king.
Thus she embarks on life's uncertain sea.

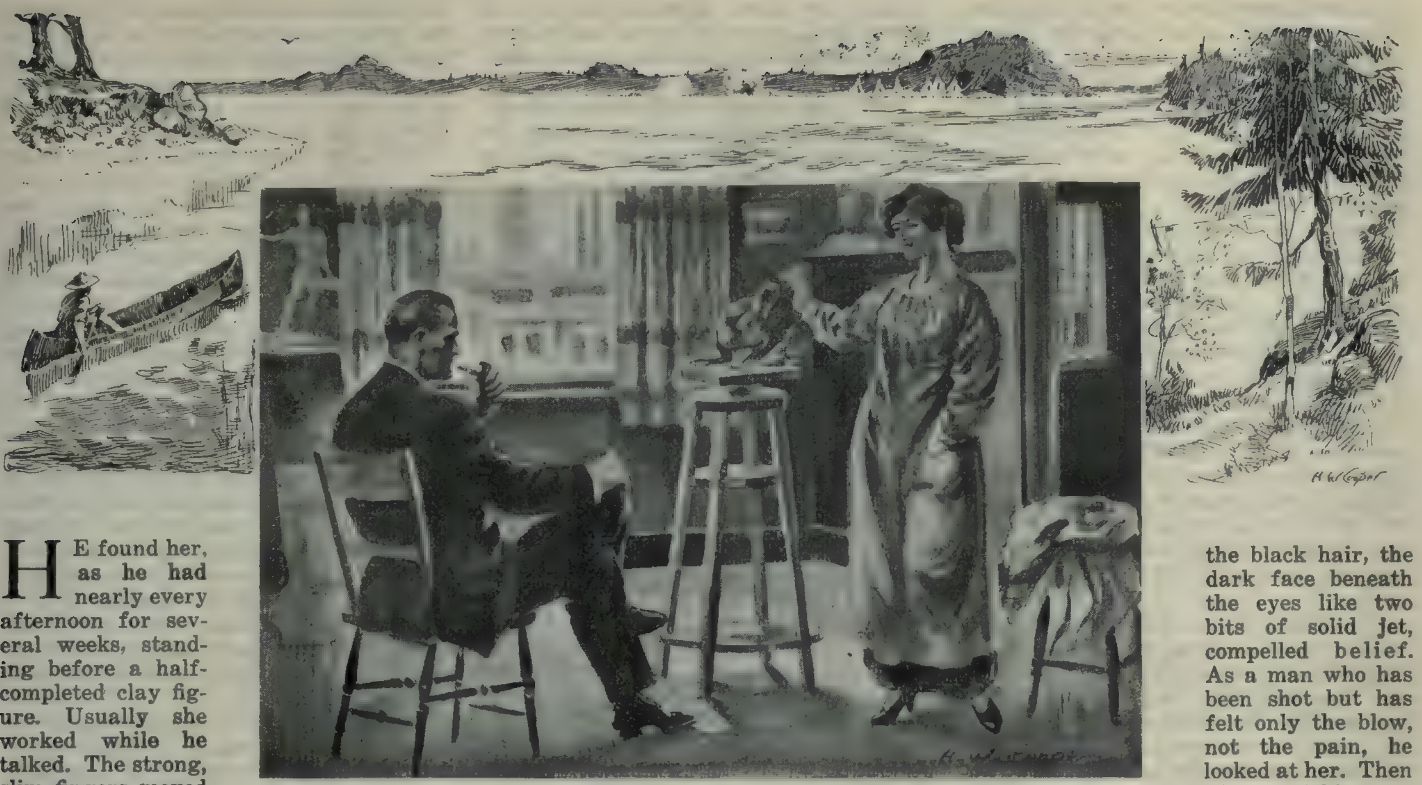
Maternal hope subdues the sense of pain,
The triumph of creative joy she tastes
In ushering a new spirit into being,
Spirit of her spirit, as flesh of her flesh.
Then all her soul drinks in the deep delight
Of motherhood, prerogative divine.

From this time forth her family fills her life;
Care comes, and sorrow stamps its seal
Upon her face serene, but still she finds
Her strength of love a sustenance in trial
And solace in affliction, lulling woe.

To her, old age is only youth renewed,
For forward ever toward the eternities,
Through many avenues in children's children,
Her body, mind and spirit are projected.



Her last look is a look of answering love,
Then close her eyes unweary of earth,
For love has blessed it with elysian light.



"That man and that woman," she resumed, turning and looking at him, "are my father and mother"

The Grip of the Past

By Robert E. Pinkerton

Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

HE found her, as he had nearly every afternoon for several weeks, standing before a half-completed clay figure. Usually she worked while he talked. The strong, slim fingers moved steadily, deftly, magically, he thought, and sometimes their efforts wrought that which ended his pleasant, aimless words in the middle of a sentence and brought the silence of awe.

But this afternoon some other power held him wordless. His unusual preoccupation caused her to stop and look at him. And then it had come. Swiftly, once the start was made, he spoke as men speak only once in their lives. Declaration and supplication, demand and entreaty, stumbled and mingled and halted and flowed easily from his lips.

The slim fingers did not falter while he spoke, but when he had finished she turned to her chair. He arose, started to speak, but she motioned him back.

"Far north of here," she began, "so straight north that I believe a meridian passing through it would strike this city, there is a long, narrow lake called Kahshahpiwi. Down here it would be thought beautiful. Up there its beauty is hardly greater than that of hundreds of others, large and small, that lie in the great forest around it. Its long arms stretch like fingers into the thick pines. On one side the cliffs rise straight, and on the other side are low shores from which the moose come to feed in the shallow water.

"At the north end of the lake is a great sand beach, with a broad flat of poplar and birch reaching back to the hills. The yellow sand forms a huge crescent and, studded against the green of the foliage behind, are the white, conical homes of the people who make Kahshahpiwi their dwelling place in the short summer. Children play on the beach, women paddle out to the nets for fish, men sit beneath the trees with their pipes, smoke floats lazily up through the drying racks on which moose meat is laid in long, red rows.

"In the last teepee to the right live a man and a woman. They toil through the winter and in the summer they journey to Kahshahpiwi to visit with their friends, to enjoy the sun and the plentiful food and to dance and gossip and laugh. He is tall and slight, a man of dignity and of gentleness. She is shorter, more plump, with a round, brown face; but it is her merry, twinkling eyes that one remembers."

She ceased speaking and looked dreamily at the figure she had been shaping. He stared, bewildered.

"That man and that woman," she resumed, turning and looking at him, "are my father and my mother. They are Ojibways, with the pure blood of a great race, and every drop of blood in my body is as pure as theirs."

"Jeanne! You don't, you can't mean —?"

And then he saw that which crushed him back into his seat. She had risen and taken from the wall a band of beads mounted on buckskin. Slipping it around her head, she faced him.

The savagely colored ornament against the black hair, the dark face beneath the eyes like two bits of solid jet, compelled belief. As a man who has been shot but has felt only the blow, not the pain, he looked at her. Then she quickly removed the headband and held it as she spoke.

"I am sorry, for I did not expect to have to do this. I am sorry that I have caused you pain, even if I have done so unintentionally. I have hidden the facts of my origin, not because I was ashamed, but because it was necessary for me to succeed in my purpose. As an Indian sculptoress I would have been a success, instant, sensational, temporary. In a year I would have been forgotten.

"I wanted success for my own sake, but it was for my people that I came to the city, that I have worked and studied. There is no greater world tragedy than that of the Indian. Robbed, cheated, misrepresented and misunderstood, ruined by the greed of others, degraded for gain or by contact with the scum that edges the conquering wave of white invasion, he is to-day only a thing for pity.

"But he is not dead, nor is all decency dead within him. No finer, truer, braver man ever lived than my father. In some ways he is a child, and in some ways he is more of a man than any of your fair skin. My mother—sex knows no color. White or black, red or yellow, motherhood is the same, instinctive, loving, self-sacrificing, shielding, the best of everything that is human.

"I love my father and my mother and I love my people. From the time I was ten years old and was taken away to school and then to the home of the good French people whose name I bear in the white man's world, I have longed to do something for them. Not get them money or ease but the things which will help them to become as they were, to be the self-respecting, honest, efficient, happy race they have been.

"My brother, like many of my people, became a lawyer because he thought that in the law lay his best opportunity for aiding his race. A few have turned to medicine, one or two to literature. All are helping, striving; and I have always wanted to be one of them.

"And then I saw the way. In the Government school and in the private school to which Mr. and Mrs. Guyot sent me I showed ability in modeling. With the French love for beauty, the French appreciation of talent in artistic lines, they did all they could for me, and now I am beginning to prove that they were not mistaken. I believe I have genius, and through that genius lies the performance of my duty to my people. Perhaps what I will form in clay and bronze and stone may do as much as the learning of my brothers, as that which my sisters have written.

"And, when I have succeeded, on merit alone, I shall proclaim my race. Then it cannot hurt that which I have set out to do. Now it might. See," and she arose and swept back a long curtain that shut off one end of the room.

Nielson, held by the oratory so natural to those of her race, turned to marvel afresh, to forget for the instant the truth he now accepted. Life size and in miniature, busts, lone figures and groups, a race to which he had never given thought thrust its virtues upon him. Slowly he looked from one to another. Youth and old age, child, man and woman, each seemed to be striving to convey to him something he could not quite grasp, something which the metal and stone could not restrain with their coldness and their rigidity. Art, art and truth, held him in their grip. Jeanne, who had been watching his face, saw the change and quickly shot back the curtain.

"You see," she said, "how it cannot be. There is a chasm deeper than the centuries between us. It has been the mingling of your blood and mine that has done more than anything else to cause the degradation of my people.

"I am sorry. I have meant no deception, did not suspect your thoughts, or I would have told you before. You people down here in the great cities of the States know Indians only as you remember them from your school books, think of them as dark, copper-colored, with high cheek bones, fierce eyes, aquiline noses. You consider them only in connection with blankets and beads and moccasins.

"My hair and eyes would tell anyone acquainted with my people. Down here they, and my dark skin, are accepted because of my French name. My people are dark because they live in the open. Electricity and four walls would bleach them in time, as it is bleaching me.

"It will be easy for you to forget, now that you know. I am sorry, my friend."

"But Jeanne—!"

"Remember," she interrupted coldly, "that you are Gorden Nielson, a fine family behind you, a future before you, and that I am—a squaw."

Like the boxer whose opponent has saved the knockout blow for the end, he sank back into his chair, his eyes staring, his hands clutching his knees.

Softly she stepped behind him, and for a moment he felt her fingers brush the tips of his hair, as he had seen them linger over the shaping of a nose, give the last touches to an ear.

"I think you had better go," she said, moving toward the window.

Silently he picked up his hat and gloves and went out without looking back.

Stoicism is an acquired, not an inherent, characteristic of the Indian. It is a mask behind which he has learned to hide his emotions, his thoughts. Alone, or with his family or friends, the mask slips off and he becomes as thoroughly human as any white man.

After Gorden Nielson left the studio, Jeanne stood for a long time before the window. Then the mask slipped. As the women of her race stifle their wailing grief beneath a blanket, she smothered her face, her tears and her sobs in the pillows of her couch. That which she desired most in the world had come and she could not accept it. Only a dozen years, not twice as many centuries, stood between her and the primitive. There was no carefully formed barrier behind which she could seek refuge, no carefully instilled sophism in which she could find a balm. Naked, she faced the naked realities, and revolt mingled with grief, the revolt of the wild creature against the traps and cages of man.

In the days that followed Jeanne Guyot worked harder than before, though she found herself stopping to listen for a step on the stair each afternoon. She had done all that she could to prevent his coming, she did not believe that he ever would come, reason told her it was better that he should not, and yet one ear was always toward the door.

Spring passed and summer came to the great city. For the first time Jeanne admitted there were moments when her work was distasteful, that her enthusiasm for her people, her desire to do something for them, had diminished. There came periods when unreasoning anger against things as they were seized her, and there was savage hatred in her eyes as she looked from the window at the city.

That heat and the loneliness brought a yearning for the northland, a longing to feel her mother's arms about her, a desire to sit by the teepee fire and talk with her father. A caged wild thing will die of homesickness and, to the savage races, love of home brings greater pain than to the white man. "The sickness of long, long thinking," Jeanne's people had called it.

She knew also that she needed contact with those for whom she worked to gain fresh courage, fresh strength, fresh inspiration. Everything was slipping in the loneliness of the city.

In mid-August she decided to go. For a month her sleep had been troubled with visions of the great, crescent beach at the north end of Kahshahpiwi, of the bark teepees behind the fringe of poplar and birch, of the yellow canoes floating on the water like autumn leaves. She heard the shouts of children frolicking on the sand, the laughter of the women sitting about the drying moose meat, the murmur of the men's voices as they smoked and told of the winter's hunting.

It was upon such a scene that she broke one wonderful northern evening. Far down the calm lake she had caught the yelping of a sledge dog, and once the shrill cry of a child, as she and her Indian canoeman paddled the canoe swiftly northward. The sun set amid such colors that she paused to regret for an instant that the brush rather than the chisel was not the instrument of her genius.

Then, when a mile away, stillness had come to the village. She smiled, for she knew that some child, as she herself had so often done, had caught a glimpse of the approaching canoe and quickly spread the news. In the dim light not a person was to be seen as her craft approached the beach, yet she knew that nearly every bush screened a pair of watching eyes.

Jeanne indicated the teepee far to the right, and the canoe had hardly touched the sand before she was in the arms of her mother.

There was feasting in their teepee that night, a babble of voices, jests and laughter, and the next morning visits to other teepees.

It was the evening of the second day, after the setting of the sun, when she first saw him. Alone she had gone out onto the lake in her father's canoe to watch the coloring of sky and water. Absorbed in the spectacle, she did not hear the click of paddle on gunwale until his canoe was passing near her on its way to the village. Then she looked up and their eyes met.

"Jeanne!" he cried. "I felt that you would come soon."

There was an answering light in her face. Not all the stoicism in the tribe could prevent expression of the joy in knowing that the afternoon in the studio had not meant the end for him. And then the futility of it all returned with freshened pain, with a realization of the role in which she must continue.

"How did you get here?" she demanded incredulously.

"I followed the meridian you spoke of," he laughed, "until I found a lake called Kahshahpiwi. You thought me an idler, but physicians had told me I was a victim of overwork and had ordered me out of the city. I thought I could compromise by working half time, but I accomplished nothing. I have been here since spring, since soon after I left you that afternoon in the studio."

Their canoes were close together now. He reached out and grasped the gunwale of her birch.

"And, Jeanne, I know now, I understand. Race, color, blood—nothing matters, nothing but just you. I thought it did that afternoon. But the shock was so great. I was dazed. It didn't last until I reached the street. Nothing lasted before you, Jeanne.

"But I knew I must be sure, for your sake. As you said, my Indians were school-book Indians. I knew so little of them I did not recognize one when I saw her. I knew I must know your people, your parents, that I must make sure, not for myself, but for you, so that, when I asked you again, you would know that I knew what I asked.

"I think I have succeeded. It was hard work at first, getting acquainted. Now I think they like me a little, and I have learned much. Tell me it is all right."

Her face had been turned toward the village and she did not look at him when he had finished.

"Jeanne, is it because you don't love me."

It is because it cannot be," she answered without hesitation. "I did not tell you all that afternoon because I thought I had told enough. Unconsciously I had let you hope where there could be no hope, and I have done so again.

"Until the coming of your people my race was happy, honest, industrious according to its standards and needs. Since they came, white blood has crept in and with it have come all the vices of an older civilization, all the sorrows and degradation and evil which an old man could teach a child. Wherever the white blood showed through the dark skin, the Indian has gone backward.

"Some families maintained their pride, their traditions, their best instincts, and they have remained pure. They are the ones who are happiest to-day, though even they feel the effects of the white man's greed and injustice and trickery. But they still have their pride, they can still boast of their pure blood. Of such families mine is one. We have never known the curse of white blood."

Shocked and angered, he released her canoe.

"You mean," he demanded, "that you would be disgraced by marrying me?"

"I mean that it would be a disgrace to my family were I to be the instrument by which the long line is broken, a disgrace to my people if I added my mite to that which has been their greatest curse."

But his love was greater than his pride.

"Don't you love me, Jeanne?" he pleaded, again grasping her canoe and drawing nearer. "Don't you know me well enough to know that you could love me?"

"One of your philosophers said that what you call love is only a manifestation of an inherent desire on the part of the individual to propagate the species. If that be true, there can be no love between us."

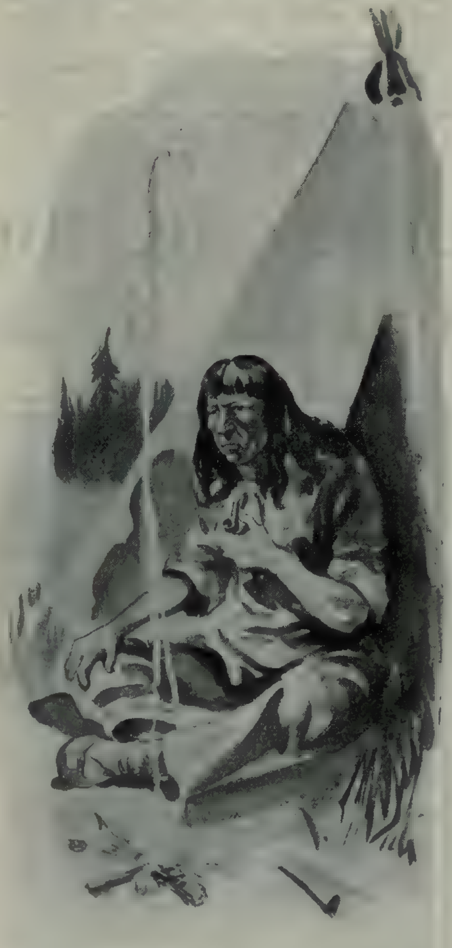
She picked up her paddle and pushed the canoe away.

"I am going back to the village now. Will you come?"

* * *

Silently smoking his pipe on the beach, Nee-sho-tah, *bungi ogema*, or chief, of the little band on Kahshahpiwi, saw the two canoes coming toward him in the dusk. Older than any of the band knew, famed for his wisdom, respected through a great district, it had been the chief and his influence that had made it possible for Gordon Nielson to get behind the barrier of reserve which the Indian always offers to the strange white man. Through the summer an intimacy had sprung up between them, wordless at first. But, until he saw the two canoes approaching side by side, Nee-sho-tah had been in ignorance of the true reason for the white man's coming.

In his long life the chief had seen many wooings. The squaw of his youth still cared for his teepee, and he had always been interested in the mating of members of his band. But in the love-making of this young white man he found much that troubled him. Jeanne was frank and friendly, but she offered no hope. Her attitude was rather that of a friend, that of one man toward another. She neither avoided nor encouraged. And yet, as he had sat smoking on the beach one evening, he had seen wistfulness in her eyes as Nielson's canoe came toward them across the water, had seen her face harden as with resolve, her body stiffen as though to resist attack.



Silently smoking his pipe on the beach, Nee-sho-tah, bungi ogema of the little band, saw the two canoes coming toward him in the dusk

The *bungi ogema* was the girl's never-failing source of inspiration. She respected his wisdom more than that of men she had met in the great cities, and from him she could always gain fresh courage for the struggle for her people. They sat side by side on the beach one evening, as they often did, talking of the Indian and his problem.

"The white man has made a new world," Nee-sho-tah said. "I have lived a long time, and I have seen it from the beginning. At first I wished to fight but I saw that we could never win. Though my people went backward, I saw no way to help until our young men and our young women, such as you, carried the war into the white man's world. You have done much. You have shown the white man that the Indian is not a beggar, or lazy, or without knowledge."

He smoked for a few minutes and then suddenly exclaimed:

"You could do much for your people, my daughter, by marrying the young man who lives in the little white tent."

"Nee-sho-tah!" cried Jeanne, springing to her feet. Amazement held her speechless for a moment, and then she burst forth:

"Have even the old men of my people forgotten us? Have the whisky and the paltry treaty money and the empty words of the white man blinded their eyes to all the evil that mixing the blood of our race with that of the white man has brought? Have they forgotten the lazy, thieving, drunken, lying half-breeds that hang about the towns and are held up to all the world as examples of the Indian's shame? Have you forgotten that my family has remained pure through all the years since the white man has come? Nee-sho-tah, has your wisdom gone and the tongue of a child again entered your head?"

The old man smoked placidly when the girl ceased speaking.

"No man can learn everything, though he live many years," he spoke at last. "No man has denounced in our tribe the evil of the mixed race so much as I. But you cannot mix mouldy flour with the clearest water and make good bread. You cannot stretch thread in the stoutest frame and make a good snowshoe. You cannot cross the most gentle dog with the wolf without getting a pup that will steal and bite and be ugly.

"We have given the best of our blood, and it has been mixed with filthy, poisoned water. There are good white men. They have never come to our country. But, should they come, there is no reason why, if there be affection, they could not marry our maidens. Such a marriage would bring great good to our people. They would go out into the white man's world and they and their children would show the white man that the Indian is not all bad, that he needs only his chance."

It was a new thought for her head, a stimulant for her heart, and Jeanne did not speak when Nee-sho-tah had finished. He had made a hole in the barrier that faced her, and she was dazzled by the light that shone through.

"Perhaps you are right," she whispered at last. "I had never thought of it in that way."

Then her head snapped up proudly.

"But that is something I can never do!" she exclaimed. "I will do most anything for my people, but my family comes first. Their blood has never been defiled, and I will never be the first to bring shame to them. Even though there be a union such as that of which you speak, they would never understand, they could never hold up their heads in the village again."

"My daughter," the old man replied, "I have always known that the Indian lacks some things. It is only natural. He has been given much, but no man is given everything. Did you get your skill from your Indian father or your Indian mother? Did any Indian ever draw or carve anything but rude sketches and images? Did any red man ever make a picture a Frenchman would call beautiful? Did you ever ask whence came the genius which you have?"

"Nee-sho-tah!" cried Jeanne. "What do you mean?"

"This my daughter. What I tell you no one in this village knows. I would not tell did I not believe it to be for the best. I have never thought that I would tell, until now. What I tell may bring pain, but I believe it will bring greater happiness.

"When I was a small boy, many years ago, a white man came to our village. He was French and not as any other Frenchman I had ever seen. He was honest and just, and his knowledge was great, although he was very young. He married one of our people, and they had a son. Then the young man was killed in the rapids. Soon after the smallpox came, and nearly all the band died. The white man's widow and her child went with another band, and she married and had other children. Only I, who was a boy, knew. She never told, for she wanted her son to be wholly of her people. I have never told. But her son was your father's grandfather."

Jeanne could only stare at the old chief as he refilled his pipe. The traditions, the pride, the resolves of a life time were tumbling about her, slipping and leaving her soul naked. She could not speak before Nee-sho-tah began again.

"That touch of a good white blood has done much for our people, has proved what I am beginning to believe. Your family has been famous among us. Your uncle went among the white men and was an honor to the Indian. Your brother will be a great man. You are doing much in a new way. Could any of you have done it without the blood of that Frenchman? No. He gave to the Indian that which the Indian needed. Other white men called him Count, and they said he was great among his own people, a chief. The young man in the little white tent has often made me think of the Frenchman, and I believe he can do much for us."

Nee-sho-tah looked squarely at the girl for the first time and saw that hope and joy were crowding in to build anew on the ruins he had wrought.

"I think I hear his paddle now," he said, rising and turning up the trail to his teepee.

Jeanne stood for a moment irresolute and then ran across the sand to the water's edge to catch the first glimpse of his canoe in the dusk.

Canadian Women in the Professions

By MADGE MacBETH

Of all the women who have figured in these articles, no matter what their individual struggles, those as a body traveling the thorniest path have been women in professional life. Barred for many years from practising medicine at all, barred for many more years from even entering universities (and once entered finding it impossible to take a medical course), holding only in isolated instances, Chairs in Universities, it would seem that Canada is especially discouraging to the higher education of women!

The first woman who braved the storm of public feeling and narrow-mindedness in the matter of medicine, was Doctor Emily Howard Jennings Stowe. She was obliged to go to New York to study, but went to Toronto after her graduation in 1867 and practised there. The first woman to take a medical degree in Canada was Doctor Augusta Stowe Gullen, a daughter of Dr. Emily Stowe, who in 1883 graduated from Victoria University, Cobourg. She was a member of the first staff of the Toronto Women's Medical College, and continued in that work for twenty-three years, after which the College ceased to exist. The first woman to graduate from Queen's University was Dr. Elizabeth Smith, better known to us today as Mrs. Adam Shortt.

The first woman to practise medicine in the Province of Quebec was Dr. Octavia Grace Ritchie, who a few years later married Dr. Frank England. The first woman to hold a chair in McGill University was Professor Carrie Matilda Derick. And we could go on, speaking of pioneers through quite a lengthy column. They were born, not made; no woman could have stood the discouragements of those early days unless she had been born to be a student, a doctor, a professor. Thanks have been given them many times in the press and in private life, but never can they be over-appreciated for their energy, their courage and their ambition in blazing a trail for the generations which are to follow.

Dr. Helen MacMurchy

In the Province of Quebec, not many miles from St. John, there lies a modest little village which is not linked with the outer world, by the steel arms of a railway, even; the waves of Progress seem to have washed it beyond reach, and in the furious clash of competition and the march of the years, it seems to have been passed by. Yet this little village goes about its unhurried business serenely. It knows it is famous in Canadian history twice over; once because it is the birthplace of the Hon. Frank Cochrane, and again because it is the birthplace of Professor Carrie M. Derick.

I refer, of course, to little Clarenceville.

It is settled principally by Dutch and U. E. Loyalist stock, and from the latter comes Miss Derick, whose very young girlhood was spent there, but whose ambitions soon took her to Montreal. Her parents were what citizens of the metropolis are pleased to call "country people" and fairly well-to-do. Her father was a particularly brainy man, and her mother a most superior and cultured woman, which explains the double inheritance descending to their famous daughter.

At the Normal School in Montreal she took the Prince of Wales medal amongst other high honors and upon leaving Montreal returned to her native town to take charge of the school there. This, under her management was raised from its then moderately good standard to the highest possible, that of a high school. It was under a Government grant, and flourished as never before in its history. Miss Derick then returned to Montreal and accepted a teacher's position in the select private school known as Butte House, which stood upon the present site of the McGill Union. A few years after McGill opened its doors to women she entered the University, her diplomas from the Normal School admitting her to the second year. She took the science course, was the Logan gold medalist, and graduated in 1890, receiving her B.A. at that time, and her M.A. just a little later.

Her first position in McGill was assistant to Professor Penhallow, in botany. Upon his illness she was obliged to take over all his work, including the instruction of the first-year" meds."

Miss Derick filled her arduous position faithfully and well for something like a year. At the death of Professor Penhallow it was naturally taken for granted that this woman who had done his work and who had proven herself so eminently fitted to do it, would be given his chair. Unfortunately, extreme conservation saw fit to appoint a man over Miss Derick, thus keeping the feminine element as far from prominence as possible. In a word, some obvious hair-splitting was done, and she was awarded the assistant professorship under the formidable title—professor of morphological botany. It was supposed, I take it, that a healthy mouthful such as this, would prove a sop for almost anything.

Miss Carrie M. Derick, Assistant Professor of Botany at McGill University

Considering the stand McGill has taken against women, it conferred a rare honor upon Carrie M. Derick when it included her (the first woman to be thus honored) amongst the members of its faculty, at all. From the viewpoint of justice, it could do no less. Quoting one of Miss Derick's intimate friends:

"What she has got, she has worked for—and never a woman harder. It is conceded that she is clever, but even cleverness could not put her where she ought to be to-day. Her cleverness is better defined by the word genius which we are told is the infinite capacity for taking pains. Where others might arrive at conclusions by intuition, Carrie had to plod for them, but where others forgot what they had learned, she remembered. For years she never took a holiday, spending her summers at a Science School—Wood's Hole, in Massachusetts. She made a specialty of zoology, as she also did at Bonn."

The small portion of her days during which she is free from the University's demands, is given over to all sorts of philanthropic work, more especially to the cause of equal suffrage. As a mere observer, and not as a confident, I would say that Miss Derick's energetic work along these lines may be tempered by personal experience resulting from the manner in which women are discriminated against. But even at that, she is never bitter. Worse, she is funny, and turns the barb of ridicule into the one who has sufficient temerity to argue with her. Her sharpness of wit is a delight to any audience; she is most popular in her capacity as lecturer, and her deep scientific knowledge is leavened by a sparkling brilliancy which always fills her hall, no matter whether her subject be biology or the rights of women.

Miss Derick has the keenest sense of humor one can imagine. She is not averse to practical joking, even, and in passing, it might be said that she enjoys a joke on herself as well as any.

Miss Derick was re-elected president of the Montreal Suffrage Association this past autumn. In speaking upon the prevailing topic of war and its relation to woman's suffrage, she said:

"We are fighting against the 'might is right' ideal of the Teutons; consequently after the war I have every reason to hope that men will see the humor of their position in regard to women, and that seeing what their refusal of equal rights amounts to, they will accord us what is our due."

To repeat—considering how tradition has barred women in a sense from the freedom of McGill University—it conferred no small honor by awarding Dr. Maude Abbott the curatorship of the Pathological Museum although, as one of her intimate friends remarked, "To us who knew, loved and admired her so tremendously, we thought that even that was not good enough."

Maude Elizabeth Abbott was born in St. Andrew's, P.Q., of a distinguished family, the late Sir John Abbott being a a near relative. Her childhood was more or less uneventful but it was universally remarked upon her entrance to McGill that she had a career. Previous to her entrance there she had obtained a degree in medicine at Bishop's College, Lennoxville. She was the gold medalist for general standing in her year and a great favorite with both professors and students; rather a rare happening. She was very keen in debates and was a member of a society for that purpose called the Delta Sigma—in honor of the late Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona. She spent several years in Zurich and Vienna, and took the Edinburgh Triple Qualification, 1897, the previous year having started to practise medicine in Montreal.

She was elected to the executive of the International Association of Medical Museums at Washington, D.C., and, as every one knows, was made a fellow in pathology at McGill. In 1911 she was given the status of lecturer and the degree M.D.C.M. She has been an untiring worker in the establishment of playgrounds for the Montreal children, and has identified herself with many other public-spirited movements. Of her writings, too much is known to need mention here, but a personal picture will be of interest. Modest to a fault, a sincere admirer of things beautiful whether they be the gloss of a woman's hair or a drab grey specimen floating in spirits, she is essentially a *feminine professor!* "Jolly," says a classmate, "and never too tired to enjoy a bit of fun. We used to poke about the museums at recess or lunch time and Maude always found something funny in these excursions. She was greatly respected by the professors who recognized beside a rare ability, the desire to put all her energies into something telling. She asked a certain professor in her third year, to give her outside work, not finding the specialized course demanded by McGill sufficiently engrossing! This same professor speaks of her at the time of the McGill fire, when, to him, the most pathetic feature of the calamity was Dr. Abbott, whose notes—a laborious collection of years—were entirely destroyed. She was intrumental in saving many valuables from the Museum, but her personal 'specimens' were burnt."

One of the best known women practitioners in Western Canada, is Dr. Mary Elizabeth Crawford, of Winnipeg. She was born in Ottawa, according to Morgan, who also tells us that her father was a master mariner. Like so many prominent Canadians Dr. Crawford comes of Scottish ancestry and like many another woman who has made her mark in the world she was educated primarily by her mother. Her father, by the way, came to Ottawa as principal of the Ottawa Presbyterian Ladies' College, so she should have had a rather educational setting.

She took a kindergarten course and got a certificate in this; studied at Trinity University and took an M.D. in 1900; was appointed house surgeon in the West Philadelphia Hospital for Women and Children shortly after and following that, went to Winnipeg to practise. She is medical inspector of schools there and does much experimental work for the School Board. Dr. Crawford has time too for many outside interests, notably in connection with the Women's University Club,

Dr. Mary Crawford

of which she was elected president in 1913.

Perhaps I am safe in saying that there is no better known woman practitioner than Dr. Helen MacMurchy, of Toronto. She is responsible for many departures from the old unhygienic management of public schools, and has been largely instrumental in arousing the public to a sense of its obligation in the matter of inspection of schools.

She is the daughter of Archibald MacMurchy, LL.D., who was principal of the Toronto Grammar School for many years, and she taught in that same school after it became known as the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, taking her medical course while teaching. After graduating at the Toronto University and the Toronto Women's Medical College, she took post graduate courses in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins University. Returning to Toronto, she took up general practice but gradually gave her especial attention to work along the lines of public health, infant mortality and the care of the feeble-minded. She was appointed Commissioner of the Feeble-Minded by the Ontario Government in 1906 and is a member of the International Council of School Hygiene, having received this appointment during its Paris meeting in 1910. She is a notable lecturer, her addresses at the Public Health Congress being largely attended. She addressed the Social Service Congress in Ottawa with her usual success. I recollect that upon the former occasion, the speakers preceding Dr. MacMurchy had somewhat overstepped the time limit, so that the hour for adjourning came while she was in the midst of her address. I think Dr. Grace Ritchie England occupied the chair; no matter! Who ever it was, the chairman put it to the audience—should the lecture be discontinued, or would those present sacrifice part of their lunch and recreation hour? There was a unanimous vote for the latter, and Dr. MacMurchy proceeded.

Another public-spirited woman whose activities lay now outside her chosen profession, is Mrs. Adam Shortt.

She was born a Smith, but then, there are Smiths and Smiths. She lived in the picturesque little town of Winona, Ontario, not far from Hamilton, and she attended school, first in her home town and then at the Hamilton Collegiate Institute. A little later, she passed into the Royal Medical College, which was affiliated with Queen's University, Kingston, and she received her degree in 1884.

I am not sure that like the child in H. G. Wells, "The History of Mr. Polly," Dr Elizabeth Smith looked upon the carving of a victim's liver, with any particular relish. Her motive in becoming a physician was a nobler, a larger one—she wanted to help other women to master the exceeding difficulties in making for themselves a profession which twenty-five years ago, was not looked upon with the tolerance, the favor which it is accorded now. As Mrs. Shortt, herself, says, there should never have been any reason for the separating of medical colleges—one for men, and one for women—had not the men, and often the lecturers, deliberately tried to make the course as trying, as disagreeable and as offensive to the women students as possible. She supported, therefore, heart and soul, the cause by which a separate course for women was inaugurated at Kingston. She herself lectured on medical jurisprudence and sanitary science, in the Women's Medical College and threw herself, with utmost energy, into the life of the students there. This was after several years of practising her profession in Hamilton, and her marriage to Professor Adam Shortt, then a member of the faculty at Queen's.

If you can imagine a friend whose sympathy in all puzzling problems was ready and spontaneous, not only that, but whose practical advice and influence, meant much to the young collegian, if you can imagine a woman whose doors were open week in and week out to all student callers whose welcome was assured, if you can imagine a woman whose life was so bound up in that of the University that no receptions, debates, entertainments or discussions were complete without her, you have a picture of Mrs. Shortt during the years she lived in Kingston. Beside, she was the president of the Y.W.C.A., and of the Musical Club, as well as the Queen's Alumnae Association.

Mrs. Adam Shortt

Rather than bewilder the reader by a list of the various offices held by Mrs. Shortt, I will write a few words concerning the character of this splendidly patriotic woman, as seen by an outsider.

It is after some thought that the word marvelous is used to describe her powers of organization, more especially in regard to her own work than that of the numerous bodies with which she is connected. During the years she was in Kingston, when her children were small, she arranged her days so that every necessary thing was accomplished. She did not neglect her children, nor did she gloss over what she considered her outside work. Further, she attended to the ills which flesh is heir to in her family, and safely brought them through the mumps, measles and all the other diseases contracted by the growing child. When she moved to Ottawa and was urged to associate herself with so many reform institutions, she almost invariably gave her services and her thought, still finding time, in some mysterious way to accomplish the most ordinary household duties, such as are usually discarded by the busy woman, and left to the care of a domestic. She believes that women should be competent housekeepers, makes many delicious dishes for her table, not spasmodically, but regularly, takes care of her own room, does innumerable irksome jobs, before setting out on her daily round of 'meetings' and returns often fagged in body but indomitable in spirit.

"What about the telephone?" asked some unbeliever. "One can't accomplish things and answer the phone at the same time."

It is strange but true, that if Mrs. Shortt is in the house, she never refuses to answer the clamorous demands of our mixed blessing, the phone. She never appears to hurry the speaker. She is rarely late.

Why the cake does not burn, the pastry get tough, or the eggs fall flat, I am unable to tell you—they just don't. That's all!

She is not a great reader; she has no time. She is not a great writer, nor a speaker, but when she does speak, every one listens and learns. Her patience and good nature are never-failing. As children, her family say that first and foremost she was "Mother," and never shooed them away or sh-h-ed them into unnatural quiet because she was planning some work. When did she do it? After other folk had gone to sleep, for Mrs. Shortt is one of the people who can get along with but a few hours of slumber.

"Often," she said, "in the early part of the night I lie awake and plan a paper, then, when it is late and every one else is asleep, I get up and write it."

Small Bank Notes Issued in France and England

IN order to meet the financial crisis caused by the outbreak of the European war, both Great Britain and France have made large issues of emergency currency which is now in general circulation. In each instance paper money of much smaller denominations than that previously in existence in the two countries, has been introduced. Heretofore the five-pound note issued by the Bank of England was the smallest bill put out by the British Government. Recently, however, a one-pound note, equivalent to about $5 in Canadian money, has made its appearance. The Bank of France, on the other hand, regularly issued nothing smaller than a 20-franc note, which in our money represents $4. At the opening of the war a five-franc bill was placed in circulation by that institution, while shortly afterward a two-franc note was placed in circulation by the town of St. Quentin. After the Germans had passed through Epernay, France, and taken most of the available money with them, the mayor of that place authorized the issue of notes in denominations as small as 25 and 50 centimes, or five and ten cents.

Lena Ashwell, Canadian Star:

By MARGARET BELL

A Recent Photograph of Lena Ashwell

FIRST of all the setting of this sketch is London, Old London that is so often the setting of so many sketches. Moreover, it is a theatre, also very natural. Every sketch is set in some sort of theatre, though the safety curtain may not always be of asbestos. Very often, there is no safety curtain at all. Then the scene is likely to go wrong at some time or other.

The theatre of which the sketch speaks is the Shaftesbury.

It was a hot day in September. The theatre was filled to overflowing. But it was not an audience which would gladden the financial soul of any manager. For not one of the twelve or thirteen hundred of the fashionable assemblage had paid a shilling's entrance fee. Even the five-guinea boxes were occupied without any expenditure. It was a wonderful audience.

As is usual at afternoon performances, the audience consisted for the most part of women. Of course there were some men there, just as there are always some men everywhere, even at a matinee. No one ever attempted to tell the reason why.

The chief performers were to be the Duchess of Marlborough, Mrs. Pethwick Lawrence, the great leader of things equal, and Lena Ashwell, the brilliant actress from Canada.

Now perhaps the reason for the complimentary theatre becomes more apparent. It was war time and there were several problems to be solved. Naturally, in war time, everyone rushed to the solution of every problem, and, be it said that everyone offers a different solution from everyone else. And for the same problem too. But that is recognized as the legitimate way of solving every problem.

The meeting really was of the Women's Emergency Corps, which in plain English means "a body of women which aims to get employment for women out of work, and to train many of them to take the places of men who have been called to the front."

It would, undoubtedly, be of great interest to know how the Duchess of Marlborough was dressed, and whether Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was as militant as usual. But such interesting and instructive details must be eliminated. For this sketch being essentially a theatrical one must needs have to do with the theatrical member of the illustrious trio.

Lena Ashwell was in her best possible form; yea, in her best money-raising form. She pointed out very diplomatically that women in the great crisis of war were all prepared to stand together, no matter what their opinions might be. A most remarkable thing for her to point out in London, be it said. For London, at that time was full of 'gists and 'gettes, and Peths and Panks, and all the rest of the great throng of equal right seekers, whether bomb-throwing or not.

Her speech had excellent results. For when the time came for each one of the vast audience to leave the theatre and seek out her favorite tea room—thus carrying out the English slogan of "Business as Usual"—there were hundreds of pounds in gold and promises in the official coffers of the Women's Emergency Corps.

It just goes to show the success which has always attended Lena Ashwell in whatever line of work she has been engaged. From the time when she practised her first scale in Toronto to the moment when she found herself face to face with Ellen Terry, who was going to give her a candid criticism of her elocutionary abilities, it seemed that she walked side by side with Luck.

It is a strange thing, luck. It usually chooses as its associates those whose commodity of gifts include brains. So it was not so very unnatural that Lena Ashwell, from her earliest and most eccentric youth, should have been associated with it.

Being the daughter of a clergyman naturally her tastes turned to the stage. But not until she had received Ellen Terry's verdict of her talents.

For she started out to study music, not as most girls study it, as a sort of pleasing occupation for themselves and bane to all their friends, but as a conscientious student, who is determined to advance beyond the drawing-room stage of achievements.

That is how she happened to go straight to Switzerland from her Toronto home. That is how, later she went to London, to the Royal Academy of Music. That is how she practised scales until her fingers ached and read all sorts of exercises until her head swam. It is a well-known fact that one must experience the sensation of a swimming head before one can taste of the nectar of success.

Then, one day, something induced her to change her mind. It is not necessary to go into detail explaining just what induced her to make this change. Anyhow, such explanation would be impossible. A change of woman's mind is just as natural as an epidemic of measles.

At any rate she changed it and, acting upon the advice of such a wise counsellor as Ellen Terry, she changed it for good and all. Of late, Miss Ashwell had been given to reciting. Every girl loves to recite. Every girl, in her teens, imagines that some day she will be the greatest Juliet the world has ever known.

When she learned Ellen Terry's verdict of her ability, she was not long in seeking an engagement.

But perhaps it would be well to say that the most important engagement she received just then was not altogether of her own seeking. It sometimes happens so. It was with Arthur Playfair, an actor of some repute; and it ended in marriage.

Next to that, her most important initial engagement was at the Grand, Islington, in a play called "The Pharisee."

Now, if you had ever seen Islington, and knew just where it was in London, you would understand better, the significance of this engagement. Suffice it to say

Lena Ashwell as "Elaine" with Sir Henry Irving in "King Arthur" that one does not think of Islington when one thinks of art.

However, every artist must have a start of some sort, even a theatrical one, and, after all, Emerson has left us the comforting message that even a worm to attain the dignified stage of man, must mount up through every spire of existence.

The sojourn in Islington was fortunately, not of long duration. But it is doubtful if its succeeding engagement could be called an improvement upon conditions.

Naturally, everyone realizes that in all of England, there is only one city. All else are "of the provinces." And whether a move from the one city, even though it may have been from an undesirable part of the city, into the provinces, could be considered as a stepping stone to greater achievements is very doubtful. Very doubtful indeed.

But the provincial folk must be amused. And how amuse them except from London? So it behooves the actor, now and then, to move out of his pleasant surroundings in town and make the rounds of the more unpleasant theatres in the provinces, lest the provincial audiences stagnate from ennui. And most especially does it behoove him, if his box office returns are not so great as they once were. For even London may become "fed up" with a favorite.

George Alexander—now Sir George—was the favorite who took a little jaunt out into the provinces, just then, and Lena Ashwell went too. The play was Oscar Wilde's "Lady Windermere's Fan." The play which, by the way, has given Margaret Anglin such a good opportunity of reclaiming some of the money she spent in launching her clever Shakespearean productions.

They trotted around the country for a while, inducing audiences to laugh at subtleties they did not understand, then returned to London.

Miss Ashwell's contract with George Alexander unfortunately did not mention an engagement in town. It is a wise actor who knows when to choose his city companies. He cannot afford to take a chance on a new name. His fashionable following might not approve. And when a fashionable following does not approve, what is to become of the popular favorite's clubs and motor cars and suite of chambers?

At any rate, Miss Ashwell found an engagement with Arthur Dacre and Amy Roselle in a play called "Man and Woman."

She did some splendid work in this play, Ellen Terry's prophecy was beginning to prove its worth. Miss Ashwell was showing the theatrical world of what stuff her Thespian substance was composed.

For she had been noticed, and by such a personage as Sir Henry Irving. And noticed to such an extent that she received a message, one day, to come over to the Lyceum and have a talk with him.

She went. Of course she went. And she came away hugging great joy and a signed contract. The joy was for jubilation at her success. The contract was for an appearance with Sir Henry at the Lyceum in "King Arthur."

The engagement did not end with her performance in "King Arthur" either. Before she left the Lyceum, in 1898, she had appeared in "Richard III." and as "Elaine."

Then it was time for a change. She went over to the Princess Theatre, and appeared in "The Crystal Globe."

Whether such an orb could not withstand the vicissitudes of more than one season, the records do not tell, but the next year found her back at the Lyceum with Wilson Barrett, in two plays, "Man and His Makers" and "Wheels Within Wheels."

Needless to say, her art was becoming broader, each season. People began to speak of her as one of the brilliant arrivals. To be a brilliant arrival, one must appeal to a brilliant few. To be a popular favorite—well, that is quite another matter. I have seen dozens of people, in a drizzling London rain, jostling and crowding each other in the endeavor to catch a glimpse of Gaby Deslys as she stepped from the pavement into her motor car. So doth popularity and bizarre advertising make of the mob a puppet.

Above: Lena Ashwell as Beatrice

Below: As Leah Kleschna, one of her best-known roles

But we were speaking of the legitimate in stage tactics.

In 1900 Miss Ashwell created some memorable principal characters. In "Mrs. Dane's Defence," "Chance, The Idol" and "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." All these plays were produced at Wyndham's.

It was just about that time that Irving produced his memorable "Dante" at Drury Lane. It was a great undertaking. Usually, in great undertakings of this nature, it is necessary for every part to be acted by the best and most appropriately equipped actor possible. Thus, Sir Henry looked about him to find such talent. It is not unnatural that he should have chosen Miss Ashwell for the leading female role. Her gradual ascent up the elusive ladder had not escaped even so stern and exacting a critic as Irving.

Her next engagement was with Beerbohm Tree at His Majesty's Theatre. With him she appeared in two notable plays, one "Resurrection," by Tolstoi, the other, "The Darling of the Gods," immortalized in America by Blanche Bates.

Miss Ashwell was fast making an enviable reputation for herself in England. Every player, however, after building up an extensive repertoire, desires to be known by one particular bit of work. The specialist idea of things has crept into the theatre, just as it has with the kitchen.

A good general cook desires to be known by the excellence of her salads or pastry. So doth a player, well balanced in all her parts—theatrical parts—desire to be known by a brilliant performance which will make all the others seem trivial. The eternal "stepping stones to higher things." Critics differ as to Lena Ashwell's greatest achievement. They are undecided as to whether her "Leah Kleschna," produced in 1904 at Wyndham's, the year after she had appeared with Irving or "The Shulamite," produced in 1906 at the Savoy, should be given first place.

It is natural to suppose that Miss Ashwell herself considered the latter play the best she had ever done. For, during the autumn of the same year, she took it to America and there repeated her London success.

She was anxious to have the candid opinion of her own land. And she soon had it. And a very gratifying opinion it was, repaying her, in every way for the venture to her own country.

Before leaving England, however, Miss Ashwell made certain that her efforts in America would not be without reward, even if "The Shulamite" failed to attract. One can never be sure of one's audiences, and very often an American audience has dissimilar tastes to an English. So she brought a company well rehearsed in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," one of her earlier successes.

It was not necessary for her to produce this play from the standpoint of immediate success. Nevertheless, she did produce it, and with no ill results. However, her venture will always be remembered for her brilliant performance in "The Shulamite."

And Canada had the opportunity of seeing another of her daughters high on the road to fame. And Canada received her as one who has peeped through the magic portals of success. Great was the fêting of the clever woman.

The success of her American tour made her even more ambitious, and on her return to England, the following year, she secured a lease of the Great Queen Street Theatre, which she opened under the name of the Kingsway.

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Half a Year of World War

By Frank H. Simonds in American Review of Reviews.

SIX months after the outbreak of the world war the outstanding fact was that peace seemed as distant, almost more distant than it did in September. Yet if the close of the conflict remained still a subject for speculation, it was now plain that the issue had been determined in September and that all that had happened since the Battle of the Marne had in fact been the natural consequence of one more decisive battle of the world. On fields and hills but little distant from the plain where Roman civilization turned back Attila, the German bid for world supremacy, the Kaiser's chance to play Napoleon were abolished.

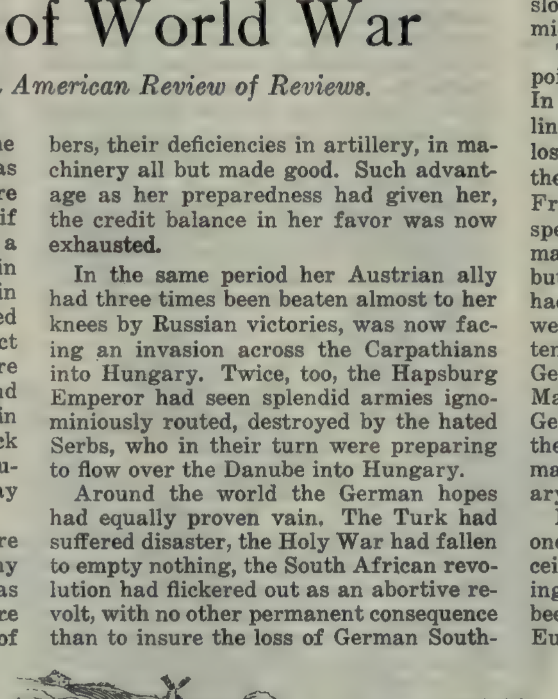
In the opening month of the war there was a chance, a real chance that Germany might destroy France before Russia was up, force Russia to make terms before England was ready and then, master of the Continent as the France of Napoleon renew the duel with the British Empire that France had abandoned precisely a century before. After the Battle of the Marne the chance had vanished. Week by week, month by month, Russian, British, French military power developed, increased. On January 20, Germany held less of France than on September 1; instead of a 100,000 British troops, the advance guard of a fresh million were already in Flanders; French troops were breaking out in Alsace.

In the period between the Battle of the Marne and January, 1915, Germany made three great campaigns. On the Yser the very flower of her troops had gone down under the eyes of the Kaiser in a frantic attempt to gain the French coast cities, to grasp the eastern shore of the Straits of Dover, to get within reach of the hated Englishman's home. A first attempt to seize Warsaw, to crush Russia, France being indestructible, had failed before the Polish capital. A second offensive into Poland, after great victories and terrible loses had come to a halt before the Bzura.

Six months after war had begun Germany was still faced by three great nations, their military force wholly unshaken, their armies still gaining in numbers, their deficiencies in artillery, in machinery all but made good. Such advantage as her preparedness had given her, the credit balance in her favor was now exhausted.

In the same period her Austrian ally had three times been beaten almost to her knees by Russian victories, was now facing an invasion across the Carpathians into Hungary. Twice, too, the Hapsburg Emperor had seen splendid armies ignominiously routed, destroyed by the hated Serbs, who in their turn were preparing to flow over the Danube into Hungary.

Around the world the German hopes had equally proven vain. The Turk had suffered disaster, the Holy War had fallen to empty nothing, the South African revolution had flickered out as an abortive revolt, with no other permanent consequence than to insure the loss of German Southwest Africa. In Asia her colony had disappeared into Japanese hands, in the Pacific her islands were lost irrevocably, in Africa her remaining colonies were being slowly but steadily consumed by her enemies as one eats an artichoke, leaf by leaf.



—Bernard Partridge in Punch

THE NEW ARMY TO THE FRONT

To balance this, Germans could still point to conquered lands and provinces. In Poland, in Flanders, in Champagne her lines held, her counter-attacks regained lost trenches regularly. In Alsace, along the Aisne, in Artois and Belgium, Anglo-French attacks, ambitious offensive, were speedily beaten down. East and west Germany was still a match for her enemies, but east and west the moment for victory had passed irrevocably passed, east and west German operations more and more tended toward the defensive. What Gettysburg had been to the South, the Marne was now proving to have been to Germany. Nowhere in January was there the slightest sign of new promise for German victory and what was true in January had been true in the earlier months.

Half a year of war had given history one more decisive battle, for Europe conceivably the greatest in permanent meaning since Waterloo. In that battle it had been decided that Europe should still be European and not Prussian. At the Marne, France had saved herself and Europe; after the Marne the problem was how long it would take Europe to conquer Germany, and in January it was unmistakable that as yet Europe had made no progress.

It was natural then, in the sixth month, the war having fallen to a complete deadlock in Poland as in Champagne, that the whole world should consider the possibility of peace, weigh the prospects of ending battles, murderous but indecisive, by an arrangement honorable to all. Yet, this done, it was only less plain that the fact that there could be no immediate military decision, that any other solution was indiscoverable.

The reason was simple. For France, who had suffered most of the allies, that is of the greater nations, peace without Alsace was unthinkable. More than this, for forty years the French people had lived under the shadow of German attack. Peace now restored it would still be a menace; but, France, having done her part and Russia and England now coming on the field in new strength, the hour of French peril was passed. Could her allies, with her own help crush Germany completely there would be for France the promise of at least a generation of security, time to build up her great colonial empire, organize her native armies, thus restore the balance between her population and Germany's. For France, the real promise for peace was found in war.

As for Russia, all her Czars had dreamed of for centuries was in sight, Constantinople, the destruction of Turkey, of Austria, with the resulting Russian hegemony over all the Slavs, over the Balkans, the mastery of the Continent, all these were assured if Germany could be crushed, all these were in jeopardy if Germany should escape now by premature peace. England and France were now fighting to make the Czar master in the Near East, such aid could hardly be had again, but, Germany crushed, who could veto Russia's will in Europe, in Asia Minor, at the Golden Horn and on the Baltic?

For England peace that spared the German fleet, restored those German colonies, which had been used as the bases for German attacks and intrigue in South Africa, in East Africa, would be intolerable. Nor could Britain sheathe her sword until German supremacy in Islam, in Constantinople, which had struck at King George's millions of Mohammedan subjects in India and Egypt, had been ended.

For all her foes, the crushing of Germany was patently more profitable than peace on any but their own terms. For Germany, still the conqueror in Belgium, in northern France, in western Poland, still unbeaten in the field, indeed superior in achievement, it was impossible to lay down her arms, surrender her provinces, her fleet, her great hopes, her splendid dreams, her legitimate rights in some cases, in advance of actual defeat. For her, too, peace on any terms obtainable was certain to be expensive beyond anything but the consequences of complete disaster.

Austria, Belgium, Servia might long for peace on any reasonable terms, but England, France, Russia, they, at last had Germany within their power, not immediately, but ultimately. In all respects, January conditions resembled the situation when Europe marched against Napoleon still unconquered in 1813, but at last conquerable. So, six months after the first declaration of war, the prospect of peace was slight, a war not of strategy but attrition, a war such as Grant waged against the Confederacy from the Rapidan to Appomattox seemed ineluctable.

Since a war of attrition seemed inevitable the natural inquiry was in January: How long will it take to reach exhaustion? Again, since it was now clear that Austrian resources were fast failing and new drafts were being made upon German armies to defend Hungary as well as Cracow, the real problem became: How long can Germany continue to meet France, Russia and England with equal or sufficient numbers to prolong the war?

Early in the war Lord Kitchener had said that the struggle might last three years. What seemed a mere rough estimate becomes far more significant examined by the few statistics yet available, which show the wastage of war.

Thus it seems fair to estimate that Germany has now in the field 3,000,000 men, France 2,000,000, Austria 1,000,000, Russia, 3,000,000. England at no distant date will have 1,000,000 on the Continent. Servia and Belgium may be reckoned to have 250,000.

Now as far as Russia is concerned her supply of men is for any ordinary calculation inexhaustible. That she can keep her European force at 3,000,000 for three years, despite battle losses is hardly debatable. As to England, her ability to maintain an army of 1,000,000 on the Continent indefinitely and despite losses is equally to be accepted. It is different with France. Her available military population may be reckoned at 4,000,000. Of this she has already lost 1,000,000 by death, capture, disease or wounds. Half of this number may be reckoned as permanently lost. At this rate, France will be reduced at the opening of the third year of war to 2,000,000. With her allies she will then have 6,000,000 men. But her losses in this year cannot be made good, save by the new class coming to the colors in 1917 and levies from her colonies.

Now Germany may be reckoned to have had 6,000,000 men available for service in July, 1914; 600,000 more will be supplied by the combined classes of 1916 and 1917. German losses in the first six months may be estimated at 1,800,000. At this rate, 1,800,000 will be removed permanently from the German lines in each of the first two years of war. Thus, at the opening of the third, Germany will still have 3,000,000 men to draw on. But her losses thereafter will be definite, because she will have exhausted her reserve. As to Austria, she has lost more than 1,000,000 already in her many disasters. She may still have 1,000,000 in the field, but a year hence, two years hence, she can hope for no more and her resources, too, will be completely exhausted.

Thus, as the third year of the war opens not more than 4,000,000 Austro-Germans, the last line, will confront 6,000,000 Russians, British, and French, helped by some hundreds of thousands of Slavs and Belgians, behind whom will stand Russian and British reserves of at least 4,000,000. This means, with every discount for the roughness of the estimate, that sometime in the third year, while Russia and Britain are still able to keep their armies at their present point, Austro-German forces will begin to decline rapidly and a tremendous advantage of numbers will belong to the enemies of Germany. Such is the statement of what may be called the mathematics of murder.

The Ditch

By Harold J. Shepstone, in the Windsor Magazine.

IT is no exaggeration to say that one of the most vulnerable points of the great British Empire is the Suez Canal, that wonderful artificial waterway that connects the Mediterranean with the Red Sea, and, incidentally, severs the two continents of Africa and Asia. It is the great highway to India and the East, and its value to the Empire, both commercially and strategically, is acknowledged by statesmen and military critics alike.

Its vulnerability was strikingly emphasized on the rupture with Turkey, when that country concentrated on the Turco-Egyptian frontier a large force of troops, thus threatening to seize the canal and invade Egypt.

The stretch of ground between the canal and the Turkish frontier is appropriately known as the Desert of Tih, or the Desert of Sin, and is a dreary, bleak, and waterless wilderness, about 120 miles wide. It is only crossed by a couple of ancient caravan routes, one running to Palestine by skirting the Mediterranean coast, and the other to the Sinai Peninsula, also by way of the coast. For an army to cross this desert successfully a number of camels would be needed. For this reason, no doubt, the Turks induced the discontented Bedouins of Southern Palestine to join them in their attack on Egypt, on the promise, probably, of certain concessions or privileges. For them the desert has no terrors, and they are also born fighters.

An attack upon the canal, then, could only come from the desert, and that Turkey could, if she desired, throw a large force on the Egyptian frontier here there is no denying, mainly through the work of the Germans in linking up her cities with railways. On the Baghdad line alone Germany has already sunk over £10,000,000. This money has been advanced by German banks on security given by the Ottoman Government. Indeed, few realize to what extent Turkey is in Germany's debt; hence the Teutonic influence at the Porte.

Although the Egyptian Government and the Suez Canal authorities have always realized the possibility of attack upon their waterway from Turkey over the Egyptian-Palestine frontier, no steps have been taken to frustrate it in the way of specially designed forts. Rather it has been contended that the desert is the canal's greatest protection. A few destroyers, with the assistance of the garrison at Cairo, should be sufficient, it is argued, to defeat any attack made upon it from this quarter.

The possibility of any heavy guns being dragged across the desert is regarded as very remote, and what artillery the Turks and Bedouins managed to bring up would be outranged and outclassed by the guns of the British and French warships, while, if the recognized caravan routes were followed, the invaders would be liable to be shelled from the warships off the coast.

Still, the need of adequately protecting the canal from the dangers of assault is obvious.

The canal has reduced the distance between India and Western Europe from 11,379 to 7,628 miles, thereby effecting a saving of at least ten to twelve days in the journey.

The channel owes its inception to the energies of that wonderful engineer, M. de Lesseps. To ascertain whether such a scheme was possible, the engineer betook himself to the wilderness, and dwelt there for four years, making observations and borings all along the course of the future canal. Sixty camels were needed to carry the fresh water, stores, and equipment of the little party of engineers, who for months at a time were completely cut off from the outside world, tramping the lonely desert, quietly but painstakingly carrying out their surveys.

One of the first things M. de Lesseps ascertained was the fact that the level of the two seas was the same, and that there would be no danger of an inundation. A sojourn of a whole year on the shores of Lake Menzaleh satisfied him that a secure harbor could be constructed there. Patient watching, and repeated scientific experiments, proved that the sand of the desert did not accumulate, as was commonly believed; and borings made at nineteen separate points between the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, showed the soil of the isthmus to be firm and fixed, and therefore not liable to become slimy, as the opponents of the undertaking had predicted.

In the isthmus there are a number of lakes, and M. de Lesseps boldly decided to run his canal through them or into them. Before the canal was cut, however, many of them were virtually dried-up depressions which have now become lakes of considerable size. In all, the canal passes through five—Lake Menzaleh, Lake Ballah, Lake Timsah and the Great and Small Bitter Lakes. The canal track in these lakes has an aggregate length of twenty-seven miles, the total length of the waterway, from Port Said, on the Mediterranean, to Suez, on the Red Sea, being 100 miles.

Before much excavation work could be carried out along the route of the proposed waterway the engineers had practically to build Port Said. No materials could be collected nor workshops erected here until a channel had been dug through the bare sand and docks constructed in which large ships could enter with their cargoes of stores. It was further necessary to build a vast breakwater, for the twofold purpose of keeping the mud out of the canal and enabling vessels to approach the mouth of the waterway with safety, even in rough weather.

This breakwater is one of the striking features of the port. The western pier runs out to a distance of more than a miles, and is 1,500 yards distant from the eastern pier—an arc about 1,100 yards in length.

From Port Said the canal crosses about twenty miles of Lake Menzaleh, in which it is over 300 feet wide at the surface. Twenty-two miles further on, it reaches Lake Timsah, by means of a cut dug through the ground to a depth varying from thirty to eighty feet. Lake Timsah itself is three miles long, and at this point the flourishing town of Ismailia, where many of the employees of the company reside, has taken the place of a former small Arab village. To Lake Timsah a fresh-water canal was made from the Nile, to supply the population engaged on the line of the maritime waterway. When this canal was completed a great saving of expense was effected, as the cost of bringing fresh water from the Nile for the workmen had been very excessive.

The work from Lake Timsah to the edge of the Bitter Lakes was very heavy. Briefly, cuttings had to be made for sixty-six miles of the course, while fourteen miles of the bed were dredged through the lakes, leaving but eight miles requiring no works of any kind. The Khedive supplied an army of fellaheen, 30,000 strong, for the heavier and more laborious parts of the work. After they had been engaged for some time, they were suddenly withdrawn by instructions of the authorities at Cairo. These men were forced laborers. They had been sent to work on the canal by the orders of the Khedive, much against their own wishes.

It looked as if the sudden withdrawal of labor would wreck the whole scheme. The engineers, however, were equal to the emergency. They hired as many fellahs as they could, and superseded manual labor to a large extent by ordering powerful dredging machines and elevators of colossal dimensions.

OH! I SY WE SHALL JOLLY WELL GET THE VICTORIA CROSS FOR THIS Y'KNOW
IF IT'S A' THE SAME TO HIS MAJEESTY I'D MUCKLE RATHER BE HAEIN' THE ORRRDER O' THE BATH

EITHER WOULD BE APPRECIATED

The quantity of material removed by these gigantic excavators was 2,763,000 cubic yards a month. In all, 80,000,000 cubic yards of sand, earth, and rock were excavated before the canal was completed!

The last barrier was pierced on August 15th, 1869, almost exactly ten years from the date of commencing the work, and on November 17th following, the waterway was opened for traffic. The enterprise had demanded an outlay of £17,000,000—more than double the original estimate of the cost.

M. de Lesseps was sanguine enough to estimate that the tonnage of the ships passing through the waterway would be three millions in the first year, and probably twice as much during the second year. As a matter of fact, only 491 vessels used the canal during the first year, representing an aggregate tonnage of 436.618, and the channel was seven years old before the three million mark was reached. In 1913 no fewer than 5,085 ships passed through the canal. They represented an aggregate tonnage of 20,033,884, and the fees paid amounted to close upon £5,000,000. Ordinary cargo steamers are charged 5s 3d per ton, passenger steamers 6s per ton, and 8s 4d for each passenger.

Like everything else, it required experience to find out the most efficient way of handling the large and valuable ships that the waterway specially catered for. For instance, it was not until 1886 that ships could pass through the canal at night. This difficulty was got over by making each ship illumine her own course by carrying a powerful searchlight capable of spreading light 4,000 feet ahead. Those vessels which do not possess such lights can hire them on entering the waterway at Port Said, and return them on leaving Suez. The first ship that effected a free passage by night was the P. and O. steamer *Carthage*, which accomplished the journey in eighteen hours. Previously, vessels had taken anywhere from twenty-four to thirty-six hours.

A fine system for giving speed to all ships in transit is in operation, much resembling the well-known railway "block" system. The company controls the departure and entrance of all ships, the order of procedure being wholly in their hands. No ship may demand immediate passage for any reason, but preference is given to regular mail steamers under Government control. These carry blue signals and a white light at night. The canal is blocked out in divisions, and at the head office in Ismailia a model of the canal shows the exact moving position of every ship in the waterway. No vessel may proceed until the way is clear.

A complete system of telegraphic signals ensures this conditon being observed. Dotted along the banks at regular intervals are small stations, each furnished with a high masthead, from which red and yellow balls by day and colored lights by night announce to each vessel whether to proceed through the next division or to "tie-up" and wait for one to go by from the opposite direction. Ships going the same way are not allowed to pass each other. Vessels of small tonnage may pass when traveling in opposite directions, or a large steamer may pass a small one, the latter drawing into the bank while the larger one goes by.

The rules governing the passage of vessels are certainly strict. Written information as to his ship must be handed in by each captain—her name, nationality, draught, and port of sailing and destination, as well as his own name and that of owners and charterers, number of passengers and crew. Naturally, nothing must be thrown overboard, especially ashes and cinders; also, nothing is to be picked up, notice of any article lost overboard being given at the nearest station. No guns shall be fired and no steam-whistles blown except in cases of extreme danger. One rule also states that burial in the canal banks is strictly forbidden.

All sailing vessels above fifty tons must be towed; if above one hundred tons, they must take a pilot; and no sailing craft may navigate at night. Though pilots are compulsory, the entire responsibility remains with the captain. If a collision appears inevitable, all ships are instructed to run aground to avoid it, the sandy and yielding nature of the shallows near the banks offering the less of two evils; but no floating ship is permitted to help off a grounded one.

Since 1896 something like £2,000,000 has been expended upon the widening and improvement of this great waterway. When first opened, the channel had a uniform depth of 25 feet. It is now 31 feet deep, 108 feet wide at the bottom, and 420 feet at the water level. It is still being deepened and widened. Quite apart from this work, a whole fleet of dredgers are continually engaged on merely keeping the channel free from sand. We get some idea of the magnitude of this task when it is stated that last year over two million cubic yards of material were taken out of the canal by these dredgers.

Despite the heavy cost entailed in running the waterway and keeping it open for traffic, the scheme has almost from the first been a financial success, and Suez Canal shares are always much sought after. By the purchase in 1875, for £3,976,582 of the 176,602 £20 original shares held by the Khedive, the British Government obtained joint control over the canal with France.

Twelve years later a convention was signed at Paris which placed the canal under a joint commission, and guaranteed its neutrality and a free passage for ships in time of war. The waterway being jointly owned by the British and French Governments, these Powers have full right to take any steps that may be necessary to guard the waterway against attack, and we may rely upon their doing so.

Athletics and Diet

By F. A. M. Webster in the Strand Magazine.

FOR many years the Greeks in training ate nothing but a certain kind of cheese, specially prepared from goat's milk. Later on a flesh diet was introduced. The Romans, in the early stages of training, utilized a vegetarian form of diet, consisting of dried figs, new cheese, and boiled grain. Later on, again, meat was added to the list, but only one sort of flesh was thought suitable, and that, curiously enough, was *pork*, an edible absolutely banned by most modern trainers. Galen most firmly maintained that pork contains far more nutriment than any other flesh food. It certainly is a very significant fact that the ancient athletæ complained that if they were forced, when in training, to live upon anything else but pork for any one meal their mental and physical forces alike were seriously impaired.

The method of cooking the pork was by roasting or broiling; boiled flesh was on no account allowed. The bread which helped out the meat was prepared without leaven.

In ancient Greece and Rome athletes were only allowed to drink pure spring water, and of that only as much as would stay their thirst. no liquid of any sort being allowed to be taken at meals, but only at such a period after as would give ample time for the digestion of the solids. Among the Roman gladiators the principal meal of the day was taken in the evening.

Let us now turn to our own system of athletic training. Probably the time of our greatest virility was at the period of the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, which coincides with the zenith of our power in the prize-ring. Observations of the conditions of training in the early part of the nineteenth century are therefore of great interest.

In those days lived a great walker, Captain Barclay, who is regarded as the greatest of all authorities on training. With him rests the credit of devising a really sound system of feeding for athletes. As the apparent quantity of foodstuffs taken is somewhat extraordinary, it will be as well to give some brief idea of the very strenuous course of preparation through which the pedestrians of those days passed.

For the purpose of this article one may take the long-distance runner's course of preparation, which consisted of covering from twenty to twenty-four miles a day, the work being split up into different distances at varying speeds. He was made to get up at five in the morning and to run half a mile at the top of his speed, this sprint being followed by a six miles' walk at a moderate pace. He then returned to his training quarters at seven for breakfast, which consisted of beefsteak or underdone mutton-chops, stale bread, and old ale. A rest was allowed after breakfast, and then another six miles' walk was undergone, which kept the athlete out until about twelve o'clock, when he again returned to his quarters. One would now expect him to enjoy a meal, but such was not the case—the athlete was put to bed without his clothes for half an hour instead. By two o'clock he was on the road again, walking another four miles. At four he returned to his quarters for dinner, which was of an exactly similar nature to his breakfast. No rest whatever was allowed after dinner, the athlete being sent straight out for a half-mile run at top speed, followed by a six-mile walk to allow him to cool off. That concluded the work, and also the feeding, for the day. At eight o'clock the athlete was compelled to retire to bed.

This unvarying routine went on day after day for three or four weeks, at the end of which time it was thought the would-be runner should be in sufficiently hard condition to allow of the strain of reducing his weight. For this purpose he was wrapped up in flannels and sent out to run four miles at the top of his speed. On returning, one pint of hot liquid was given. This was known as the "sweating liquor," and was composed of the following ingredients: One ounce of caraway seed, half an ounce of coriander seed, one ounce of root liquorice, and half an ounce of sugar candy, mixed with two bottles of cider and boiled down to one-half.

Having imbibed this mixture the athlete was put to bed in the flannels in which he ran, covered with six or eight pairs of blankets *and a feather bed*, and there he stayed for half an hour. Being by that time absolutely wet through, he was taken out, rubbed thoroughly dry, and well massaged. He was then dressed in his ordinary clothes, covered with a great-coat, and sent out for a two-mile walk at a gentle pace.

After the four-mile run and two-mile walk the athlete was now allowed the whole of a large roast fowl for breakfast. This process of sweating and feeding on fowls lasted weekly until a few days before the contest.

The system of dieting above described seems to have been well suited to all classes of athletes at that time, and, but for the fact that it is of too arduous a nature to appeal to the athletes of to-day, was undoubtedly good, as shown by the results attained by those who trained on it. For instance, Captain Barclay, himself the inventor of this system of training, walked a hundred and fifty miles without resting, and also a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

Now as to the English system at the present day. Setting aside for one moment all ultra-special systems, such as vegetarianism, the general and accepted rule among trainers is to let their charges eat what they like in moderation so long as the food is good and wholesome. This is a very fair education of our general slackness in athletics for surely it stands to reason that the heavy body-building and muscle-making foods necessary to the hammer-thrower and shot-putter are not suited to the jumpers, sprinters, and hurdlers, nor will they do for the long-distance runner, who requires stamina without weight.

Suppose we divide the athletic events into three classes: A—Hammer-throwers, javelin-throwers, discus-throwers, and shot putters; B—Jumpers, hurdlers, and sprinters; C—Long-distance runners.

Class A requires food which will give muscle and weight without diminishing the nervous energy or dulling the brain-power.

The following menu is in vogue at the Universities:

Breakfast.—Porridge; eggs, kidneys or liver and bacon or chop and steak; toast, jam or marmalade; tea, coffee, or cocoa.

Lunch.—Cold roast beef or mutton; fresh vegetables; stewed fruits and milk-puddings; biscuits, or toast and butter; ale or plain water.

Dinner.—Clear soup; fish; roast meat, fowl or game, and vegetables; stewed fruit and puddings; ale or red wine.

It will be seen that they feed them very well in training at the 'Varsity and keep their condition high. But, then, the 'Varsity athlete is able to get in more training work than falls to the lot of the average business man.

This almost concludes the English system, and it will be seen that opinions have changed pretty considerably in the last century, although the general root principle seems to be the same. On this system we have excelled in the production of long-distance runners, for it is a system that makes for staying power and endurance rather than great strength or quickness.

It must be remembered that it takes at least three generations to see the effect of a diet upon a nation. Now, the English people in bygone ages were essentially a race eating largely of plain and wholesome food. In the last few generations we have taken to eating far too many "made" dishes, and to this, among other causes, I attribute our falling-off in athletics.

Lieut. Muller pointed out very forcibly the reason why the Scandinavian and Norse people excel so greatly in the strong-men events, by which I mean hammer-throwing, etc. Lieut. Muller said the Scandinavian people are so big and strong because their foods are simple and wholesome.

"In England meat and fish form the main part of your meals, and with it you eat only a little piece of white bread, the half of which you leave beside your plate. This white bread is stimulating, but not nourishing. In Scandinavia we eat little meat and fish, with a large thick slab of coarse black rye bread, which builds up both bone and muscle; also we have but one hot meat or fish meal daily, at midday; at the other meals we eat rye bread spread with butter and jam or dripping. Frequently we also eat pork with our bread, than which there is no more nourishing flesh.

"We do not eat soups made from flesh; instead, we have a large basin of thick porridge put in the middle of the table, and with this we take large quantities of butter-milk. We also have soups made of other cereals. Again, we eat large quantities of boiled potatoes, which are their best form. We do not go in for sauté, fried, or chipped potatoes, as you do."

It may be pointed out that the Irish and Scots people, who excel in the field events, also eat a great deal of porridge or potatoes, while their bread is made from whole meal.

Of the French people it may be said that they are just beginning to come to their own in international athletics, because, during the last few years, the athletes have given up French cookery and taken to the English or American diet. As Fleurac once said, "Our system is the same as that practised in America, except that the American is told what he is to eat, whereas we eat what we like—in reason."

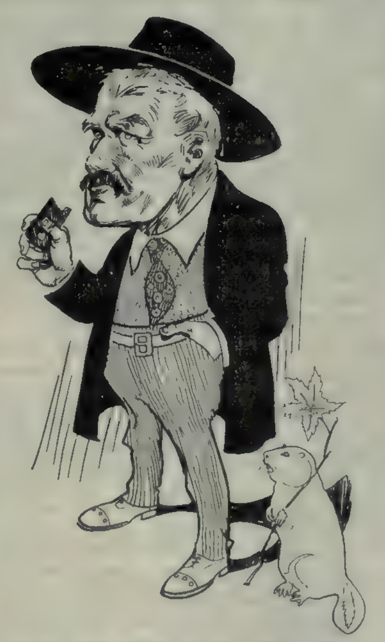
The Japanese are so entirely new to sporting pastimes that it is impossible to point to the successes they have gained on any special diet. Yet one may instance the marvellous endurance of their soldiers in the Russo-Japanese War, when the basis of their diet was fish and soya beans. Nowadays they are beginning to eat more meat, with what result a future generation will see. It has been said of the Japanese and Hindus that their staple diet is rice, but this is incorrect—rice is certainly an essential part of their food-scheme, but only in so far as rice is to them what bread is to us.

Perhaps some of the finest runners in the world are the Hindu rickshaw coolies, who live principally on lentils and rice. It is amazing to see the quantity of lentil soup a rickshaw-boy will eat after a heavy day's work.

Scientific War

By H. G. Wells in the Windsor Magazine.

NO real thing is ever simple, for simplicity is reached by abstraction, and this great struggle of the nations that thunders about the world is made up of many factors and presents innumerable aspects. Primarily it is a struggle of the spirit of freedom and pacific civilization against the long-gathered attack of German militarism; but into this issue come elaborations, in the Russian situation, in the Balkan developments, in the mute but very real conflict to control the war between Imperialism and Liberalism in Great Britain, for example. And sustaining German militarism is German patriotism, a thing one may still honor even when one considers it to be at present aggressive and misled.



This is perhaps what England expected when it was learned that a lumber baron was to be acting High Commissioner—She was prepared for the worst

And German militarism in itself is not simple. We are fighting against a double-headed monster. A moiety of it is as old as old Prussia. The Junker-directed soldiering and the military policy of Germany are to-day extraordinarily the same as they were in the days of Frederick the Great. And a moiety of it is newer than the present century. This extreme efficiency in the German organization of material, the new devices and inventions, the Kruppism, the Zeppelinism, present absolutely unprecedented aspects of war. The journalistic mind has seized upon this duality in its denunciation of the "Krupp-Kaiser combination." And, so far as the Kaiser-Junker side of the war is concerned, that head may be counted dead and done for already. The old swagger, the prancing monarch, the flags, the dumb, brave obedience of the ranked soldiers, the shouting victories, the war pictures—these things have gone to join pikes and chain armour in the historical museum. The Kaiser now keeps out of the limelight for fear of aerial bombs; the Crown Prince, having confused his strategy and stolen snuff-boxes, has passed into a mysterious obscurity; the once invincible massed infantry has fallen in swathes at Liège and Mons and a score of fights; it has choked Belgian rivers until the waters have found new courses; its prestige has melted to nothing before the steady fire of English "mercenaries" in open order; in Flanders it has fled before Hindu faces; the German cavalry has been ridden through by the British, one to three. The old soldierliness of the German, booted and spurred, has departed out of the world. Coming to the fore to replace it is the new thing—the industrious and voluminous German intelligence concentrated upon war material. The submarine, the Zeppelin, the great gun, the entrenching plough, must save Germany now, if Germany is to be saved from the punishments of her aggressions. The old war passes into the new war.

Now, the new war is no invention of Germany's. But it is a fact too little heeded in this world that the type of mind that is least creative is often the one that can best use an invention. The aeroplane is American, the submarine is French, the ironclad was first American, then French, and then English, the "navigable" is

French, the private armaments firms, that are now the most portentous fact in the world, began their career in Great Britain. Armstrong came before Krupp. We reap what we have sown. Essen and Frederickshaven are only the reaction of the methodical, indefatigable German mind to the initiatives of the intellectually more virile peoples. But it is certainly a terrible reaction. Every fresh phase of the war shows more clearly how completely the German imagination has been obsessed by the idea of systematic war preparation. All the energy of sixty million people has been concentrated upon the scientific war business in a way that is almost incredible to the versatile anarchic American or Englishman or Frenchman. Every fresh phase of the war, indeed, justifies the determination of the Allies to end for ever the belligerent culture of Germany. For four decades all German life has been made to subserve that dream of a scientifically perfect war equipment. It has drained the life and wits out of the cavalry and infantry that were once so able; it has left German diplomacy brainless and tactless; it has eaten up the literature, the philosophy, the critcism, the emotion of a whole people. But it has certainly been carried out with a magnificent thoroughness. An organization of equipment, a military intelligence department, a system of military espionage, a scientific preparation of war plans, have been carried to a pitch unparalleled in the world's history. Our generation has been privileged to witness the spectacle of a military machine in action such as mankind has never seen before and, I hope, will never tolerate again. It is useless to pretend that all the Allies together have anything to equal the marvels of the German apparatus. It is by the forces inherent in sane humanity, by the individual superiority of their rank and file, by a desperate resolve to endure militant Germany no longer, that they win and will continue to win in the face of these tremendous achievements, gathering fresh allies with each new confirmation of German efficiency.

Let us consider the novelties this war has produced. In the first place, it is a petrol war. For the first time war has been fought over a country so highly civilized as to possess abundant good roads. This gave Germany an immense advantage. She found Luxemburg, Belgium, and, in a lesser degree, France, unprepared for her onslaught, as every sane country whose abilities are intelligently dispersed must necessarily be unprepared. The Germans, therefore, had all the advantage of an armed monomaniac who attacks suddenly, and their first rush upon Paris was made by the best-equipped host that ever carried fire and murder through a peaceful countryside. Vast railway sidings had been prepared upon the Belgian frontier to facilitate the movement of troops; special great guns were ready to smash the obsolescent Belgian fortresses. These first German hosts were so equipped that even the field-glasses for the riflemen who were to pick off the French and Belgian officers had not been forgotten. The surprise of Liege failed, indeed, but the big guns remedied that. Namur, Maubeuge, were cracked like walnuts. The wave poured on. Over this stupendous advance soared an overwhelming number of aeroplanes, and along every road poured the automobiles. It was the mechanical perfection of belligerency. Before it there retreated thin lines of khaki riflemen, shooting very well, and a field artillery handled by Frenchmen and Englishmen, and to the north certain troops of curiously embittered Belgians, unconvinced by these machines. The collapse of France looked for a time inevitable. Yet these men outfought the German soldiers. Slowly day by day they corrected their disadvantage of material. Slowly the friction of the resistances was beating the best and biggest army in history.

Within a few miles of Paris the German rush collapsed. The roads behind, choked with its killed and wounded, smashed automobiles, and broken guns, served no longer to maintain the supply of food or ammunition. The obstinate Belgians had broken up their railway system and got all their rolling-stock away, and at a little distance from the Prussian frontier the German supplies had to take to the congested and plowed-up highways. Slowly the resistance gathered, and, as I write, the huge ruins of that great invasion, the most tremendous advance in history, beaten back from the Marne, strained by a perpetual stretching to the west, perish slowly along the line of the Aisne. And all the while Germany has been using petrol. No doubt German foresight provided great stores of petrol for a three-months' war. But the war still goes on, conquest fades from the German dream, and the Germans have used petrol beyond measuring for transport, for Zeppelins, for those remarkable incendiary bombs that flared through the streets of Antwerp, for every conceivable purpose. There are no German sources of petrol. Only from America and Roumania—neither of which countries is anxious to see the German military monomania dominate the world—and through the by no means enthusiastic channels of Holland, Norway, and Denmark can petrol reach Germany. So that it may be possible for the United States and Roumania presently to turn off this war as one turns off a gas-jet. That is the first extraordinary aspect of this unprecedented war. Suddenly it may become preventable through the sheer waste of this one necessity.

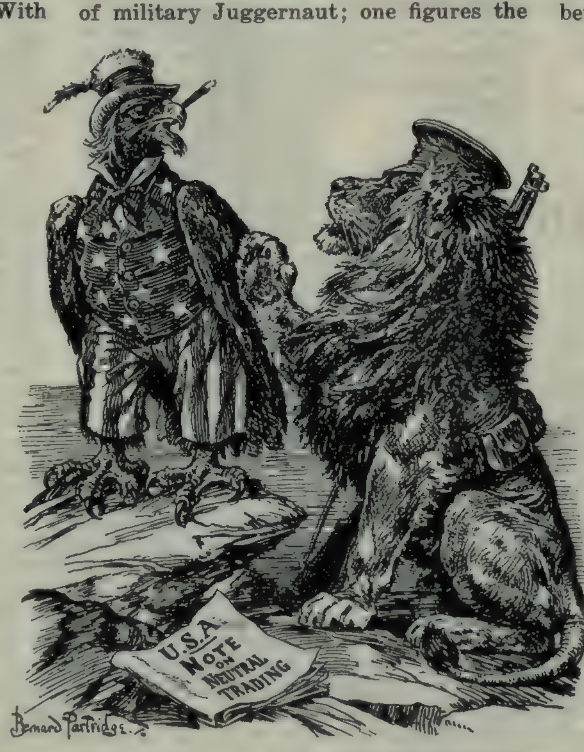
And the next most remarkable aspect of this war is the fact that compulsory military service, combined with the telephone, the telegraph, and the modern facilities of transport, has practically abolished the "civilian." Germany evidently intends to put her whole adult male population into the fighting line before the end of this war, and she has made a prisoner of war of every adult male of mobilizable age of the allies that she could catch. Her punitive treatment of towns and villages has practically abolished the last immunity of the "non-combatant." Entire populations are fighting now, and fighting with a disregard for the ancient amenities of warfare, for which the German scientific conception of permissible pressure and strategems is directly responsible. It is a very curious and instructive thing to talk to Belgian refugees or British wounded soldiers, and to mark the savage resentment that has developed against the Germans since the first month of the war. At first the English were quite good-tempered. Slowly the Belgian outrages have turned their kindly dispositions to hatred. If a German raid were now to reach England, it would not be fought simply by the regular troops; it would be set upon and lynched by the general population. The last traces of the eighteenth-century convention that war was a business confined to men in uniform are fading out of human thought under the stress of "scientific" methods.

And then come the actual machines.

There is something preposterously logical in the way in which metallurgy and chemistry and engineering have, under sound commercial stimulus, taken the ancient claptrap of militarism and worked it out in Europe and on the high seas. The Germans have permitted this to happen to the completest extent because they are the most thorough-minded and least subtle people in Europe. Devotion to military preparation bores all intelligent minds, but it has bored the phlegmatic German less than it has bored the English or Irish or French. And their Prussian Government has used press and picture to make the business attractive and exciting to its vulgar tax-payer. It has always, to give them something for their money, kept a good shop-window in the street, and from this it has followed that at times the German goods have been rather of the shop-window than the efficient type. This is particularly the case with the aircraft. Zeppelins have proved as complete a failure as we journalist prophets foretold. Their sole feat has been to drop a few bombs into the Antwerp streets on a still night and murder, perhaps, a score of inoffensive men, women, and children. As an agreeable side-consequence of the war, I have now staying in my house an electrician who was a Garde Civile of Antwerp, and who left the town only after the wire entanglements, in which he had been keeping certain wires alive and dangerous, were smashed up. He saw a number of shells fall—he was knocked off his "velo" by the concussion of one of them—and he has given me very illuminating particulars of the whole business. His contempt for the Zeppelins is extreme. The six that "rained fire" upon Antwerp in the newspaper headlines were fabulous monsters—none shared in the bombardment at all—and of the earlier visitants one was ripped in eleven compartments and disabled by rifle fire alone. It escaped capture only by dropping all its bombs *en masse* and everything else that was detachable—happily into a field. Except in calm weather these huge gas sausages are uncontrollable and useless. And the German aeroplanes, though extremely numerous and a source of grave inconvenience as range-finders for the artillery in the earlier stages of the war, are individually inferior to the British. Both the English and French chase and destroy them. The observers fight with repeating rifles, and the allied machines seem to be not only better handled, but quicker and easier to manœuvre. The combatants fly with the view of getting a raking fire across the antagonist's propeller, so that he is unable to reply except at the risk of breaking his own blades. Slowly but surely the aerial ascendancy is being recovered by the allied powers. It is not only that they make better machines and faster, but that they make better aviators. The northern Frenchman and many Scotch and English types have a much greater aptitude than any German for all this sort of work; and it is probable that as the battle-line sags back towards the allied objective in Westphalia, the allies will have the complete command of the air, and Germany will fight *blind.*

It is as a scout, and more particularly as an accessory to the artillery, that the aeroplane figures in the new war. With regard to artillery, the Germans have the advantage that results from intensity of intention. Of any gun it may be said: "Why not a larger?" There is no limit to the size of guns except the sanity of their makers. There is, for example, no scientific improbability in making a gun that could be fired from New York to smash London. There are only moral and everyday practical objections. Such a gun could be made, loaded, and fired, if all America wanted to have it and Europe did not interfere to prevent it, and London could be destroyed and burnt by it. Incidentally, New York would be shaken to pieces by the concussion, and most of the people of the Eastern States would be hurled about like straws in a whirlwind; but these considerations would probably not restrain a people really obsessed by the culture of military magnificence. And in the making of guns, the Germans, even if they have not yet gone to that extent, have at any rate carried the answer of "Why not a larger?" to a quite astonishing point.

It is manifest that if a nation devotes its full energies to such a research, the other nations in the world must either put a stop to that development, or follow suit, or go under. So far as ordinary field guns go, the German artillery, if more numerous, is in no other way superior to that of the allies. But in the matter of big guns they altogether outclass their antagonists. A new piece is put upon the chessboard of war, in the form of guns vaster than any pre-existing siege guns, great guns that can yet be moved—cumbrously, but still moved—from position to position. At a blow, therefore, fixed fortifications are abolished as a refuge for inferior forces on the defensive, and the whole strategic method is changed. These pieces are so large that they must be fired by gunners using electricity at some slight distance, and they must be extremely destructive to all the smallgear in the immediate vicinity. They can be fired only at an enormous cost, with any chance of success, only at a fixed target. They must need emplacements of very great solidity, and obviously they are open to counter attack both through the air and by ordinary troops. They need, therefore, a strong guard to protect them, a little complete defensive force with ordinary guns and machine-guns, and they are far more valuable to a superior attacking force than to a retreating one. They also need open and good communication for supplies, and they are of no avail against infantry in a sanely contrived system of trenches and against an infantry attack. Their use means the thrusting forward of a kind of gun-fort into the enemy's country that may easily become an embarrassing entanglement. The larger they are, the more formidable they are, the more do they commit their user to a certain line and certain positions, and compel their antagonist to dispersed tactics and movement. They are, indeed, a species of military Juggernaut; one figures the little soldiers about them, hauling them forward to perform their wonders, very much like the servitors of a new religion. These things, are, indeed, strangely like gods—squatting, gaping, death-sending gods—to which men have given their souls.



—Bernard Partridge in Punch

British Lion: "Please don't look at me like that, Sam. You're not the Eagle I'm up against"

These monsters have cracked the armor of Belgium and France, but they cannot break the net of entrenched men that now holds the bled and weary German armies. At Verdun and Belfort the French have advanced and entrenched, so that the forts are beyond the utmost range of the new German deities. These lift their black muzzles in vain towards the useless forts they can no longer injure. Legend has it that still larger guns are being made—guns that will fire across the Channel from Calais to England. But let them, if they can, fire from Berlin to London, and burst their hearts with their effort. It matters not to the allies, if men care more for freedom than buildings. Germany may put her last strength into these guns; they will not bring back the troops whose bodies already choke the streams and trenches from the Meuse to the Yser, and from the Marne to the Scheldt. Each month Germany and Austria waste against a growing enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, close upon a million men. Before the spring they must be worn down and pierced and outflanked, and then this titanic ironmongery will fall a spoil to the civilization its existence has outraged.

No doubt much ingenuity will stand between the allies and the capture of Essen, where these things are made, and which is the real heart of the new Germany we fight. But Creusot-Schneider, Armstrongs, Vickers-Maxim, are on their mettle, and the allies are no longer lax. They are fighting for their lives now, with better brains and better men than Germany. The Germans began, and the allies will end, at their maximum of destructive efficiency. Strange dragons and wonderful beasts of steel will battle in Westphalia before the end, but the end will be the downfall of Essen and Kruppism for ever.

Upon the sea the warnings of the prophets have also been confirmed. The great ironclad, though still necessary for the control of the ocean, is no longer the unchallenged mistress of the seas. There is no perfect command of the seas any more. The mine and the submarine, elusive and unavoidable, have made the narrow waters unsafe even for an overwhelmingly predominant fleet. Naval warfare has become a mechanical assassination. The successes of these insidious devices are not, it is true, considered enough to destroy a predominance, but they can distress and hamper and keep an enemy out of shallow waters and protected straits and river mouths to quite unprecedented extent. They have not been able to prevent the English transporting enormous quantities of troops and material to France, nor have they opened any way for retaliatory raid, but they have kept the Grand Fleet out of the Baltic and off the Friesland coasts and islands. They are purblind antagonists, one must admit, that must be blundered upon, and such successes as they have had have been attained chiefly by ruses—by the submarine waiting upon some decoy ship—a trawler with the Dutch flag, or such-like Teutonic device—that stopped the victim ship by provoking a challenge and so made it a mark. After the *Hawk* was sunk, a submarine followed the solitary boatload of survivors as a shark will follow a raft, in the hope that some other British warship would expose herself by slowing down to pick up these exhausted men.

If you try to imagine the mental states of the officers of that submarine, you will realize why the spirit of man rises in revolt against these hellish new developments of his ancient crime of war. For it is not only that men now suffer wounds more horrible than any that the swords and spears of ancient warfare were capable of inflicting at the worst, not only that they were rent and smashed as no men have ever been rent and smashed before, not even by the insanest tyrants, not by the cruellest savages who ever contrived torments, but that their minds are deadened and distorted to the service of these mechanical devils. In Antwerp, when my visitor left it, there were splashes of blood about the streets everywhere, and after one explosion there was picked up, amidst much other *debris*, the arm and shoulder of a woman with some bloody rags of clothing. One man was sitting by his dying wife. There was an uproar in the street, and he went out upon the balcony to look at the Zeppelin at which the forts were firing shrapnel. He was hit by the shrapnel bullets and immediately decapitated. His wife, unaware of his misadventure, called to him and then called again. She kept telling him in her fading voice to come in out of the danger.

You see what the scientific development of armaments is doing for the world.

There is no way of stopping this scientific development of warfare without a common law against war equipment, the setting up by a confederation of states, above all existing Governments, of a common law that shall rule the earth. This may be possible when the militarist delusions of Germany are destroyed. It certainly will not be until they are. For all the rest of the world is sick of war. And presently one neutral power will probably hold in its hands the decision, because it will control petrol and other necessary supplies. The United States, by declaring war upon Germany, could oblige her to evacuate Belgium, indemnify her antagonists, and disarm in two months, without risking a soldier. The United States, if her people had a mind for it at the present time, could force an abandonment of armaments and a universal agreement to substitute litigation for fighting, upon the whole world. Every week of mutual exhaustion now going on in Europe increases the tremendous power of intervention that the United States may exercise.

The German Spy System

By Sydney Brooks in the Atlantic Monthly.

A FEATURE of the present war in Europe has been the extraordinary perfection of the German spy system and the odium with which it has covered its authors and directors. As all nations spy, none, one might think, is entitled on that score to cast a stone at another. But the therefores of logic have little hold over the waywardness of human nature. The use of spies is as fully authorized by the rules of war as the use of explosives, and it would not be difficult to show that to indict the Germans for employing them on a larger scale and with better effect than any of the other belligerents is hardly a reasonable proceeding. None the less a great deal of the really terrible hatred which has been raised against the Prussian authorities, a hatred which neither this generation nor the next is likely to outgrow, has its roots in their consummate organization of espionage. I have talked since the war began with men of all the nations that are fighting Germany. In each case this particular arm of German militarism was fixed upon as the breeding-ground of a transcendent animosity. In the countries that have so far suffered most from it, Belgium and France, the feeling on the subject burns like vitriol; and even in easy-going England it is beginning to harden.

Yet it is very obvious that if one spy is legitimate, so also are a thousand or twenty thousand. If it is proper in times of peace to commission a single individual to ferret out information in regard to the naval and military equipment and personnel of a friendly power, on what grounds can it be said to be wrong to set up in all countries permanent encampments of disguised spies? If it is no offense against the recognized code of military ethics to corrupt the inhabitants and officials and soldiers and sailors of another nation in one's own interests, the mere number of those who thus bribe and are bribed cannot affect the morality of the transaction. When one looks into it, the real charge against the Germans is that they have wielded with incomparable efficiency a weapon that their opponents have handed only half-heartedly. They have developed all its possibilities; they have lavished upon its construction the same method and prevision and microscopic thoroughness that they devote to all the instruments of war; in their hands it has been so extended as to seem almost a new thing. Perhaps it is just as well. There is more chance that a hateful practice will be abandoned by common consent now that the world has taken the full measure of its repulsiveness. Espionage, whether a necessary evil or not, has always been an evil; but the Germans have elaborated it into a malignant disease. There are many sports in which certain tactics, technically permissible, are recognized as against the spirit of the game. If a player or a team of players, intent only on victory, suddenly begins to concentrate on them, to exploit their utmost capacity, to elevate them to a science, and to make them an essential part of attack and defense, legislation has to step in to modify or prohibit their use, or else the pastime changes its whole character and is well on the way to ruin. It is so with the Germans and their secret-service system. They have carried it to such limits that international comity is in peril of being poisoned. If other nations were to follow their example the world would be a madhouse of terrors and mistrust.

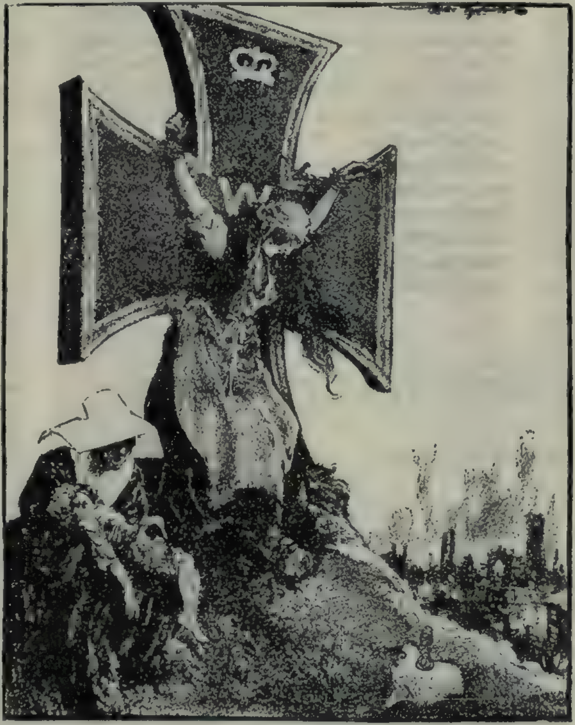
Yet they have done little or nothing in this war that they did not do in the war of 1870. If we are amazed to-day it is only because we have forgotten. From the days of Frederick the Great, who went to war 'with one cook and a hundred spies,' espionage has always been considered in Prussia, not only a military necessity but a reputable profession. "One must not confine one's self," said William I. to Bismarck, "to giving money to spies. One must also know how to show them honor when they deserve it"; and it was with his approval that the intelligence branch of the general staff was put on a modern and permanent footing, and the secret police service, organized to watch over the Poles, the Socialists, and the revolutionaries of 1848, was systematically extended to foreign countries.

A genius in espionage—"The king of sleuth-hounds," as Bismarck called him—was discovered in the person of Stieber. He was still in his twenties when he became a professional *agent provocateur*, posing among the people as a leader of the "social revolution" and betraying his colleagues day by day to the police. He knew every trick in the game of stirring up popular feeling to the point where, without an actual outbreak, the authorities were furnished with all the excuse that they needed for acts of oppression; and in the tumultuous forties and fifties he rendered the King many conspicuous services. But it was not until he came in touch with Bismarck and won his confidence and was deputed to pave the way for the German invasion of Austria, that he became an international figure. For two years he traveled through Bohemia and Moravia, planting out spies at the points of strategic importance. Even Moltke, the most grudging of men, acknowledged the value of his work. Wherever the German armies went they found one of Stieber's agents primed with information as to the strength and position of the enemy's forces, the state of local feeling, and the resources and notabilities of the neighborhood.

After Sadowa he turned his attention to France. Between 1866 and 1870 he sowed in the fourteen French Departments that would be traversed by the German troops a residential army of not less than 30,000 spies. After looking over the ground, which had, of course, already been prepared, he formulated his needs in wholesale fashion. Thus he required (1) between four thousand and five thousand farmers, market-gardeners, agricultural laborers, and vine-growers, for whom employment was guaranteed in advance by his agents; (2) from seven to nine thousand female domestics for service in restaurants, cafes, and hotels, the youngest and prettiest of them to be stationed in garrison towns; (3) six or seven hundred retired non-commissioned officers for whom billets were to be found in commercial or industrial offices and factories; (4) one thousand commercial travelers; (5) as many German governesses for distribution among the French official class. Well might he exclaim when an officer of the general staff remarked in his and Bismarck's presence, "Our army is invincible," that the proper phrase should be "Our armies." "The fighting army," he went on, "which you lead, comes behind you. Now, my army is already in occupation of positions which it reached in silence many months ago." And well might Bismarck indorse the retort by silently clasping the hand of the master-spy.

All this and much else is a matter of history, recorded in half a dozen enlightening memoirs and recollections. What the present war has shown is that the system first scientifically organized by Stieber forty-five years ago has been not only maintained but expanded. For many years past Germany has been spending on her secret service between three and four million dollars annually, that is to say, about five times as much as France and from twelve to fifteen times as much as Great Britain. The purpose to which these funds are mainly devoted is the establishment and maintenance of spies at fixed posts in potentially hostile countries. In France, where this smothered warfare has been waged most persistently and can best be studied, the principal agents are rarely Germans. They are as a rule Swiss, Belgians, and Alsatians, with a sprinkling of corrupt Frenchmen. If they are Germans, then they hasten to take out naturalization papers and to make themselves conspicuous by protestations of loyalty to the land of their adoption. But in all cases they are instructed to disguise their operations under the forms of ordinary business. They take shops, land-agencies, hotels, insurance offiecs, and so on. They follow their calling just like everybody else in the locality. They attract no notice either by having too much money or too little. Their businesses are soundly established and are in keeping with the requirements of the neighborhood. The expenses of starting them are borne out of the secret-service funds, and from the same source the deficits, if any, in the annual balance-sheet are made good. The man in charge identifies himself with the life around him, sits on committees, makes as many friends as possible, subscribes generously to local charities, and not infrequently gets himself elected to some minor office. He is paid for his services as a spy either by an inspector who visits him in the guise of a commercial drummer and to whom he hands his reports, or by bank notes enclosed in a registered envelope and accompanied by a letter dated from Lausanne or Brussels or some equally innocuous centre—never from any German town—the writer of which poses as some near relative or intimate friend gratefully discharging his financial obligations. Thus the spy is able to live in respected independence, his own master, secure against suspicion, or in any event against proof, and in a position to do his duty by his employers.

Time and again spies in the German service have been discovered in and behind the French, British, and Belgian lines. One such, who had been nine years in London, part of the time as a waiter at the Hotel Cecil, was found disguised as a farm-laborer in the British encampment. But a great deal of the spying behind the lines has been done, not by Germans, but by Frenchmen, Swiss, and Belgians in their pay. Magnificently as the French have fought, and high and firm as is the national spirit, the war has undoubtedly revealed a disquieting amount of treason and corruption among the French peasantry. There have been cases where even the local mayor has been proved to be in the German service. Several incidental successes stand to the credit of these agents in the field. They loiter behind the trenches and signal their position to the Germans by waving a handkerchief; they drive flocks of sheep to indicate the line of fire; they paint signs on gates and walls to inform the enemy of the strength and whereabouts of the allied forces; they have been found in church towers communicating with the Germans by means of the hands of the clock; they convey information by waving colored lights and sending up puffs of chimney smoke; in instance after instance they have been discovered with field telephones in their possession. On the eastern frontier a fisherman was noticed casting from a boat near a bridge over which the Russian forces were passing; it was found that by means of an electric bell button connected with a wire that ran through the water to an underground cable on the bank, he was signaling the number of troops crossing the bridge to the German headquarters two miles away. In another case a telephone transmitter was found in the nosebag of a horse harnessed to a cart which two peasants were filling with potatoes. The wire went round the wheel, thence through the grass to a near-by cottage equipped with a complete telephone installation.



—Bert Thomas in London Opinion

THE IRON CROSS

A disguise frequently adopted by the Germans is that of a priest. In Brussels priests took to greeting one another in Latin in order to detect impostors. During the German retreat from Paris, a French battalion entered a village which had recently been held by the enemy. They found for a wonder that the church and the priest's house adjoining it were still intact. The venerable curé welcomed them with open arms. He was invited to join the officers' mess and to say grace before dinner. He rose and murmured a Latin prayer that would have imposed on any layman. But, as it happened, one of the French officers was not a layman but an abbé. He listened to the curé's effort with growing astonishment and when it ended proceeded to ask him some technical questions. The man in the *soutane* could not answer them. He was a spy left behind by the Germans while they carried off the real curé as a hostage. At Malines Germans were discovered dressed as nuns. At Le Mans two of them, one robed as a priest and the other as a woman, were caught trying to blow up a railway bridge. At St. Die four were found in the uniforms of French officers, attempting to rush through the French lines in a motor car. Five, with Red Cross badges on their arms, were arrested when on the very point of entering Paris in a car loaded with bombs and explosives. At one place they attached contact wires and batteries to a bridge, so that any one setting foot on it sent an automatic signal to the gunners three miles away. At another, foreseeing which house the approaching French would probably choose as their headquarters, they tethered a white goat on the lawn to serve for the guidance of an aviator and his bombs.

The ingenuity and audacity of these ruses, of which I have given only such instances as I have been able to verify with tolerable completeness, are self-evident. And unquestionably, as I said before, they have proved useful on occasion and have helped the Germans to score some incidental successes. But it is very doubtful if, so far as they are part and parcel of the spy system, they bring in any military return at all equal to the expenditure of thought, energy, and money. At the headquarters of the general staff in Berlin there have been laboriously collected the *dossiers* of all the generals and most of the officers in the armies of Germany's probable enemies. They are cleverly prepared and cover not only the weak and strong points of the officer's character and personality but his financial position, his friends of both sexes, his habits and hobbies. From time to time no doubt the material thus brought together enables a clever spy to entrap and suborn some luckless or impecunious lieutenant, and very occasionally it may prove an advantage to be well informed as to the temperament of the commander who is immediately opposed to one. But even so, the direct profits of all this elaborate pigeon-holing must be ludicrously disproportionate to the care and persistence lavished upon it.

As for the residential spies and the deception practised on the field, their value is in inverse ratio to the duration of the war. In a brief struggle, like the wars waged by Prussia against Austria in

1866 and against France in 1870, that value may be very great; and it is scarcely open to question that in the present campaign the Germans found their spies of real assistance in their advance on Paris and their operations against the Belgians. But the longer the war lasts, the more they tend to lose their efficacy. One by one the agents are discovered and shot. One by one the stratagems are found out and prepared for. A short successful campaign of quick victories and rapid advances may owe a great deal to an intelligent system of espionage; but in a drawn-out war of entrenched positions, such as the struggle in France has become during the past four months, the value of all such accessories diminishes week by week.

With all the agents that she employs, Germany entered upon this struggle apparently in utter ignorance of the things it was most vital for her to know. The vastness of the German spy system has been not a bit more evident than its stupidity. It is extremely effective in collecting and classifying information. It knows to a nicety how many guns are mounted on this and that fort and everything else about them. It has all the facts and details of all the armaments, defence works, equipment, and personnel of Belgium, France, Great Britain, and Russia at its finger-ends. But just as the defect of German 'culture' is that it so often mistakes facts for knowledge, so the German spy system never seems to see the wood for the trees. It has a narrow military value, but no political value at all. It misses nothing and at the same time understands nothing. It ferrets out all the little things and remains totally unconscious of the big ones. If war threatened to break out between Germany and the United States, it could supply the General Staff in Berlin with a full and accurate account of all the American naval and military preparations; but it would be quite incapable of deciding whether the United States would or would not take up arms to prevent, let us say, an infraction of the Monroe Doctrine.

In the present struggle all the multitudinous resources of German spydom were unable to inform the German rulers that Belgium would fight if her territory were invaded, that Great Britain would resist to the last any violation of Belgian neutrality, that Italy would break away from the Triple Alliance, and that both France and Russia would close up all internal divisions and face the crisis as united nations. That is why one may say of the German espionage system that it is as fundamentally stupid as it is superficially clever, and that no advantages accrue from it which are at all comparable with its vicious legacy of rankling ill-will.

A General Who Believes in Ghosts

From Current Opinion.

ALTHOUGH he is now nearing his sixtieth year and in spite of a reaction against him in the Czar, it was a logical necessity, or so the European dailies assume, to entrust the destinies of Russia's great campaign to the Grand Duke Nicholas. He is the one man of genius in the Russian royal family to-day, unless the well-informed are agreed in misleading the world. He manifests this genius not only in the boldness of his strategy and the success with which he realizes its aims, but in the subtler influence of personality which moulds men and events. He has the piety of the genius, thinks the Paris *Gaulois*, its reverence and mystical tendencies, but he has its energy too and its decision of character. The spirit of reserve in Russia nowadays reflecting itself in official communications, is that of this Grand Duke, who, in spite of that, permits journalists to follow his forces with a freedom at which the French and British stand amazed. He is audacious in decision and rapid in thought. Behind him are years of the very hardest work. He spent his young manhood in poverty on remote frontiers. He acquired a mastery of his profession on its technical side which has made him the finest cavalry officer in Europe. He has never become the slave of vodka or of ballet dancers in the traditional fashion of his family. His piety is no less striking than his stature, but those who study him at closest range select him as the Grand Duke who is least tinged with that western culture so dear to some types of Russians.

In temperament this most gifted of the Grand Dukes is conspicuously Slav, thinks a writer in the Rome *Tribuna*, for he has the fatalism, the poetical melancholy and the characteristic spirituality of the race. He has always distrusted that tendency of his countrymen in good society towards a servile adoption of western manners and methods tricked out in a mummery of western catchwords. These things are to him remote from the spirit of the race to which he belongs, the race of which he is to-day the greatest leader. His idea has always been that Holy Russia embodies a racial genius capable of developing best along lines of its own, spontaneously, organically, without the adventitious aid of outside culture. This attitude explains the reputation of the Grand Duke Nicholas as a reactionary, a reputation established the more firmly because his notorious piety is so traditional. He suggests in his whole policy that first Czar Nicholas who told the poet Pushkin that "morality, diligence and zeal are preferable to crude, artificial and materialized education." The Grand Duke Nicholas is most a Slav, it seems, too, in his sense of personal unworthiness, his moods of prayerful remorse.

Nothing could be more conspicuous than the Grand Duke Nicholas as he strides in all his gigantic height among the throngs of worshippers at St. Isaac's, the largest church in St. Petersburg. The vein of mysticism in his nature makes his religion the most emotional thing about him. He will stand like a man in a dream before the model of the holy sepulchre which is so conspicuous a feature of this vast edifice. In truth, had not the war come with a rush, the Grand Duke, according to those who know him best, might to-day be one of the wandering "strannik" or penitents who have taken a vow of perpetual pilgrimage from shrine to shrine. The sternly fanatical type of his faith has found expression in the course of the campaign he directs, which is becoming more and more a crusade. The singing of hymns as the troops go into battle, the carrying of images by the popes in camp and the strict observance of the feasts as well as the fasts of the church, are due to this very religious Nicholas. He resembles Cromwell in his admiration of the soldier who prays. At the same time, the Grand Duke has come into collision with the holy synod on the score of his orthodoxy. He is said to incline to the heresy of the "old believers."

Owing to the extreme poverty in which he was reared—since neither his German mother nor his Russian father could leave him a kopek—the Grand Duke Nicholas, as a young cavalry officer, fell grievously into debt. He borrowed or was said to have borrowed large sums from a Jew, a fact of which his enemies at court made much. The Grand Duke suffered also because of a rumor that he had sold his soul to the hated race. He fell madly in love with a Moscow widow whose husband had accumulated immense wealth in business and when Nicholas contracted a morganatic marriage with this lady the story ran, according to the Milan *Corriere*, that the Jew had sold him to Madame Bourenina.

Infinite gossip has circulated in newspapers abroad regarding the relations between the present Czar and this great Grand Duke. Obscure disgrace seems at times, says a correspondent of London *Truth*, to involve Nicholas Nicholaievitch. He is missed from Tsarskoje Selo for weeks. In a trice he regains favor. When the wealthy woman died in Moscow, for instance, the Grand Duke contracted a somewhat hasty union with one of the lovely daughters of the King of Montenegro. The Grand Duchess is Slav to the marrow, big physically, famed for a somewhat odalisque beauty. She is all imagination and fire, no thinker, yet intuitive, subtle, wedded to weird superstitions, seeing ghosts. The shadow over her life is her failure to present her husband with a child in all the years of their union. She has prayed at every shrine in vain.

To the influence of his passionate Grand Duchess over the mind of the Czarina is ascribed the rise of Nicholas Nicholaievitch to his present supremacy in the councils of Nicholas II. The Czar never saw a ghost, according to the Rome *Avanti*, until the Grand Duke exploited his own occultism at Tsarskoje Selo. He has had the most marvelous adventures with what are known technically as "veridical sensory automatisms," although in St. Petersburg they are taken far more seriously. "Stanza," who is officially, of course, the Grand Duchess Anastasia, is herself a medium, it seems, of extraordinary receptivity in a state of trance. In no long time, as everybody knows, the court of Nicholas II. became a sort of rendezvous for ghosts of great soldiers, great kings and great saints.

He is a soldier of the intellectual, executive type, capable of infusing his personality through a whole staff until it burns with his fiery energy. He inspires the devotion that would not shrink from death. He has the magnetism of Ney. Finally he compels confidence by the example of efficiency that he sets, by the knowledge of his profession he can not help displaying because he has long experience, a heart in his work and an incorruptible nature. No financial scandal has ever affected the repute of the Grand Duke Nicholas in a court notorious for its venal royalties.

Nicholas Nicholaievitch is most Russian in his fraternity with the men he commands. This is not, as the Paris *Figaro* remarks, the fraternity of the French Revolution. It is too artless for that and too lacking in the element of self-consciousness. Neither is it the theatrical fraternity of the German Kaiser, hailing a regiment as "comrades." It takes the form of a spontaneous display of affection, a spiritual understanding, a unity like that of the primitive Christians. Only a Slav could commune with Slavs on such a basis, our contemporary opines, and the soul of the Grand Duke is nothing else. It is simple, like a child's, sympathetic, capable of revealing itself without shame yet with grandeur.

A Negro City in New York

By E. F. Dyckoff in the Outlook.

IN one district in New York City a Negro population equal in numbers to the inhabitants of Dallas, Texas, or Springfield, Massachusetts, lives, works, and pursues its ideals almost as a separate entity from the great surrounding metropolis. Here Negro merchants ply their trade; Negro professional men follow their various vocations; their children are educated; the poor, sick, and orphan of the race are cared for; churches, newspapers, and banks flourish heedless of those, outside this Negro community, who resent its presence in a white city. The progress which the Negroes have made in their own district is indeed little understood by those who, fearing the encroachment of a Negro slum, have done their best to thwart the growth and the progress of New York Negroes in obtaining better housing and living conditions and opportunities for racial advancement for the responsible colored people of New York City. That this prejudice manifested by their white neighbors is largely unwarranted both on moral and economic grounds may be seen from a rehearsal of the facts.

Philip A. Payton, a Negro and a wealthy real estate operator, may be rightly termed the father of this Negro community, since it was he who, despite violent opposition, first installed his people in tenement property in this section ten or twelve years ago. It was Payton's theory that living conditions equal to those available for the white man were what the Negro needed to give him the realization of white progress and white standards.

Payton first bought three tenements. At that time a wealthy syndicate of whites owned a near-by tract, known as Olympic Field, where athletic meets had been held for several years. The syndicate intended cutting the tract into building lots, and, thinking to improve their selling chances, bought the tenements controlled by Payton and evicted the Negroes. But Payton and another Negro, J. C. Thomas, thereupon bought three other tenements on the same block and evicted the whites. The result of this skirmish was merely an exchange of tenants. After a series of shrewd business dealings in which the syndicate was worsted, the Negroes were left in possession of the nucleus of their future community, and Payton's dream of progress among his people had begun to be realized. The Negro section proper now extends for ten blocks between Seventh and Park Avenues, with a generous fringe of colored tenants reaching out in all directions from the community centre—evidence of quiet growth and expansion. In this community of tenements and apartments are about fifteen hundred private houses of very good grade. One prominent member of the settlement recently paid fifty thousand dollars for one of these. The most prosperous of the Negroes, however, do not all live in private houses, by any means, since the apartment houses, as in similar white districts in New York City, offer equal advantages for good living.

In the professions this Negro community has some twenty physicians who received their medical training at various universities and colleges.

In the legal fraternity there are fifteen lawyers from Harvard, Yale, Syracuse, Columbia, the New York Law School, and North-western University. One of these men is a deputy Assistant District Attorney for New York County, and one is Assistant Corporation Counsel for the city of New York.

There are eight dentists from Howard and New York Dental Colleges, two architects from Cornell University, four registered pharmacists from Columbia and the New York College of Pharmacy who conduct large drug stores in the districts, and twenty-five registered trained nurses.

In the business world the community possesses Negro real estate firms which enjoy the confidence of some of the largest and most conservative financial institutions in the city.

The thoroughgoing business attitude of a majority of the community is witnessed in the small percentage of saloons. The city of New York numbers its saloons at the ratio of one to every thousand of population, and in poorer class neighborhoods a much higher average obtains. The Negro community has less than one to every two thousand of population, and only five of these are owned or conducted by Negroes.

There are no very definite data on which to base the per capita wealth of the community. Some statistics published three or four years ago gave as the savings bank deposit of all Negroes in New York City the sum of fifteen millions. Since three-fourths of the Negro population of New York City and practically all of their prominent men now live in this uptown community, it would seem reasonable to estimate their savings deposits at least as high as ten million. Business men of the section, however, insist that this is too low by at least fifty per cent., and point out that the Union Dime Savings Bank carries alone one and a half per cent. of Negro savings.

Among the opportunities available for the young Negroes of the district, Public School 89 plays a most important role. There are some two thousand pupils in this school, and eighty per cent. are Negroes. One of the most serious problems confronting Mr. Theobald, principal of the school, is that of caring for the West Indian Negro children who have come with their parents to New York. At the age of eleven most of these children are not sufficiently advanced to take a place in the classes with Northern children of their own age. Of private stenographic and business schools there is a great variety available. Trades open to girls, such as hair-dressing, manicuring, dressmaking, and millinery, are also taught by many competent teachers. It is hoped, too, that a trade division will soon be established in the public school.

There is a branch public library in the very heart of the community. Books on religion, history, biography, and poetry are perhaps in the greatest demand. The community as a whole, although this statement can hardly be taken as a proof of widespread erudition or scholarship, is said to be a veritable mint for the subscription-book agent.

With all this progress in the art of modern living, is there no crime, no rioting or lawlessness? Indeed there is. But communities of ninety thousand people where there is no crime are not the most usual things in this world. Like white cities of equal size, this Negro settlement has its slums, in which the vicious element prevails; but the citizens, through the medium of their civic organizations and groups of workers, try hard to cope with that element, and every illegal act committed in the "black belt" is as much deplored by them as it would be in a similarly respectable and law-abiding white district.

The sincerity and spirit with which this Negro community is attacking the problems common to all cities and towns, irrespective of the color and race of their inhabitants, may be judged, perhaps, by a brief quotation from the programme of a meeting of Negro business men called to discuss certain disorders in their district. Very clearly indeed the leading Negroes of this New York committee have learned that civic disorder means both a social and a financial loss, and that the city or organized society which permits and tolerates bad conditions is wantonly throwing away its best assets.

The progress made by the citizens of this Negro community in cosmopolitan New York is well worth the attention and interest of all those concerned with bettering the physical and moral conditions of Negroes throughout the entire country. Is it too much to hope that the time may come when to all Negroes may be offered the opportunity for clean living and civic development such as is apparently available in the "black belt" of New York?

The German State of Mind

By E. C. Bentley in the Fortnightly.

IT may be interesting to approach the question by a somewhat indirect route, and to make, first of all, a few remarks upon a detail of the German state of mind which has been industriously advertised day after day ever since the opening of the war. I mean German confidence. We hear somewhat less of this than we did, yet even now, after more than four months of the war, men like Herr Gwinner and Herr Thyssen are volubly declaring their unshaken conviction that their country cannot possibly be anything but victorious; and the Imperial Chancellor, as I write, has just been assuring the Reichstag that "under the banner of our Army and the flag of our Fleet we shall conquer." The Press continues, with pathetic perseverance, to assure its readers that this, that, or the other eminent person is completely at ease about the result of the war. English people returning from Germany since the war began have come home deeply impressed with the confidence shown by all classes of Germans; their German friends seemed to have talked to them of nothing else, except the frightful fate reserved for England when the time comes for trampling upon her.

Now, I do not hesitate to say that all this talking at the top of the voice about confidence is overwhelming evidence that the nation is in a pitiable state of apprehension; as well it may be. Confidence is like good manners; the more people have of it the less they talk about it.

The thing is transparent. Let us contrast Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg's assurance to the Reichstag with what he said to our Ambassador in Berlin on the day when he demanded his passports. The Chancellor was off his pedestal on that occasion. Sir Ernest Goschen has told us that he found his Excellency "very agitated," that he was "so excited, so evidently overcome by the news of our action, and so little disposed to hear reason," that it was useless to attempt discussion with him. He "harangued" Sir Ernest for "about twenty minutes"; he said that our action was "terrible," and that "it was like striking a man from behind while he was fighting for his life against two assailants." It is hard to see what grounds the Chancellor has to-day for greater confidence than he felt then; it is indeed obvious that the complete breakdown of Germany's war plans has made things far worse than he supposed they were going to be. And what the Chancellor feels is felt by every German who can use his wits. Of what value, if we consider it coolly, is the continuous volume of professions of confidence made privately to British and neutral persons, or published to the world? Is it to be supposed that any German would be candidly communicative to any non-German on the state of his own or the public's feeling? Should we be so, if we were in their shoes?

The truth is that when the armies were mobilized for the defence of the Fatherland, every German tongue and pen was mobilized for the same purpose. Yet for all the care with which the fiction of universal freedom from anxiety has been kept up by the Press, even there an occasional leakage of the truth has taken place. One finds, for example, bitter allusions to the spreading of panicky ideas by "*Miessmacher*"—a slang term that may be rendered as "Dampers" or "Wet Blankets." Nobody who knows Germany will doubt that the tribe of *Miessmacher* is numerous and active behind the veil drawn over German public opinion.

Not that there was no confidence in the ability of the German arms to achieve victory, so far as the fighting by land went. On the contrary, that confidence was, at the outset, supreme. It was not the bringing of our Army into the war, but the menace of our sea-power and money-power that dashed the hopes of the enemy. He had no doubts at all of his ability to smash the French in a few weeks, and then deal decisively with the Russians at his leisure. He honestly believed the British Army to be quite useless, and considered that the pitting of it against even a numerically inferior German force would be an act of murder. It seems to be established that even those of the higher military command nursed these delusions.

Yet in that very confidence in the unquestionable material excellence of the German armies, well-founded as it was, there was that German quality of feverish exaggeration which we in England have been taught to regard as a sign of moral weakness. A British officer showed me, some time ago, a letter received by him from a German friend, a staff officer then with the advance through Belgium. (It had been posted in London, by the way.) The Germans had not yet encountered the British Expeditionary Force. "Your troops are going to experience something," said the writer. "I cannot understand the British action in sending them. As for us, we *must* conquer; anything else is unthinkable of armies which advance, like ours, with a most iron victory-will (*mit eisernstem Siegeswillen*), and resolved to fight to the last drop of German blood. For us it is all a settled thing, ordained by God."

We have in the foregoing letter a glimpse of that peculiarly German idea which runs throughout the literature of German confidence, that nothing can go amiss with Germany's cause if all Germans continually exercise the "will to victory." The notion that a people conquers by being wholly determined to conquer, irrespective of mere military facts, has been vigorously promulgated by the most distinguished pens. It illustrates a characteristic of which I have more to say later: the curious onesidedness and innocent national egoism of the German mind. Those who speak and write in this way would, I believe, be honestly surprised at the suggestion that "will to victory" is a game at which any number can play, and that Great Britain, France, and Russia may be playing it too. That the moral force of the *Deutsches Volk* exceeds that of all the rest of Europe put together does not seem at all a laughable proposition in Germany. It comes, in effect, to this: that Germany—it used to be Prussia only—is by nature so immeasurably and permanently superior to the rest of the world that if she ever did suffer defeat it would not be because there was anything really wrong with Germany; it would only be because she had not fully given her mind to the matter, and by no means because her opponent had given proof of greater strength or capacity.

If anyone chooses to think this an unfair or exaggerated account of a prevailing German idea I cannot help it. It is written large over German literature of the past three generations at least, and in monstrous characters over that of the past twenty years. Fostered by Government in the schools and the universities, it dominates them; it inspires the whole national life. The mystical worship of Germanism has completely possessed the modern German mind.

I have called this form of patriotism mystical. There has certainly never been anything like it in England, or, I think, anywhere outside Germany, Britons, from time to time, have entertained a very high notion of their own importance in the world; but they have never said of themselves, as the high priests of Germanism do loudly and honestly declare of their own people, that the salvation and development of white civilization depends upon their complete dominance over all other nations. When we read a period of English history of which we have no reason to be proud, we do not exclaim at the marvel of a race so super-human having temporarily forgotten itself. We are proud of our nation, but we realize that it consists of human beings, and that its destiny depends, not upon any Divine preference for us above our neighbors, but upon its own qualities and acts. We can, and we constantly do, laugh at ourselves as a nation; a thing at which more than one German visiting England has expressed to me his amazement and his sense of sacrilege.

This spirit of nationalism—vague, boundless, supernatural, exclusively self-contemplating, and (I venture to suggest) essentially tribal and barbaric—is, of all the things we are fighting, the one that is most difficult to understand. So far as it is intelligible at all by the citizens of maturer States, it seems mere *enfantillage*; and so it is, for the childish simplicity of the German mind is at once the best and the worst thing about it. For children can be recklessly naughty; and they can be "badly brought up."

What, then, is meant by German Kultur when its right to determine the future of mankind is proclaimed to-day, as it has been, more or less candidly, in a library of books, a score of recent professional manifestoes and a cloud of journalistic writings? What is this higher achievement of the human spirit in defence of which so many thousands of innocent people have been murdered; in demonstration of which so many pockets have bulged with blood-stained loot, and so much stolen liquor has been guzzled? What is it that has been so persistently contrasted with the "barbarism" of Russia—Russia, where one finds the most striking contemporary development of almost every art, and a national spirit almost visibly preparing itself to give a new and nobler impulse to all mankind? German Kultur means the achievement by Germany in a supreme degree of all the results of intellectual and moral progress in the modern world. This claim, which is of old standing, has long been known to other nations, who have treated it as entertaining rather than outrageous. It has been set down for—and of course it is—one of those grotesque hallucinations to which the German imagination is prone. But since Europe has gone to war about it, we ought to inquire how much, if anything, there is in it.

Now if cultural superiority meant what many people, in England as well as in Germany, believe it to mean, the Germans would have a considerable case. In justice to our enemies it ought to be admitted that the volume of cultivated intellect, the diffusion of intellectual and artistic tastes and pursuits, in modern Germany is—to use a word which Germans have cruelly overworked—colossal. It is, I think, at least equal to what one finds in France. It is immeasurably greater than what one finds in this country.

The Germans are a reading people, an intellectually inquisitive and enterprising people. Modern German poetry is intensely alive; all kinds of creative literature flourish; criticism is active, sensitive, and thorough; German learning, with all its short-comings, is monumental. Music pervades the whole German nation; and apart from music, the art world in Germany is of an extent that must continually amaze English observers. Whatever they may think of its quality, the amount of original, forcible talent it embraces is wonderful, and the recognition and support given to that talent are, to English eyes, more wonderful still.

It is the full consciousness of these things, and of the contrast which Germany presents in this respect when set beside other nations, that accounts for the monotonous insistence upon cultural superiority on the part of those who address the world on Germany's behalf. The answer of the world comes to this: that it

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sympathizes with any nation which declines to be bossed and bullied and threatened with physical violence by another nation, cultured or otherwise; and that, moreover, the Germans' claim to represent the highest development of the civilization of the white races is intolerably vain and ridiculous. And it is a prime psychological fact in the European situation that Germany is quite honestly unable to understand that answer, or to believe that it can be sincerely made by intelligent people. The idea of the brotherhood of mankind simply does not exist for the prophets of Germanism. To them it appears fantastic to deny the right of superiors to dictate to inferiors, at the sword's point if necessary; and equally so to deny that the German people towers above all others in Europe in every moral, as in every material, respect. When the directing mind of a nation has arrived at these conclusions, and is prepared to act upon them, bloodshed is as inevitable as anything in political affairs can be said to be.

The fact that Germany has got itself into this singular mental attitude supplies, plainly, the first and most obvious answer to the claim of cultural supremacy. For if such supremacy should not mean the chastening of human character and human ideals in a supreme degree by enlightened self-criticism, what should it mean?

Any sort of self-criticism, as the world now realizes, is alien to that spirit in Germany which has made the war. Self-admiration in the German people has swollen to a degree probably never equalled in history; unless Houston Chamberlain and some others are right in ascribing something like it to the Athenians of the great age. But enough has been said above about the cult of Germanism. I do not think it unjust to speak of it as essentially tribal and barbaric, and to say that any people in which such a cult predominates is uncivilized in spirit.

There are at least two other large moral facts about modern Germany which take us to the same conclusion. The first must be called, bluntly, German brutality. I do not refer particularly to German methods in warfare. They are only one result of a general leaning towards violence, which has always been present in the soul of the people, but which seems to have been greatly strengthened in the present generation—a very remarkable and melancholy fact, if it be a fact. And on this point I readily admit that the Prussian still holds a marked pre-eminence over other types of German nationality. Nobody can live for a week in Prussia without feeling the presence of this tendency. It is in the very air. It is in everything, from the Cancellarial splutterings about "hacking through" a practically defenceless neutral State, to the unembarrassed air with which a sixteen-stone Berliner will crowd a woman out of the corner seat in a tram, or the whole-hearted gusto with which a troop of mounted police will charge, laying about them with the flat of the sabre right through an entirely peaceable assembly of those most innocuous political lambs who in Germany go by the name of Socialists. Ruthless employment of superior strength of any kind to one's own advantage, and a taste for the exercise of force in general, are so much matters of course to that strange people that little things which make the ordinary British observer's fists tingle are constantly said and done in everyday life without exciting any comment.

Any people may be attracted by the idea of glory won in arms; but in Germany it is armed violence, with or without glory, that is treated as a healthy and desirable thing. And added to this one discovers in Germany a gloating over the idea of military ruthlessness, and that senseless brutality to which all armies are more or less prone when out of hand, that is, I am obliged to say, inexpressibly repugnant. There is a feeling that war is a kind of carnival, in which it is the thing to give free rein to every savage instinct of the human animal. The display, in speech and action, of this sentiment since the war began has, I suppose, startled even those who thought they had fathomed its depth in time of peace. The most remarkable feature of German journalistic writing—and I may say that German newspapers have been brought, and are being brought, into England regularly —has been this undercurrent of lickerish delight in the sufferings which the conquering hosts of Germany have imposed, and are going to impose, on their enemies; especially, of course, on the English. The numerous and excellent minor poets of Germany have bathed their souls in blood and hatred; and so have the popular artists. When the comic journals are depicting the vileness and cowardice of all or any of the Allies, they will put for contrast a fine, clean-limbed young German soldier, looking stern and noble. When the idea is to suggest the hideous fate in store for the enemy nations when the German soldier has got the upper hand, he is represented as a leering, coarse-visaged lout, visibly capable of any atrocity. The whole volume of the stuff that has been written and drawn about Germany's airships illustrates this point. The quite undisguised notion behind it all is that Zeppelins, when they get to work, will murder civilian populations wholesale by bomb-dropping; and the widespread and whole-hearted rapture with which that notion is hugged, and the exultation over the imagined terror of the enemy nations, are among the most remarkable effects of German Kultur.

* * *

Just as I conclude this paper, Mr. Balfour has summed up in a sentence the tragedy of the German state of mind: "Unhappily for herself, unhappily for mankind, Germany has apparently felt that it was not enough to be great, honored, wealthy, and secure, but that no nation worthy of the name, having domination within its grasp, should fail by any means, fair or foul, to pursue domination until it was secured." That is peculiarly well put, because it reminds us forcibly of what is not always remembered in the offering of comment upon this situation—hat Germany has proved herself in the past a great nation, one of the greatest in he annals of mankind, judged by every est of greatness save one; and that one, trangely enough, the very test to which he has most confidently appealed—the est of civilized character.

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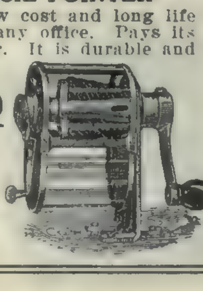

The Choice of Furniture

By Agnes Rowe Fairman, in Good Housekeeping Magazine.

IF you, perhaps, have been so fortunate as to grow up in a home where the furnishings were, in themselves, an education in good taste, you can no more realize the debt you owe your parents for their wise choice of the table from which you ate three times a day, the chairs in which you sat, and the bed in which you slept, than you could hope to appreciate the advantage of having been bred and born in a family circle where the King's English was spoken as a matter of course. To many a sensitive child, even in homes where the school education is ranked of highest importance, the family furniture is as so many rude voices, clashing with "ain't" and "got ter" in all corners of the room.

It is not because the family can afford no better, that so much unworthy furniture goes into the unpretentious home today. Getting down to the very root of the trouble, it is first of all because men and women harassed by a sense of their own limitations when they set about the furnishing of their homes, persist in thinking of Art as a thing apart from Life. When we understand that "art is primarily concerned with making the useful garments of life beautiful; not with *trimming* them," we begin to approach the subject of home-furnishing from the right angle.

If the truly good furniture is so inexpensive, why is it, then, that we find it only, as a rule, in fine homes? Just because it takes a cultivated taste to appreciate simplicity—and there is such a wide, wide difference between that which is simple and that which is merely crude! The average home can always afford good furniture, but the average store can not afford to carry much "plain stuff." Pretentious patterns must be crowded to the fore because they appeal to our common love of display, and the manufacturer of "best sellers" knows full well the temptation that lurks in the table or chair which *looks more than its price.*

So referring back to our Chippendale chair, we take up the question of "period styles," of which we hear so much talk to-day. Why insist upon "period furniture?" For the very good reason that since the last of the great furniture-makers of eighteenth-century England and the days of the Empire in France, no really worthy style has been born—with one exception: our own American "arts and crafts" furniture. Following the days when furniture-design in the Old World reached its highest excellence came that gloomy period when the homes of both England and America were swamped with the horrors of early and mid-Victorian styles—an age too well remembered by most of us to call for comment here—and after that the "arts and crafts" movement was brought forth. In England this gave rise to a style known as "the quaint," while in France, Germany, and Austria the movement found expression under the general term of "l'art nouveau." But American craftsman furniture, and similar pieces under other names, seem to be the only result of the new art that has filled a definite need in the lives of a people, and which, therefore, may be called a permanent style.

Thus it happens that we *must* turn to the past for inspiration in matters of furniture; not because it is fashionable to do so, but because of the rich legacy of beauty that is ours in the designs handed down by the masters of other days.

But we who have not the good fortune to possess heirlooms of real value, nor the time to hunt bargains in antiques; we who lack even opportunity to study the various periods so that we *might* buy intelligently if we *did* have the price—how are we to choose when we come to furnish and refurnish our homes?

There is but one safe course: to be content with the very simplest expressions of the period styles, and to look with mistrust upon any pretentious piece offered at a price little more than is asked for the plainest furniture of best manufacture.

Jacobean, Queen Anne, Georgian, Colonial, and the French styles are the periods best suited for the typical American home. To many persons a mention of French furniture at once calls to mind elaborate and costly pieces gilded and upholstered in rich brocades, or else the flimsy imitations which make many a small parlor a place to be endured only when there is no escape. But royalty did not always live in state, even at Versailles in an extravagant age, and in the private homes of the French nobility we find much simple and exquisite furniture adapted for unpretentious bedrooms and drawing-rooms of the present time. Such pieces are made in French walnut, with cane panels in place of upholstery, or in light enamelled woods of Louis XV. and Louis XVI. design.

Jacobean furniture—so called because it came into favor during the reign of James I.—was of oak, in the soft brown English finish that is so beautiful. Much of it was upholstered, much was made with cane seats and backs, and the chairs were either carved or ornamented with simple legs and posts. Under the reign of William and Mary the Dutch influence naturally became more pronounced, and during the reign of Queen Anne walnut came into high esteem. Each of these periods has given us simple, sturdy designs suitable for American homes, and these are reproduced in especially good dining-room furniture for the housewife of limited means.

Under the Georgian period, when mahogany became the favorite of all cabinet woods, are included the many styles of Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Adam, Sheraton, and other illustrious cabinetmakers of the eighteenth century under whose leadership furniture-design in England reached the crest of the wave. Reproductions of German styles are usually expensive, both because of the woods employed and because they call for workmanship of the highest order; yet even here we find designs so simple that they may be carried out at comparatively small cost. Colonial is a still more general classification, for under this broad head we find as many kinds of furniture as the different lands from which the earlier settlers came. Most Colonial furniture, like the lives of the colonists, was simple and unpretentious and substantial, and the quaint chairs, tables, beds, and chests of drawers of this period are well-chosen for the modest home.

The old-fashioned Windsor chairs that have a way of looking quite as much at home to-day in a house of costly furnishings as they did in the kitchens of the Pilgrim Fathers, and other simple styles shown in our illustrations, are examples of chairs that are good "yesterday, to-day, and forever," though they cost no more than the over-ornate varieties which come with parlor or dining-room "suites."

Bearing these few general observations in mind, while furnishing or refurnishing your home, you have only to decide which style is best suited to your own home life, and then, having settled this all-important question, try to keep your rooms closely related—at least those opening into each other. This does not mean that you need have all of your rooms in one division of a given period, nor everything Heppelwhite in your living-room because you possess a few Heppelwhite chairs. It is only necessary to preserve a feeling of one nationality, and to see that the various furnishings of a room are related in character and harmonious in color.

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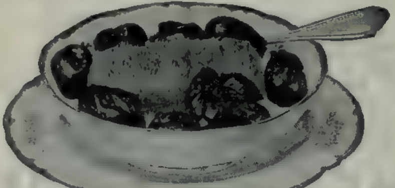

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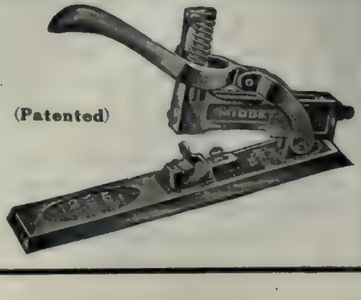

Belgiums Literary Revival

By William Aspenwall Bradley in the Bookman.

THE "Belgian Renascence," as it was called, was indeed, one of the chief outstanding events in the literary history of Europe during the last two decades of the last century. We heard about it in this country chiefly through little fin-de-siècle publications like the *Chap Book,* and in connection with the sudden fame, at first largely derisory, of one Maurice Maeterlinck who, it was repeated on every hand, had been christened by some crack-brained French critic, the "Belgian Shakespeare."

But if this writer of disconcerting little plays for puppets had originally the effect of rescuing his land from the literary oblivion in which it had long languished, the subsequent development of his individual fame has had rather the reverse effect, by causing the colossal success of one poet to overshadow, eclipse, or sum up in itself, the results of a whole contemporary movement. And it was not until the other day, when suggested for membership in the French Academy, that Maeterlinck, naming Emile Verhaeren as a worthier candidate for that honor, again, for the second time, drew the attention of a very large part of the world to Belgium, not as the birthplace of one great writer only, but as the home of a whole group of poets.

The decade 1885-1895 was the heroic and religious age of the little country's literary history—an age of lofty aspiration and of pure faith in the ideal. "All were poor and no one thought of money. Souls were young, ingenuous, impassioned: they preferred to the gold of Zola the poverty of Barbey and of Villiers."

Yet, *tout de même,* a literary movement cannot subsist forever without public appreciation and support. There was very little of either in Belgium either then or later. Even in Brussels there were neither readers nor regular publishers. The public, accustomed to look to Paris for its literary fashions, paid no attention to its own writers, and the Government remained cold. It once gave three hundred francs to Verhaeren, but such munificent patronage was rare. The reason was that the *Direction de Lettres* was still, at that time, under the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Agriculture. "There was never enough money for hogs and stallions. Besides, one minister, head of this department, once made a categorical statement on the subject. 'People live on good soup and not on good language,' declared this positive spirit."

Under the circumstances it is not strange that, one by one, most of the best writers, as they became known to the larger public outside Belgium, should, in spite of their loyal patriotism, have been drawn to Paris, where they have taken their places in the literary life of the capital. Little by little the "Belgian Renascence" has become merged in that larger movement of the whole of French

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literature, known as "Symbolism." Belgian writers, like Huysmans and Arthur Rimbaud, working hand in hand with Verlaine, Mallarmé, and Villiers de l'Isle Adam, helped directly to shape this movement from the very start. And it is to no small extent the flower of the Belgian literary youth, with their comparative freedom from hampering tradition, and frank, outspoken, provincial enthusiasm, who, once it was started, have successfully continued it.

Just how important has been their collaboration may conveniently be seen by referring to the two volumes of von Bever's and Léautaud's *Poëtes d'Aujourd'hui*. There, among fifty-three poets represented, no fewer than ten are Belgians. They are Max Elskamp, André Fontainas, Gregoire Le Roy, Maurice Maeterlinck, Albert Mockel, Arthur Rimbaud, Georges Rodenbach, Fernand Séverin, Charles Van Lerberghe, and Emile Verhaeren—besides René Ghil, who is half French and half Belgian. The mere numerical proportion is impressive. But when one considers that this group contains two of the most representative writers to-day in the French language—Verhaeren and Maeterlinck—it will be seen clearly just what the great nation owes to the little one which now lies in ruins on its northern frontier.

As for the Belgian writers themselves, while they are no longer, for the most part, thought of as forming a separate national school, they have none the less performed the greatest possible service for "la patrie." They have brought to Belgium a new respect and a new prestige that it would not otherwise have enjoyed. Formerly, in Paris, at least, the word "Belgian" never failed to carry with it a shade of contempt, while any pretensions on the part of the Belgian people to taste and culture were sneered at. Now, as Lemonnier says, "nobody troubles to ask whether Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Eakhoud are from any other country than the great literary fatherland. Or rather, they are known to be Flemings, and are fêted as if they were Frenchmen."

These three writers and their fellow-poets and novelists have, in short, given Belgium a securer "place in the sun" of the world's respect, than her former formidable industrial prowess ever won for her. Now that so many of the monuments of her modern material civilization, celebrated so characteristically by Verhaeren, have been razed, destroyed, obliterated, their works still remain to remind the world that a nation is not a mere strip of land, but the soul of a people.

To Protect Canal-zone Forts

Heavy barbed-wire entanglements are to be constructed around the fortifications at Panama Canal to form obstructions against the advance of an enemy in time of war. In the 1914 U.S. appropriation bill covering the defense of the Canal Zone, there is an item of $7,500 for the purchase of 2,500 coils of wire. Much of this, it is understood, will be placed through different parts of the jungles, making an approach in front of the forts next to impossible.

What a Routed Army is Like

By Staunton McKay in London Magazine.

THE soldier faces many dangers, but the worst of them all, short of death itself, is the danger of running away from the enemy. To fly from the enemy does not pay, though, of course, it is often necessary to make a strategic movement to the rear.

Now, there is all the difference in the world between an orderly retreat and a rout. An army that has retreated in an orderly manner can cut and come again, so to speak; the army that has lost its nerve and fled can never more be the army it was. The habit of the British Army of retreating when it must, like an angry bulldog being pulled away from the object of its rage, is the most valuable of all its military characteristics.

When things are getting very hot on the battlefield, when men are dropping, dropping, when the shells bursting make one continuous noise, when the whine of the bullets blends into one quavering chord, and the enemy is coming nearer and nearer, then it may seem that flight will bring safety, and the temptation to run away becomes greater and greater, especially to a man who has been urged on to the battlefield by pressure. That point reached, he is past reason, but if he could bring himself to think clearly, then the reasons for staying where he was, and facing the peril out, would weigh down the impulse to flee.

As soon as he breaks and runs, the enemy has his supreme chance. Unassaulted himself, he can bring up every gun, every horseman, every bayonet he has to pound the flying force, and do it without much fear of being hit back.

Speaking generally, the losses to the routed are always greater than to those who stay and face it out, unless overwhelming numbers are brought to bear, in which case surrender is the alternative to annihilation. Shrapnel, case-shot, every sort of shell, rifle fire, and machine gun harass and slay the runners as they race across the open. Where they died in dozens in the trenches, they die in hundreds in the flight. That is the elementary aspect of running away. There are other aspects which explain why an army that *ran*, as distinct from one that *retreated*, can never be the same again.

To direct the operations of a great railway is a complicated work; it is child's play compared with the direction of a great body of soldiers on the march. Wheeled traffic must have roads, and roads, according to their width and the hardness and smoothness of their surfaces, can only take a certain number of men in a certain time.

To enable me to explain precisely what happens to a routed army, let me first remind you how an orderly march is conducted.

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in touch as far as possible. In front of all, securing it, is the cavalry screen, which keeps in touch with the enemy, prevents surprises by him, beats off feeble attacks, and, in short, acts as the eyes and ears of the mass behind it.

The brain at the centre — the officer commanding and his staff—hears everything, and, as the position changes, makes movements to meet the new conditions. It has to move numbers of men over whatever lines of road happen to be available with a precision that would turn grey the traffic-despatcher of a great railway. It has to improvise and alter from minute to minute.

All this organization falls stunned the moment the men of an army take charge of themselves and run in panic. The guns go along any road that appears to be open and that seems as though it went in the direction away from the enemy. The "traffic-manager" of the army could have told them that to take guns along such a road was useless, because it either turned back again, as so many by-roads serving farmlands do, or because its surface would not bear the weight of guns. Again, the hills upon it may be such that heavy guns could not be dragged up them.

The gunners, wedged in by fleeing soldiers, mostly on foot, can do one of two things before the guns get stuck. They must lash up their horses and drive over their comrades, or they must go at the pace of the infantrymen. If they crush maddened men, they are hauled down from their horses, and the guns are left, to be turned into the ditch by those fleeing after. If they go at the pace of the others, then the enemy's cavalry hacks through with the sabre or the lance, and takes the guns as prizes of war.

It is not only on the roads that this sort of thing is happening. A routed army spreads over the countryside. The men are in a hurry, and when they are in such a state of panic they do not all keep to the highways. Many of them do, because highways generally lead pretty directly to somewhere, and because the crowds upon them are company, which is what a scared man wants. Quite a number, however, because there is no one in the way, think that their best chance is to take a bee-line across the fields. A man who tries to take a bee-line across country he does not know finds, unless he is a backwoodsman, that bee-lines can only be made by bees, and do not lead away from disaster.

At some time or other the flight is either arrested, or the fugitives are rounded up and killed or made prisoners by the enemy. If it be arrested, think in what a state of tangle is that mob of men! The colonels are scattered, the majors are scattered, the captains are scattered, the lieutenants are scattered, and most of all, the men are scattered. If they wanted to find their corps, they could not do so for a long time, because there is no way of letting them know which are their rallying-points. If two men, starting from the same point, run ten miles in opposite directions, they will, when exhaustion stops them, be twenty miles apart. Imagine fifty thousand men at that game,

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and then try to plan out how you would set to work to sort them out once more into their corps, especially if the last thing they wanted was to be formed up again to face anew the dangers that so terrified them.

Having re-formed them, you would next have to re-arm and partly re-clothe those who had thrown away their rifles and ammunition because of their weight; their greatcoats or blankets because they retarded their flight. Having, if you could, re-armed them, your next problem would be to get fresh cartridges, and more food for men and guns, supposing you had enough guns left to be worth the trouble.

That all done, how would you feel about taking that force once more to meet the enemy that had so shattered it? You would know that you could no more trust those men than they could rely upon themselves.

In nine cases out of ten, however, you would not have the solving of that problem. The enemy would do it for you. He would come and kick to splinters the framework of the force you were trying to re-assemble. If you had realized that your army might have to retreat, and had prepared trenches for it to run back to, and re-form in, then you would have a chance to get a further run for your money.

The commissariat—the food and ammunition and spare gear—would have fallen back on those trenches, and would be available. Yet, even so, you would say to yourself: "These men ran in the open, and, though I may keep them together behind shelter trenches, yet if they have to face the enemy again in the open they will be more likely to run than at first."

When such fear as comes to men who have run away has once bitten into a man's courage, it takes him weeks, if not months, to get his nerve again. When the army is made up of such men, then it is not an army to win battles or campaigns.

Send reinforcements to it, and it will infect them with its own feelings and magnify the horrors from which it ran. The reinforcements will jeer, but they will think there must be something in it. They will jeer because they will feel it the proper thing to do to men who have turned their backs upon the foe, but also they will consider whether they, too, may not have to do the same thing.

The army that only reluctantly retires; that makes a stand at every advantageous point in order to hammer the pursuing enemy — *that* is the army that knows where everything is, down to the last field-ration, when at last it is allowed to take the offensive once more.

Such is the difference between an orderly retreat and a rout. An army which can retreat in good order, fighting the while, as the British did on the march from Mons, is a force to be reckoned with.

A *routed* army, on the other hand, has become a mere rabble, not only useless to its country, but a positive danger to its companion armies.

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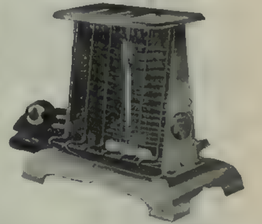

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The Rules of War

Reproduced from Popular Mechanics.

THE rules of war are as sharply defined, as clearly formulated and as generally recognized as the rules of football, baseball, cricket, or the prize ring.

No flippancy is intended in this comparison of war with sport. For countless centuries war was, in fact, almost the only sport indulged in by the male members of the human race. Even to-day there may be found in every nation those who maintain that it is the only sport worth a real man's while—in some nations this view is still the dominant one. And just as other sports have developed rules by which the players are bound, so have the rules of war developed. The only important difference is that in the game of war there is no umpire or referee with power to enforce his decisions, and consequently the rules may be, and often are, violated.

In the beginning of things and down to very recent times indeed, there were no restrictions, definite or implied, upon the rights of a commanding general or the powers of his army. They might—and did—pillage and loot and burn and destroy as, and when, they pleased. No man, woman or child owing allegiance to the enemy had any rights which a hostile force was even morally bound to respect. "Leave them neither root nor branch," was the universal rule of war. As mankind reached a higher stage of civilization, war gradually became more humane —or, rather, less barbarous. Acts that had always been recognized not only as the right, but almost as the duty, of armies in the field came, century by century to be regarded as at least unsportsmanlike. It was not until the Civil War in America, however, that any nation undertook to formulate, codify, and publish a set of rules for the guidance of those who play the game of war. In 1863, the War Department of the United States issued a manual of the laws governing civilized warfare — a manual which, brought down to date, forms part of the equipment of every officer in the United States army. A year later an international conference was held at Geneva, Switzerland, and the conventions signed there by all the great powers, relating to the care of the sick and wounded, were the first internationally formulated rules of war. Several other conferences followed this one, but the formal "regulations respecting the laws and customs of war on land," which are in force to-day between the warring nations of Europe, were drawn up and agreed upon at the first and second Hague conferences, held in 1899 and 1907.

Under these rules a declaration of war must be made before hostilities are begun. As soon as a state of war exists all neutral nations must be notified, and until then they cannot be held responsible for acts in violation of their neutrality.

The first rule governing war on land prescribes that "the laws, rights and duties of war apply not only to armies, but also to militia and volunteer corps fulfilling the following conditions: To be commanded by a person responsible for his subordinates; to have a fixed distinctive emblem recognizable at a distance; to carry arms openly, and to conduct their operations in accordance with the laws and customs of war. In countries where militia and volunteer corps constitute the army or form part of it, they are included under the denomination 'army.'" Persons not coming under this provision and who take up arms in violation of the rules of war are entirely without rights.

The rules regarding prisoners are very clearly defined. In case they are captured by an enemy, both combatants and non-combatants who have followed military customs are prisoners of war and must be treated accordingly. They are within the power of the hostile Government only, not that of their individual captors, and must not be deprived of personal property other than that suitable for the operations of war, such as horses and arms. Excepting in the case of officers, the controlling state has the power to utilize the labor of its prisoners, but this must be paid for in accordance with the wage scale in force in the country where they are held, although the cost of their maintenance may be deducted. The work demanded must not be excessive nor pertain to military affairs.

If a prisoner escapes and is recaptured, he is subject to disciplinary treatment, but if he is able to make good his escape and rejoin his army he is not liable to punishment if subsequently retaken. When a captive is paroled he is bound by his honor and that of his state not to reenter the war, and should he later be captured carrying arms he would be subject to court-martial. Each belligerent nation at the opening of a war must establish an inquiry office for prisoners, the function of which is to answer all inquiries made concerning them. These offices enjoy free postage privileges, and mail dispatched to prisoners is exempt from duty. While they are incarcerated, prisoners must be allowed freedom of religion and attendance at whatever church they belong to.

Stringent rules forbid the use of either poison or poisoned weapons. Any method of inflicting injury upon an enemy which might be construed as a treacherous act is absolutely prohibited, just as it is to kill or wound a man who has laid down his arms, or is without means of defence. It is a direct violation of the code to refuse to give quarter, "to employ arms, projectiles, or material calculated to cause unnecessary suffering, or to use improperly the Geneva cross, the flag of truce, or the uniform of an enemy." Under this restriction come dumdum bullets, expanding projectiles, gas bombs, saw-toothed bayonets, and similar things of which much complaint has been made to neutral nations during the present war.

Warning, in all cases except in repulsing an assault, must be given by the commander of an attacking force before he orders the bombardment of any town, and even then every precaution must be taken

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to prevent the destruction of public building dedicated to art, science, religion, or charitable purposes. Under no circumstances is pillaging allowable. Undefended towns must not be bombarded, nor their dwellings or buildings burned so long as their inhabitants observe the rules of war.

Spies are carefully defined, and in punishing a man as such the rules must be followed implicitly. The code declares that "a person can only be considered a spy when, acting clandestinely or on false pretenses, he obtains or endeavors to obtain information in the zone of operations of a belligerent, with the intention of communicating it to the hostile party." Thus, soldiers in their proper uniforms, not wearing a disguise, who have penetrated into the zone of operations of a hostile army, for the purpose of obtaining information, are not considered spies. Similarly, soldiers and civilians, carrying out their missions openly, who have been intrusted with the delivery of dispatches intended either for their own or for the enemy's army, are not to be treated as spies. To this class likewise belong persons sent in balloons for the purpose of carrying dispatches and, generally, of maintaining communication between the different parts of an army or a territory. A spy must have a fair trial before being punished. A man known to have operated as a spy, or who has escaped after capture, must not be punished nor treated otherwise than as a prisoner of war if captured after having rejoined his army.

As has been customary from remote times, an army under the modern rules still has a right to live off the country of an enemy. It is only when a territory is completely under the authority of a hostile power, however, that it can be considered as occupied. While an invading army must observe the laws in force in the country it occupies, it has a right to impose and collect taxes. Such moneys can be used only for defraying the expenses of administration and for the maintenance of the army actually within the district affected. It is not allowable to impose a general fine for acts of which the population as a whole is not responsible.

All requisitions made for the needs of an army must be proportioned to the resources of the city or territory drawn upon. The seizure or wilful injury of public buildings is prohibited, and if such acts are committed, restitution may be asked of the courts. "Family honor and rights, the lives of persons, and private property, as well as religious convictions and practice, must be respected," the rules declare, in the military administration of a hostile territory.

The modern rules of war make the territory of neutral nations inviolable, and belligerents are forbidden from moving troops, munitions of war, or supplies through such a district, or to erect within its confines a radio station, or other apparatus of communication, for the purposes of war.

The rules laid down in the Geneva convention ,which were incorporated at The Hague conferences, make it mandatory that the sick and wounded in war be treated without distinction as to nationality. Those falling into the hands of an enemy become prisoners of war and must be treated as such. The army in possession of a field at the close of an engagement must search for the wounded and provide for their relief, while each belligerent is bound to communicate to its Government, as quickly as possible, descriptions of possible marks of identification on the bodies of the dead, as well as the names of the wounded taken. Belligerents must notify each other of interments, transfers, admissions to hospitals, and deaths of each other's men.

Hospital and ambulance equipment and all other sanitary formations of an army, and the personnel attached to them, must be considered neutral and be protected by an enemy. In case a surgeon, or other member of the sanitary staff, falls into the hands of hostile forces, he cannot be deemed a prisoner of war, but must continue his work under the direction of his captors. If mobile sanitary formations are taken by an enemy, they must be kept intact; that is, for instance, horses attached to an ambulance must not be used for other purposes. When either the personnel or equipment is absolutely needed by the army to which it originally belonged, they must be returned.

The rules governing the care of the wounded on land apply in most respects to naval warfare. Hospital ships for the most part are considered neutral, and the rule applying to warships in neutral ports does not restrict them. Military hospital ships, meaning those fitted out and operated by a belligerent Government are distinguished by being painted white and having a green stripe, about a yard and a half in breadth, running from stem to sternpost of their hulls. Hospital vessels fitted by officially recognized relief societies bear a red band about their sides, while both kinds fly the Geneva flag and that of the country under which they are operating. At night, these ships are identified by a crimson Geneva cross, brightly illuminated, on their sides. They must afford relief to all wounded and shipwrecked men alike, may be searched by a belligerent, directed to take a new course, or even, in extreme cases, be temporarily detained, but their staffs must be respected and cannot be made prisoners. If wounded men are taken abroad a neutral warship, they must not re-enter the conflict.

The rules regulating marine warfare prohibit the laying of unanchored automatic-contact mines unless they are so constructed that they will become harmless within one hour after they are uncontrolled. The use of torpedoes which remain dangerous in case they miss their target is also forbidden. In no case can mines be laid off the coast of any country solely for the purpose of stopping commercial shipping, while all mines must be removed at the end of the war.

Naval bombardment of ports is governed by rules similar to those regulating land operations, prescribing that undefended places shall not be shelled, and that in all instances warning must be given previous to firing. The fact that a harbor is mined does not change the classification of an otherwise unfortified place. If the authorities of such a city, however, violate the rules of warfare by refusing to honor requisitions for food

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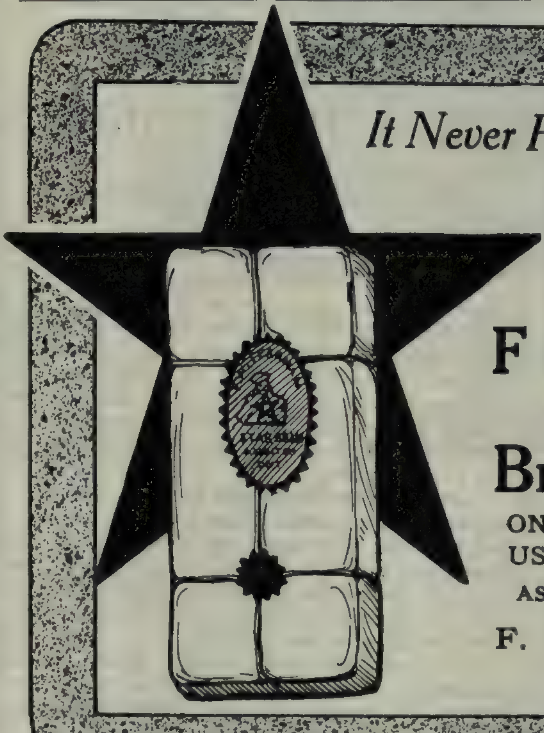

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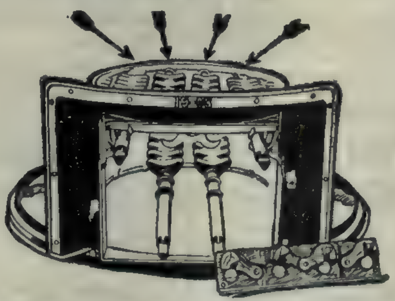

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or supplies, which must be made according to the resources of the place, its bombardment is then allowable, but public buildings of the protected class must be spared injury so far as it is possible to do so.

Mail, either private or official, belonging to any nation and found on the high seas, is inviolable. Belligerent warships are not permitted to commit any act of hostility in neutral waters and, except in extreme cases, must not remain for more than twenty-four hours in a neutral port. When coaling at such a port, a battleship is allowed only enough fuel to carry it to the nearest port of its own country, after which it is not again allowed the privilege for three months.

Those are the main provisions of the modern rules of warfare. Their details would take many pages to tell. With a few unimportant exceptions every one of the nations involved in the European conflict has solemnly pledged itself to observe these rules. When the war is over, should the victorious nation or nations be able to establish conclusively that the other side in its operations violated any of these fundamental rules, it may mete out punishment for such offenses almost as it pleases. But thus far there is no international tribunal to which a vanquished nation can appeal for justice. A victory won by violating the rules of war is still a victory—there is no referee with power to award the decision on a foul.

The Romance of Cotton

By Edward Mott Woodley in McClure's Magazine

OF all the products of America, cotton seems to be the hardest hit by the European war. At any rate, it is the product that gets the publicity, though perhaps copper, machinery, and a lot of other things are almost as badly off. Cotton is the one romantic product that always stands in the limelight. It has always been so, since the beginning of cotton in the United States.

Last July the South was buoyant with expectation of a great cotton crop and fair prices. The adventures and disasters of past years were put behind, for the world was fast learning to use cotton. The worst over-productions of former periods were now less than a normal crop.

Then came the thunder-bolt. With all the swiftness of tragedy, the scenery was shifted and the 1914 chapter closed with a bang.

This is not a statistical story; nor a story of foreign trade; nor a technical story of manufacturing. It is simply the human story of the men who made cotton, and who make it to-day.

Go back to the year 1789, when a proposition, something like the paragraph that follows, was privately and cautiously circulated by American secret agents in England:

> A reward of $500 in gold will be paid to any one who will make and smuggle out of England an accurate model of Richard Arkwright's cotton-spinning machine. Every protection guaranteed and the strictest secrecy assured.
>
> TENCH COXE,
> Philadelphia.

Arkwright—oddly enough, an English barber—had invented a machine that did away with the laborious spinning of cotton by hand; but England was guarding the secret. Naturally, she believed in keeping a good thing at home, and rigorous laws prohibited the taking of machinery or models out of the country.

"We'll buy it from you," said Tench Coxe, who was Assistant Secretary of the United States Treasury and promoter of the Pennsylvania Society for the Encouragement of Manufacture and the Useful Arts.

"No," said England; "you can't have it."

Coxe was a statesman and economist. He was perhaps the only man in America at that time who foresaw a future for cotton. He was something of a crank on cotton, and he made up his mind quickly.

"We'll get that spinning-machine!" he told his friends.

ENGLAND GUARDS HER SECRET.

Here in the infant United States there was as yet no cotton industry. In some parts of the South the farmers had garden patches of the puffy white balls, but cotton was not a farm crop. Women spun a little of it by hand, but there were no cotton mills. Ever since Arkwright brought out his machine in 1769, American machinists had been trying to duplicate it, in vain.

There are daring men everywhere, and the American secret agents found a machinist in England who agreed to make brass models and ship them in secret to America. He made the models, but the authorities discovered and confiscated them just in time. The machinist fled.

At Milford, not far from London, lived a callow apprentice named Samuel Slater, employed in the cotton mill of Jedediah Strutt. Richard Arkwright had an interest in this mill, and the Arkwright machine was in use there. Of course, this mill would be scarcely an atom beside the mammoth mills of to-day.

Slater, not much over twenty-one, read about the capture of the brass models, and it set him thinking that America might be a pretty good place for a young chap who knew the Arkwright machine by heart.

THE BARBER WHO BECAME A LORD.

But Slater had a mighty respect for the King and a vast awe for the English prisons. And he knew and feared Arkwright, who was cutting a wide swath in England just then. Incidentally it may be said here that Arkwright traveled in a coach with four horses, always at breakneck speed, which wasn't so bad for a man who earlier in life had been cutting and dyeing hair.

"Lazy Dick," his wife had called him at

that time. "Shame on you!" she said. "You are always scheming with worthless machines when you ought to be shaving. You let your family go hungry for the sake of your foolishness.

Then she quit him—did this wife of the great Sir Richard Arkwright to be.

But now he was a man to be feared. Slater knew what would happen if Arkwright or Strutt even suspected him of harboring designs on America. So he kept his mouth shut, and one day he quietly disappeared.

However, he played safe, so far as he could. He made no models or drawings, but, with his only capital in his head, took secret passage for the United States. Some six weeks later he came ashore near the Battery in New York.

This is the beginning of the real story of American cotton; for this raw apprentice was destined to become the father of the greatest of all American industries.

Slater meant to go to Philadelphia to see Tench Coxe; but he was almost out of money, and the first thing he did was to hunt a job as a machinist in New York. Shortly afterward he heard that the firm of Almy & Brown in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, was trying to build a cotton mill somewhat along the lines of the Arkwright mills in England; so he wrote and offered his services.

"Come on," was the answer.

But when Slater saw the crude machines Almy & Brown were making, he lost heart.

"They are worthless," he declared. "They do not follow the Arkwright principles, and it would be useless for me to put my time into them."

"Then build an Arkwright machine," proposed Moses Brown.

It took Slater a year, with repeated failures, to do it. But Pawtucket became the cradle of the cotton industry in America, and Almy, Brown & Slater the pioneers in cotton manufacturing as a commercial possibility.

The cotton mill of Almy, Brown & Slater used imported cotton from the East Indies and the islands of the Indian Ocean. American cotton had small commercial value because of the difficulty of separating the staple from the seed. This operation was performed by hand, and was very slow and laborious. The foreign cotton with the looser seed did not thrive in our soil.

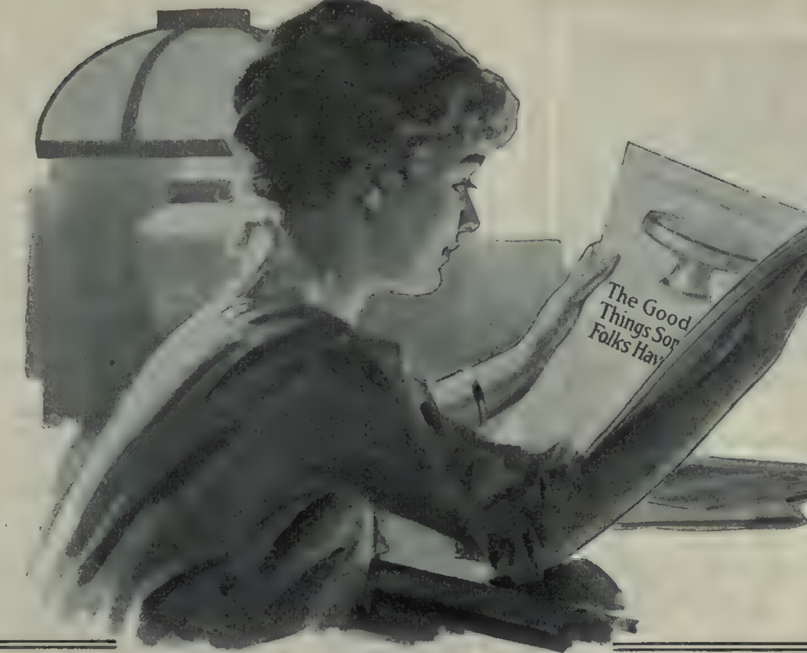
WHITNEY INVENTS THE COTTON-GIN.

Right here begins the second chapter in this mighty drama of the world's chief clothing supply. At that time the world's foremost material was wool, supplemented with furs.

At Westboro, Massachusetts, there had lived a boy named Eli Whitney, son of a nail-maker. But nail-making did not suit young Eli, so he studied nights, went to Yale, and graduated. At that time he hoped to become a lawyer. Temporarily, he arranged to go to Georgia to act as a private teacher near Savannah. This was in 1792.

But when Whitney reached Georgia he found that some other chap had slid in and cut him out of his job.

On the journey from New York he made the acquaintance of the widow of General Nathanael Greene of Revolution-



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Here is a story we have told a billion times in magazines like this. Again and again we have told it to nearly every housewife in the land.

Millions who read it ordered these delights. Their folks, morning, noon and night, revel in Puffed Wheat and Rice. But other millions miss them. For their sake we repeat the story over and over here.

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Puffed Grains stand pre-eminent among cereal food delights. They are the best-cooked grain foods in existence. They are the only foods in which every granule is blasted by steam explosion.

They are Prof. Anderson's scientific foods, endorsed by all authorities. Every atom feeds. Digestion is easy and complete. The one regret is that all grain foods can't be treated likewise.

They are bubbles of grain, airy, flaky, porous. They are thin and crisp and fragile. The wheat and rice kernels are, by steam explosion, puffed to eight times normal size. And terrific heat has given the morsels a taste like toasted nuts. Nothing more unique and inviting ever came to a morning table.

Imagine these bubble-like dainties, with a myriad toasted walls. Do you serve anything else so fascinating as these tit-bits puffed from grain?

Puffed Wheat, 12c
Puffed Rice, 15c

Except in Extreme West

Serve as breakfast cereals. At noon or night-time float in bowls of milk. Use like nuts in candy-making. Let hungry children eat them dry, like peanuts, or doused with melted butter.

Find out how folks like them, and which grain they like best. Each has a different flavor. These are table joys which every home should have. And as foods which do not tax the stomach these stand unique.

There are all these reasons for getting Puffed Grains. Do you know a single reason for not?

Order now the one you haven't had.

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Sole Makers

Peterborough, Ont. Saskatoon, Sask.

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ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets, will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1915, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1915.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS.
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.
Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 8th, 1915.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—72858.

ary fame, who had a plantation not far from Savannah. And now, in financial distress, Eli went to see the widow Greene.

If this story were fiction instead of truth, Eli would most certainly have married the widow, who had a great deal of money. As it was, she invited him to stay on the plantation until some employment offered itself.

Tench Coxe, up in Philadelphia, had been writing articles about the possibilities in cotton as a farm crop, and the widow Greene was experimenting with it Whitney watched the operations with curiosity, and marveled at the slow procedures. It took a slave a whole day to separate one pound of the staple from its seed.

"I believe I can make a machine that will take out that seed," he declared to the widow. And she answered:

"If you can, you will make cotton one of the greatest crops in this country."

She gave him the use of a shanty on the plantation for a shop, and supplied the equipment. All day and for many hours every night he labored, always in the strictest secrecy; and then, in 1793, he produced the "saw" cotton-gin. At first it was sneered at by many people, but it did the trick.

Along about this time, according to a popular version down in Georgia, somebody broke into the shanty and stole the Whitney model. From it another machine was made, and the result was bitter litigation that lasted for years. The original Whitney patent was signed by George Washington.

Meanwhile Whitney repaired to New Haven, Connecticut, where he considered the facilities better for building his gins. And he certainly had business adventures.

The biggest snag he struck was when the cotton mills of England refused to buy any cotton that had gone through his gins, the claim being that his process injured the fibre.

Phineas Miller, who had married the former Widow Greene, having used up a large part of his own and his wife's money in the adventure with Whitney, was now in despair. From Georgia he wrote to Whitney:

"In the name of heaven, hasten to London and disprove these calumnies on our machine. Go there as quickly as possible."

Whitney wrote back that he would go if he could raise the money. But this he was unable to do.

When things were blackest, he was taken ill in New York, and remained there three weeks. Scarcely able to drag about, he finally boarded a Long Island Sound boat for New Haven. Arriving there, he walked down the gang-plank and met an acquaintance.

"Eli," said the latter, "I'm sorry to tell you, but your shop burned to the ground last night."

Whitney was crushed, for the time being. His faith in humanity was nearly destroyed. In a letter to his friend Robert Fulton he expressed himself in dismal terms:

"The difficulties with which I have had to contend have originated principally in the want of a disposition on the part of mankind to do justice."

Afterward capitalists took up the Whitney cotton-gin and established it, though

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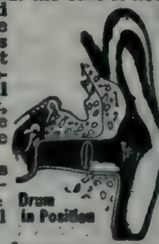
often called "Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" are resto ing perfect hearing in every condition of deafness or defectiv hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed o Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissin Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums Discharge from Ears, etc. No matter what the case or how long standing it is, testimonials received show marvelous results. Common-Sense Ear Drums strengthen the nerves of the ears and concentrate sound waves on one point of the natural drums, thus successfully restoring perfect hearing where medical skill even fails to help. They are made of a soft, sensitized material, comfortable and safe to wear. They are easily adjusted by the wearer and out of sight when worn.

What has done so much for thousands of others will help you. Don't delay—Write today for our FREE 168 page BOOK on DEAFNESS — giving full particulars and plenty of testimonials.



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Don't buy cheap, inferior talcs, coarsely milled and cheaply scented, when by asking for CORSON'S you can get the best.
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THE SUNNYSIDE CRUISER
Come on, Fellows! Examine Walter Dean's 1915 Model—"The Sunnyside Cruiser." It's a dandy! Don't make a purchase until you have examined this.
Write for special discount.
WALTER DEAN
Offices and Show Rooms: Foot of York Street, Toronto.
Phone Adel. 1614. Winter storage free.

Whitney himself got little reward for his inventions. But he found solace in the manufacture of firearms for the Government, and at Whitneyville, on the outskirts of the present city of New Haven, he made a fortune.

Meanwhile, Samuel Slater prospered immensely and laid the foundation for the many cotton fortunes in New England to-day. In 1882 a nephew, John Fox Slater, gave a million dollars for the uplifting of the negro in the South—the land that made the cotton fortunes possible in the North.

THE DISCOVERY OF COTTON-SEED OIL.

Go back to 1826. At Columbia, South Carolina, lived one Dr. Benjamin Waring, State Treasurer and grist-mill owner. Somehow he got the idea of extracting oil from cotton-seed. He did it, but not in a commercial way.

Then jump ahead just forty years. At the same town of Columbia, General E. P. Alexander, released from military duty, found himself in need of an occupation. He established a small mill to produce cotton-seed oil. But in all those forty intervening years the possibilities in this product had gone begging. Here and there about the country, men had tried to work out the idea, and, for the most part, had given it up.

General Alexander's undertaking, however, marked an awakening, for the South was hungry for employment of any kind. Little mills sprang up in the cotton belt, and a fair grade of edible oil was produced, using chiefly for packing fish. Very slowly the industry grew, without attracting much attention.

Along about 1890 one of the big Chicago packers made a pleasure trip to New Orleans, and chanced to stop off at Memphis. There are conflicting claims as to who this packer was—Armour or Swift or perhaps still another. But somebody in Memphis took him out to see a cotton-seed oil mill in operation there.

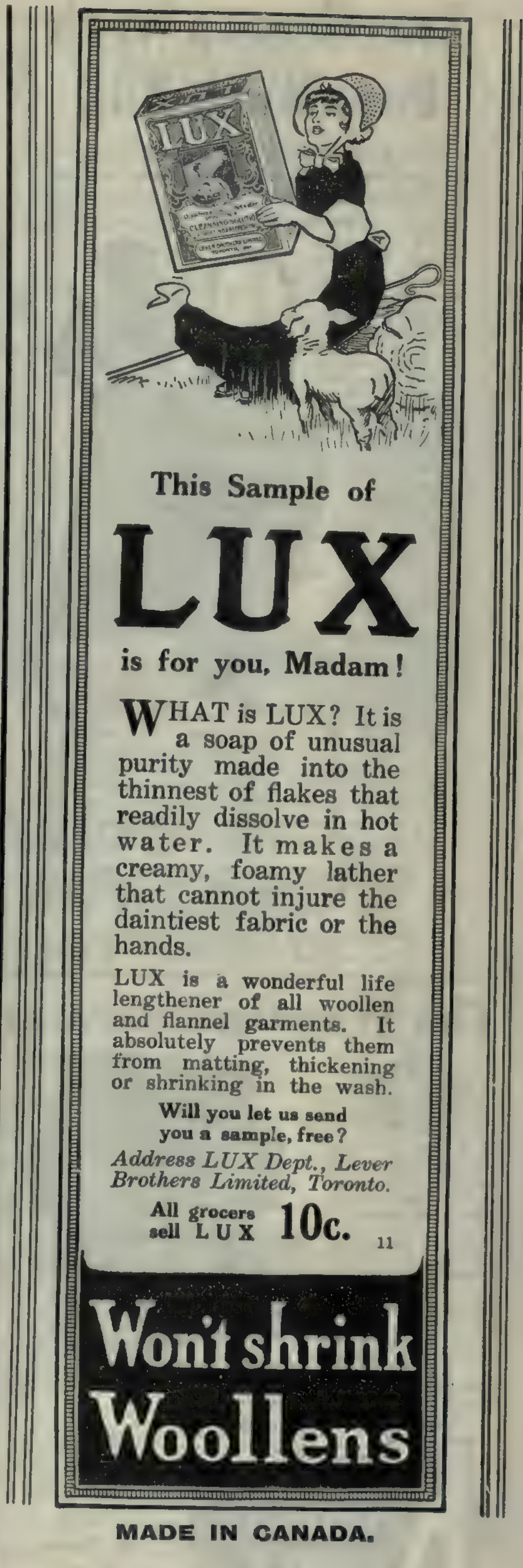
He tasted the oil and indulged in reflections. Here was something new—and he had cash! So he sent samples home to his chemists. "See what you can do with this," he told them.

In time, the result was hogless lard, butterless butter, oliveless olive oil, and such things—all wholesome products that cut the cost of living and began a new epoch in food productions.

But only a beginning had been made. Capitalists fell over one another to get into the cotton-seed game. The planters were no longer permitted to go on wasting their millions of dollars. Among the by-products evolved in quick succession were stock-feed, fertilizer, soap, fibre for high-grade paper, miners' oil, nitro-glycerine, and gun-cotton.

Previous to this the manufacture of fibre-board had been begun, and this is now an important by-product of cotton. Of this material are made trunks, gear-wheels, tubing, washers, key-tags, rollers for roller-skates, handles, waste-baskets, insulation etc.

In 1887 the Southern Cotton Oil Company was formed to take over mills in many States; and to-day the American Cotton Oil Company owns great plants throughout the South.



This Sample of LUX is for you, Madam!
WHAT is LUX? It is a soap of unusual purity made into the thinnest of flakes that readily dissolve in hot water. It makes a creamy, foamy lather that cannot injure the daintiest fabric or the hands.
LUX is a wonderful life lengthener of all woollen and flannel garments. It absolutely prevents them from matting, thickening or shrinking in the wash.
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Address LUX Dept., Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.
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REPRESENTATIVES WANTED
We have an attractive proposition for you. We want men and women to act as our representatives in their spare time. The work is attractive, educative and profitable. Write a postcard to
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This Washer eliminates *labor* and practically saves all *cost.* Does a big family washing for *two cents a week*—yes, and the *wringing*, too. It's one of the greatest marvels the world has ever known. Runs by electricity or water power.

Washes a tubful *spotlessly clean* in two to six minutes! Wrings out the clothes to perfection as fast as you feed them—prove it at our expense.

Any Woman Can Have a

1900 Motor Washer On 30 Days' Free Trial

Don't send money. You can try it first at our expense. Let us pay the freight. See the wonders it performs. Thousands being used. Every user is delighted. They write us bushels of letters telling how it saves work and worry. Sold on little payments. Write for fascinating Free Book today. All correspondence should be addressed to (49)

Address me personally, M. G. Morris, Mgr.
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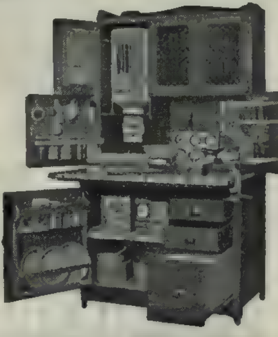
The Wageless Servant

The KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET does away with the necessity of keeping a servant and saves work, time and money.

It keeps all flour, cereals, sugar, spices, tea, coffee, etc., in airtight sanitary containers — no loss through spilling, spoiling or waste.



Send postcard for catalogue A, which pictures and describes many different styles.

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KNECHTEL KITCHEN KABINET
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Sold by Best Furniture Stores in Every Town and City.

The Knechtel Kitchen Cabinet Co., Limited
HANOVER, ONTARIO

YOU CAN BE A WINNER

If you have energy and ambition, big opportunities wait you—We have a proposition that will interest ambitious young men.

Write Dept. "S," MacLean's Magazine, 143 University Ave., Toronto.

About half of our American cotton goods is now made in the Carolinas and adjacent states. New England capital still controls a good deal of this; but there are men who predict the day when the South will make most of our cotton goods—the day when the descendants of the present cotton aristocracy-plutocracy in New England will no longer control the mills.

The war in Europe has stopped, for the time being, the progress of cotton; but, at the same time, a new impetus has been given to a movement toward an immensely bigger manufacture of cotton goods in America, the ultimate effect of which we scarcely now realize. No industry as big and as vital to America can be permanently checked.

The Beet Sugar Industry

The European war has brought home with astonishing vividness the dependence of Great Britain on the Continent of Europe for supplies of beet sugar. For many years past strenuous efforts have been made to establish this industry in England but with no tangible results. Now that the Continental sources of supply—Germany and Austria—are cut off the price has risen, and a keen demand for the cane product has developed. The demand, however, is greatly in excess of the supply. The absence of an adequate supply of beet sugar affects certain industries very acutely, especially the jam, cheap confectionery, and inexpensive table delicacy trades, since cheap sugar is essential if these trades are to hold their own. Additional efforts are now being made to establish the beet sugar industry upon a comprehensive basis, and certainly the outlook is attractive. Assuming the sugar content of beet to vary from 17 to 20 per cent., it is estimated that about half-a-milion acres of land would be necessary to yield a round million tons of beet sugar per annum. To obtain this result would necessitate the raising of about six million tons of beet. There is no valid reason why Great Britain itself should not produce every ounce of beet sugar which it requires; in fact, if the scheme was taken up with sufficient energy and upon the correct lines, Great Britain might become an exporter of this commodity. The raising of beet would not only stimulate agricultural interests, but would influence other callings very materially, such as engineering, which would be called upon to design and manufacture the requisite plant. Further, a new field for employment would be opened. The interests engaged in this campaign reveal another aspect of the industry which is not generally appreciated. Among the many things which Germany supplies to the world is potash, and the scarcity of this is being felt very acutely at the moment. Sugar beet contains about one-half per cent. of potash, and if 80 per cent. of this were recovered, as is the case in Germany, Great Britain would be able to supply about twenty-five thousand tons of potash in addition to the six million tons of sugar per annum.

Let the Knox Cooks cut your "high cost of living"

It isn't necessary to stop eating delicious desserts, puddings, salads, etc., to economize. For by using

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

you can make quickly and cheaply all these dainty dishes.

The gelatine in each package is so divided that the housewife can use it to serve a small family or a large party—each package makes TWO QUARTS (½-gallon) of jelly — enough to serve sixteen people.

This Evening Serve a Knox Snow Pudding

1 envelope **Knox** Sparkling Gelatine. 1 cup sugar. Whites of two eggs. ¾ pint cold water. ¾ pint boiling water. Rind and juice of two lemons.

Soak the gelatine in the cold water ten minutes. Dissolve in boiling water and add grated rind and juice of the lemons and sugar. Stir until dissolved. Strain and let stand in a cool place until nearly set. Then add the whites of the eggs, well beaten, and beat the mixture until it is very light and spongy. Put lightly into glass dish or shape in mold. Serve with thin custard made of the yolks of the eggs, or cream and sugar Different fruit juices may be used in place of part of the hot water.

NOTE. If you use Knox Acidulated Gelatine, which contains Lemon Flavor, you will not need to buy lemons.

SEND FOR THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK
An illustrated book of recipes for Desserts, Jellies, Puddings, Ice Cream, Sherbets, Salads, Candies, etc., sent FREE for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2 cent stamp and grocer's name.

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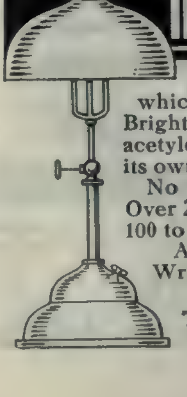
The "BEST" LIGHT



A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. **Costs 2c a week.** No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE
THE BEST LIGHT CO.
466 E. 5th St., Canton, O.

Mr. Speaker

Continued from Page 34.

tracted discussion of a point of order, the chairman attempted to put a motion. The Liberals protested against his action and persisted in speaking. A scene of great confusion resulted and the House got quite out of hand. In the emergency the Speaker resumed the chair, rather an unusual procedure. He at once instructed the chairman of committee to put his motion and added: "So sure as anyone rises to prevent it or violates order, I shall name him."

To this there was continued opposition and Dr. Michael Clark of Red Deer rose to demand by what rule the Speaker had ventured to resume the chair, while the House was still in committee. Hardly had he got the words out of his mouth than the Speaker retorted, "Dr. Michael Clark, I name you for absolute and flagrant violation of the rules of the House."

What would have been the outcome of this desperate situation is doubtful, had not better counsels prevailed. The leaders of the House intervened. A partial apology was drawn from the irate Westerner and business was finally resumed. Still, the incident goes on record as the one case since Confederation when a Speaker has had to go to this length to maintain the dignity of his position and the decorum of the House.

AUTHORITY OF THE SPEAKER.

In a sense the Speaker is the head of a department of Government, though, of course, he is not a member of the Cabinet. In his hands is placed the control of the internal economy of the House of Commons and all its subsidiary organizations. It is the Speaker who nominally employs the attendants, runs the Parliamentary restaurant, issues regulations for the management of the buildings and controls access to the galleries. He has a large say in the operation of the library and reading room. Indeed, his authority in and around the House is a very real quantity and may not lightly be tampered with.

Bulking almost as large as his administrative duties are his social duties. He is supposed to do a lot of entertaining. On the opening day, he and his wife usually give a big reception in their apartments immediately after the ceremonies in the Senate Chamber. The invitations are given informally, though the affair itself is formal enough. On the night of the drawing-room there is usually another reception, while hardly a day passes during the session that there is not some function, large or small, taking place. It may be merely a small luncheon at which some notable stranger visiting the capital is the guest of honor, or it may be a large dinner-party with the whole cabinet present. A record book is kept of all invitations issued and it is the endeavor of the Speaker to spread his favors around as evenly as possible. Thus, during the session every member of the House is given an opportunity to taste his hospi-

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The Attainment of Loveliness

The care of the skin is the first essential in preserving beauty. A bright, cheerful disposition and the daily use of the unequalled "LA-ROLA" will assist any woman to achieve her desire for a complexion that is soft and glowing. A clear, healthy, charming complexion is the divine right of women.

BEETHAM'S La-rola

is a delicate, fragrant cream, absolutely greaseless, possessing unequalled qualities. An excellent skin protection against the ravages of wind and frost. Soothing and refreshing after the shave.

Get a bottle from your nearest druggist to-day. You'll be delighted with the results.

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Edwardsburg "Crown Brand" Corn Syrup

POUR IT ON PORRIDGE

YOU can't imagine how delicious a dish of Oatmeal Porridge becomes when it is sweetened with "*Crown Brand" Corn Syrup.*

Have it for breakfast to-morrow—watch the kiddies' eyes sparkle with the first spoonful—see how how they come for 'more.'

Much cheaper than cream and sugar—better for the children, too.

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EDWARDSBURG
CROWN BRAND
PURE
CORN SYRUP

Spread the Bread with "*Crown Brand*"—serve it on Pancakes and Hot Biscuits, on Blanc Mange and Baked Apples—use it for Candy-Making.

"*LILY WHITE*" is a pure white Corn Syrup, more delicate in flavor than "Crown Brand." You may prefer it.

ASK YOUR GROCER—In 2, 5, 10 and 20 lb. Tins.

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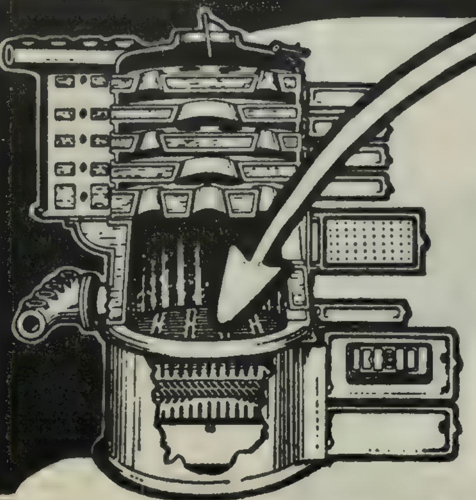
WHY "THE SOVEREIGN" HAS ROCKER DUMPING GRATE



THERE are some features in Hot Water Boiler construction that have been so satisfactorily worked out there is no occasion for any further experimental work, or departure from the thoroughly tried lines.

One of these features is the Rocker and Dumping Grate. It is of a pattern that is tight enough to prevent loss of coal as a set of grate bars, yet it affords plenty of draft. By working the Shaker the bed of ashes on the grate is loosened and the waste falls away readily. Should a fire go black out the Shaker may be turned completely over, reversing the grate and dumping all the unburned coal without breaking it into small pieces. The selection of Rocker and Dumping Grate for the "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler was made after considering every other design of grate practical for hot water boilers.

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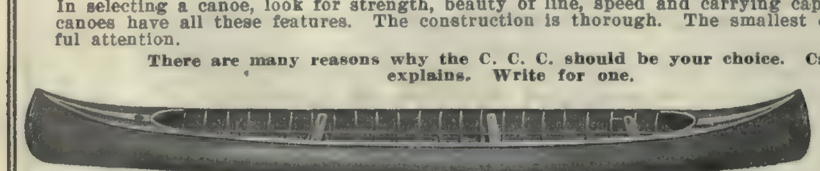
NOW FOR THE JOYS OF CANOEING!

Have You Everything in Readiness?

In selecting a canoe, look for strength, beauty of line, speed and carrying capacity. The C. C. C. canoes have all these features. The construction is thorough. The smallest detail is given careful attention.

There are many reasons why the C. C. C. should be your choice. Catalog "A" explains. Write for one.



The Canadian Canoe Co.
Peterborough, Ont.

tality, while the Speaker's wife vies with her husband in entertaining the ladies.

The Speaker receives a salary of $4,000 a year, which is little enough when one considers all that is expected of him. Of course certain things, such as the plate, the dishes, the linen, the attendants, are supplied, but even so there are many expenses connected with the entertainment of guests which he must pay out of his own pocket. If he approves of the use of wine, it costs him a pretty penny to stock his cellar, while flowers and other table decorations run away with a lot of money.

Since Confederation there have been thirteen speakers of the House of Commons, of whom only one held office during the course of two Parliaments. This was the first Speaker, the Hon. James Cockburn, Q.C., who sat from 1867 to 1874. In two instances it has been necessary to elect two Speakers during the life of a single Parliament. Sir James D. Edgar, who was appointed in 1896, died in office and his uncompleted term was filled out by the Hon. Thomas Bain. The Hon. L. P. Brodeur, who became Speaker following the election of 1900, was given a portfolio in the Government before the term expired and the office was filled for the final session of that Parliament by the Hon. N. A. Belcourt. With these exceptions, there has been one Speaker for each Parliament since the Dominion was formed, a notable contrast to the British custom.

The practice of alternating French and English Speakers has come to be fairly securely established, though there have been one or two variations. The last Speaker of the former Conservative regime, the Hon. Peter White, was English, while the first Speaker of the Liberal regime succeeding him, Sir James D. Edgar, was also English. On the whole, however, the two nationalities have received equal treatment. When the Conservatives were in power from 1879 to 1896, there were two English and two French Speakers and during the Liberal period in office from 1896 to 1911, there were three of each race in the chair.

It is also an accepted rule that if the Speaker is of one race, the Deputy Speaker must be of the other race. Up to a few months ago, when the latter gentleman was taken into the Cabinet, Mr. Speaker Sproule, an English-speaking Speaker, had as his deputy, Mr. Blondin, a Frenchman. His predecessor in the chair, the Hon. Charles Marcil, a Frenchman, was supported by G. H. McIntyre, M.P., an Englishman, and so on. Frequently the Deputy Speaker in one Parliament becomes the Speaker in the next Parliament, unless, of course, his party happens to go out of power. Thus, the Hon. Charles Marcil, who was deputy during the speakership of the Hon. R. F. Sutherland, succeeded the latter after the election of 1908. In the necessity for evening up the favors between the French and the English lies one important reason for the frequent change of Speaker in the Canadian House of Commons.

Are you trained for advancement?

If not, are you planning to get the education you need?

Promotion will be yours if you prepare yourself for it. Don't work your lifetime at the old job, and see other men younger than you promoted over you.

If you will inquire into the success of the younger men who have been promoted over you, you will find that they have been preparing themselves for this promotion by training and securing a better education in their spare time. This enabled them to command higher salaries.

The training which you will obtain as a representative of the MacLean Publishing Co., in your spare time, will put you in for bigger and better work later.

We want live representatives in each locality to take subscriptions for MacLean's Magazine and The Farmer's Magazine. We want bright, energetic men, men who are not content to go along from year to year on the same salary. We want men who have their own interests at heart.

If you are one of these, write us and let us tell you about the course of training we give our representatives.

We have the brightest and most energetic men in Canada today representing MacLean's and Farmer's Magazine in their spare time. They find the work not only profitable, but a real training in itself. You too will find it equally as valuable.

WRITE US TO-DAY

The
MacLean Publishing Co.

143-153 University Ave.,
Toronto - Ontario

The Three of Us

Continued from Page 39.

bed, I would hardly have been able to receive you, my dear."

"I think that it is I who should beg your pardon for coming," Rhy answered.

"Not at all. You remember our conversation of this evening? You've come to give me your answer."

"I—I'm not sure yet. But I wanted to talk to you. May I?"

"Certainly. Take this chair. It's more comfortable than the one you're in."

His arms closed about her. She weakly struggled. As he drew her toward him, her hand stole out, drew the precious paper from his pocket, replacing it with the five bills. He crushed her to him in a mad embrace. Neither of them heard the door open but Rhy turned as a great gust of wind filled the room, and gazed horror-stricken at the man in the doorway. With a cry she broke away from Beresford.

"You cur!" was all Steve said; and leapt upon him.

For a long time they fought, while a crowd gathered outside to watch. Suddenly a crash was heard. The door shook as a heavy body was thrown against it. A moment later it gave way. Beresford hurtled through the air and lay, a huddled mass in the snow.

A cheer went up from the miners as Steve stepped over the insensible form of his adversary but he heard and saw nothing. Staring straight in front of him, he pushed through the crowd and was gone.

Something else now claimed their attention; a lamp had been overturned as the men fell against it, and soon the cabin was a mass of flames.

As the first rays of the morning sun stole into Clem McChesney's little room, he was startled out of his rather restless slumbers by the sound of his own name, repeated over and over again.

"Clem, Clem, wake up," Rhy said. He sat up quickly.

" 'Smatter?" he asked briefly.

"Listen, dear. Dress as quickly as you can. Find Steve Towney and tell him I love him. Then tell him I've got the option, and that I'm riding as hard as I can to the Claim Agent's."

" 'Sfunny," said Clem to himself, setting about his toilet without delay. Not finding Steve at his cabin, however, he decided there was no use looking for him anywhere else, and that is how the following conversation happened to take place between Steve, who was passing the McChesney cottage with all his worldly goods in his pack saddle, and Sonny who spied him from the doorstep.

"Where you goin', Mr. Towney?"

"Oh, anywhere, Sonny—anywhere at all."

"Say, but you don't know what we had last night, bet you a nickel you don't."

"Well, here's the nickel. What was it, Sonny?"

"A burglar," with great emphasis. "And it was Mr. Beresford."

"Yes Sonny, I guess you did have a burglar and it was Mr. Beresford all right."

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A real guarantee on roofing!

A useless risk is to buy roofing not guaranteed by a responsible concern. When you buy our roofing you get the written guarantee of the world's largest manufacturers of roofing and building papers.

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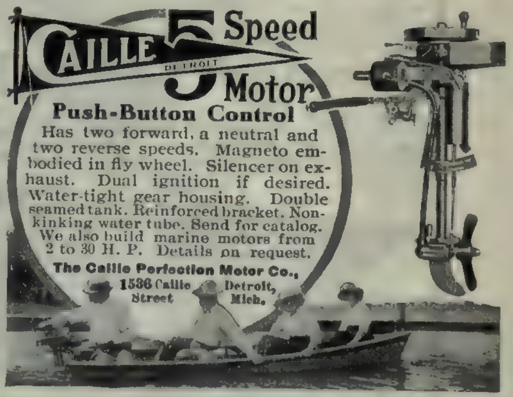

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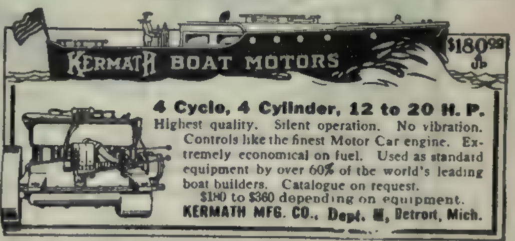
Push-Button Control

Has two forward, a neutral and two reverse speeds. Magneto embodied in fly wheel. Silencer on exhaust. Dual ignition if desired. Water-tight gear housing. Double seamed tank. Reinforced bracket. Nonkinking water tube. Send for catalog. We also build marine motors from 2 to 30 H. P. Details on request.

The Caille Perfection Motor Co.,
1536 Caille Street Detroit, Mich.



KERMATH BOAT MOTORS $180.00 Up

4 Cycle, 4 Cylinder, 12 to 20 H. P.
Highest quality. Silent operation. No vibration. Controls like the finest Motor Car engine. Extremely economical on fuel. Used as standard equipment by over 60% of the world's leading boat builders. Catalogue on request.
$180 to $360 depending on equipment.
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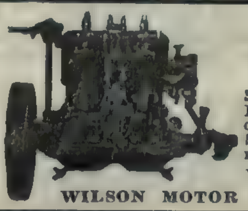
GRAY MOTORS $55 AND UPWARDS

50 leading Boat Builders have joined the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialty of each. It tells where you can buy any kind of a boat from a $125 complete fishing launch to a $2500 mahogany finished express launch equipped with self-starting 6-cyl., 4-cycle Gray motor. Write for this big catalog today, free. Also **Gray Marine Engine Catalog** showing full line of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors, $55 upwards, one to six cylinders.
GRAY MOTOR CO., 366 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mich.



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MOTORS

3 H. P., complete, $65.00; 6 H. P., Two-cylinder, $120; complete. We ship on trial. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Write for Catalog "W."

WILSON MOTOR CO., Walkerville, Ont.

$1000.00 A MONTH

Ambitious, Honest Men Wanted

At Once. I Need 500 Sales Agents Who Want to Make From $50 to $250 a Week. Experience not Necessary—

I want square men to act as my Special Sales Representatives in every county. I want hustling, energetic, ambitious fellows, anxious to make big money, who are willing to work with me. I want to show YOU how to MAKE BIG PROFITS EVERY MONTH. I want to show YOU how to make more money, easier, quicker, more sure and certain than you ever did before in all your life. I want you to **advertise, sell and appoint local agents for the most sensational seller in 50 years**—the startling invention that has set the entire country agog—**THE ROBINSON FOLDING BATH TUB**—I want you to handle your County. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on a liberal basis. I'm positive, yes, I'm absolutely certain that you can make bigger money in a week with me than you ever made in a month before. Hustlers, east, west, north, south, are simply coining money. Orders, orders everywhere. For, remember, fully 70 per cent of the people have no bathrooms. You can take the orders right and left. Quick sales and immense profits. Stop and Realize the tremendous possibilities. Look around you. Be amazed. Your neighbors, friends, relatives, have no bathrooms. They are eager for one; **never had the opportunity to install one.** You step in; **show the tub.** Sales made, profit sure.

No Experience Needed—Why, I don't care if you never sold anything before in all your life, you can make good big money with me. You're honest! You're square! Of course you are. You've got grit, ginger, gumption! Of course you have. You want to make good! You want to make big money! Sure you do. Well, that's all I ask. If you are willing to do your best, backed by my co-operation and help, you can blast out the biggest financial success of your career. I grant credit, you know, so money can't hold you back. I furnish sample on liberal plan. I help you out and back you up. So don't let doubt drag you back. **You have nothing to lose. My other men are building homes, starting bank accounts, so can you.**

Sensational Sales Success!—What others are doing YOU can do. Read these records. N. T. Smith, Ohio, $90 weekly profit. Meyers, Wisc., $200 first month. Beasley, Nebr., $35 profit first 4 hours. Newton, Calif., $60 in 3 days. Mathias, Fla., $120 in 2 days. Corrigan, N. Y., $114 in 60 hours. C. H. Tremour, Ind., $35 profit first 6 hours. W. F. Hincard, New Mexico, $35 in 2 days. Average men, average sales, average towns. Undeniable Proof of the Big Money to be made by the hustlers everywhere. **The Robinson Tub is badly wanted and eagerly bought.**

This man, Rev. Otto Schulze, of Missouri, says: "Sales increasing. Made 7 sales in 8 calls. Sent 4th order yesterday for 50 Tubs." SALES $1600 TO DATE. Minister of the Gospel, without previous experience, makes this record.

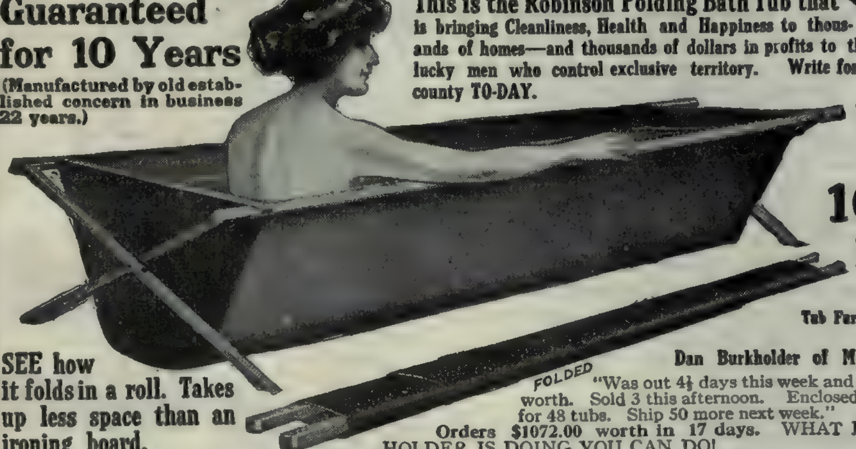
A Folding Bath Tub For Every Home

No home barred—for the rich and poor; for all homes without modern bathing facilities—Here is an absolutely new invention. Nothing else like it. Has taken the entire country by storm. Solves the bathing problem. Gives every home a modern, up-to-date bathroom in any part of the house. No plumbing, no waterworks needed. Take full length baths in any room; up stairs, down stair, bed-room, sick-room, parlor, kitchen, any room in the house. **The Robinson Tub folds in small roll**, handy as an umbrella. Rivals expensive bathroom. Constructed of the wonderful "Steeline" material. I tell you, it's **Great!** Remember it is needed in **every home.** Means modern bathing facilities for all the people. A godsend to humanity.

Guaranteed for 10 Years

(Manufactured by old established concern in business 22 years.)

This is the Robinson Folding Bath Tub that is bringing Cleanliness, Health and Happiness to thousands of homes—and thousands of dollars in profits to the lucky men who control exclusive territory. Write for your county TO-DAY.



You Make 100% Profit

Demonstration Tub Furnished Workers

SEE how it folds in a roll. Takes up less space than an ironing board.

Dan Burkholder of Montana, says: "Was out 4½ days this week and sold $393.50 worth. Sold 3 this afternoon. Enclosed find check for 48 tubs. Ship 50 more next week." Orders $1072.00 worth in 17 days. WHAT BURKHOLDER IS DOING YOU CAN DO!

This is Chancy—A Hustler. Sold $4,000.00 worth of our goods in 5 weeks. No, he's not a genius, not a wizard-worker, not a "miracle-man." Just an every-day American like you and me—but a hustler from his head to his toes. He started just as you will start. What he has done you can do.

Tear Off This Coupon and Mail Now

Yes, sign this coupon right now. Don't send me a single penny. Don't send me any return postage. If you want this money-making job, just sign and mail the coupon. That is all I ask. By sending the coupon you give me the chance to prove every word I have said. Let me prove every statement. Let me tell you the whole enthusing, ambition-awakening story of a tremendous world-wide success. Will you do this? Of course you will. Sign and mail the coupon NOW!

Join Robinson's Army of Money-Making Agents—Get Exclusive Sales Rights on the Famous Folding Bath Tub—

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Write me and tell me all about your special plan and how I can make big money acting as your representative. This obligates me in no way.

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If I could only see you and tell you all the facts about this wonderful **business**; if I could only lay before you undeniable proof—stacks of letters and orders on my desk; if I could personally show you enthusiastic letters from Robinson Representatives—Hesitate! Why, man, you wouldn't hesitate for the thousandth part of a second. You would drop everything, your job, your other business like a "hot potato" and say "Robinson, I'm with you." If you really want to get into a big money-making business, get into communication with me at once.

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Send No Money
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"Sure we did. 'N wait'll I tell you. He tiptoed in the living-room while Rhy was at the party, an' he felt along the mantelpiece, an' then he tiptoed out again. An' when I looked everything was just like it always is, an' I guess he didn't take nothin' after all."

"By Jove!"

"Say, Mr. Towney, if a man tiptoes in in the dead o' night and feels along the mantelpiece and don't take nothin', is he a burglar?"

"I'm not sure, Sonny, but I'll find out and let you know."

"Thanks, Mr. Towney."

Steve turned round and started for home.

"Maybe I'm wrong," he kept saying to himself. "I sure must be, for Rhy never lied; she couldn't."

And ruminating thus he met Clem, who accosted him thus:

"Say, Steve, Rhy told me to tell you she loves you, and she's got the option, and she's gone to file a renewal, and she says for you to come quick."

"My boy," said Steve. "Thanks for not wasting time. Get your horse and follow me."

With that he started.

As he rounded the first turn he saw a man riding like the wind ahead of him.

"Beresford," he said to himself, and dug his spurs into his horse.

* * *

"IS the claim agent here?" Rhy asked a surly gentleman in a corner of the dingy room.

"Yes, but he's busy now," that worthy answered without looking up.

"Oh dear, what time does the office close?"

The man glanced at his watch, then at the clock behind her.

"Twelve," he said, and went on with his work.

"Excuse me," Rhy said desperately. "I must file a renewal before twelve o'clock, and it's ten of twelve now."

The man looked at her. Then he rose.

"This way," he said briefly.

The outer door opened and Beresford entered in time to see them disappear into the small inclosure marked "Claim Agent." Quickly he crossed the room and advanced the hands of the clock nine minutes.

"Mr. Agent," he called. "It's too late to file that paper now."

The agent peered over his desk at the clock.

"Bless my soul," he remarked. "Sign this quickly young lady."

"I protest," said Beresford. "It's one minute after twelve; the renewal is not legal."

"The correct time is eight minutes of twelve," remarked the quiet individual who had returned to his desk in the corner. "And the gentleman must have set the clock to suit his wishes."

"Beresford," a new voice said. "You'd better dust, before I finish up last night's job and fill you full of holes."

"Steve!" Rhy ran into the outer office, waving an official looking document in the air. "It's all right about the mine."

"It's all right about everything, Sweetheart," he answered.

Then right there before them all he took her in his arms.

The Third Man

Continued from Page 30.

ly discussed with you. I did not care to be hard on him and in addition felt much adverse to the publicity entailed in dragging the case through the courts. It had been my intention to go into the matter with you and Briggs to-morrow. I cannot postpone the trial I have told you of, however. I was told this evening that an hour's delay might make it too late. As you could not reach me then in any way, I had Briggs meet me here to-night. He has just left. In an hour—

"That was all the information I could get for Hogarth," went on Bracey. "He took the paper on which I had copied the dictated message and the map, and retired to his study. In twenty-five minutes by actual count, he came out and said rather sharply: 'You are not an apt pupil, Bracey, or you wouldn't have found it necessary to bother me with this A B C problem. There has been no murder, no robbery, no abduction. In fact, nothing. Tell the police to send to the sanitarium of Dr. Simon Orville, and they will find John Carson there?'

"Later, when the police had followed the tip and had found that Carson was really at the sanitarium, and likely to stay there for some time, I went back to see Hogarth and got his version of the case. I'll tell you in my own words how he worked it out.

"The message dictated cleared the whole thing up as far as you yourself were concerned. Carson had started to dictate as soon as you had left. This was necessary as it was clear he did not intend to return to the office next day. The authenticity of the message was further confirmed by the condition in which the safe was found. Further, as the necessary papers had been removed without the other contents in any way being disturbed, it was certain that the safe had been opened by some one thoroughly familiar with its contents. Taken in conjunction with the message left on the record, these facts made it absolutely certain that Carson had himself opened the safe and removed the papers. The interruption, whatever it might be, had come before he had time to close the safe and after you had left.

"Now as to the nature of the interruption, it becomes clear on first consideration of the facts that it came suddenly for, not only was the safe left open but the letter was broken off in the middle of a

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FEBRUARY NUMBER
Farmer's Magazine

The following titles will give a suggestion of the value of the score of articles appearing in this big illustrated issue on high-class paper with artistic covers:

Old Farms in Wheat.

By Andrew McTaggart.

This story tells how Mr. McCowan, of Ontario, on old soil introduces Marquis wheat from Manitoba, and grew the crop that won against all comers, the $100 prize at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Raising $100 Hens.

By Andrew Kyle.

Some men experiment with hens and find out that they are as unlikely to lay eggs as a wooden Indian. But in this article the writer tells how big profits are made and particularly details the feeding secrets that won for Jos. Russell, M.P.P., such successes two years in succession at Boston—on his Wyandottes and Rhode Island Reds.

Dairying With a Dynamo.

By E. M. Munroe.

James Dent, of Woodstock, began farming as a laborer—now he operates one of the biggest dairy farms in Canada, uses 3 milking machines, drives fancy thoroughbreds and owns splendidly equipped buildings, where electricity is his chief hand-maiden. It is a fascinating story.

Is Sweet Clover Any Good?

By H. B. McKinnon.

The story of Wm. Linton's crop of 13 acres of Melilotus, yielding $2,000 of seed, is told to show whether this crop is a good one for Canada.

Revenues from Farm Flocks.

By F. C. Mackenzie.

Sheep are making the farmers good money. This writer cleared up $130 on an investment of $330 in one year over expenses. Manitoba and Saskatchewan farmers are noted whose returns were $1,000 last year from a flock of sheep that fed on wastes.

The Breeders' Theory.

By T. H. Binnie.

Several young farmers are now studying breed theories. This writer goes into line and in-breeding and talks about hereditary influences. Special articles from the American Journal of Heredity accompany it. It will charm the reader. They give you some meat.

Practical Farm Bungalows.

By Genevieve.

This article continues the series of house-building articles that is making the magazine popular over the whole country. The plans given, the interior layout and the decorative suggestions for farm houses are alone worth the price of the magazine.

Other articles of varying interest to many people appear. A few such are:—

The Horse's Shoe and Foot,—Why Westney Sprays,—Traditions of the Turnpike,—Making the Farm Pay,—Old Biddy's Revival,—Colony Hog Houses,—The Farmer's School-Days, — Boosting the Maple,—Miracles by Women,—The Farm Boy Makes Good, and Old General February's Marching Orders.

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sentence. The blood stain on the chair and the disappearance of Carson would seem to point to violence but there were other facts which did not bear this suggestion out. The power on the dictating machine had not only been turned off, but the mouthpiece had been replaced. No man subjected to a sudden attack would think of so trivial a detail as the stopping of a machine. Further proof on that score will be adduced later on. The only alternative was a sudden attack of some sickness. Supposing that he was suddenly seized with an attack commencing with a spell of dizziness. A man like Carson, who has lived by set rules all his life on feeling an attack of this kind coming on would, from force of habit, shut down the power and replace the speaking tube. But there is further proof that it was just such an attack that came upon him. His desk 'phone was found almost on the edge of the desk, the wire being stretched tight across the top. This I had shown on the map. It was clear that, having left his machine on the first indication of a spell coming on, Carson had seized the 'phone. After getting his message through, the attack had come on violently, for he had fallen before he could put the 'phone back in place. In falling he had dragged it with him as far as it would go, this accounting for the curious position in which it was found. The fall had brought his head in contact with the edge of his chair and made a small cut—the smallness of the stain evidencing that the injury had not been a severe one.

"This may not all seem clear or entirely justified by the facts. Let me prove it by the time-honored Euclidian method. No other solution will fit the facts. It is clear that the interruption left him time to close off his machine and use the 'phone. If it were someone with hostile intent breaking in, it is doubtful if he would have had time for that. But if the interruption *had* come from a hostile intruder and if he *had* found time, his 'phone message would undoubtedly have been for the police. And we know, of course, that no message was received by the police. The suggestion of assault is therefore eliminated.

"That Carson actually used the 'phone is borne out by the evidence of the janitor who heard a third man ascend the steps to the office about twenty minutes after Briggs had left it. It must have been only a few minutes after Briggs' departure that the attack came on. If Carson at once telephoned, the party appealed to would lose no time in getting to him. But even taxicabs cannot transport a person through a city in the winking of an eye like the magic carpet and, under ordinary circumstances, it would probably take nearly half an hour to reach the office. You remember also that the janitor said the third arrival mounted the stairs 'hurriedly.' Finding Carson stretched on the floor, one of the first impulses of the new arrival would be to summon assistance. Unfortunately, the janitor had retired to the lower regions of the building to tend the fires and could not, therefore, be reached. Accordingly the man summoned had to carry the unconscious banker downstairs.

"Now, who would the party thus summoned be? Carson had made it clear that he intended leaving that night for a trial of some kind. In view of what happened in the office it is reasonable to assume that he meant the trial of some new treatment for the disease from which he had been suffering. Seized in this sudden way, he would naturally summon his doctor. He had probably already made an appointment, for you remember he referred to something that was to happen in an hour.

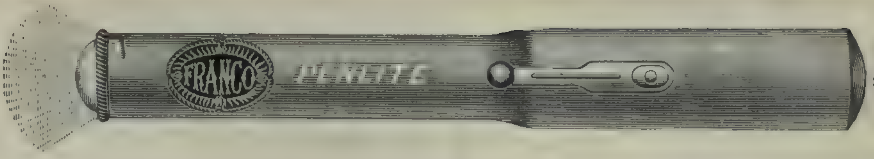
"When Hogarth had reached this stage in his line of reasoning all that was left for him to do was to find who the doctor in the case was. This might seem a hopeless task or a very easy one. Would not a man under such circumstances at once call up his family physician or the doctor who had been treating him last? Such seems logical, but in that case the family physician would take him at once to his home or a hospital. No family physician would carry the patient away and fail to come forward with any information when the whole city was ringing with the mystery of the disappearance. Further, the police had questioned Carson's valet on this point and had secured a list of doctors who had treated the millionaire in the past. Each one had been seen and professed complete ignorance of the occurrence.

"This threw the whole question open. The doctor summoned might have been any one of a thousand, or so it might seem at first thought. But a man of Carson's wealth would be certain to consult a specialist and again the nature of the attack defined the class of specialist he would be likely to consult. This limited the number of possibilities still further.

"But after all, the salient fact in determining the identity of the physician was the fact that both doctor and patient had disappeared as off the face of the earth. Clearly Carson had been borne off to some institution—he had expected to go—but what hospital or sanitarium was there so far removed from the outside world that no word of a sensation such as that created by the disappearance of John Carson, would penetrate? There was only one such—the mysterious new sanitarium of Dr. Simon Orville, situated nine miles from the city limits, and quite cut off from the world. It even lacks telephone connection. And, proof added to proof, the work of Dr. Orville is in the treatment of just such cases as we must assume Carson's to be.

"Up to this point the selection of Dr. Orville as the man who carried away John Carson still remains unproven, however, until we consider that Carson himself said that he was going to make a 'trial'—Orville's line of treatment is distinctly new—and that the lawyer would not be able to 'reach him then in any way'. Putting all these facts together, it became quite certain that Orville was the man.

"It may seem that in traveling from one conclusion to another, Hogarth had taken much for granted. This is always necessary. An investigator must sometimes take a long jump to conclusions and then trace his way back. If any doubt lingers in your mind as to the validity of the assumption that Carson had been interrupted in his work by an attack of some form of illness, the doubt can be



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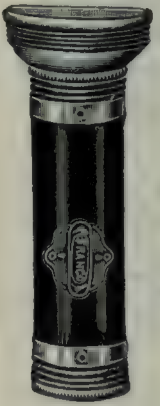

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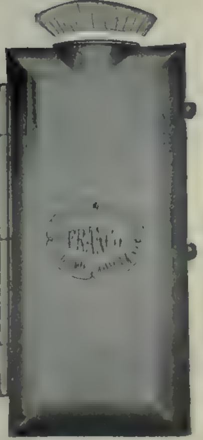

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cleared away by the fact that the explanation finally reached explains every phase of the case.

"But, you may well, ask, why had not Carson told his man-servant of his intention to try this new treatment? It is a well-known fact that Carson is a secretive man. He would not likely tell his servant of his plans until the last minute, when it became necessary to pack the few things that would be necessary to take. And you must remember that Carson had dined at the Pilgrim's Club and was intending to go to his apartments where he had probably arranged to meet Orville, after getting through his appointment at the office. And, further, he was probably anxious to avoid any publicity on the score of his illness. Note how carefully he worded that message to his lawyer—'the trial I have told you of'.

"Also it may be asked why had not Dr. Orville notified the office of Carson's whereabouts? The doctor had a previous appointment with Carson for that evening and it would not occur to him that the hastening of the banker's departure for the sanitarium by an hour, would cause any alarm. Not having returned to his office in the city, Dr. Orville had not seen the newspapers.

"And now, finally," said Bracey, triumphantly, "when the police motored out to the Orville sanitarium they verified Hogarth's version of the case in every detail".

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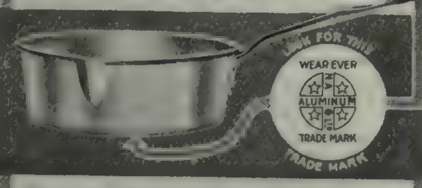

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Who, How and Why

Continued from Page 14.

they did show their heads Sir George nailed them.

What's more, silence has helped Sir George quite as much in politics as it has done in business. Sir George first felt the stirrings of public life in 1900, at the age of forty-three, which is about the time these stirrings are usually felt by men who have accumulated enough money not to care for the expense. At the outset the electors of Argenteuil turned him down—turned him down twice in fact, but Sir George, being determined to soar, adopted the aviator's motto, "If at first you don't succeed, fly, fly again," and came back at them in 1904 when they rewarded his pluck by electing him. They have kept on electing him ever since. Largely as a matter of curiosity—a silent man in politics is a great riddle and his constituents are bound to find out what's in him if it takes a leg.

When Sir Robert Borden formed his cabinet Sir George was taken in as minister without portfolio which, under ordinary circumstances, is about as reasonable as asking a lady to go down town without her shopping bag. What I mean to say is there's nothing doing. But fate had something better in store for the most silent member of the Borden Government. Sir Robert and his colleagues looked at him and were impressed with his tremendous powers of reticence. They said, "Here's a man who will field any position in a pinch and go back to the bench without kicking." Safety first is what a cabinet minister thinks of when he goes away on a holiday. When he comes back he doesn't want to find the seat burnt out of the chair by the man he has left to warm the job. So little by little Sir George drifted into his special work which was to be understudy to all the leading characters. His fellow-cabinet ministers trusted him and he did not betray their trust. He was never dangerous to anybody at any stage of the game. He was not too clever; neither was he not clever enough. He was a good average and that takes a statesman a long way at Ottawa. The late J. H. Aristotle, a philosopher still highly esteemed by clear thinkers, has laid it down that virtue is in the mean—which is to say that average ability makes the most friends and the fewest enemies. Sir George's career bears Aristotle out.

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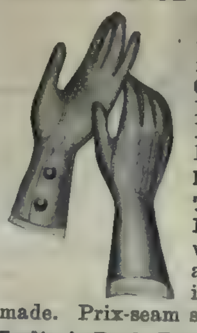

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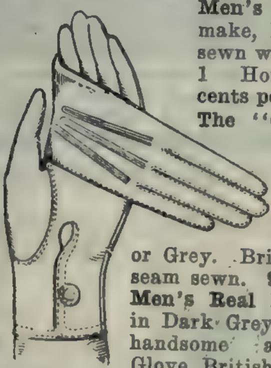

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Francois Lessard—Son of Mars

Continued from Page 24.

it would prepare tens of thousands of lads for entry a few years later to the Canadian militia. Thousands of others who pursue their collegiate studies would be still further prepared for military usefulness, while those who pass on to the Universities would qualify themselves as officers. Surely this plan possesses every recommendation. The benefits in improved physique alone are sufficient warrant. But for a young nation that must find some way of defence, equivalent to every *possible* as well as *probable* emergency, the preparation of an armed citizenry by these means would seem imperative."

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

Continued from Page 12.

"Wait," he retorted. "Wait."

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We had.

I was now twenty-three. On my twenty-fourth birthday, unknown to the Chief, I went out to a party with a number of the men from the office. We had all more to drink than was discreet. Returning to the Jersey shore, where I lived I was separated from the others. I wandered along the waterfront in dress coat and silk hat. I was very pleased with everything in life, including myself. think I was even singing a little. Bu my song was suddenly cut short, by hand over my mouth, and in the scuffle that ensued, I was struck over the head from behind. That is all I remember o that evening. That was the last I saw of New York or Jersey City for twenty years. I've often wondered what John J Vandervort said when he found my office

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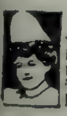

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next to his, empty that next morning. I wonder what he would have said, could he have seen me then, in the fo'csle of the "Golden Queen."

(*End of first instalment.*)

When Jack and Jill Took a Hand

Continued from Page 22.

and did my hair the new way, which is very becoming to me. I also put on my big hat with the wreath of pink roses that Aunt Tommy had brought me from New York and took my spandy ruffled parasol.

"With your shield or upon it, Jill," said Jacky when I started. (This is a classical allusion.)

I went straight up the hill and down the road to the manse where Dick lived with his old housekeeper, Mrs. Dodge. She came to the door when I knocked and I said very politely:

"Can I see the Reverend Stephen Richmond, if you please?"

Mrs. Dodge went upstairs and came right back saying would I please go up to the study. Up I went, my heart in my mouth, I can tell you; and there was Dick among his books, looking so pale and sorrowful and interesting, for all the world like Lord Algernon Francis in the splendid serial in the paper cook took. There was a Madonna on his desk that looked just like Aunt Tommy.

"Good evening, Miss Elizabeth," said Dick, just as if I were grown up, you know. "Won't you sit down? Try that green velvet chair. I'm sure it was created for a pink dress and unfortunately neither Mrs. Dodge nor I possess one. How are all your people?"

"We're all pretty well, thank you," I said, "except Aunt Tommy. She—" I was going to say, 'She cries every night after she goes to bed,' but I remembered just in time that if I were in Aunt Tommy's place I wouldn't want a man to know I cried about him, even if I did. So I said instead—"she has a cold."

"Ah, indeed, I am sorry to hear it," said Dick politely but coldly, as if it were part of his duty as a minister to be sorry for anybody who had a cold, but as if, apart from that, it was no concern of his if Aunt Tommy had galloping consumption.

"And Jack and I are terribly harrowed up in our minds," I went on. "That is what I've come up to see you about."

"Well, tell me all about it," said Dick.

"I'm afraid to," I said. "I know you'll be cross even if you are a minister. It's about what Jack told you about that man in New York and Aunt Tommy."

Dick turned red as fire.

"I'd rather not discuss your Aunt Bertha's affairs," he said stiffly.

"You *must* hear this," I cried, feeling thankful that Jacky hadn't come after all, for he'd never have got any further ahead after that snub. "It's all a mistake. There's a man in New York and he just worships Aunt Tommy and she just adores him. But he's seventy years old and he's her Uncle Matthew who brought

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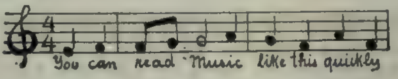

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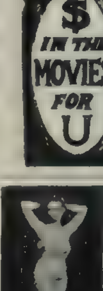

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her up ever since her father died, and you've heard her talking about him a hundred times. That's all, cross my heart solemn and true."

You never saw anything like Dick's face when I stopped. It looked just like a sunrise. But he said slowly: "Why did Jacky tell me such a—tell me it in such a way?"

"We wanted to make you jealous," I said. "I put Jacky up to it."

"I didn't think it was in either of you to do such a thing," said Dick reproachfully.

"Oh, Dick," I cried—fancy my calling him Dick right to his face! Jacky will never believe I really did it. He says I would never have dared. But it wasn't daring at all, it was just forgetting—"Oh, Dick, we didn't mean any harm. We thought you weren't getting on fast enough and we wanted to stir you up like they do in books. We thought if we made you jealous it would work all right. We didn't mean any harm—oh, please forgive us!"

I was just ready to cry. But that dear Dick leaned over the table and patted my hand.

"There—there—it's all right. I understand and, of course, I forgive you. Don't cry, sweetheart."

The way Dick said "sweetheart" was perfectly lovely. I envied Aunt Tommy; and I wanted to keep on crying so that he would go on comforting me.

"And you'll come back to see Aunt Tommy again?" I said.

Dick's face clouded over; he got up and walked around the room several times before he said a word. Then he came and sat down beside me and explained it all to me, just as if I were grown up.

"Sweetheart, we'll talk this all out. You see, it is this way. Your Aunt Bertha is the sweetest woman in the world. But I'm only a poor minister and I have no right to ask her to share my life of hard work and self-denial. And even if I dared I know she wouldn't do it. She doesn't care anything for me except as a friend. I never meant to tell her I cared for her, but I couldn't help going to Owlwood, even though I knew it was a weakness on my part. So now that I'm out of the habit of going I think it would be wisest to stay out. It hurts dreadfully, but it would hurt worse after a while. Don't you agree with me, Miss Elizabeth?"

I thought hard and fast. If I were in Aunt Tommy's place I mightn't want a man to know I cried about him, but I was quite sure I'd rather have him know than have him stay away because he didn't know. So I spoke right up.

"No, I don't, Mr. Richmond. Aunt Tommy does care—you just ask her. She cries every blessed night because you never come to Owlwood."

"Oh, Elizabeth!" said Dick.

He got up and stalked about the room again.

"You'll come back?" I said.

"Yes," he answered.

I drew a long breath. It was such a responsibility off my mind.

"Then you'd better come down with me right off," I said, "for Pinky Carewe had her out driving last night and I want a stop put to that as soon as possible. Even if he is rich he's a perfect pig."

Dick got his hat and came. We walked

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up the road in a lovely creamy yellow twilight and I was, oh, so happy.

"Isn't it just like a novel?" I said.

"I am afraid, Elizabeth," said Dick, preachily, "that you read too many novels, and not the right kind, either. Some of these days I am going to ask you to promise me that you will read no more books except those your mother and I pick out for you."

You don't know how squelched I felt. And I knew I would have to promise, too, for Dick can make me do anything he likes.

When we got to Owlwood I left Dick in the parlor and flew up to Aunt Tommy's room. I found her all scrunched up on her bed in the dark with her face in the pillows.

"Aunt Tommy, Dick is down in the parlor and he wants to see you," I said.

Didn't Aunt Tommy fly up though!

"Oh, Jill—but I'm not fit to be seen—Tell him I'll be down in a few minutes."

I knew Aunt Tommy wanted to fix her hair and dab rosewater on her eyes, so I trotted meekly down and told Dick. Then I flew out to Jacky and dragged him around to the glass door. It was all hung over with vines and a wee bit ajar so that we could see and hear everything that went on.

Jacky said it was only sneaks that listened—but he didn't say it until next day. At the time he listened just as hard as I did. I didn't care if it was mean. I just had to listen. I was perfectly wild to hear how a man would propose and how a girl would accept and it was too good a chance to lose.

Presently in sweeps Aunt Tommy, in an elegant dress, not a hair out of place. She looked perfectly sweet, only her nose was a little red. Dick looked at her for just a moment, then he stepped forward and took her right into his arms.

Aunt Tommy drew back her head for just a second as if she were going to crush him in the dust, and then she just all kind of crumpled up and her face went down on his shoulder.

"Oh—Bertha—I love—you—I—love—you," he said, just like that, all quick and jerky.

"You—you have taken a queer way of showing it," said Aunt Tommy, all muffled.

"I—I—was led to believe that there was another man—whom you cared for—and I thought you were only trifling with me. So I sulked like a jealous fool. Bertha, darling, you do love me a little, don't you?"

Aunt Tommy lifted her head and stuck up her mouth and he kissed her. And there it was all over and they were engaged as quick as that, mind you. He didn't even go on his knees. There was nothing romantic about it and I was never so disgusted in my life. When I grow up and anybody proposes to me he will have to be a good deal more flowery and eloquent than that, I can tell you, if he wants me to listen to him.

I left Jacky peeking still and I went to bed. After a long time Aunt Tommy came up to my room and sat down on my bed in the moonlight.

"You dear blessed Elizabeth!" she said.

"It's all right then, is it?" I asked.

"Yes, it is all right, thanks to you,

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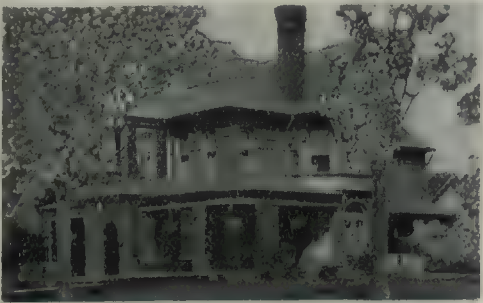

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MILTON BRICK built homes have a **permanent, clean-cut** appearance. Milton Brick will not **crumble** or decay; are **damp-proof** and withstand the ravages of time and weather.

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M. G. MURPHY - District Passenger Agent - TORONTO

dearie. We are to be married in October and somebody must be my little flower girl."

"I think Dick will make a splendid husband," I said. "But, Aunt Tommy you mustn't be too hard on Jacky. He only wanted to help things along; and it was I who put him up to it in the first place."

"You've atoned by going and confessing," said Aunt Tommy with a hug. "Jacky had no business to put that off on you. I'll forgive him, of course, but I'll punish him by not letting him know that I will for a little while. Then I'll ask him to be a page at my wedding."

Well, the wedding came off last week. It was a perfectly gorgeous affair. Aunt Tommy's dress was a dream; and so was mine, all pink silk and chiffon and carnations. Jacky made a magnificent page, too, in a suit of white velvet. The wedding cake was four storeys high, and Dick looked perfectly handsome. He kissed me, too, right after he kissed Aunt Tommy.

So everything turned out all right and I believe Dick would never have dared to speak up if we hadn't helped things along. But Jacky and I have decided that we will never meddle in an affair of the kind again. It is too hard on the nerves.

Meeting Wartime Conditions

Continued from Page 27.

Men hated to part with specie. They felt they might never see it again. The investment that would appear least repulsive to the timid holder of inactive money was not that which promised the most gain, but rather that which promised the most security. His idea started at that point and shaped itself into a plan to offer municipal bonds to people residing in the place selling the bonds. The citizen of London, Ontario, who bought London bonds could do so without any qualms or misgivings. He would know for one thing that his money would come back to his home town and that there was no chance of it being lost. Acting on this idea, the salesman traveled to all corners of the Dominion, dangling the bait of civic patriotism and security before the reluctant investor. The bait proved effective. This salesman got business right along when bonds generally were a drug on the market.

FOUND A NEW FIELD.

Burnet and Smith held an automobile agency between them. Burnet belonged to the quiet type who can talk forcefully and convincingly when the necessity arises. He was a conservative man, serving as an effective foil to his glib, impulsive, free-and-easy partner. They made a good combination during peace times and had closed enough business to be able to afford cars of their own. During August and September, however, people were not feeling in the mood for investing in automobiles. Business became slack.

The reversal of conditions had a curiously contradictory effect on the two men. Burnet, the cautious, conservative partner, remained cheerful through it all and talked of aggressive measures and new ventures. Smith, one time optimist and cheerful plunger, became crabbed, pessimistic and entirely void of ideas. Burnet kept his eyes open and studied conditions carefully. Smith sat around the office and grouched.

"We've got to make a change," said Burnet, one day.

"You're blamed right, we have," declared Smith, sourly.

"We've been working along the wrong lines," went on Burnet. "Here we've been trying to sell cars in the city where business is dull for the time being when out in the country and the smaller towns the people have lots of money. There's no stringency on the farm, let me tell you. Mr. Farmer has had a good crop and he's getting a good price for his stuff. Just look at the price of wheat. I tell you, the farmer has lots of money—and he's going to spend some of it. Instead of wasting our time in the city we ought to get out in the agricultural sections. I've been thinking it all out and can see where there's good business ahead of us. What we ought to do is to get a good line of agencies—cars, pianos, graphophones, cream separators and so on. If we can't get a man on one line, we can land him on another."

"Not on your life!" said Smith. "When city folks are hanging on to their dough, you can bet your bottom dollar, the farmer won't part with a nickel unless you offer him a dollar bill in exchange. No, Burnet, I'm going to quit this game. I've been offered a job, at fifteen a week and I'm going to take it. What do you know about that! Me, Arch W. Smith, drawing fifteen a week!"

"Very well," said Burnet. "I'll try it out alone."

He did. The results of his experiment have fully justified the conclusions he had drawn from conditions. The Canadian farmer has plenty of money and is willing to spend some of it. With wheat at a dollar and a half the agriculturists can afford a good contribution to the patriotic fund and a new cream separator, a piano or, perhaps even an automobile as well. Burnet had grasped this fact early and he got in on the ground floor. In his own runabout he has spent three months going up and down the best agricultural sections, with so many strings to his bow, so many lines to offer, that practically every man he calls upon is a prospect. Burnet is to-day making more money than he did before the war.

A TESTING TIME.

Times of stress bring out the best or the worst in us. When new conditions, not immediately favorable, replace the old order of things, the weakling is overwhelmed but the man of resource soon finds his feet. Corporations conducted on wrong principles or impotently captained lose ground but the aggressively handled concern adjusts itself to conditions and safely rides the storm. A big man becomes bigger in times of stress and the small man smaller.

Canada had a few dark hours immediately after war broke out, due entirely to the doubt and uncertainty that existed. Business has come through it with flying colors. A few have gone down, many have

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"They" are the people who buy over 500,000 automobiles a year.
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"They" have made the Hup the fastest selling car on the market at $1400.
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Because the Hupmobile is distinctive and distinguished in appearance. It has REAL good looks.
Because it has a motor that is powerful, economical, swift running, true as steel in all kinds of service all the time.
Because the Hup is a big, luxurious, comfortable car—a full $1400 worth of satisfaction for the whole family.
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We can furnish the frame with plans, patterns and instructions for building any kind of motor boat or sail boat having auxiliary power. Or we can furnish the entire hull knock down or the frame and any part required.

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ROBERTSON BROS., Foot of Bay St., HAMILTON, ONT.

lost ground but the resourcefulness that characterizes the Canadian business man has manifested itself and has brought about the wonderful improvement now apparent.

Intensive efficiency and ability to grasp new opportunities have made it possible to readily adapt business to new conditions.

What Will Italy Do?

A Concise Summary of the Situation With Regard to the War

By W. B. Forster-Bovill

NEVER before in the history of modern Italy has the reconstruction of a Cabinet attracted so much attention and at the same time been fraught with so many possibilities. Historically it is but a few years since Metternich sneeringly remarked that the long, boot-like strip of land, with Sicily at its foot, was little more than a geographical expression. The scorn of the Austrian statesman has been obliterated by the wonderful achievements of the Italian people, and to-day the whole world awaits with vast amount of interest the deliberations and acts of a ministry called into being during the momentous struggle of the great European Powers to destroy the Teutonic dominance of the world.

What ultimate position Italy will occupy concerning the present European War will perhaps not be indicated for some time. Neutrality or intervention? In the realm of foreign affairs the death of the Marquis di San Giuliano is the removal of a strong supporter of Italy's Triplicist policy. The present Minister for Foreign Affairs, Baron Sonnino, in the debate on the annexation of Bosnia-Herzegovina, on December 2, 1908, said: "I am a supporter of the Triple Alliance, but let Austria treat us with reciprocity; nor do I wish to see held in Rome a conference which may sanction the suppression of Balkan liberty." From this quotation it is obvious that Baron Sonnino is not Austrophil. Another proof of this is evident in his appointment of Count Aldovrandi as his *Chef de Cabinet* at the Consulta, who replaces the Austrophil Signor Garbasso. These evidences have a peculiar interest for students of foreign politics in this country, and they augur well for the purely Italian position being taken, and not the Germano-Austro-Italian position.

One is continually being told that Italy has for some time tired of her position as a member of the Triple Alliance, and that the reasons for her having entered the *Dreibund* have become obsolete. Is this so? It is true that Tunis is now almost forgotten, and that, thanks to the efforts of Signor Luzzatti, the commercial relations between France and Italy are very favorable, to say nothing of the marked improvement in mutual friendship between the two Latin States, due in no small manner to the long residence of M. Barrere in Rome as French Ambassador, and yet whilst the Italians may not love Austria they have for so long preferred to have her as a colleague than an enemy. What has produced this fear? Primarily there are the geographical advantages possessed by the less efficient Austro-Hungarian Navy. Dalmatia has its distinct advantages as a strategic coast line and Italy recognizes it. Italy, on the other hand, on her Adriatic coast is deficient in harbors of value. On land, too, "the Italians are handicapped by frontier inequalities, with the result that the most prized strategic positions are all in the hands of the Austrians, and the railways serving these positions are more numerous, with better rolling stock, on the Austrian side than on the Italian." Then again, a war to regain the Trentino, which is not a rich country, always found many important opponents who refrained from prejudicing Italian finance, and who believed that in the maintenance of peace was to be found Italy's best interest. In reviewing the situation one must recognize that, although Italy in recent years has progressed considerably, she is inferior in certain important aspects to her rival and "ally" Austria-Hungary. It is affirmed by many who are able to judge the situation in the Near East and Southern Europe and who are well acquainted with the historic and political past of the country that Italy entered somewhat late into the orbit of Great Powers.

The Prime Minister is, as far as one can judge, in favor of neutrality. Signor Salandra was never a very ardent Triplicist, and is not the man to retain office for a single day at the cost of convictions. Although not brilliant like Giolitti or Tittoni, he possesses a rare gift of commonsense, and the still rarer art of inspiring confidence. No one, perhaps, save Cavour, has had greater difficulties to encounter as Premier, yet with an almost uncanny skilfulness he has managed to evade all dangerous political rocks, and it is the combination of Salandra and Sonnino which is going, if backed up by Parliament and the country, to be Italy's salvation at this critical juncture of its history. If the meetings of the recently elected County Councils in Italy are any gauge, there is in the country a vast fund of opinion in favor of neutrality. At Naples a neutrality vote was passed unanimously, at Milan Clericals and Socialists united and carried a similar motion. At Venice Signor Giolitti, who is Chairman of the Council, said: "In face of the dangers, which are many, a feeling animates us of solidarity with the Government, which, without distinction of parties, we shall loyally support in the path which it follows for the protection of Italy's direct interests and to assure her proper place in the world."

The note struck by Signor Giolitti is significant. "Italy's direct interests"—but what these interests are it is not for

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us at this moment to discover. There is also another question to consider, and that is: Has the intervention of Turkey really caused a serious change of front in Italy since these meetings were held in the middle of August? According to some reports belligerent Turkey has seriously influenced public opinion, hitherto opposed to war, in favor of intervention. On November 11 a daily paper maintained that before Turkey invaded Egyptian territory the majority of the Italians were probably inclined to peace, and that even now it may be so, but does not hesitate to state that the Pan-Islamic movement of Germany and Turkey constitutes a menace to Libya, inasmuch as the expense of blood and money involved in the conquest of Tripoli and Cyrenaica on the part of Italy is in jeopardy, and the results of three years' strenuous labor endangered, by the schemers in Berlin and Constantinople. What is feared is the spreading of Islamic fanaticism beyond the borders of Egypt to Libya.

Notwithstanding all that has been done in the direction of preserving neutrality, there is a steadily growing party which favors intervention, and the new Cabinet will be called upon soon to cope with the body of opinion which the activities of its supporters have been able to create up and down the country. It appears that its chief strength is found in the ranks of the Radical Party, which enjoys the support of both the Constitutional Democrats and the Reformist Socialists. Looking at the question impartially, it seems that the foreign policy of Signor Salandra and his Cabinet will be dictated by geographical conditions. At the end of September a responsible Italian statesman, in discussing the situation, said that it must not be forgotten that Italy is the ally of Germany and Austria-Hungary, and that such an alliance carries with it certain restraints which cannot be disregarded, and that to attack the Dual Monarchy now would be like stabbing her in the back. "To refuse to follow a friend in a wrong course of action is one thing. To take advantage of his consequent embarrassments is another." Let us not forget the value of Italian neutrality, and the resolute manner in which it has been maintained in the face of bribes and threats. It amounts to this, that an army corps or two which would have been kept on the Franco-Italian frontier have been released for service in another and very important war zone, whilst on the other hand Italian naval activity in favor of the Triple Alliance in the Mediterranean would have accentuated the difficulties of the Anglo-French Fleets. This side of the picture is too often turned to the wall. Thus far the Allies have gained by Italian neutrality. Italy has a good case for neutrality, inasmuch as the spirit of the Triple Alliance has not been kept. One of the essential points of that Alliance—it is assumed—is that none of the Allies may engage in action productive of general consequences without first communicating and arranging with the other signatories. Apparently in the case of the Austrian note to Servia this was not done. To be left in the dark regarding important movements involving great issues is scarcely the policy to merit exceptional consideration, and Italy can certainly justify her non-intervention in favor of Germany and Austria-Hungary if she chooses. Even intervention in favor of the Allies—the Triple Entente—and the breaking of her Treaty with Germany and Austria-Hungary could scracely be regarded as a very heinous crime in these days of Treaty destruction.

The situation is indeed a difficult one for the Italian statesmen to decide upon. Both from an active and negative point of view the question bristles with difficulties. Mere neutrality does not appear to be sufficient to guarantee safety unless the Triple Entente triumphs. There is one motive which is so often forgotten, but which indicates the necessity for intervention on either one side or the other, and this is the desire of Italy to participate in the Congress which will immediately follow the declaration of peace. In 1855 Cavour took part in the Crimean War simply because he desired to be represented at the Congress. Signor Salandra will doubtless remember this at the psychological moment. All this assumes that Italian action either on one side or the other, at the moment, or later on, would have a distinct bearing upon the ultimate issue of the war. The case is aptly put by a leader writer in the columns of the *Morning Post*, on September 25, when he says:—"Five Italian army corps entering France as allies would settle the fate of the German forces in that theatre of the war. Five Italian army corps entering France as enemies would make the situation of the French army exceedingly difficult. Seven Italian army corps now entering Austria, which they would hardly do as allies, would be able to march to Vienna and complete the overthrow of the Austrian Power, while leaving behind forces enough to invest Pola and compel the Austrian fleet to surrender or go out and fight. But still more important would be the action of the Italian Navy, which is more than a match for that of Austria, with which it has an old account to settle. Accordingly the action of Italy, if she abandoned her neutrality just now, would set free the bulk of the Allied Fleets in the Mediterranean and permit of a great reinforcement of their forces in the North Sea. The general consequences would almost certainly be an earlier decision than is otherwise probable. That would perhaps be a benefit not merely to the Allies, but to all the nations concerned, including Germany and Austria-Hungary, which have as much to suffer from a long war as their adversaries. Whether it would conduce to the welfare of Italy is a question which only Italy herself can settle."

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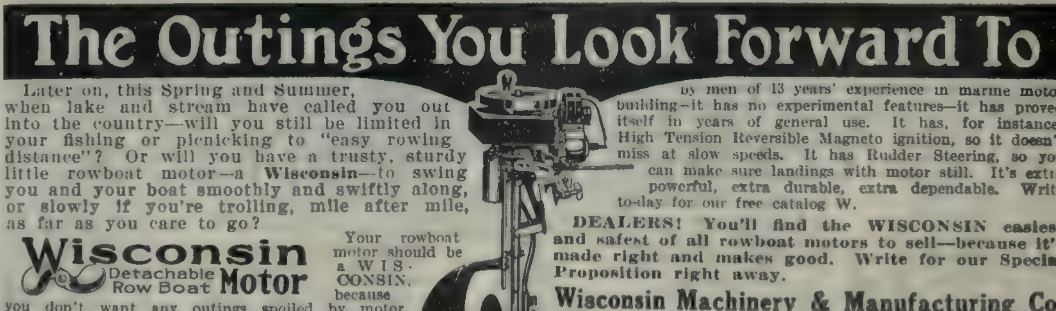

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Ask any one of the 8500 Columbia dealers to demonstrate the various Grafonola models—and remember there is a Columbia to meet every idea of size and price—from $20.00 to $650. And every one, whatever its price, is a genuine Columbia on its superior tone.

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Tsing-Tao and Japan

By Gardner L. Harding, in Everybody's Magazine

THE storm of death and desolation with which the great war has swept over the continent of Europe has so far been reflected in the Far East by only one really serious engagement.

For eleven weeks the Japanese army and navy besieged the little German garrison at Tsing-tao, the capital of the Kaiser's Chinese leased territory of Kiaochow. The Germans had twelve splendidly equipped modern forts, equally capable of resisting an attack by land or by sea; they mined the roads and great stretches of the surrounding country; the garrison of more than six thousand men fought with fierce desperation as long as there was any hope of prolonging the siege or inflicting more damage on the enemy; and when the Japanese troops finally marched over the scared and dismantled hills into the conquered city on the tenth of last November, they had lost well on toward three thousand men, or half the strength of the garrison they had been attacking.

From now on this city will become more and more a pivot from which the whole Far Eastern situation will swing.

And the Japanese, it is as well to note, are rebuilding its fortifications.

The best place to see Tsing-tao first, like all seaports with any character to them, is from a ship in the harbor. I had a chance, some months before the typhoon of war swooped down upon her, to see her as she used to be in all her glory.

On the morning of the second day out from Tientsin your steamer swerves in suddenly toward a jagged coast where, until you are almost up to it, the long, irregular cliff-line seems unbroken. Then a bright red and white lighthouse gleams in the sun, and through a winding passage between two headlands there opens out a great, clam-shaped, landlocked bay stretching west and north as far as the eye can see. You go up and up through the widening stretch of water, between unpromising shores of mud, flanked all about by great, sullen, scrubby hills. But as your steamer makes the last turn in the twisting channel, into the midst of this dull and heavy Chinese landscape there comes a vision.

It is Tsing-tao, rising from these incongruous shores a city wholly and defiantly European. Tier on tier of houses rise in gleaming white, set off everywhere with gay red and green roofs and built in all the bold whimsical angles of one of the dream-towns of Maxfield Parrish. Broad white roads lined with young trees cut clean lines along the harbor and over the hills. Here and there the sturdy big houses of the masters of this marvelous colony stick forth, dominated by the huge brick residence of the governor as by the palace of some mogul of old. Farther on there is a stretch of clean sand, dotted with a perfect harlequinade of bathing houses in every conceivable hue, and back of them a splendid casino which might have come straight out of Nice or Monte Carlo.

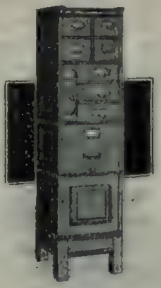
The commercial uniqueness of the port is no less apparent. Your trim little Hamburg-American steamer skirts long lines of shipping in the outer and inner harbor, some in the roadstead, but most of them tied up along the fine stretches of stone pier where they load from great cranes straight off the harbor branch of the railway. Here is a floating dock with a capacity of sixteen thousand tons; there is the new steel graving dock that will take on the biggest dreadnoughts or merchant ships afloat; visible evidences are all around of the harbor works, especially the ceaseless cutting and reclaiming and dredging on which the Germans have sunk more than thirty million dollars in the past ten years.

Step by step the Germans have built up connections and possibilities which make Tsing-tao to-day a key to illimitable commercial empire. They have linked this port, to-day one of the finest harbors on the coast of China, with Peking and with the Trans-Siberian on the north, and with the heart of the Yang-tse valley on the south; and they have worked their way through a maze of agreements with the Chinese Government, which, if they had been left to carry them out, would have concentrated the railways of north and central China on an outlet to the sea at Tsing-tao. They signed up loans amounting to over eleven million dollars only last year which would ultimately have diverted into their territory the greatest railway scheme in China, the great trunk-line, already completed to within a few hundred miles of the German connections, which will one day connect the Trans-Caspian system of Russia with the Yellow Sea and provide a transcontinental throughfare rivaling the Trans-Siberian.

What will become of schemes such as these? What will become of the mines also dominated by Tsing-tao, which produced half a million tons of coal last year in the midst of great valleys of coal and iron ore yet untouched? With the fall of the German power in China these things have been thrown bodily in the delicate scales which hold the balance of power in Asia—and there is no wonder that these scales are rocking violently with the shifted equilibrium.

There is only one way to answer questions like these—go to the people who raised them. It was the Japanese who precipitated the chaos at Tsing-tao; and in that chaos it is the Japanese alone who hold the key. What, then, are the motives, and what is the power behind these motives whereby the strategy of Japan becomes the most formidable factor in the Far Eastern crisis?

The Japanese advance on the continent of Asia has a momentum behind it wholly outside the range of conventional politics. The Germans took Kiaochow according to direct and brutal traditions of Bismarck, but at the worst it was a blow in the open. At the best, it was a magnificent imperial experiment, boldly planted in an absolutely alien soil, which has taught the world, if nothing else, that the Germans have a genius for colonizing that is all their own. But the Japanese programme in the Far East is not based on a succession of brilliant strokes of diplomacy. It is based on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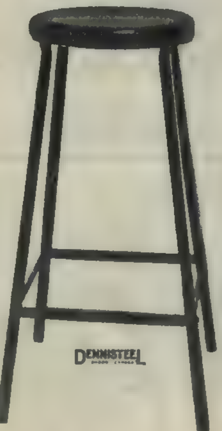


the steady and almost fanatical support of a whole people, on a common mystic faith in the destiny of the Japanese race in that particular sphere. To understand this extraordinary popular consciousness is to get the one clue to the crisis in the Far East.

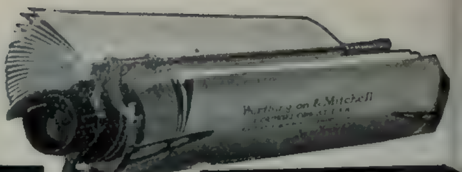
I was visiting last winter, during a trip to Japan, the crowded and insufficient little building which does duty as a Y.M.C.A. in the great industrial city of Osaka. The main hall had been hired for the evening by a well-known patriotic society, and when I came in after a long day in the factories their meeting had already commenced.

On the platform a little man sat on a slightly raised dais, and as he twanged the strings of a *samsan*, a sweet little instrument like a fine zither, he half sang, half chanted a series of verses which went on and on. It was a song about the Russian war, and it told how the Japanese people had risen in their power and had driven the proud European invaders from the lands needful for Japan's great destiny. And as he dwelt on the names which made the Japanese advance a part of the world's histry—Nogi, and Ito, and Oyama, and Katsura—and sang of the Greater Japan they were building, seeking new strength and new conquests farther and farther south, that simple audience of the common people sat in the noisy little room, entirely rapt and spellbound with his message. These people—*Biwa* singers they call them—are a sort of national institution in Japan. Troupes of them go about the country all the time under a regular Government subsidy, and they're tremendously popular everywhere.

To understand the steady forward march of Japan on the Asiatic continent you must keep in mind that little hall in Osaka. There you will find symbolized the passionate, uncritical, unconquerable common people who have made Japanese progress possible from the first gun in the war against China in 1895 to this latest attempt to accelerate destiny at Tsing-tao only yesterday.

As a Potsdam of the China Seas, Tsing-tao is no more, and unless the trebly unexpected happens, the great glory that it suddenly built up has, in its own peculiar character, as suddenly passed away. But the destiny of this marvelous city is none the less a spur to the imagination. It may see the tragedy of the world's great racial conflicts recommence around its strategic foothold on the San Francisco Bay of the Chinese coast. It may be the pivot on which a new England, and a Japan, in which the rule of the people shall have succeeded the military oligarchy of to-day, shall agree to undertake a new understanding between the East and the West.

Or perhaps it may fulfil the fittest and most honorable destiny of all, and give to China the key to her own commercial empire. If Christian nations come out of the present inferno of fratricidal strife with any conception whatsoever how to build a better world, that should be the destiny of Tsing-tao. More than any other single factor, it would ensure peace for the Far East and the real liberation of Asia.



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Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About "The Pretender" and Its Author

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor Bookseller and Stationer

ROBERT W. SERVICE is represented among the best sellers for January with a novel. His new book, "The Pretender," which is fourth in the list, and is selected for this month's review because, "The Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail," "The Eyes of the World," and "The Wall of Partition," have already been subjects of this series of articles.

"The Pretender" is a readable book but comes in for the same criticism as did this author's other novel "The Trail of Ninety-Eight," being somewhat risqué as regards certain passages, this book laying itself open to criticism of this sort to a greater extent even than "The Trail of Ninety-Eight."

The hero of this new tale is Horace Madden, an ultra successful author of novels that appeal to the average reader. His writings consequently achieve for him fame and riches.

In the opening chapter, Madden is at his club where he accidentally overhears a conversation about himself, participated in by Quince the critic and Vaine the poet, and, from what he thus overhears, Madden learns that in the estimation of these men he is considered, to quote the words of Quince: "An upstart, a faker; to very heart of him a shallow, ignorant pretender."

Madden had an amazing bank-book. Since the last time he had looked into it, several credit entries had been made for twenty thousand dollars during the time that he had been dawdling in the woods of Maine, managing by dint of great effort to squander one thousand. He was thus in the ironic position of having "omnibus tastes and an automobile income."

Quince's remarks had made Madden wince but it stirred him so, that he was prepared to bet his year's income against Quince's that he could make a fresh start and do the same thing all over again. This idea takes root and Madden cuts adrift from friends and funds to again fight his way up the ladder from the very bottom and from that start the reader is taken with Madden through divers experiences and novel adventures beginning with a steerage passage across the ocean, his fellow passengers being mostly Italians—eight hundred of them packed like sardines in a keg. Madden becomes seasick, describing his feeling: "As if I were suddenly let down the elevator shaft of the Singer Building at full speed, ten thousand times a day and as suddenly yanked up again. By the dim light I can see hundreds of cockroaches crawling everywhere around me, elongated coffee-colored cockroaches, big ones, middle-sized ones, baby ones."

Imagine the pleasure of that ocean voyage!

Before leaving New York, Madden had done some unintentional philandering which, with his tendency to make rash promises together with his conscientious scruples impelling him to keep promises once made, keeps his particular peck of trouble perpetually replenished.

By some heedless course pursued in conversation with a friend who is a married woman, she becomes convinced that he is hopelessly in love with her and his talk, under the influence of his histrionic imagination becomes so impassioned that he gets beyond his depth for she wants to fly with him and he needs must consent. Fortunately for him, she weakens; she cannot leave her children and so the situation is saved for Madden who promises however, that should it so happen that sometime they may both find themselves free, and should she want him to come to her, he will do so though the world lie between them.

Two other escapes from matrimonial traps are made by Madden before he eventually gets completely out of touch with his old sphere.

After reaching London, picking up a New York paper he reads of an accident to the man with whose wife he had been on the point of eloping. "When the nearest spectators could reach him to rescue him from his perilous position, they found to their surprise that the man was dead," he reads and drops the paper with a groan.

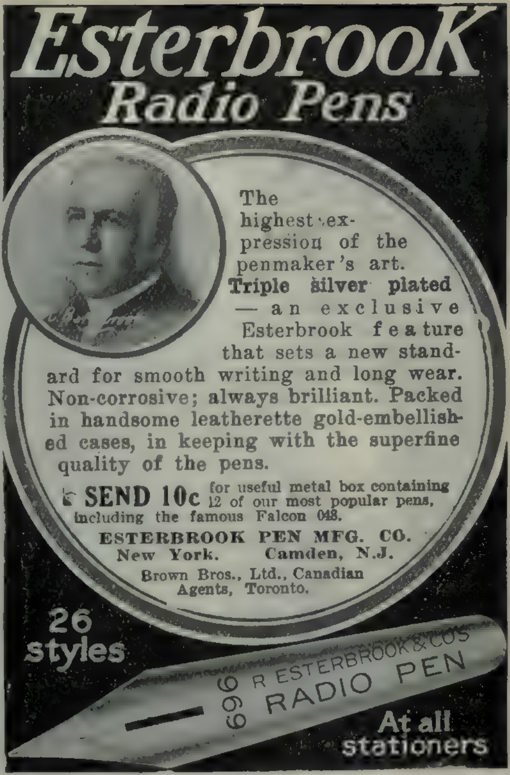
That night he chances to prevent a young girl committing suicide and he marries that girl so that he may not have to marry the woman in New York.

This romantic matrimonial venture, and their subsequent Bohemian career together, with Madden's second quest of success make up an interesting tale and throughout the book there are excursions into byways which develop some decided surprises.

The following interesting story about the author himself is reprinted from *Bookseller and Stationer*:

Some rather interesting information which, peculiarly enough, has not yet filtered out to the general public, is being whispered around the establishment of his publishers regarding Robert W. Service.

It appears that previous to the outbreak of the Balkan War, Mr. Service, having realized sufficient royalties on his four books of Poems and his novel "The Trail of '98" to keep him in comfort for his remaining years, that is in the comfort a frugal Scot, such as Service is, would require, started off to see something of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the Continent. It is quite well-known that he was in the middle so far as he could get, of the fighting in the Balkan War, presumably with a view to picking up local color for another novel. The Romance, however, came a little later, for the story tells that when in Paris, on a fête day, Service was watching the procession from a balcony of his hotel he saw below him two comely French maidens, who were being somewhat buffeted by the crowd, and, being incidentally attracted, invited them to share his balcony. It would scarcely be expected that a love affair would develop between a French maiden from a provincial town and a young Canadian Scot, neither of whom could understand the other's language, but as is well-known, the unusual happens in real life even oftener than it does in fiction and did so in this case. Mr. Service it seems persisted in seeing more of the young woman, matters developed in a most healthy way, and after a little time the Canadian author proposed and was accepted. Of course, his fame or the knowledge of his quite respectable fortune had not then filtered into France, and the story tells that Mr. Service kept these things "locked up in his own heart" so that the matter must have been purely and simply a love affair. When one of his friends saw the author several months ago, the couple were living most happily in a garret in the Latin Quarter of Paris and even yet could not speak one another's language fluently.

Under these circumstances it will not be wondered at that Mr. Service's new novel does not deal with the Balkan War, as was to be expected, but rather with literary life in Paris. It is thought that the story includes in a masked form, of course, some incidents of the foregoing history. The author's publishers have been frantically trying to get in touch with him for some little time but without success, and indirectly it is learned that Mr. Service is at the front in France, whether on active duty or picking up local color for still another novel, is not known. If the latter is the case we may look for some picturesque material vividly descriptive of actual conditions after a little time.

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1.	Patrol of Sun Dance Trail. Ralph Connor	169
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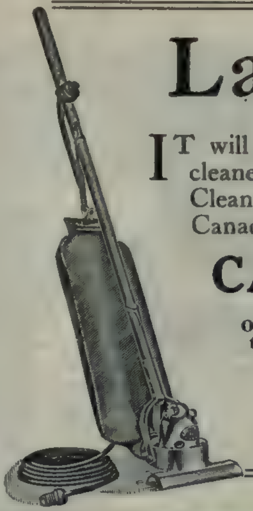

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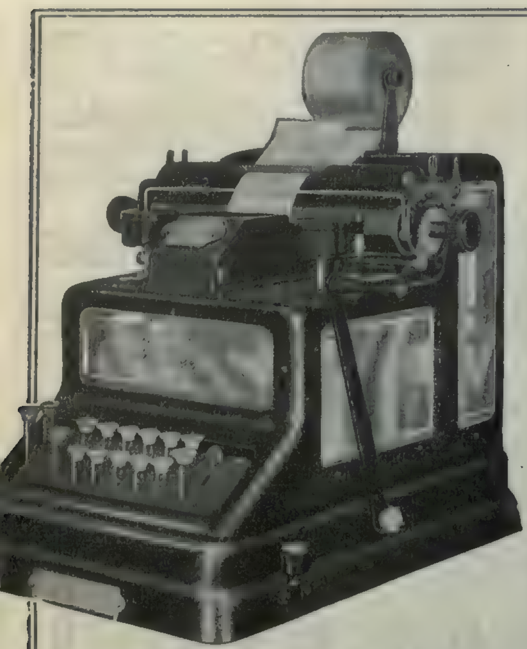
Insurance in Force	The business in force, less reinsurances, amounted to $30,849,326.74, an increase of $3,730,951.72. The lapse rate has naturally been heavier than heretofore, owing to the special conditions existing. Nevertheless the gain in business in force is practically the same as in the best previous year.
Income	The total Receipts amounted to $1,464,819.13, a gain of $168,978.48 over the previous year.
Profits	The present scale of profits—exceeding estimates by one-third—is being continued. The conditions warrant an increase, which for the time being is deferred until the effect of the expected unusual strain this year has been determined.
Assets and Interest	The Assets now amount to $5,294,262.70, an increase of $648,567.51. Bonds and Stocks have been taken at a figure much below the prevailing market value. The Rate of Interest earned, without allowance for Head Office rental, was 7.01%.
Liabilities	Seventy-seven per cent. of all the Company's business is now valued on a 3% basis. The total Policy Reserve on the Company's standard now amounts to $4,807,888.
Surplus	On Government standard Policyholders' Surplus amounts to $676,148.54, showing the most satisfactory gain yet made. After setting aside funds to increase Reserves to Company's standard, provide for profits accruing, but not due, and for Investment Reserve and other special funds, the net Surplus on Policyholders' Account is $255,586.54.



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The Business Outlook

By JOHN APPLETON

Editor of The Financial Post

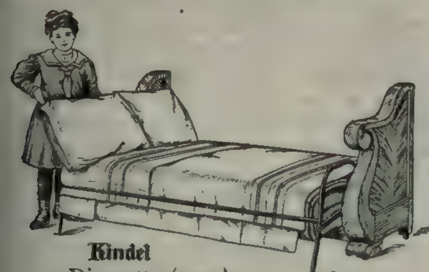
Editor's Note—Mr. Appleton contends that the sentiment of ease and of greater security in the money markets is preliminary to an improvement in industrial conditions. Already there are signs of business reorganization on a safer and better basis than Canada has had for some time. He gives some instances of compositions between creditors and debtors which illustrate the character of the reorganization that is going on at the present time. For the time being, however, as Mr. Appleton pointed out over a month ago, business will have to rely upon the dwellers in rural communities whose produce is commanding higher and higher prices. If amongst the farmers business is below par the fault can only be laid at the door of our own industry.

MANUFACTURERS and business men are prone to belittle the significance of security and money markets as an index to business. There are notable exceptions, of course. What we say, however, is true of the bulk. It will be found, however, that before any industrial revival will take place there will be a greater confidence and activity in the security market. Before Canadian factories begin to hum there will be a demand for Canadian securities. Previous to any great improvement in trade there must be confidence and confidence first expresses itself in stock market terms. The holder of a share or a bond of the best industrial is a proprietor of that industrial and just as soon as these holders are convinced that the outlook is clear they will put a higher price on their property. That higher price will be expressed clearly and distinctly in the stock market.

SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT.

The business community and the financial system which it has built up has been more frightened than hurt. At the moment of writing there are many signs that business is re-organizing itself on a better and sounder basis. There are occurring daily many compositions between creditors and debtors and many assignments are taking place. This is not necessarily a sign of further commercial depression. On the other hand it may properly be taken as an indication that business is re-organizing itself. My attention was drawn to the case of one small trader. By those who have dealt with him for some years he was regarded as being reliable. He was, however, compelled to assign under these circumstances; he had a liability of say $5,000, stock on hand was valued at $4,000, book debts $10,000. The latter was good inasmuch as every article sold was covered by a lien. Nevertheless his creditors were pressing him and to be just to all of them he had to assign.

Another case of a similar character was instanced to the writer. A commission house had liabilities of approximately $40,000. It had stock on hand of say $30,000. Its book debts were approxi-



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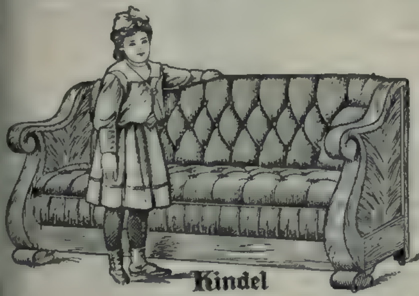

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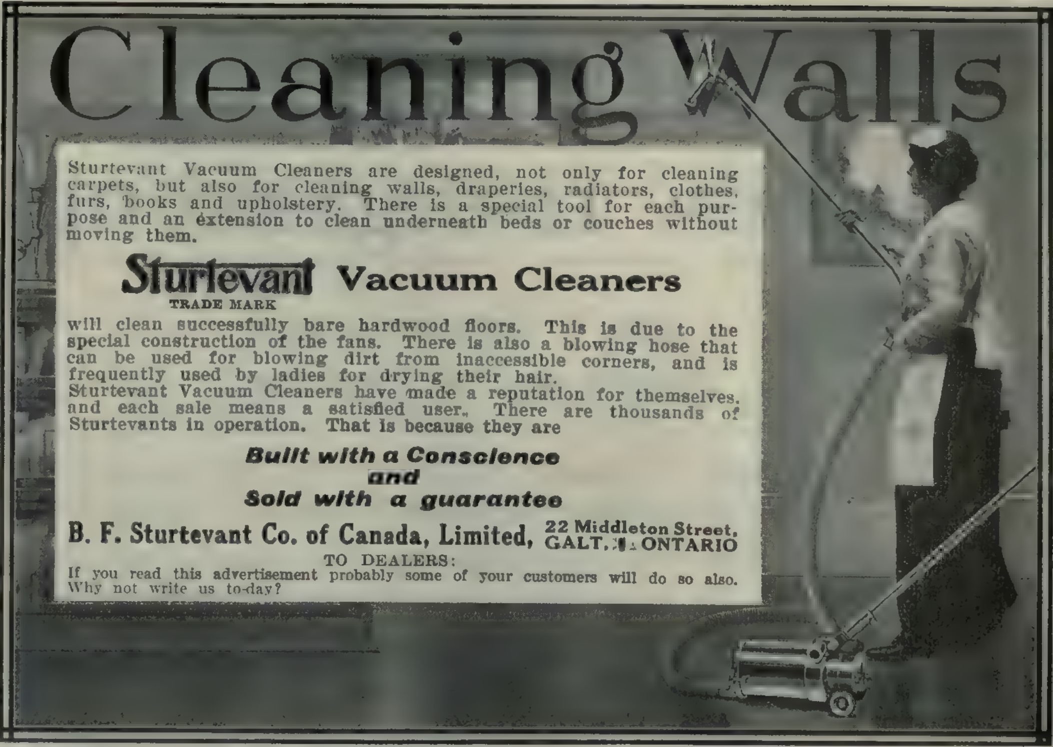

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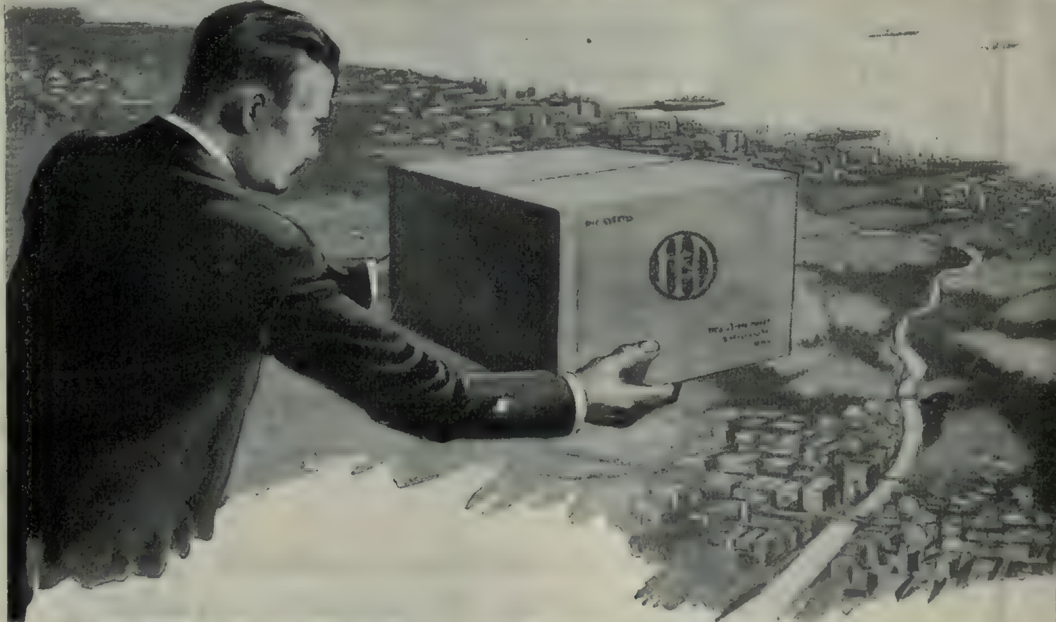

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mately $45,000. With so large a surpl
it was compelled to compromise with i
creditors. Its first step when the w
broke out and when subjected to pressu
from its bank, was to ask the creditors
grant an extension. This was agreed
except in the case of one creditor. T
latter refused to give the extension. T
creditor who refused to agree to the e
tension needed cash and was eventual
induced along with the other creditors
accept 50c on the dollar. This particul
firm placed itself on an excellent basis
this way. It would no doubt have pa
every cent of its indebtedness if the cre
tors had agreed upon an extension. Rath
than take the stock and liquidate the bu
ness the creditors agreed to accept 50c
the dollar.

These are types of reorganization th
are taking place at the present tim
Many assignments under circumstanc
similar to those related show assets to e
ceed by a substantial margin the liabili
The fact, therefore, that many assig
ments are reported and that creditors a
in conference with debtors, does not in
cate that business is going to be wor
Rather the opposite will result. Alrea
many factories under new arrangeme
with their creditors, and many sto
keepers also, are proceeding to do bu
ness as usual.

Even in the West which has be
pointed to too frequently as being t
home of business decrepitude, is beg
ning to feel the effect of business impro
ment. Conditions in the rural commu
ties of the West are not as good as th
are in other parts af Canada. If, the
fore, signs in the West are hopeful th
should be specially so in the East. T
West has relied upon its cereal produ
very largely although during the p
year the amount of other products ship
out shows a very satisfactory impro
ment.

TWO HOPEFUL FACTORS.

At the present moment therefore
have two very hopeful factors in busine
Better and saner arrangements are bei
made between creditors and debtors a
there is in prospect a season of e
money.

While the money markets are prom
ing in so far as the wants of Canada
concerned, and our productive machin
is stimulated by the extraordinary hi
prices, there is little justification for p
simism. In the rural communities th
can be no legitimate excuse for legitim
business on a scale less than in any ot
year. If the farmer cannot pay his de
and provide himself with comforts to
greater extent than is usual there is so
thing radically wrong with the coun
and its people. As to the quality and
tent of our soil and our pastures there
no question. We have also the clima
These facts are scientifically determ
able. If our business, therefore, is bel
par, that is in our rural districts, it is
fault of the people either in respect
their system of doing business or th
industry.

MACLEAN'S
TORONTO MAGAZINE CANADA
Vol. XXVIII APRIL, 1915 No. 6

At the Front With the Princess Pats

By GEORGE EUSTACE PEARSON

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The writer of this graphic article on conditions at the front was formerly a member of the editorial staff of the MacLean Publishing Company and a contributor to MacLean's Magazine. *He was one of the first to enlist when the call for volunteers came. Mr. Pearson's article deals exclusively with the experiences of the "Princess Pats," the first Canadian regiment to reach the front. For military reasons all references to places and descriptions which might indicate the possible location of the regiment are eliminated.*

George Eustace Pearson in the uniform of the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry.

THE Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry is a modern White Company, roving on that same soil that held its predecessor so many centuries ago. It is a reincarnation of the old spirit, but stirred this time to a nobler end and errand. A far cry from Black Simon and Big John with their bows of yew and ash to those who now lead the "Pats." But its aims only have altered; the spirit remains the same. And Sir Nigel with his lady's glove at helmet was never keener for the onslaught than those upon whom his mantle has settled to-day.

Now, Tommie likes nothing so much as being on the move; he cares not how he goes, nor why, nor where, provided always, of course, that he is not retiring; hence the frequent changes of camp of the Patricia's were invariably greeted with glad acclaim. Their camp history was much that of the Canadian contingent proper, up until they camped at Winchester where they lay alongside of and made further acquaintance with some of the regular regiments. There, in those sunken lanes, worn deep by the feet of centuries of patient toilers and sturdy men-of-arms, they renewed the spirit of their sires. And in the city those ancient archways and venerable flags, that once resounded to the clanging arms of Cæsar's legionaries and Alfred's later Thanes, now echoed and re-echoed to the shouts of "Tipperary" and the creak of modern war equipment.

Rumor is a capricious dame and feeds on herself. At one and the same time, the Patricia's if all accounts going were to be believed, were going to return to Canada against a possible invasion there, were going to India, Egypt, Bermuda, Malta, the Gib, France, Belgium and the Kiel Canal. But finally, after four months of sticky mud and wet misery, four months of useless fret and wasted fire, came the great announcement, "Active Service"—where, no one asked nor cared. The word ran like wildfire through the ranks. Old "Sweats" became for the nonce patient with greener soldiers, old enemies called a halt on wordy war. With the serving out of live ammunition, identification tags and emergency rations, there stole over the camp that sublime peace that knows no words. Fatigue, usually to be avoided like unto a plague, became a pleasure in the sure knowledge that this was no ordinary camp breaking, but the precursor of camp in a gloriously muddy trench.

Nor could the discomfort of an all-night trip in an almost open cattle boat in a pouring rain mar their quiet content as they approached the land of action. Disembarkation was followed by a short night march which brought them to their temporary camp, which, wetly reminiscent of England as it was, and short as the night rations of grub and blankets were, they welcomed as part of the great game.

Instead of the dreaded wait, another night saw them once more *en route* and correspondingly happy. As they moved down through the streets of the ancient French seaport, at which the landing had been made, to the entraining point all reserve was thrown aside and a well-disciplined pandemonium—if such be possible—broke loose. The pipers endeavored to make themselves heard and give expression to the bottled up yeast fermenting in their Scottish bosoms. All in vain; the men would be heard—and were. Mile after mile slipped away from under their feet. They chanted, sang and whooped for sheer joy. The wolves were out. Blood was in the air and the eager whelps were straining at their leashes. The Patricia's had struck the scent. It made one's blood tingle.

After the strenuous labor of juggling their impedimenta aboard the train, the men piled in at their side door and with pipe and story settled themselves down to the long journey ahead. At last the dim lights of strange and famous cities gave way to the misty dawn that showed quiet villages, deserted except for some frantically waving women and their little broods; silent harbingers of war these.

Once more we were on the march and the Patricia's swung out into the winter night, this time through silent villages and country roads bordered by gaunt and leafless poplars that reared themselves wraith-like in the light of a watery moon that shone through the mist-ridden air. No sounds were heard as they swung on, save the muffled cadence of their feet and the desultory booming of distant guns. The dawn found them billeted at a straggling village in which the warm-hearted natives had sat up all night awaiting their arrival with open doors and steaming coffee. Deep beds of straw in tile-thatched stable lofts replaced the muddy tents of other camps. Here, like the villages, they quickly fell into the ordinary routine of the day's work, despite the continual sound of that ominous firing and all that it presaged. Here all light pleasures were pushed aside in preparation for the hour of trial. Neither the village cabaret nor the smiling "jeune filles" could hold more than the moment's notice of these men who, be it said, have remembered Lord Kitchener's advice.

* * *

Three Weeks Later.

Since the Patricia's first left that quiet village many things have happened. They have been through the fiery furnace, into which they went as a mass of rough metal of untried men and have come out the finely tempered steel of a cohesive fighting unit. The bell that from Winchester's old cathedral each noon tolls its daily dirge for the souls of departed warriors by land and sea has tolled for them.

A file of the "Pats" enjoying a few minutes' rest.

The dawn found them billeted at a straggling village in which the warm-hearted natives had sat up all night awaiting their arrival with open doors and steaming coffee.

Since that first night we have made many marches but always have been within sound of the guns. For two days we marched, circling and coming with each hour closer to the deep volume of the sound. The first day's trek took us through a country but little disturbed, to outward appearance at least, by the war. It was quite evident that something was afoot but there were no evidences of war's destruction. The uneven cobble stones of the road called forth many execrations from the tired men with their heavy packs. Everywhere we met groups of playing children, who, stopping for the moment to gaze at us, and catching sight of our badges, would break away shouting and, pounding on closed doors with tiny fists, would squeal: "Maman, Maman, ce sont les Canadiens!" Ever and anon there passed convoys of transports, empty and full, returning from and going to the sound of the guns, English, French and Belgian. The former were usually immense auto goods vans with an occasional admixture of wagons, the latter nondescript assemblages of two, three and four-wheeled carts drawn by a great variety of quadrupeds, varying from donkeys to massive Percherons. The handsome Frenchmen, striding along beside their loads, dressed in voluminous upturned blue coats with baggy red pantaloons, invariably showed their white teeth in a cheerful smile as they shouted greetings to us. And always there were the Red Cross vans, noiseless and easy, going slowly south.

At the roadside groups of Belgium soldiers stood aside from their road work, uniformed except for the addition of wooden shoes. The little fellows usually drew themselves to attention and one could hear the subdued murmur of the chorused words, "Kan-ada," as we passed.

The first night's billet brought us into the fringe of the earlier German invasion. On the outskirts of a popular city, which must perforce be nameless, a long line of deserted and water-filled trenches overlooked a muddy turnip field. It contained all that was mortal of three hundred of "Ours" who had given their lives in gaining these same trenches. The belfry of a beautiful church, commanding as it did the whole countryside below it, had housed the machine guns that had meted out their fate. Here the Germans had come and gone three times as the tide of invasion had rolled back and forth. Here we met our first spies, one of whom was in a peasant woman's garb. But we passed on before their ultimate fate was settled.

The stories we heard at our various billets varied, as they have since, of German methods. This man or woman was left unmolested by some unwelcome but courteous German; that one robbed and outraged. It all depended apparently upon the individual German soldier and the manner of the householder toward him. One astonishing fact we noticed, was the commonplace way in which the peasants continued about their ordinary duty, the work of the crops, and even to the minute detail of hedge trimming. Evidently no fear here of a German return.

The next day was a repetition of the first except that there was more activity apparent as we neared the firing line. Also there were more evidences of destructive war. Nameless cities and hamlets that, always famous, have lately gained immortality in a night, came and went. As the day aged we began to pass rest camps, "dug-outs" and abandoned villages, that swarmed with "Terriers" and regulars, amongst all of whom our presence had an electrifying effect. Shouts of "Good Old Canada," "Pat's Pets" and so forth were bandied up and down the line of march.

The early afternoon saw us bivouacked in a muddy field, the sheltering hedges of which we sought against the presence of hostile aeroplanes while we waited for darkness and the trenches. for, from this time on, in consideration of our close proximity to the actual theatre of operations, all movements had to be made after nightfall to avoid enemy reconnaissances. But even here we were treated to one of the most spectacular sights that even this, the most spectacular of wars, affords. From out of the hazy distance appeared a school of enemy aeroplanes, about a dozen. As they approached our nearby artillery opened fire and for fifteen minutes the planes manoeuvred up and down, this side and that, seeking a safe lane of approach, whilst all about them on both sides, over and under them, burst our shrapnel in so lively a fire that the planes were half hidden by smoke. They were soon forced to withdraw.

As night fell quiet-voiced orders were given and, amidst perfect silence, the regiment formed up for its march to its maiden adventure. And here we were treated to our first sight of the German star shells which shot up from the vicinity of their trenches, breaking directly over the suspected area of our territory, illuminating the whole of it within one hundred yards brightly and semi-brightly over a much larger area. They resembled nothing so much as huge sky rockets, except that, as they broke, they took on a duller, yellow coloring and the form of a star.

The "relief" of the trenches is not the least dangerous part of the game and each party had its own adventures on the route to the comparative shelter of their frontage. The all-too-generous supply of mud and water about was bad enough in itself, but the presence of the star shells made it doubly so. Distant shells went unheeded but those falling close by made imperative demand for "bobbin'"; so "bob" the Patricia's did, flattening out in the muddy mess. Number one company in particular was so unfortunate as to fall heir to a star at a very inconvenient time, to wit, as they stood knee deep in a flooded field. But there was nothing for it, so with many a muttered interjection, down they went as if for a swim in the ice cold lake and none the less quickly for all their dislike of it. Situations sometimes arise in which neither command nor plea is necessary and this was one of them.

In other parts of the movement the Patricia's made first acquaintance with the festive sniper, *i.e.*, Germans who had crawled behind our line, there to lie under cover of hedge or ditch, or in sheltered tree-tops and take toll of the unsuspecting men beneath. Apropos of snipers the story goes that a full course of sniping is the field punishment offered to the individual soldier of our friend the enemy for any misdemeanors while on active service. According to the tale, the guilty one is punished with ten-days' rations and 500 rounds and given the German command equivalent to "Beat it." To add insult to injury the poor sniper must needs return his empty 500 to prove that his work was done. A truly German sample of factory efficiency and utilization of waste product. I tell the story for what it is worth.

All that long night the Patricia's played the game, than which no harder one exists—the waiting one. The conditions were such that only those who have endured them can have any adequate conception of what they really were. All at least knee deep, some waist deep in a thick, gluey, clayey mud and stagnant, putrid water, they passed the night in the rain unsheltered save by a rare bomb-proof—a bomb-proof in name if not in fact. Betimes they paid their devoirs to the unseen enemy and were repaid in kind. Here and there down that desperate line went the angry pop-pop of intermittent rifle-fire, like the windy slamming of many doors, occasionally to give way to noisy fusillades as one side or the other became angered at some hit or concentrated their fire on some special movement or the other. And always, at intervals only, for the night work exposes artillery positions, from overhead there came the heavy snap of the shells as they left the big guns, followed by an eerie wail like the wind in a mountain storm, a resonant boom and then—a shower of shrapnel, sometimes on the trenches of one or the other, sometimes directed at a distant battery. The whole, pale fields of foetid water, ditch-like trenches and mud-bespattered haggard men lit up in spots now and then by the star shells, showed forth a terrestrial Inferno in which it seemed impossible for men to live, let alone fight. Their only consolation—and being human a great one it was—was that the Germans were as badly or perhaps worse off than they. The darkness, except at these rare intervals, was of that impenetrable inky quality that arises from a mixture of black night, steaming mist and drizzling rain over a heavily-wooded countryside. Although the moon was supposedly at its full it forgot, or else refused, its function as though a party to that vast conspiracy of darkness.

By day they slept and shaved and washed and cooked and strove courageously to rid themselves of the accumulated mud.

A snapshot of Mr. Pearson taken at Winchester.

Left: A shattered roof, the work of German shells.
Right: Members of the regiment engaged in trench digging.
Below: Here they lived the life of the dug-out man—that of human bats, in nondescript array.

At last the morning, the "stand to arms" and with it strange sights, but not, as in some places—the good warm sun. As though its benignant influence might cheer, it carefully hides away and sends in its stead more rain. And so it always is in this land—rain, rain, night and day. Sometimes it just drizzles, at others it pours—but never the sun. One wonders if the sun is not the fable to these nations that snow is to the south sea islanders. Men look at one another seeking to descry well known features through the mud.

Soon, as in city factories and country farms, the real business of the day began. A few experimental feelers and the daily artillery duel began, interspersed with sporadic shelling of the trenches; and so continued throughout the day with a heavier and more accurate rifle fire between the opposing trenches than was possible during the night. Many were the freak wounds and narrow escapes. Here a sergeant's stripe torn off by a splinter of shrapnel; there the handle of an entrenching tool shattered or a pack torn bodily from a man's shoulder, tearing coat to tatters but leaving the wearer unscathed. One bullet skinned the lip of one man, another passed through the nose of one and instantly killed a soldier at his side. And so on *ad infinitum*.

And yet with all due respect to Der Kaiser and his wonderful machine and wishing to incur no punishment for *lèse majesté*, let it be said here that his gunners are rotten. There is no other word for it. Or at least this description applies to that part of them who held forth opposite the Patricia's. The noise of the bursting shells, the impact of them as they fell, the presence of flying splinters and gobs of mud was really most terrifying; but their ultimate results—nil, and out of all proportion to the energy expended.

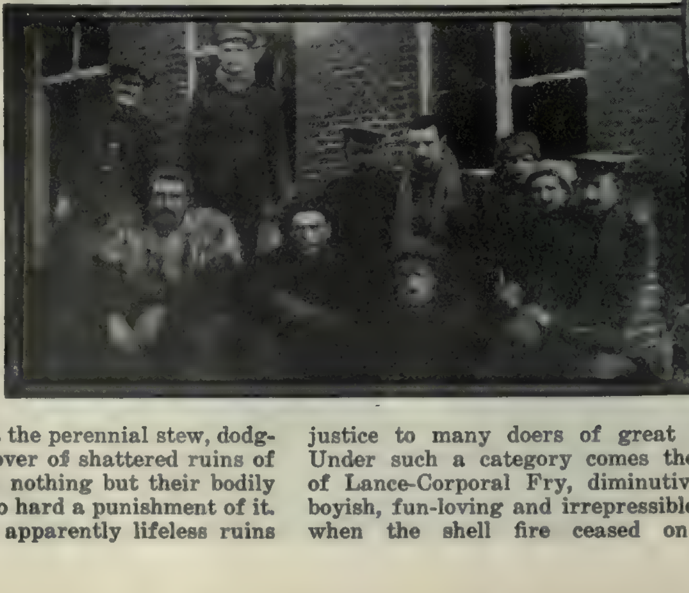
With the dusk the heavier fire ceased but there continued a repetition of the previous night, a desultory rifle and artillery fire, the former at irregular intervals giving way to brisk and lengthy fusillades. Then came the heaviest task of all, the passing of the long night, the baling of water, the constant fight against the sucking mud and the utter weariness of mind and body, unrelieved by the external excitement of the heavy fire of the day. Men became dazed and did their duties in a well-disciplined but automatic manner, not knowing why or how they did them but just doing them.

The relief battalion took the place of the Patricia's that night, the latter wet and mud-soaked, short some of their number, but still indomitable of spirit, stumbled on through the foetid mud. Their destination was a ruined and nameless village a short distance in the rear in which they were to do their time as supports for the brigade ere they moved still further in the rear for a well-earned rest on the reserve line.

Here for three days and nights they lived the life of the dug-out man—that of human bats. In nondescript array they lived between the naked and roofless walls that had once been homes but were now mere mockeries of that name. By day they slept and shaved and washed and cooked, and strove courageously to rid themselves of the accumulated mud. Failing that last they solved the problem as far as great coats were concerned by slicing off in jagged patterns the heavy skirts. The resultant patterns fitted in with their surroundings. Some favored a swallow-tail effect, some argued a short cardigan quite *au fait*. Others claimed that that was decolleté and clung to their mud-soaked skirts. Like bandits—a cross between cave men and medieval men-at-arms—they appeared. Ragged and dirty and lacking any quantity of water to correct that last they skulked and prowled about seeking stray vegetables to eke out the perennial stew, dodging along the cover of shattered ruins of walls, intent on nothing but their bodily comfort, after so hard a punishment of it. At night those apparently lifeless ruins vomited out their dwellers, some to seek dug-outs, others to draw rations, something for one to do for all, until the very air hummed with their activities.

To the right: A cross marking the spot where three hundred British soldiers lie.

In no spirit of bravado, but in sheer indifference, the Patricias, while the shell fire was at its hottest, pursued the ordinary routine.



IN MEMORY OF
N.C.Os & MEN OF 1st R.W.RGT
OCT 1914

It was in this village that we picked up a straggler from another regiment who will be longest remembered by the favored few who saw and heard him than any of the stragglers who have joined us for a day and then gone on. He came strolling down the road, serene and unafraid, nondescript of apparel with turkey bag on his back, glancing now right, now left, as though he were some country visitor but newly arrived in a great metropolis. On closer inspection his uniform, or what once had been one, was seen to be in rags, particularly the back of it which had been badly torn by shell fire. To cap it all he wore for head gear an ancient and disreputable square topped black derby. He was from a famous British regiment. His speech was fully as quaint as his clothes and he will never know the keen delight he furnished that small group as he retailed from his peculiar viewpoint his adventures during four troublous months of hard soldiering hereabouts. His description of a certain German charge that he had faced, and incidentally assisted in repulsing, was a masterpiece. "The funniest thing ever seen in m' life, chaps. Three short blasts on a bugle, 'Hoch! Hoch! Hoch!' All down the line like a flock of geese. Then them chaps sung 'Deutschland über alles' and on they come." Here he paused to laugh uproariously. We waited for him to proceed but he would tell no more of that charge, apparently thinking that he had told a lengthy and circumstantial tale.

All that has happened has necessarily brought to the fore many acts of pure and unadulterated heroism from totally unsuspected sources. The situation was so prolific of them as it always is amongst any body of men, that a recital of more than a few striking examples would be out of place here, even at the risk of not doing proper justice to many doers of great deeds. Under such a category comes the case of Lance-Corporal Fry, diminutive and boyish, fun-loving and irrepressible who, when the shell fire ceased on that first day, with last deep cannonade from the larger guns, volunteered to go to the support trenches for the badly needed rations and water for his comrades. He stood a moment on the rear parapet, a fair mark, and fell back into the arms of his comrades, mortally wounded. And stretcher-bearer Buller who, exhausted but uncomplaining, calling on his last reserve of strength, carried to the rough dressing station, a mile in the rear and under fire in the early stage of the journey, Capt. Newton who had received his death wound, turned over his charge to the medical officer and then—promptly collapsed in a faint.

And so the Patricia's in quiet faith, born of experience and resting upon the solid foundation of mutual self-confidence, go forward to whatever the future has in store for them, ready to do their "bit" in no spirit of bravado but of willing sacrifice.

Genius at the Front

Many French authors, poets, and dramatists are serving in the army in various capacities. Henri Bernstein, the dramatist, is serving as a gunner at Fort Havre; Marcel Prevost, the poet and author, is a captain of artillery in the entrenched camp of Paris; Etienne Rey, the writer, and Robert de Flers, the playwright, are serving at the front, as also is Reynoldo Hahn, the latter as a simple soldier in the trenches in the Argonne.

Marcel Boulanger, the writer, has been taken half-frozen from the trenches near Nancy and placed in a hospital. François de Tessan, the journalist and secretary-general of the French Commission to the San Francisco Exposition, was wounded but has recovered and is ready to return to the front.

The New York *Times* points out the improbability of these men attaining any degree of usefulness on the battle-field commensurate with the loss which their extinction would meant to literature and art; for, as common soldiers, "they can do no better work than the dullest peasant, and perhaps not as good."

"To put them on the firing-line reveals the senseless waste which war involves."

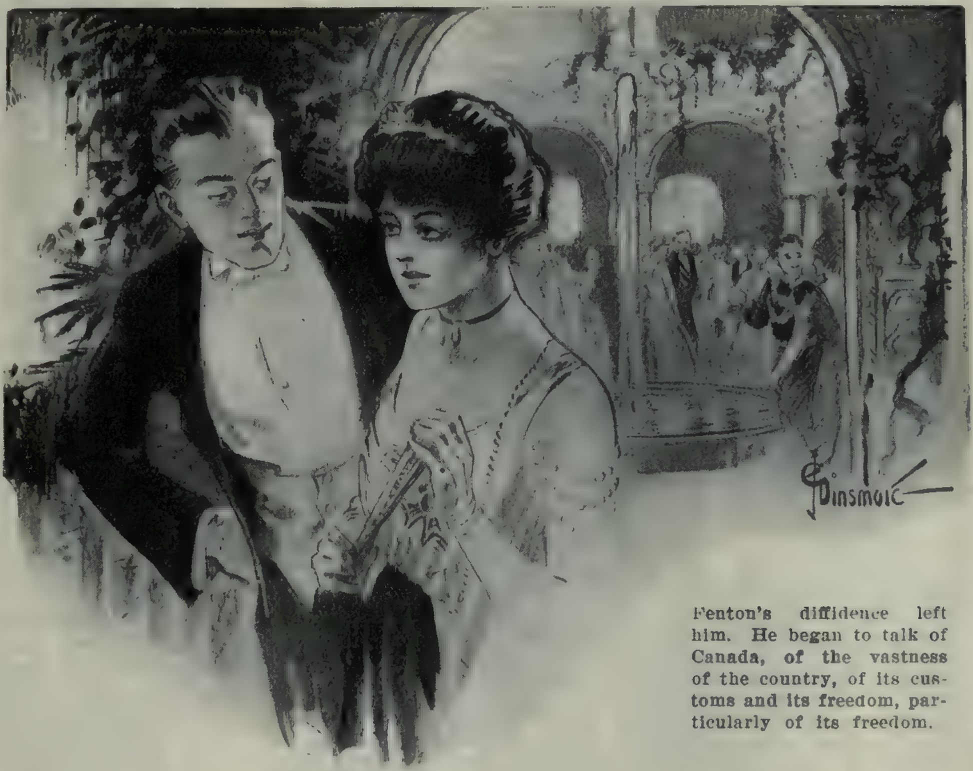
The Last Ally: A Story of the War

By HUGH S. EAYRS

Illustrated by E. J. DINSMORE

CHAPTER I.

A Canadian in Serajoz



Fenton's diffidence left him. He began to talk of Canada, of the vastness of the country, of its customs and its freedom, particularly of its freedom.

ON a sunny spring day in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen, a fiacre drove up to a big house in the Lodz, the winding, crescent-shaped street in Serajoz, the capital of Ironia, in which were to be found the Embassies. There was nothing singular in that particular fiacre driving up to that particular house — apparently. Fiacres in scores drove up there and drove away again day after day the year through, and occasioned little remark. Yet, as a matter of fact, there *was* something singular about the incident. It is hackneyed to observe that great effects depend upon small causes; but it is true. If certain influential gentlemen in Ironia had known who it was that jumped out of the fiacre on that sunny, spring day and, if these influential Ironians had had the gift of prophetic vision in superlative degree, they might have taken some action to prevent him from reaching the house of Baroness Draschol and her husband, Mr. Percival Varden. And then, perhaps, this story would never have been written, because Ironia might never have—. But I anticipate.

The fiacre stopped. Almost before all motion had ceased, a tall, alert-looking young man jumped out and, fishing out a handful of coins from his pocket implored the driver to take what was his due. The driver knew him for an American or an Englishman, or anything but an Ironian and, carefully abstracting from the outstretched palm the equivalent of twice the legitimate fare, drove away with a smile on his face and a blessing upon foreigners who had not the gift of tongues.

The young man stood on the sidewalk a moment. Then, with the quick step which characterizes the man of action, he strode up the narrow path to the house, and rang the bell. It was answered by a pompous individual, resplendent in a dull strawberry-colored plush suit who, with the combination of obsequiousness and dignity that can be found only in the lackey in a semi-Oriental land, ushered the caller into a reception room and retired with his card.

The young man looked round him appreciatively. The splendid paintings which adorned the walls, the luxurious hangings, the rich, deep carpet, the handsome lounge on which he was sitting, all appeared to surprise him.

"Some change from that den of Varden's in Montreal," he murmured.

The curtains at the end of the room parted and a tall, well-groomed man of about thirty-five came quickly across the floor with outstretched hands.

"Don Fenton, by all that's holy!" he exclaimed, pumping his visitors hand up and down with vigorous exuberance.

"Percy Varden, by all that's—er—profane!" said Fenton with equal enthusiasm.

"Old Don Fenton!" repeated Varden, slapping the other on the back and beaming on him with real affection. "And in Sarajoz, of all places!"

"A mighty good place to be, if I'm to judge by your surroundings," said Fenton. "You must be a deputy-Sultan at least, Varden, to live in such state."

"Ironia isn't a bad place, Don," said Varden, with sudden soberness. "Or at least it won't be if a certain event comes to pass. If that certain even doesn't happen, I intend to leave all this"—he made a broad gesture to indicate the luxurious room in which they stood—"and find a place for myself in the line where the boys in khaki are fighting against the overweening pretensions of the Hohenzollerns! When your country's at war, it's hard to be an exile."

"I'm on my way back for that very same purpose," affirmed Fenton, warmly. "When the war broke I was in Hungary and I just escaped the detention camp by two hours. Got over into Russia after a series of adventures—dead broke. I had a letter of credit, of course, but it was gold that was needed. It took me a long time to establish my identity and convert my paper into gold currency. Then I came down through Bulgaria on my way home and decided to drop off and see you here in Ironia. And here I am."

"But," said Varden, "what I want to know is how you ever got to Europe in the first place. All this glib talk of letters of credit and gold currency! Last I heard of you, you were trying to convince the Canadian public that at last Eldorado had been discovered—in the form of subdivisions in Saskatchewan. And I judged from your letters that the public had developed an unwonted degree of skepticism."

"Then you haven't heard of my good fortune?"

"Why, no, I guess I haven't. What's happened?"

"Oh, a relative of mine shuffled off this mortal coil and before doing so had the decency and excellent judgment to leave me several million dollars. I considered myself justified under the circumstances in following the bottom of the real estate market; that is, dropping out."

"Then you are *the* Fenton," declared Varden, shaking hands again. "I read something in a new York paper about a young Canadian coming into a big pile but I never thought it would be you. Why, that possibility never entered my mind. Congratulations, old man, congratulations!"

"The congratulations should be mutual,

Varden," said Fenton. "I remember when one Percival Varden was getting his fifteen per, and wasn't worth that any more than I was my twelve per—according to that honest gentleman, that fair-minded director of budding journalists, George W. Jackson, city editor of the *News-Despatch*—the unspeakable cur!"

"Then time hasn't cured you of your reverence for dear old Jackson—the ill-bread beast!" said Varden, with a laugh that ended in a growl.

"No, I'll never give up my grudge until I have a chance to assign Jackson to cover an August excursion to Hades. They would never let him come back."

Varden laughed. "Still, they were happy days in Montreal, weren't they? But I guess I ought to explain about my good fortune. I returned to England and met Baroness Draschol in London. We fell in love and that wonderful woman overlooked my personal deficiencies, my poverty and lack of position, and actually married me. My wife is connected with the royal family of Ironia and owns so much property that I haven't found out about it all yet. And yet she married me, poor old hack scribbler that I was! Fenton, when you meet her you'll wonder too how it could ever have happened. I've been married three years and I'm still dazed at my wonderful good fortune."

"Three years married and still in the raving state," jeered Fenton. "One week generally serves to translate the bridegroom from that condition. Varden, you must be the luckiest fellow in the world."

"I am," affirmed Varden, emphatically. "But wait until you see Sonia. She'll be delighted to meet you. We've often talked about you. And, by Jove, Don, you are looking well!"

No one seeing the young Canadian would have dissented from this opinion. Fenton was about thirty years of age—a handsome fellow in a healthy, outdoor sort of way. He stood over six feet, broad-shouldered and straight-limbed. Set him in a crowd in any country of dark-pigmented, short-statured men and he stood out by contrast like a Norse god. It is not likely that any woman would ever refuse him the tribute of a second glance. And yet Fenton was not in any sense a woman's man. The firm mouth, the strong jaw and clear eye told of resolve, of determination, of self-reliance. He had a finely chiseled face, a frank, clean, open face. Fenton was a manly man. It was said of him that he stood four-square to every wind that blew.

"Married yet?" went on Varden.

"No," replied the other.

"Then you've no one with you? No ties, no one whose wishes or whims you must consider?"

"Free as the air of the Western prairies," returned Fenton. "Why?"

"Well, if you can stay over and have the same taste for excitement that you had in the old days, I can gratify it for you, that's all."

"Well, what's doing? And, by the way, what are your people in Ironia going to do? Going to join us in this war? Heard a lot of talk about it as I came through Russia. Ironia seems to have been pretty well featured in the newspapers lately."

Varden looked around, drew his chair closer, proferred his cigar case and looked at Fenton closely.

"That's just the excitement I spoke of, Don," he said. "Ironia is going to figure in the war; that part of it is certain. But on which side? There are two factions in the country and at the present time we are fighting like wildcats to determine the policy of the country. Both sides are determined to win and let me tell you, Don, they take their politics hard in this land. It's a fight to the bitter end in which lives are not counted of any great importance."

"I guess you know pretty well how matters stand in Ironia," he went on. "The people as a whole are heart and soul with the allies. Austria holds Serania and Mulkovina, two provinces that used to be part of Ironia. What Alsace and Lorraine are to France, these two provinces are to Ironia. It is certain that, if the allies win, Russia will seize both Serania and Mulkovina and then Ironia's chance of bringing her sons and daughters in the lost provinces back into the fold will have been lost forever. Russia offers us the two provinces as the price of our throwing in our lot with the allies. Ironians see that it is their only chance and they clamor for war on Austria."

"But," said Varden, speaking cautiously, "there is one obstacle. King Alexander of Ironia is a Hohenzollern. His sympathies are all with the Teutonic alliance. He has been schooled in those methods of government which you can see working in Germany to-day and which are responsible for this war. And remember this, he is possibly, next to the Kaiser, the most absolute monarch in Europe to-day. The envoys of Germany and Austria are camping on his doorstep, urging him to join them. He would throw the weight of Ironian intervention into the scales against the allies to-morrow, if he were not afraid of the feeling of his subjects. Fearing to act according to the dictates of his own mind, he yet refuses to obey the clearly expressed mandate of the people and strike a blow for the restoration of the lost provinces."

"Does the King stand alone?" asked Fenton.

"By no means," replied Varden. "There is a faction that stands by him, composed of a number of the nobles and the Austrian section of the country. The majority of the nobles, practically all of the business classes and the common people *en masse* favor an alliance with England, France and Russia. Needless to state I am with the latter faction. I am, in fact right in the thick of it—sort of a lieutenant to Prince Peter, the King's brother, who acts as leader of the popular cause and who is, by the way, the strongest man in the country. It's a great fight, Don—intrigues, plots and counterplots, with secret societies on both sides, duels, assassinations and all the other properties necessary to a Balkan embroglio. One never knows when a bullet may not come his way or a knife find lodgment between his shoulder blades."

Varden had risen and was pacing up and down the room excitedly. He paused in front of his guest.

"Ever come to bat in the ninth innings with two out and the score a tie?" he asked. "Do you remember the thrill you get in a fight for a big news story? Don, that's all child's play in emotion to this game!"

Fenton stood up in turn and faced his friend.

"I intend to place myself at the disposal of my country," he said. "I've been wondering how I could serve best—by enlisting in England, or by staying right here and helping in the fight to bring Ironia into line with the cause of liberty. If you think I could be of any use, Varden, I would like to figure in this fight. Every cent I've got, my own time, my life, if necessary, are at your disposal."

"Great," cried Varden, wringing Fenton's hand for the third time, "Can you be of assistance, boy? I wish I had a hundred like you. And a little cash won't be amiss either. So just count yourself in from now on. You've enlisted in the cause."

"Well, what's the next move?" asked Fenton, impatient for action, and eager for a closer acquaintance with the thrilling experiences of Ironian intrigue.

"Have patience, you old fire-eater," admonished Varden with an amused smile. "There's a ball at the palace to-night. I'll get an invitation for you and probably I'll be able to introduce you to some of the leading characters in the drama. They'll all be there. All you'll have to do this time will be to keep your eyes and ears open."

As Fenton walked down the steps and into the waiting fiacre, he smiled to himself. "Don Fenton, diplomat, is a new one," he said. "But one man in his time plays many parts. I guess it'll be more exciting than reporting or selling real estate anyway."

CHAPTER II.

The Royal Ball

THE ball at the palace was a very brilliant affair. Everywhere was the evidence of wealth. The room was hung with a thousand lights; the flowers, many of them strange to Fenton's Western knowledge, and the decorations, were on a munificent scale. Beautiful women and handsome men in vari-colored uniforms, moved here and there intent upon enjoying themselves. Fenton was impressed and not a little surprised. The whole atmosphere was one of wealth and luxury, such wealth and such luxury as one does not often see in the kingdoms of the Balkans. Paris and Vienna and the Court at St. James have nothing more splendid to show, he decided, than a state function at Serajoz, the beautiful capital of Ironia.

Fenton was paying a mental tribute to it all when Varden touched him on the arm, and took him away to present him to King Alexander and his consort. Fenton had heard that the King was a charming man; and his Majesty's personality made the few words of welcome which he uttered well worth remembrance. Alexander was possibly the handsomest monarch in Europe. Dark, tall and soldierly, he looked every inch a King. It came to Fenton as he stood there chatting, that here was a man who would have his own way.

The formalities of royal presentation over, Fenton was backing away when he caught a glimpse of an officer, apparently of high rank, approaching the King, with a young girl on his arm. Fenton looked at the girl—and forgot everything else. She was tall and graceful, with an air that could only be defined as regal. Surely there had never been mortal more beautiful. The oval face was surmounted with a crowning glory of hair, dark and lustrous. Her skin was like the petals of a wild rose. Her deep violet eyes, large and unwavering of gaze were fringed with long lashes that imparted the only suggestion of coquetry to a face of surpassing witchery and charm. Fenton continued to stare in a literal haze of admiration.

He was aroused from his dreams by the reappearance of Varden. The latter took him by the arm and propelled him forward until they stood in the presence of the divinity who had so completely set Fenton's wits wool-gathering. Fenton, awe-struck at his good fortune, felt like a humble mortal suddenly transported into the august company of the gods on Mount Olympus.

"Your Highness," he heard Varden say to the girl, "may I present Mr. Fenton, my friend from Canada. Fenton, this is her Highness, the Princess Olga."

The Canadian bowed low over the Princess's hand, surely the most dainty hand in all the world. He was then presented in due form to her escort, the Grand Duke Miridoff, a heavy-set man with hawk-like features, long mustache and side-whiskers, which stood out aggressively with an unmistakable Teutonic suggestion. The Grand Duke typified the domineering efficiency of the military officer, which has become so obnoxious since the outbreak of the war.

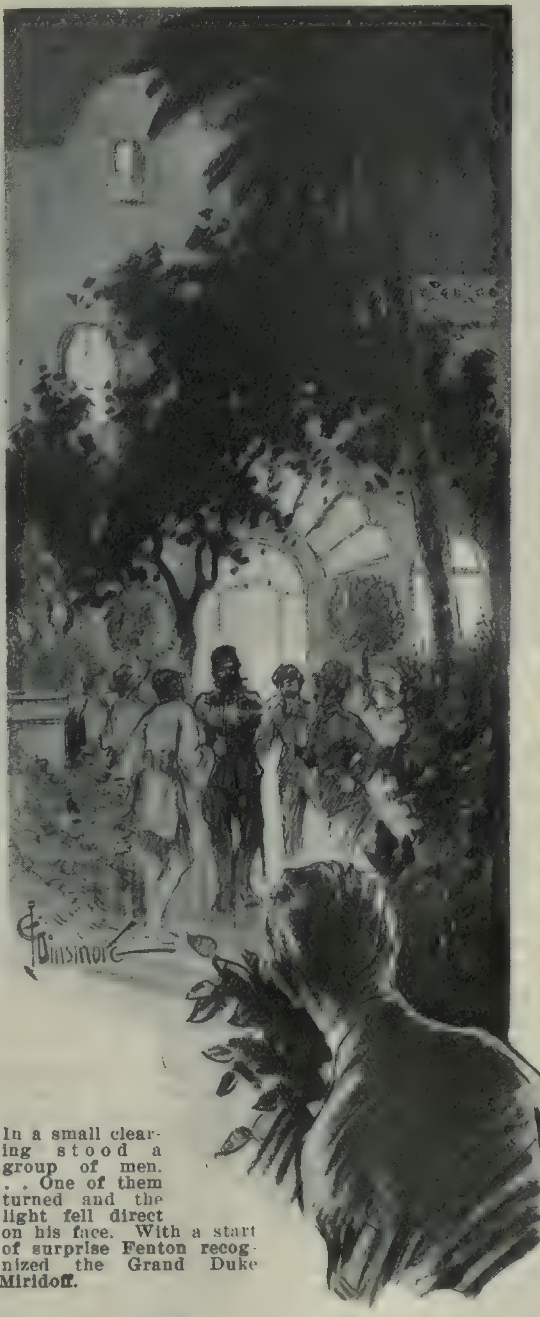
Fenton, murmuring a commonplace greeting, felt a strange antagonism for Miridoff. The latter's manner, while strictly courteous and even urbane, did not conceal the fact that Miridoff himself took no pleasure in the introduction.

In a few minutes, Varden with a happy tact, discovered an errand that took both himself and Miridoff away. Fenton allowed his glance to follow their retreating figures for a moment, and then, conscious of the scrutiny of his companion, turned back to the Princess. She was studying him with a frank interest.

"I must have a long talk with you, Mr. Fenton," she said, speaking in excellent English. The conversation previously had been conducted in French in which Fenton was well schooled. "You are so—so different from us. I have met but two Americans before; and they were of Austrian descent. You see, we are off the beaten track of tourists here in Ironia. Coming from your strange, big country across the ocean you seem almost like a visitor from Mars."

They laughed; and Fenton's diffidence left him. He began to talk of Canada, of the vastness of the country, of its customs and its freedom, particularly of its freedom. The princess listened with deepest interest.

"I should like to go to America—to Canada," said she. "It would be so splendid to be able to do what you wanted without bothering with customs and etiquette, to be able to go about without endless crowds of people staring at you."



In a small clearing stood a group of men. . . One of them turned and the light fell direct on his face. With a start of surprise Fenton recognized the Grand Duke Miridoff.

"Canadians turn out to stare at Princesses the same as they do here in Ironia," answered Fenton, "In fact as their opportunities are fewer, they probably take advantage of them even more obtrusively. And even if you were to travel incognito—I'm afraid my countrymen would let their admiration get the better of their politeness."

They were soon on most friendly terms, quite forgetful of the fact that she was a Princess of the royal line. In fact, Fenton found it difficult to realize that his companion was anything but an unusually attractive partner at a dance; and she seemed quite as willing to let all other considerations recede into the background. And so a quarter of an hour of most delightful interest passed, though it seemed but a moment to Fenton, when a tall elderly man in uniform brought their tête-a-tête to an end.

"Mr. Fenton, this is my father," said the Princess.

The Canadian who had been observing everything, acknowledged the introduction with a correct imitation of the stiff formal bow that seemed an integral part of Ironian etiquette. The Prince bore a striking resemblance to King Alexander, Fenton noted. Could this be the Prince Peter to whom Varden had referred?

They talked for a few minutes, the Prince also speaking English with fluency. Then someone came, a little understrapper in a most gorgeous uniform, and bore the Princess away to dance. "Lucky devil," sighed the Canadian to himself.

The two men walked out on to a balcony, and on the Prince's first remark, Fenton became assured of his identity.

"Mr. Varden has spoken of you to me," said Prince Peter. "He intimates that it is your intention to remain for some time in Ironia and to lend your assistance to the cause that Mr. Varden has himself espoused."

Fenton responded warmly and for half an hour the two men talked war problems and Ironia's relation thereto. Prince Peter discussed the situation with a frankness which might have astonished the young Canadian had he not been aware that all Ironia was thoroughly conversant with most phases of the vexed problem. When the Prince returned to the ball-room, he left Fenton with an unbounded enthusiasm for the new cause and a deep respect for Prince Peter himself. The latter was a born leader in every respect, particularly in his ability to win adherents. Fenton lit a cigarette and started down a dark path leading to the extensive and intricately planned royal gardens. He wanted to be alone. He wanted to be able to think, to dream. And his thoughts and dreams at first ran exclusively along one groove. How beautiful, the Princess was! He had never dreamed it possible that all the graces and beauties could be so combined in one person. Then his thoughts took a gloomy turn. He began to reflect on the future; his future and hers. He would go back to Canada, which now for the first time seemed far away and void of interest. She would marry a man of royal blood and rule in some such country as Ironia. He pictured her married for

Continued on Page 106.

Providing for the Damaged Workman

An Explanation of the Workmen's Compensation Act of Ontario

By ROBSON BLACK

Based on an interview with Sir William Meredith.

IN the good-old-days when Peter Pennyman, head moulder of the local stove works had a leg and one arm pried off in the machinery the boys took up a collection. And Peter? Peter—he got better. He had no arm, no leg, but the *bon dieu* left him a stomach. So the end of the story was that P. Pennyman, injured moulder, sold bootlaces at the busiest corner of the main street for thirteen years and eleven days and when the time came to die was mourned by a wide circle of police.

Now, John Dermott, pattern-maker, was nephew to Peter Pennyman. Only John's clock struck forty-seven on February 1st, 1915. On February 3rd, during a lull in the pattern shop, John obliged the foreman by lending a hand in piecing a broken belt. No blame to John if a clumsy apprentice dropped a hammer on the belt at the instant of its highest speed. But the crash of shafting and the yell of pain left no doubt who shouldered the penalty. They lifted Dermott into an ambulance with his fourth rib where his third should be. And for a couple of weeks he had lain upon a bed trussed and iodined like the mummy of Pharoah.

SIR WILLIAM MEREDITH,
The designer of the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Act.

On February 6th the Ontario Workmen's Compensation Board received a notification from the employer that J. Dermott, pattern-maker, had been injured. John himself, or his wife, or son, submitted a similar declaration. Forms were quickly filled up by employer, workman and physician. There were a few other details—nothing to frighten anybody—and the postman, one morning, slipped a long, flat envelope down the gullet of the letter-box. It was a cheque for $44, representing 55 per cent. of the pattern-maker's monthly earning capacity. And the cheques came along, and will come along, until John Dermott quits his bed, a cured and happy man.

John may not get better; what then? He will draw the $44 a month until the end of his days, though he live to be ninety-eight—and pensioners seldom quit earlier than that. He may die of his injuries; what of the widow? She will receive $20 a month in perpetuity. If there are children, there is an additional $5 a month for every chick under sixteen years of age, the total pension not to exceed $40 a month. Maybe, Mrs. John may want to marry again. Very well, the new law makes it easy, for she is entitled to a lump sum of $480, representing two-years' payments, within one month after her re-marriage.

There are, of course, other circumstances. Assume that our good man John is only partially incapacitated by his accident. He used to earn $20 weekly; now he earns but $10. In that case, says the Workmen's Compensation Act, he will receive 55 per cent. of the impairment of his normal earning capacity, which means an added $5.50 a week, bringing his total to $15.50.

Without supposing that any more things could happen to John Dermott than partial disability, total disability, and death, the point to emphasize is that unlike his uncle, Mr. Pennyman, he will not be called upon to hawk bootlaces, nor to bring busy housewives to the front door to buy a can of tooth-powder.

The Workmen's Compensation Act is Ontario's one revolution in twenty-five years. There have been other ructions in the jealous old *status quo* but exceedingly few have proved more than chary compromises—*squibs* of reform. In the Legislature of last year the Act was passed. On January 1, 1915, the machinery began its operation. That is, at the present writing, just two months ago. Like most other serious efforts to re-adjust conditions, the process received full accompaniment from the anvil chorus and the celebrated Hands-Off! Trio. But the Act arrived. It is Ontario's permanent guest. Only two months' trial and—what? The Canadian Manufacturers' Association officially advises all members to accept the Act without protest and give it every co-operation in the trust that alleged injustices will be righted by time and experience. The working man has had scarcely time enough to appraise the Act at its full meaning. After all, it is *his* Act, conceived and fashioned in the recognition of conditions affecting the industrial worker. Time will probably show that the compensation law, approximately as it left the hands of its designer, Sir William Ralph Meredith, was as inevitable as public ownership of post offices; and equally bulwarked in public favor. In a twelve-month of operation, the Workmen's Compensation Law of Ontario may come to be so happily regarded that the warnings and mutterings clouding the long days of the inquiry will read like an anthology of spook-craft.

In a suite of rooms at the Normal School Buildings, Toronto, the Workmen's Compensation Board dispenses the new and overflowing measure of industrial justice. Three men, Samuel Price, A. W. Wright, and George A. Kingston are the "judiciary" and while all represent good ability and unexcitable judgment, none can be said to hold a brief for any special class or to be possessed of private fads conflicting with the spirit of the legislation. It would seem as if Sir James Whitney nominated them from the ranks of conscientious laymen rather than as sectional extremists or over-whittled "experts." The machinery implementing the Act is simplicity itself, at the same time being the product of elaborate actuarial preparation and under the guidance of practical masters, such as F. W. Hinsdale, who had large experience with the Washington State law.

THE SCOPE OF THE LAW.

In every working day, from forty to fifty men are injured in Ontario who come within the purview of the new law. Nine hundred cases have been handled in less than a month and a half and this, for various reasons, is much below the average of a similar period as the Act grows older. Five Ontario men, or thereabouts, are killed every week while in their industrial duties and these form another class whose claims must have immediate attention.

Prior to January 1st, none of these men or their dependents had any right in the eyes of the law to recover damages *unless* negligence of the employer could be proved. Were the workman himself guilty of negligence, the way to recovery was absolutely barred—as was equally true when the cause could be traced to the negligence of a fellow workman.

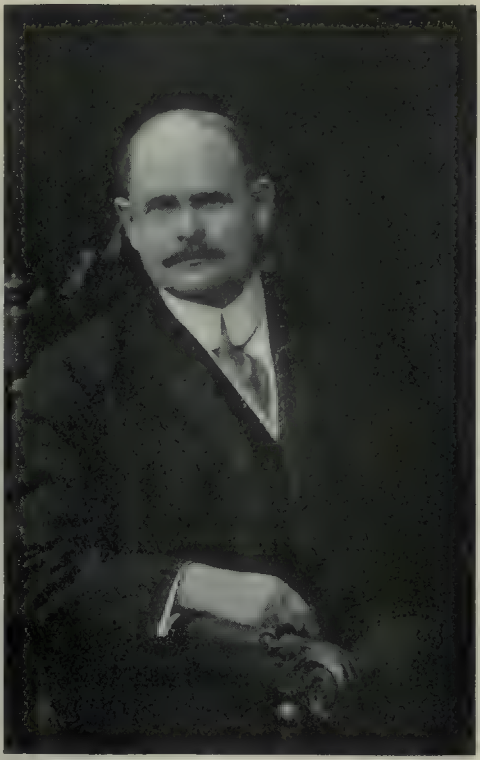
All these legal exceptions aborting the spirit of even the most primitive measure of compensation were unfair and extravagant. In whatever manner a workman is hurt, he is still *hurt*, and his earning capacity either lessened or wholly removed. Whether he is killed by other's negligence or by his own or by nobody's, his widow and children face the same peril of poverty. A designer of less breadth of view than Sir William Meredith—suppose he had been a mere legal technician—would have quailed before the thought of upsetting fifty or a hundred hoary precedents such as glistened from the pages of previous legislation. Fortunately, the commissioner did not make the mistake of draping a new law on the bones of the old; existing statutes he accepted mainly as a horrible example of what should *not* be. What eventually came from the hopper as a Workmen's Compensation Act was fresh and vivid as a wireless flash.

The new law differs from any other that Canada has ever known in the *amount* of compensation. It used to be a lump sum (in the cases lucky enough to get anything) guessed at by judge and jury and handed over to the workman or his dependents. Under the new law, all questions as to right of compensation and the amount are determined by the board of three Government-appointed members, whose verdict shall be absolutely final. No court can repeal it; in fact, *all courts* are superseded. Neither are there any costs to the workman or his employer to ascertain the board's opinion. Whatever moneys are paid are split into periodical sums thus providing for *continual* maintenance independent of an individual's personal extravagance or folly which, under the old system, often frittered away lump sum damages within a few weeks or months.

How does this work out in dollars and cents?

Having received notification from an employer of a man's injury or death by accident (or illness through an "occupational disease" such as lead poisoning) and with confirmatory evidence on hand from the victim or his dependents and the physician in charge, the board loses no time in sifting the facts and apportioning the payment. The presence or absence of negligence in employer or employee may sometimes affect the amount of compensation but can never void the worker's claim altogether. The only cases in which compensation is not payable, provided the accidents arises out of and in the course of the employment are: (1) Where the disability lasts less than seven days; (2) where the accident is attributable solely to the serious and wilful misconduct of the workman and does not result in death or serious disablement.

The board is hedged in its judgments by yet other considerations. Thus, no agreement to forestall the benefits of the Act is valid; no part of the amount payable to the accident fund by the employer is to be charged against the workman; nor can compensation be attached, charged or assigned without the approval of the board.



Geo. A. Kingston, of the Workmen's Compensation Board.

Samuel Price, Chairman of the Workmen's Compensation Board.

THE SCALE OF PAYMENTS.

Once the legitimacy of an employee's claim is admitted—and it requires only a few days—this scale of compensation comes immediately into effect:

If the accident results in death and the workman leave a widow she is entitled to a monthly payment of $20.

If he leave a widow and children, the payment to the widow is $20 a month and $5 a month for each child under sixteen years of age, with a maximum total payment of $40.

If he leaves children only, the payment is $10 a month for each child under sixteen.

If the workman was under twenty-one years of age and his dependents are his parents, or one of them, such dependents shall receive $20 a month until the workman would have been twenty-one years of age. This term of pension may be extended by the board.

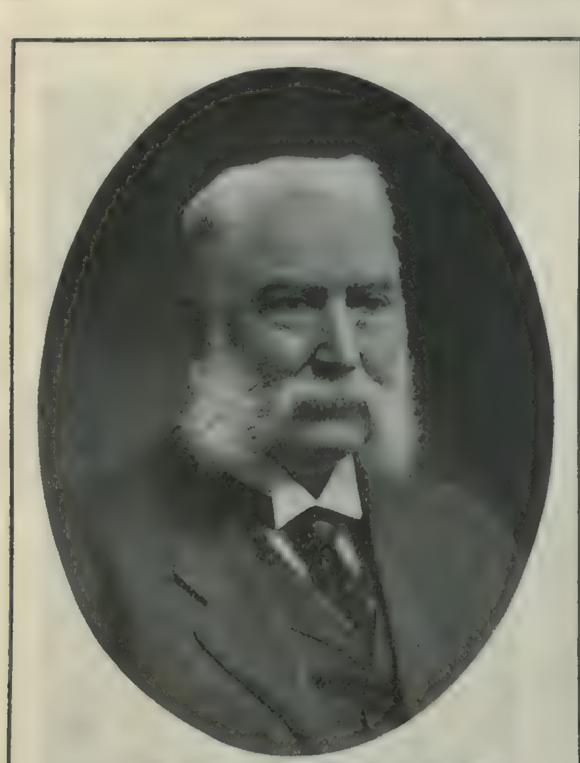
All payments are governed, however, by the provision that in no case shall they exceed 55 per cent. of the workman's earnings in the employment. Also, the maximum salary or wages upon which the board is allowed to compute compensation has been placed at two thousand dollars a year.

For the workman who is permanently disabled through his labors, it is provided that he receive 55 per cent. of his wages. That is, if he were earning $25 a week, he must be paid $55 a month with no time limit except the day of death.

Then by abolishing all opportunity or necessity of court actions and making the board of three members supreme, both employer and employee are facilitated in obtaining justice. Quite commonly, the persons most deserving of compensation were in the poorest position to secure it, because the old system specified that when master and servant did not agree on a settlement the remedy was an action at law. Obviously, the best man at the game of law is the man with a fat purse. Indeed, the "lessons" taught injured workmen and their dependents in obtaining justice through batteries of solicitors and costly appeals became in time a warning rather than an invitation. Then, too, the employer frequently suffered from unfair suits which he preferred to compromise rather than go to the expense of contesting. There is no room for doubt, however, that the law courts as a clearing house of workmen's claims were *in effect* playing into the hands of the well-to-do employer.

Who are included in the operations of the Act?

Not all, but a very large number of the employments existing in Ontario. Exclusions have been allowed and for valid reasons. Thus the retail and wholesale mercantile businesses, farm laborers and menial servants, hotel keeping and restaurant keeping, the business of an architect—the list of excluded employments



A. W. Wright, Vice-President of the Workmen's Compensation Board.

is a long one and the above are merely samples. Where less than six workmen are employed, mining, cheese, butter-making, power laundries, and quite a number of others are spared from the privileges of the Act and where less than four workmen are employed, as in machine shops, repair shops, cabinet work, etc., the industries are regarded as "out of bounds." The object in making these exceptions was because of the relatively small hazard involved and the impossibility in the early stages of administration to collect names and make assessments. As time goes on, it is not improbable that fresh classifications will be added to those already recognized.

All employments upon which the workmen's compensation measure exerts any influence, are divided into two general classes. Those who are liable to contribute to the accident fund constitute the more important group as regards numbers, including lumbering, pulp and paper mills, mining, quarries, iron, steel and metal foundries, agricultural implement works, chemical plants, distilleries, and a great variety of others. There is a second class, called Schedule 2, which the commissioner specified as *individually* liable to pay the compensation and who, therefore, do not contribute to the accident fund. This includes enterprises carried on by municipal governments, public utilities commissions, the operation of railways, the operation of a railway company's car shops or similar plants, the business of an express company. Construction work on railways is also included when such is carried on by the same parties which operate the finished system. What happens in case of accident to an employee in this second class is that the board establishes the amount of compensation and assessment is made upon the employer direct. As far as the workmen's interests are concerned, either classification assures him immediate and generous treatment.

THE EXCLUDED LIST.

But there are workmen excluded from *both* sections, but still forming a substantial total. What of their position? It has been one of the finest testimonies to the thoroughness of Sir William Meredith's inquiry that these temporary "outlanders" are placed in an improved position. Had one of these men been injured in December last and had he entered suit for redress, very likely the courts would have listened to grave debates on "assumed risk" and "common employment"—meaning, "you took the risk when you took the job." Had his accident occurred one month later, with the new law in force, he would have found that, while he was obliged still to appeal to the ordinary courts for damages, there was no longer any validity to the employers' defences of "assumed risk" and "common employment"; and "contributory negligence" ceased to be a bar to recovery. Even from this clause, however, the farm laborer, the domestic servant and most clerks continue to be excepted.

HOW THE BOARD WORKS.

The actuarial machinery of the Workmen's Compensation Board would be in itself the subject of an interesting description, but in an article of a summarizing nature, it may be used to answer two or three more obvious questions.

Who supplies the money for the compensation?

The funds from which all payments to workmen or their dependents are derived represent, in the main, the contributions of employers. The workmen contribute nothing —in cash. The province provided for $100,000 a year and undertook to pay for the maintenance of the governing board.

All industries are *grouped* and assessments are made upon the basis of the annual payroll; this is a rough and ready method and serves the purpose satisfactorily. As an illustration, the pulp and paper mills present a fairly uniform hazard for their workers. The paper-making machines and the pulp grinders are pretty much alike in the mills whether at Thorold or Espanola. The employers in this line of manufacture are hence more willing to pay their share of indemnities for accidents than if they had been "unevenly yoked" to canning factories, and car shops which bear perhaps different hazards and certainly could not easily combine with them for reducing risks.

Since the bulk of the funds distributed by the Act comes from the employers, one may speculate as he pleases in regard to the *ultimate* derivation of the money. Upon that point, Sir William Meredith does not try to mince his convictions. "The burden which the workman is required to bear," said he, "he cannot shift upon the shoulders of anyone else, but the employer may and no doubt will shift his burden upon the shoulders of the community, or, if he has any difficulty in doing that, he may, by reducing the wages of his workmen, compel them to bear part of it."

Upon what assumption were the rates established?

The Ontario law being a new and untried measure, and as the hazard of like employment differs sometimes greatly in a Canadian province and an American state the only solution was to strike an average between the state-operated rates of the American republic and the rates charged by liability companies hitherto in Canada. Other factors also had an influence. When the general manager of an agricultural implement works received an account for .80 per cent. of his 1915 payroll as due to the treasury of the Workmen's Compensation Board, it means that the .80 is *estimated* on all available means of judgment as his share of the total of compensation awards in that particular industry during 1915. Maybe the rate will have to be increased or lowered for 1916 but that will be decided by the results of the current twelve-month. One point on which there may be implicit reliance is that all payments made to the Compensation Board go into the pockets of injured workmen, or dependents of de-

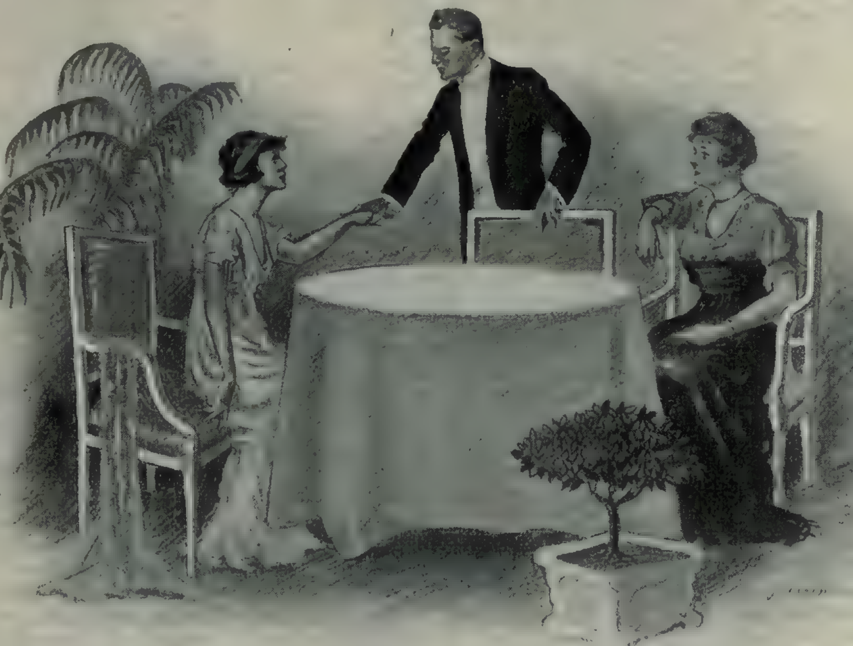
Continued on Page 105.

F. W. Hinsdale, who supervises the machinery of the Act.

Two Women and a Man

By MADGE MacBETH

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



"How are you?" greeted Mrs. McTavish. "I have been watching you for some time, uncertain whether or not it was you."

EVERY-day women never fire the imagination; they are bounded by their environment, domesticity, weakness, or worse—their strong-mindedness. No romantic glamor ever throws its elusive halo round them; their thoughts and actions are as obvious as their choice of hats is a foregone conclusion. They know what style suits them, and they never experiment with any other. Habit and system are slogans to which they are slaves; ugliness, punctuality and method are their virtues, and they housekeep in the morning, call and tea in the afternoon and fret their husbands with trivialities in the evening, until a merciful Atropos snips her shears.

Mrs. MacTavish was not one of these. Although her life was somewhat bounded by circumstance—and in the present instance, this means poverty—she managed to live a highly varied and, to the ordinary woman of the town, immoral existence. She treated Mrs. Grundy with a familiarity born of contempt. She was intensely prone to experiment with different styles of hats! She had no method and no one ever knew where to find her—her maid either was ignorant, or refused to tell—meretricious conduct whichever way you looked at it! She was a detached member of the community, and people did not know enough about her, except that she took fencing lessons in the morning when she should have been housekeeping, and rambles in the afternoon, when she should have been drinking tea. She was further indiscreet enough to live alone rather than suffer the ungenerous criticism of a round of visiting relatives; and, worse than all the foregoing, then multiplied by two, she had no intimate woman friend. Most men were her friends—at least as long as they could keep their heads as jailers.

Can I incriminate her further?

She looked across the table at her vis-a-vis and smiled slightly.

"You are thinking how childish and silly I am!" exclaimed the other woman. "I hoped that you—of all people—wouldn't!"

"Not a bit! I was thinking how amusing it was, how futile, I might say, for you to have brought me away in quest of adventure. I am such a common-place sort of person."

By which it will be seen that another vice can be added to Mrs. MacTavish's black list—that of not always telling the truth. She had been quoted as saying that a person who called a spade a spade should be condemned to use that offensive implement in a weedy garden for the rest of his days, and it was certainly one of her whimsies *not* to call things by their proper names.

"If I could only be commonplace like you, then," sighed Kate Gordon with such genuine admiration that Mrs. MacTavish blushed. "It is I who am commonplace and the tragedy of it is, that I know it and can't overcome it. I envy the women at home who are ignorant of their own triteness—to put it kindly. Even my name is plain, unvarnished, obvious, solid—Kate! Doesn't it sound just like me, a woman who can cook, sew, even wash and iron; who is practical, shrewd at making a bargain, who can't read Arnold Bennett without being bored and Maeterlinck without wondering what it is all about; who looks best in tailor-mades and rather heavy, substantial hats and whose appearance in evening dress is either crushing or suggestive of a man who has put frills and baby ribbon to the tail of his morning coat. I can't wear an evening gown as though it were a part of me!"

Mrs. MacTavish kept silence as the waiter took away their soup and placed a dish of whitefish between them.

"Look at me now," continued Miss Gordon, "this gown cost an even three hundred—made at O'Mara's. I told them not to spare trouble or expense, that I wanted to look well." She laughed rather unpleasantly. "I can't blame the gown—or the bill, but—where did you get yours?"

"It was given to me," answered the other, simply. "I couldn't afford clothes like this. I have a friend—a girl living in Paris—who sends me lots of things, knowing how tiresomely helpless and incompetent I am. You see, I can't sew, although I often think I *must* learn instead of accepting things from my friends."

"Oh no! Don't learn! It must be such an exquisite pleasure to be able to give you things—things that you wear and make a part of yourself." Kate clumsily made one of those speeches which the person who understands treasures up in memory as being something almost priceless. Then she hurried on:

"I am crazily in love with you, Mrs. MacTavish! There's a spade for you! I am as much in love with you as a man could be; and this trip with you means so much to me that I am sort of breathless with the realization of it. I told you that I wanted to get away from home, from the deadly respectable people of whom I am one, and from their moth-eaten husbands who, nightly, take me home from bridge parties. I said I wanted to have an adventure—which was true. But most of all, I wanted to get you away to myself where I could look at you as long as I liked, where I could listen to you without being interrupted, watch the hundreds of adorable little tricks which are a part of you, see how you do your hair, put on your clothes, get up, sit down, come in, and go out—in a word, to know you intimately if such a thing is possible. I want to hear what you think, how you face life, what problems you have—"

Mrs. MacTavish looked a moment into the tense face opposite, then broke into a rippling laugh. It was not the sort which hurts, but had, rather, the effect of giving a taut line more play.

"I am so utterly simple, my dear," she said gently, "that I don't ever think about real things at all. I just go on—reading foolish novels all about love and chivalry, and seeing foolish plays all about women who finally meet the right man or vice versa, and eating pounds of chocolates, spoiling my maid and feeding mangy animals or children—I have no plan of life. So you see"—she blushed vividly again—"your idol has clay feet."

The elder woman did not answer that but went on as though no interruption had occurred.

"I want you to know me! Somehow I can't control the desire to tell you things about myself, intimate, trivial, boring things. Perhaps, if you can understand some of my problems, you can help me."

"I shall certainly try."

A hotel cafe is a strange place for such confidences as Kate Gordon poured into her guest's ear that night. How much the waiter heard she did not know or care; the only thing that mattered was the holding of Mrs. MacTavish's attention while she told of her sordid childhood, the struggle against poverty, the gradual small successes which brought ease and a larger outlook to the family; of her sisters' beauty and marriage with commonplace men, of her brothers, now commercially successful and equally ordinary. She did not hesitate to speak of her social ambitions and the bludgeonings she had received even after money, quite a great deal of money, had come to her.

"But," she ended, "what good does it do me? I did not commence to live until I was old and ugly. I had no real education, no polish, no manner. I am and always will be, just plain old Kate! Of course I haven't to wash and cook and sew as my mother did, but sometimes I think I would like to—if only there was someone to do it for! I am thirty-six and mean nothing to a living being. When I visit my sisters, which is seldom and for very short periods, they never consider me or my possible amusement. They use me as an excuse to pay off tiresome obligations; they ask antiquated old bores to meet me and behave toward me as though I had but a few years more to live, and should turn my thoughts to heaven and not to earthly things. I never meet a man."

She paused, conscious that, for the moment, her companion's gaze had drifted away, but in the pause Mrs. MacTavish said: "I am listening; go on."

"My sisters-in-law are even worse! I want to belong to some one, to feel that my comings and goings matter! I want to give up this deadly round of evening parties where husbands of my friends cluster in the hall and say: 'We'll see her home to-night; we live nearest.'"

"Oh," she cried with tears in her eyes and her voice, "you—exquisite, magnetic, desirable little person that you are—you can't know the agony of humiliation I suffer feeling that I am only half a woman, that no man's pulse beats one iota faster from the clasp of my hand, that no man's eyes follow me with interest or curiosity as I leave a room! You can't know how I am starving!"

Mrs. MacTavish looked toward a far table and back at Kate Gordon, flushed and bright-eyed. She was not plain; she had a firm unwrinkling skin which looked well in strong daylight, her features were not bad at all, but she was common-place, she looked almost underbred one might say, and all the money in the world could not change that.

"Say something," begged the other. "Say, honestly, what you were thinking."

"Of your money," replied Mrs. MacTavish, without hesitation.

"That I might marry, because—someone—er—would need money? Yes? I thought so! But can't you understand I never meet any men, unmarried ones. I have long since been forgotten when mixed parties are given. I am only invited to married women's things, or hen horrors! I tell you, Mrs. MacTavish, that I would marry a man—a gentleman—and support him without hesitation, if he would only treat me decently before the suspicious and prying eyes of my friends. I have no pride left, absolutely none. I could even bear the humiliation of knowing that a man did not love me, if he would not place me in an equivocal position before the world, by making it too apparent in which direction his affections *did* lie. Of course I want to be loved—I am that kind of a woman, but even more than that, I do believe in my inmost heart, I want someone *I have a right* to love!"

Mrs. MacTavish looked again across the room, frowned a little, then smiled her wonderful smile and bowed. Kate, following her glance saw a man rise and make his way eagerly toward them.

"How are you?" greeted Mrs. MacTavish, as she put her hand in his. "I have been watching you for some time uncertain whether or not it was you."

"There was no such uncertainty in my mind," he returned looking straight into her eyes. He had not even glanced at Kate Gordon.

"Miss Gordon, let me introduce Mr. Wood," said Mrs. MacTavish. "We are two runaways, seeking adventure," she explained to him, laughing.

"Then you need seek no further, ladies," the man's manner was smilingly impudent as he drew a chair to the table and accepted Kate's invitation to join them at coffee. "Here I am."

"Oh, you are only an episode, my dear Mr. Wood," replied the other. "I said an adventure, which opens out vastly larger possibilities."

"You underrate my capabilities, madam! Only, either as an episode or an adventure, I wish you would stop calling me Wood. My name," he turned to Kate, "is Crompton—Willis Crompton—unpoetic and stolid I must admit, but from long usage it has somewhat endeared itself to me and I look upon an usurper with disfavor."

"But why does Mrs. MacTavish call you Wood?" asked Kate.

"Mrs. MacTavish, as you must know, is a creature of whims and impulses. Whether she saw in me a resemblance to some dolt named Wood or whether I reminded her of a blockhead, I have for the moment forgotten. Indeed, I doubt even if you asked her suddenly, that she would be able to give you my name correctly. But do try, as an especial favor," he begged, "to remember Crompton, won't you?"

The woman laughed.

"Very well. We will bury Wood and rear Crompton in his stead."

"Did you say you were visiting Miss Gordon?"

Kate, glad of an opportunity to call his attention to herself explained their presence in the city. "I simply dragged her away from the deadly hole in which we live and we are to have an orgy of theatres, dressmakers and so on. But, speaking of the theatre, won't you come with us, to-night? I have a box at the Academy."

Crompton accepted, just as a page came through the cafe calling Mrs. MacTavish.

"Ah, how *could* you?" exclaimed Kate. "You promised not to let any one know you were here—for a few days at least."

"It is probably Madame Christine to make an appointment," she smiled reassuringly. "Hadn't you better order a taxi? I shan't be long and it is nearly time we started."

The man nodded. His eyes greedily followed the exquisite little figure, carelessly trailing black and gold draperies across the dull red carpet; he noted with absolute satisfaction all through his being how splendidly the tawny patrician head was held, how straight, yet supple was the back in this age of slouching, round-shouldered women. He breathed deeply of the elusive perfume which clung about him as she passed, and he forgot that the woman at the table demanded at least a perfunctory attention.

"She is exquisite, isn't she?" asked Kate as their eyes met. "I adore her so foolishly."

Crompton sat down again, signified that he asked permission to smoke and lighted a cigarette.

"Have you known her long?"

"That depends upon what you mean by knowing her. I don't consider that I know her at all, although we have been calling upon one another ever since she and her husband moved to our town, seven years ago. She has no intimate friends; in spite of her gentleness and apparent liking for one, there is something about her past which one cannot penetrate. She is to me, the embodiment of romance and mystery. I wish I could see into her, don't you?"

"More than you would believe! And where is MacTavish these days?"

"Why, didn't you know? He was killed in a railway accident five years ago. Haven't you seen her since then?"

"No. Poor little girl!"

"Sh-h-h! Here she comes."

The play was a dull affair, but Kate and Crompton enjoyed it. They sat side by side back of Mrs. MacTavish who ignored them. Kate whispered incessantly to the friend of her friend already prepared to fall madly in love with this tangible realization of her ideal, and Crompton watched the other woman secure in the knowledge that now he could do so without being rudely curious. To him every speaking feminine detail was a delight—the careless coil of tawny hair just above the curve of her neck, the little curl which crept rebelliously from the restraining pin of her barette (and it would have pleased him none the less to know that Mrs. MacTavish scrupulously

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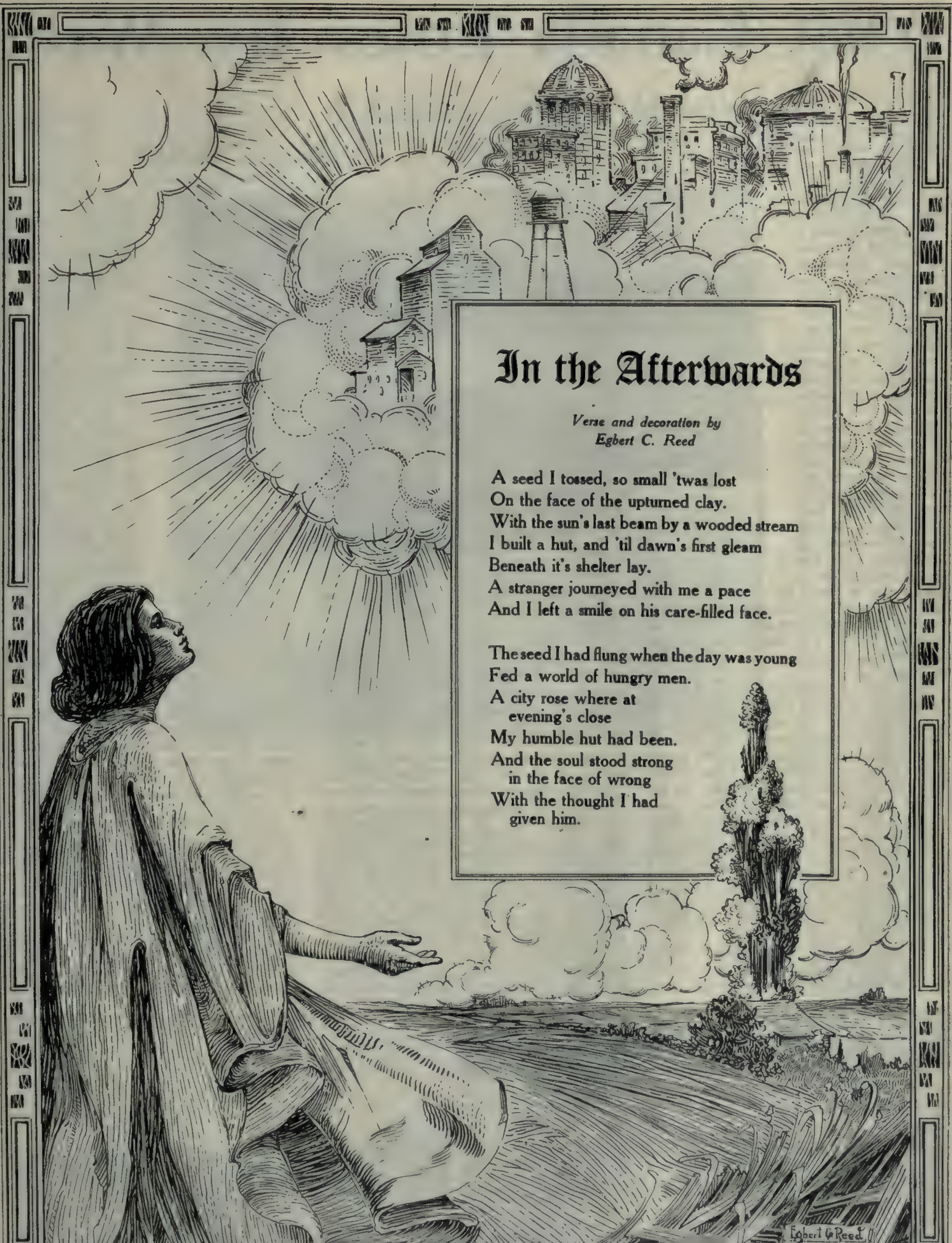


In the Afterwards

Verse and decoration by
Egbert C. Reed

A seed I tossed, so small 'twas lost
On the face of the upturned clay.
With the sun's last beam by a wooded stream
I built a hut, and 'til dawn's first gleam
Beneath it's shelter lay.
A stranger journeyed with me a pace
And I left a smile on his care-filled face.

The seed I had flung when the day was young
Fed a world of hungry men.
A city rose where at
evening's close
My humble hut had been.
And the soul stood strong
in the face of wrong
With the thought I had
given him.

What Canada Loses by Waste

By NORMAN P. LAMBERT *and* H. B. McKINNON

To produce more by wasting less, is the moral that the writers hope will be taken from this article which simply cites a number of the outstanding forms of wastefulness, to be seen by anyone who has travelled about Canada, and exercised even moderately the ordinary faculty of observation. In these days, when the nation seems to be keenly alive to the necessity of less idleness and a more extended effort on the part of its individuals and an increased return from all sources of production, let the united application of the people be made for the purpose of improving loose methods, rather than with the aim of performing big works in an imperfect way. Let us gather up the fragments and proceed anew to feed the multitude.

A forest fire demolishing a stretch of valuable timber.

The oval inset shows a section of an Ontario orchard with apples wasting on ground.

Last summer, in the company of one of the Dominion forest rangers, the writer journeyed along the edge of the forest reserve that slopes down to the foothill country of Alberta from the first range of the Rocky mountains. As our horses mounted to a commanding position on the top of a high, wooded hill which overlooked a vast stretch of patchy-looking forest lying to the west, my companion pulled rein and, turning in his saddle, waved his hand over the devastated landscape and said: "All that waste of trees was caused by a careless camper who left a little fire up there to be blown about by the wind."

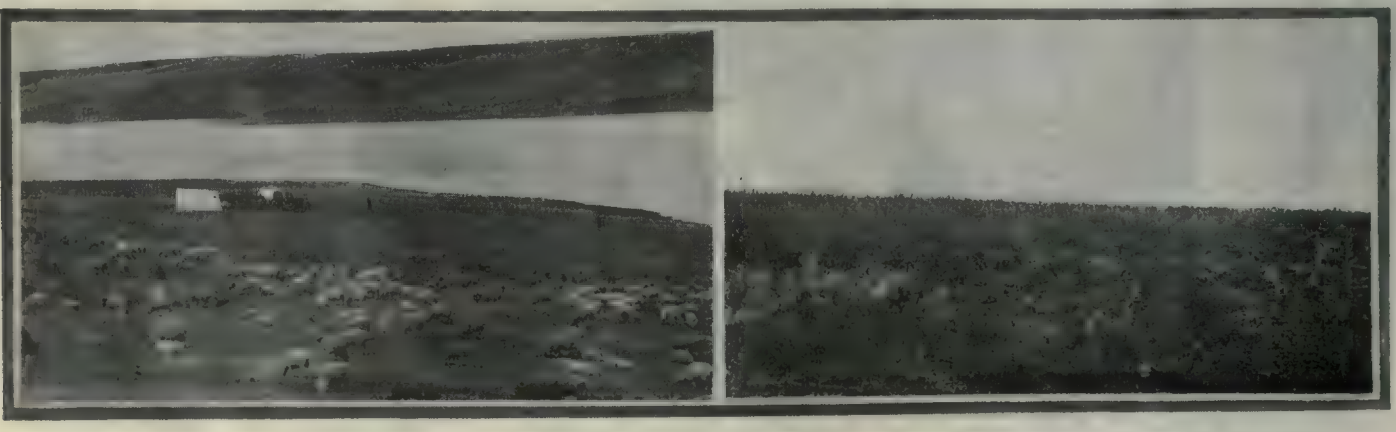
"Do you know," he continued, "that enough mercantile timber has been wasted by fire between here and the Pacific coast to pay for the building of the mountain sections of three transcontinental railroads?"

The point was borne out by the report of the Chief Forester of the Department of the Interior at Ottawa in January at the annual meeting of the Conservation Commission, when that official said: "Last year, there were 1,406 forest fires in different parts of the Dominion, mostly in the West, which destroyed 438,567 acres of forest and 350,000,000 feet (board measure) of merchantable timber. The spring and summer of 1914 were exceptionally dry. In 1910, another dry year, there were 1,227 forest fires, which destroyed 345,660 acres of trees and 185,350,000 feet of timber that could have been used for manufacturing purposes. Most of the fires are caused by careless settlers, with the railways a close second and thoughtless campers third."

Turn from the wild forests, nursed and protected by Nature and her elements with the assistance of the inspecting eye of the fire ranger, to the ordered plan of our cities and towns with the protection of their police and fire equipment, and here also the wasteful fire fiend has burned his way through the country in an appalling manner. For years, the fire losses in Canada have been greater, according to population, than in any other country on the face of the globe. In 1913, the year in which fire did the greatest amount of damage in Canada, the average monthly loss due to fire was valued at $2,195,551, or $3.29 per capita per annum. Last year, the monthly loss was slightly less than in 1913, amounting to $2,026,751 or $3.15 per capita for the twelve months. The per capita fire loss for the whole of the United States is something like $2.16, and for three hundred of that country's principal cities, the loss per head amounts to no more than $2.55. The great city of London, England, loses less than 50 cents per capita every year through fire. In the face of such evidence, the conclusion seems irresistible that Canada, besides being a prodigal spendthrift, is inhabited by an extremely careless people.

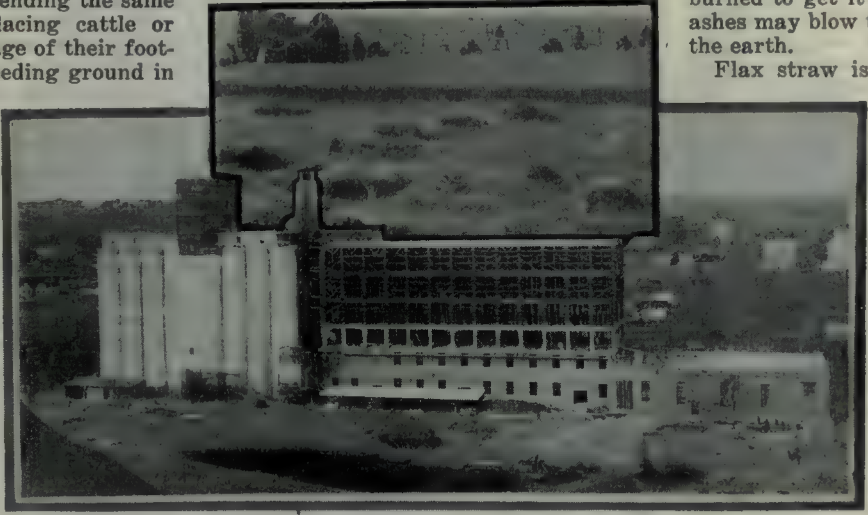
A WASTE OF PASTURAGE.

Travelling eastward from the edge of the forest reserve which extends southward through Alberta towards the international boundary line, one may behold from the tops of the more prominent foothills, afar off in fertile valleys, certain artificial-looking structures which upon closer observation, prove to be the derricks of the recently exploited oil field. There are some twenty-five of these der-



Left: A view of the pasture lands of Alberta. The potential wealth that lies in the thousand miles of pasturage in the Alberta foothills has not been realized. Right: Valuable land laid waste by fire; a common scene in the North and West.

ricks scattered through the hills of Southern Alberta marking the endeavors of a few real scientists and the impulsive efforts of a very large number of speculators, to discover the elusive bed of petroleum which is supposed to lie somewhere along the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains. The oil "boom" of last summer in Alberta resulted in the organization of nearly five hundred companies which were given the power to sell shares of stock. The total capitalization of the crop of oil companies could be estimated conservatively at five hundred million dollars, and the amount raised by stock sales to be invested in the field in the form of working equipment was no more than five millions. The field has still to be proved, and it is not the aim of this article to reflect in any way upon the worth of that territory as a possible oil-bearing district. But instead of devoting five million dollars to this quest, the people of Alberta, by expending the same amount of money in placing cattle or sheep on the rich pasturage of their foothill country, the finest feeding ground in America for livestock, might have assured themselves a lucrative return, and incidentally have conferred great benefit upon their province. The potential wealth that lies embedded in the thousand miles of pasturage in the Alberta foothills stretching northward from the international boundary line away into the Peace River Valley, has not realized in the slightest measure. Cattle men who have ranched in every famous area in America, from as far south as old Mexico to the last northern areas in Alberta, tell of the wonderful, unexplainable wealth of the natural feeding-ground in the far western province. In the first place, the dry autumn and winter seasons leave the grass in the foothills naturally cured, retaining all the food and nourishment of the fresh green, springtime growth. Stock are able "to winter out" in Alberta with safety and the absolute assurance that the animals may be "rounded up" in the spring, better finishing and weighing more than livestock that has been fed and cared for in barns or stables. For some unexplainable reason too, the cattle that are raised and fattened in the Alberta foothill country, even though they be the same kind that are feeding on the plains of Mexico, Texas, in the hills of Colorado, or on the ranges of Montana, weigh more in their finished state by three hundred to four hundred pounds per head than in the more southerly districts in the United States. This fact of Alberta's superiority is upheld on the great central livestock market of America, at Chicago, in the form of top prices, on any occasion that shipments of cattle from far western Canada are received. Some day, the natural feeding ground of America will tell its story, but to-day for the greater part, it is lying idle, a wide waste of richness, while close at hand people have been chasing recklessly after the fleeting image of Fortune.



Above: A scene from a harvest field. It is said that $30,000,000 could be realized in Saskatchewan alone, if straw now burned were sold at half the eastern price. Below: An idle flour mill.

A WASTAGE IN PRODUCTION.

The waste that has resulted through the desire of the people of this country and of other countries to speculate in western lands, is appalling, and leads almost to the conclusion that our federal system of settlement and of increased production up till the present time, has not been a success. In the Western part of Canada is this remarkably true. Over 58,000,000 acres of land have been alienated from the crown under homestead patents during the lifetime of the Dominion, and, in addition, some 42,000,000 acres have been disposed of in railway and other grants and in direct sales. Yet out of this enormous total of 100,000,000 acres, less than 20,000,000 acres have been under seed in the prairie provinces. Allowing for summer fallow and lands used for root crops and cultivated grasses, no more than 32,000,000 acres can be accounted for as in any sense cultivated. Assuming that all the land cultivated has been homestead land, it would still leave 26,000,000 acres of homestead area that has never felt the touch of the plough. As a matter of fact, however, much of the land under cultivation is not homestead land at all, but purchased property. It is very clear, therefore, that past methods of colonization and settlement have not been very successful. It simply means that at the present time, 70,000,000 acres out of the area, owned in Western Canada, is in condition of waste. If, as has been suggested quite often of late, a commission is to be appointed to investigate agricultural conditions in Canada with a view to encouraging greater production from the land, it would be interesting to know the nature of the ownership of that vast margin of western prairie land which never has been turned to the benefit of anybody. The word, waste, might be written all over the map of western Canada.

It is hardly necessary to point out the enormity of the waste on that portion of the western lands that is cultivated and that does bear some sort of crop. The tourist passing through the West in the months of September and October, or even later, must have been attracted often by the blazing fires which in the night-time may be seen for miles and miles dotting the country. Those fires represent the waste of thousands of tons of the very best quality of straw. An authority in Saskatchewan speaking on this subject not long ago said that if the farmers of that province could get even half the eastern market value for their straw, they would add thirty million dollars annually to the worth of their crop. In other countries, Germany, for instance, (if it would not be treasonable to mention the name of that country) they utilize straw as well as other waste materials for the manufacturing of a certain grade of alcohol. Here they do not even save the straw for manure. Straw is burned to get it out of the way, and the ashes may blow to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Flax straw is an even more valuable material that is wasted by the ton on the western plains. About a million acres of western land was sown to flax in 1914, and the unusually small crop that was harvested left easily a million tons of flax straw and fibre to be wasted where it was cut. It would not be used even as fuel and, for such a purpose, flax straw is an excellent material. In the West flax is grown for the seed, which is sold abroad mainly and is worth to the land on which it is grown about $13 per acre. Flax, grown for seed and fibre, involving careful handling in the separation of the fibre from the straw, would return $58 per acre. True, the larger return would mean much labor and the investment of considerable capital to establish the industry, but unquestionably, with the valuable fields of Belgium devastated, it would be a profitable investment in Canada, and would result in the elimination of a huge amount of almost unpardonable waste.

Then closely associated with the production of the western plains, as well as with that of the smaller fields of the Eastern provinces, is the milling industry. In late years, milling has become a national industry, and its success or its failure is so closely related to that of agriculture and of the whole country, that it stands apart from most industrial enterprises, as of especial interest to the peoples of Canada. Milling as it is carried on now is not the business it was some years ago. The old-fashioned country mill is becoming a thing of the past, when the farmer carried his grain to town and had it ground into flour for his own needs and the needs of the neighboring community as well. The close community of interest between miller and farmer is gone, and most of the larger and modernly organized mills of to-day never see a farmer at their doors. The making of flour has come under the control of corporations and boards of directors, and the stock of the milling companies is listed amongst brokerage houses and on the exchanges. Under present conditions in Canada, our mills are utilizing only half of their capacity. If all the flour mills in Canada were employed fully, they would turn out enough flour every year to feed 35,000,000 people. As matters stand they do not reach half of that output. The idle time is easily fifty per cent. of the total. The domestic market takes about nine million barrels of flour per year, and about four and a half million barrels are shipped to outside markets, principally to Great Britain. If, instead of thirteen or fourteen million barrels per year, the Canadian mills worked their entire capacity and turned out twenty-five or twenty-eight million barrels, a much greater economy would be effected in many departments of the country's business. For one thing, the farmer would be able to sell more of his wheat at home, thus being saved the heavy transportaion charges on export shipments which are now deducted from the price that goes to the farmer. The by-products of the mill, too, would be of value to the livestock interests throughout the Dominion. But until the millers of Canada seek new and wider markets and a larger trade, the waste of half of the total capacity of their mills will continue.

THE WASTE OF FRUIT.

Travelling to the older provinces of the East, one finds many more evidences of waste.

The writer stood one day in the past autumn admiring the magnificent crop of winter apples on the trees of a well-kept Ontario orchard. This orchard was situated in a country unusually famed for its development of co-operative enterprises and its owner, who was present on the day in question was beyond a doubt one of the most skilled orchardists in the province. Tree after tree, as far as the eye could trace to the eastward, groaned under a weight of rapidly-reddening fruit, that by all appearances, should have packed out at least 75 per cent. No. 1; and that in Ontario means something.

The other side of the picture. Nothing is wasted on this farm.

"How many barrels of winter stuff will you have this year?" the owner was asked.

"Well, there should be at least five hundred barrels of the best grade on the trees," was the reply. "But I'm not going to pick them."

"Not going to pick them?—You are surely joking, Mr. A——," the writer gasped, in amazement.

"Joking, not a bit of it," came the quiet retort. "What's the use of picking and packing them when they won't bring enough to pay for your labor, let alone the cost of the barrels? If you want apples and have time to pick them yourself, come here and get at it. I won't pick nor pack an apple this year."

And he kept his word. Guilty of criminal negligence, he was anything but a criminal; he was the victim of circumstances which have prevailed in Canada during a decade. While his five hundred barrels of Spy, Baldwin and Greenings made frozen food for sparrows, poor children in the city thirty miles away, looked with eyes saddened with perpetual hunger at the few tastily arranged boxes of apples in the high-class downtown grocery.

Exaggerated, you say? Solitary instance? Not at all. In the fall of 1914, just passed, hundreds of thousands of barrels of the most luscious apples grown in Ontario were left on the limbs or rotted under the softening snows of early winter. In every country in Ontario enough apples to supply the wants of a large city went to absolute waste because of the lack of marketing facilities.

Another instance. The writer walked with a Lambton market gardener over his black-loam fields at pumpkin-picking time. This gardener was a man of acute business ability, the managing spirit of a co-operative shipping concern. He pointed to a patch of decaying cabbages.

"Never picked them," was his terse comment. "There's about an acre in that patch—beauties they were, too—but it wouldn't pay to market them for less than five cents a head, would it? I just left them in the ground. They'll make good green manure."

Quite so, but does the present condition of the average consumer's family warrant this waste of perfectly grown cabbages, and on this generous scale? Why not have that acre of cabbages put in cold storage and sold now at ten cents per head, when housewives the province over are at their wits' end to secure green stuff for the table?

Donald Johnston, Fruit Commissioner for Canada, spent last fall in a tour of the West. While in the famous Okanagan Valley of British Columbia he saw waste at its worst. While hundreds of towns and villages in Ontario did not see a single peach during the entire canning season, thousands of bushels rotted in the grass at the foot of the trees in Okanagan. A few were put on sale locally—at ridiculously low prices—but the mass of Okanagan peaches went absolutely and completely to waste. Was that good procedure on our part? If peaches can come from the southern and western states of the Union to our high-class groceries why cannot the far superior Okanagan peaches be brought, in a lean year to the hungry East? Isn't this waste at its worst?

THE WASTE OF MILK.

The dairy industry of Canada is characterized by a certain amount of waste—a waste, so to speak, of omission rather than of commission. That is to say, while a great portion of the product is put on the market awaiting it, there is a most regrettable waste in the producing end. Inefficiency is stamped all over the yearly operations of thousands of the dairymen who are responsible for the appearance of the raw product—milk. True, they sell their milk; but do they get from their herds the milk they should, in consideration of the food and attention bestowed on the animals? For answer, let us accept the statements of a government expert, M. C. F. Whitley, of the Federal Dept. of Agriculture.

Speaking at the Eastern Ontario Dairymen's Convention in January, 1913, Mr. Whitley said:

Investigation at five centres last year showed 3,188 cows giving an average of only $13.28—no princely return for twelve month's work. From the records for Ontario during the past year I took figures relative to the three hundred poorest cows and the three hundred best cows, with this result:

"Three hundred poor cows—return $33.33; feed, $33; profit, 33 cents.

"Best one-tenth of three hundred best cows—return, $104.33; feed, $40; profit, $64.33.

"The three hundred best cows gave more milk than the three hundred poorest by 2,130,900 pounds.

"Each one of the good cows made as much profit as 195 of the poor kind.

"Ontario has 1,044,000 cows; at only $10 each the total increase might be over $10,000,000. If all the dairy cows in Canada could be brought to giving only ten-dollars' worth of milk more than they do now the extra revenue would be about $30,000,000.

"On some farms visited, only 150 pounds of milk were being produced per acre, while on others the production was as high as 1,750 pounds per acre."

The remedy for this? Simply the use of the scale and, if possible, the Babcock tester. These two instruments applied at an almost nominal cost to every Canadian herd would, this year, mean scores of millions to the farmers' exchequer.

But the waste in dairying continues beyond the realm of raw-product. The cream, separated from the milk, is on the majority of farms given little or no attention as regards cooling. Cooling of milk and cream is now regarded as ab-

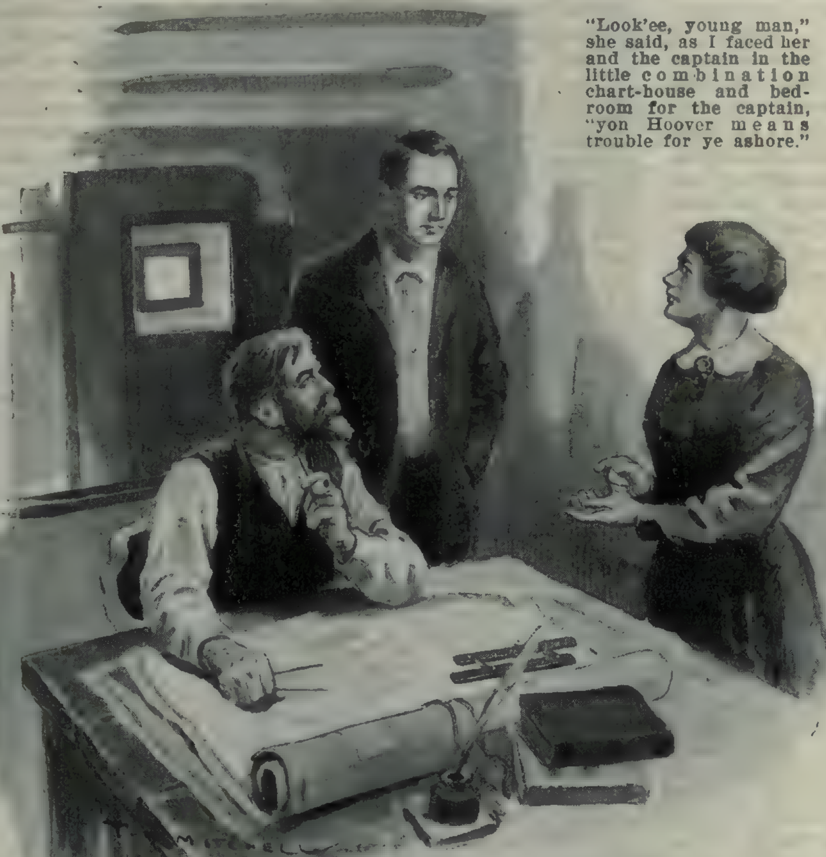
Continued on Page 83.

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

By BRITTON B. COOKE

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

SYNOPSIS.—Sir Horace Lazenby has been acquitted in court on a charge of trust making, acquitted through the candor of his statements on the witness stand. He decides to take a holiday, to get away incognito for a long-needed rest. This holiday he uses for the writing of an autobiography, telling his life story from the beginning with the idea of justifying his operations in the realms of high finance. The story he tells starts with his home life in Garafraxa. He and his brothers run away from home and cross Lake Erie by stealing a passage on a grain boat, which results in the death of the two brothers. Young Lazenby makes his way to New York where he secures a position in the baggage department of a railroad controled by the famous John J. Vandervort. He is promoted to the position of private bodyguard to the millionaire railroader and ultimately becomes his secretary. In this capacity he comes closely into touch with Vandervort and becomes thoroughly imbued with the importance of giving service to the public. The precepts that brought success to Vandervort impress themselves upon him and materially influence the whole course of his subsequent career. One night Lazenby attends a party and leaves it somewhat stimulated by wine. He wanders along the waterfront and is seized and taken aboard an outbound vessel. It must be understood that although many of the incidents contained in the story are founded on fact and on actual conditions, the central character is a purely fictitious one. Although a direct chain of events binds the story together each installment will be more or less complete in itself.



"Look'ee, young man," she said, as I faced her and the captain in the little combination chart-house and bedroom for the captain, "yon Hoover means trouble for ye ashore."

Part II

WHEN I was private secretary to old man Vandervort, the New York railway pioneer, I wore elaborate contrivances for holding up my socks, hose-supporters. When I woke up in the fo'csle of the *Golden Queen* the morning after my tipsy wanderings on the Jersey shore had ended in a blow over the head and the press gang of a "shanghai doctor," I had no such luxuries.

When I had left the railway company's office after despatching the last of the old chief's mail and locking his personal safe, I was wearing a high collar with long points that projected upward and outward beyond the line of my jaw, and my cravat was something of a work of art. At the pleasant little evening party which had been the first step toward my undoing on that fatal night I was arrayed like any young beau of the town, for as old man Vandervort's private secretary was I not earning twenty dollars a week! A colossal salary for a young man in those days—only a trifle more than a good male stenographer in my outside office draws nowadays. My evening clothes were the secret pride of my life, and to wear a tile—one of the old-fashioned sort with a high flanging crown and a sweeping brim—was like having a spotlight of a theatre turned my way. I strutted like any of the other young cocks. Being private secretary to Vandervort the Great, I thought I had quite "arrived." I had even begun to think of marriage and had made some slight overtures in that general direction, to a desirable young woman whose name I can't remember now, but who wore her raven locks dangling down on her alabaster neck, etc., and was supposed to titter when a young man addressed her, or consider herself bold and brazen. I wasn't even sentimental about her. I was much too successful a young business man for that. My relations toward the fair were entirely condescending—and magnanimous. I was figuring on renting a small house about fiftieth street, a little west of Broadway. I was going to have in that house all the things that we had *not* had in our poor, shabby house up in Garafraxa, Ontario—I was eager to forget Garafraxa. Indeed, I intended to forget even my Canadian birth—may as well be honest about it—and show my real sense of appreciation for a *real* nation by joining the ever-swelling throng of Canadians who were then putting their brains and their muscle into the building-up of American business institutions. Canada was then a by-word for near failure.

But with one blow from a sock filled with sand, neatly placed on the back of the cranium—all such dreams had been wiped out. Gone were the fancy hose-suspenders, gone were the natty dress-clothes for which, by the way, I still owed a little to my tailor. Gone was Mister Horace Lazenby, private secretary to a great railroader. Pointed collars, cravats, careers, wife and conceit had been wiped out at one stroke. I awoke in the fo'csle of the *Golden Queen* dressed in an old and ragged flannel shirt and a pair of greenish-grey, faded trousers, held up by a worn strap and a nail. My hair was tousled. My face was grimy and bloody. I had no socks at all.

Something else was gone too. Something young men and even old men value when they have it and can scarcely understand when they have lost it: the sense of personal worth—dignity. I had lost my place in life when I lost my smooth clothes and my seemingly important position. With the clothes of a fo'scle waif I had donned also a feeling of humiliation, a sense of lost worth and lost self-esteem that so often accompanies the men of that sphere of so-called "life."

As I lay in the unkempt bunk, in the foul-smelling fo'csle, groping for my mental bearings, the mate came thundering into the place, brushing aside the men who had apparently just come in off watch, until he stood in front of my bunk.

"What in ——!" he roared, "Didn't y' hear the whistle pipin'? Come! Get up out of that!" and with that he struck out with his foot. He had been drinking, I judged.

I scrambled to my feet like a whipped dog and stood trembling from weakness and, partly, from fear beside the bunk wall.

"What y' mean," roared the mate again, evidently trying to work himself up into a passion, "What the —— d' ye mean standin' there, glaumerin' at me? Get out man! Get above or I'll throw ye over on a rope end for a morning bath. Out with ye!"

And I went—staggering with the roll of the laboring ship.

Two days before, meeting the mate on the street I should have brushed him off the sidewalk had he been in my way. Was I not, then, a citizen and he merely a sailor —a "low person"? Why? Because behind me was all the dignity of being old man Vandervort's secretary and wearing clothes to match. Now, stripped of that dignity, I found, as most young men find sooner or later, that I had for the moment no dignity at all, no sense of just how much I could and how much I couldn't take from a fellow man, no proper sense of my own value and my own rights to respect and consideration. I had been drifting along on a false basis of dignity, like your modern branch bank manager who often puts on all the side of an Eastern potentate, because he is associated with a powerful institution, or like the clerk who snubs the petty customer because he feels the contrast between that humble purchaser of a yard of cheap baby-ribbon and the opulent shop with which he is connected. Strip a newspaper man of his ink and paper, or the manufacturer of his money and his authority. Put them all—banker, clerk, writer, manufacturer—in overalls that are greasy, and a two-days' growth of beard, and how much of their dignity remains? There is only one sound basis for self-respect and self-confidence. It isn't a matter of money or family or authority or what the newspapers say about you. It is what your own intelligence—not your vanity—tells you, honestly, you are worth. It took me many years to learn this. Surface dignities often swamp the real dignity of a man, or away down, underneath everything else, the real man survives. Stripped of position, clothes and authority I had been reduced to the lowest common condition of manhood. As, on the open deck, I caught the fresh salt air in my face and the splatter of sun-light in my eyes, part of the truth of this came to my mind. The headache slipped away with a freshening Atlantic nor'wester. As I took bucket and brush and began washing down the poop, as I had been instructed the stiffness of my muscles disappeared. In an hour, when the mate came back with his bullyragging air, I was in better form to meet it.

"You can do that whole job over again." he muttered as he came up on the poop to examine the work. "Just do it *twice* over for fun. Yer hands are too —white. What!"

"I've done it once," I replied stoutly.

"What you—"

"I've done it once."

He lashed out with his right but missed. I checked his left but made no effort to strike back. Perhaps something in my attitude altered the bucko's decision, for he dropped his hands to his sides.

"Lady killer!" he sneered.

"I'm a gentleman," I asserted. I was far from having lost my office conceits.

"Gen'l'man;" he bellowed "Hell—you ain't a *man!* You do that deck twice more," he went on. And I did. The mate had derided my pretensions of being a "gentleman." I smarted under the sneers because the mate had been nearer right than either of us knew. It is a long time since I have liked the word gentleman. To me the simpler word "man" means more—and isn't half so often abused by parlor ornaments. I have to thank a murdering mate for that.

I became the ship's menial. Forward, facing the door into the fo'csle, under the fo'csle head, the pigs and a cow were kept in pens. One of the pigs was a pet and was allowed to wander on the main deck whenever the weather was fair. I was made valet-in-chief to this and the other pigs and groom to the sad-eyed cow. I helped the cook, whose galley, crawling with cock-roaches, was a few doors down the centre deck house, from the pens. The ship's deck was raised at the two ends, as is the case with most big sailing vessels to this day: the poop was the equivalent to a "bridge" but lay at the stern and contained the captain's quarters beneath it and the wheel, spare wheel and navigating tools on top. The captain's quarters were entered from the level of the main deck and to reach the wheel he had to come out on deck and ascend wooden steps to the poop. In the bow, the fo'csle, on deck-level, under-lay the fo'csle head on which a great pair of winches were set, and where two tremendous anchors lay made fast on the planking. When I—ex-dandy—was not engaged with pig or cow or galley or the scrubbing of the poop, or running errands for the captain or the captain's wife, I snatched occasional moments clinging to the port or starboard anchor on the fo'csle head, watching the lazy seas approach majestically as though with solemn manner and awful show of force they threatened to smash us to bits for daring to face their power. Then just at the last moment each big roller would seem to dive under us and send us rushing down into the great green valley behind him, ready for his successor to play the trick over again. Sometimes they were less docile and broke over the fo'csle head and over the sides onto the main deck. Sometimes they raced against us, furious and frothing, and shattered themselves against our planking with a sound like continuous thunder, while the wind roared in the standing rigging and whipped the very breath from the nostrils of the men at the wheel. But in the main we had easy weather and for a landsman I was less troubled by the ways of the sea than might have been expected. They were mostly long, rolling sort of days. As the fore-peak would be hoisted high on a hill of turquoise water I would one minute observe the captain's wife, sitting complacently knitting close by the wheelsman, on the poop far down below me in the hollow of the wave. Then, next minute, the poop would be high—the captain's wife's face lit by the sun and her ball of yarn blown from her lap by a gust of wind, while the bow-sprit buried itself in the belly of another monster sea and I, clinging by the anchor, face down, was in the cool shadow of the trough, watching for the exquisite moment when the long plunge forward ended, and the shimmering water, suddenly beginning to pile up under the ship's fore-foot again, heaved the bow high into the sun and wind again. Spray-drenched and sun-dried I stole my rare moments of idleness as we beat our way toward the equator, until, having crossed the line and made farther and farther south off the east coast of the Argentine, the sun lost some of his warming powers and the sea was cooler.

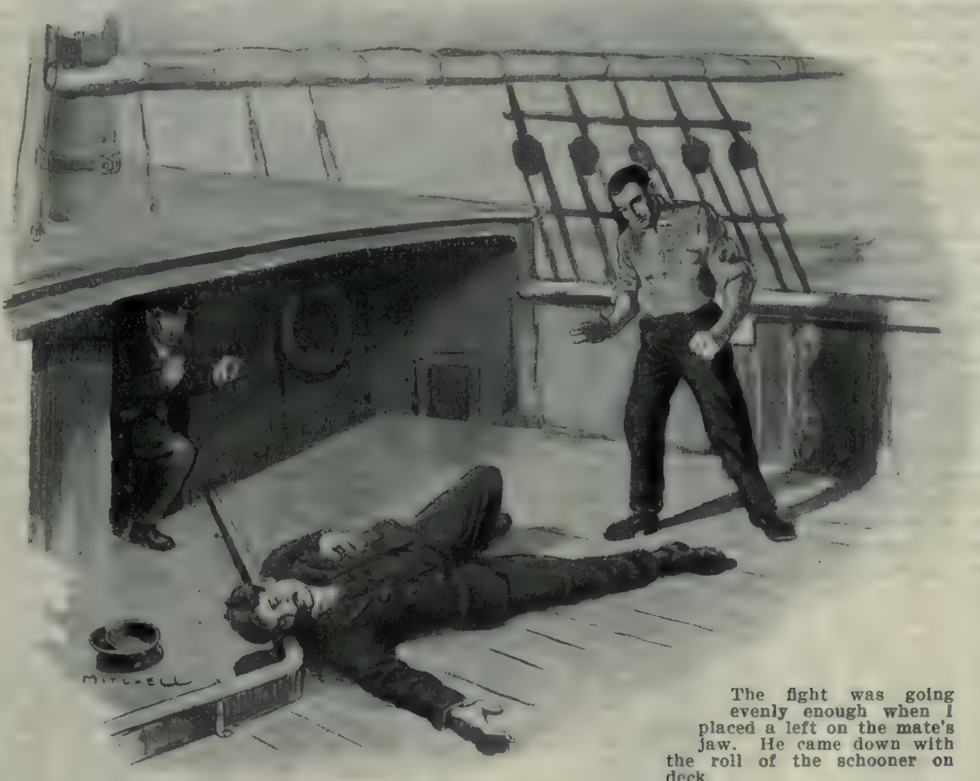
As we drew nearer the Cape the captain's wife sent forward a batch of heavy socks she had been knitting and such odd pieces of heavy clothing as she thought would fit various members of the crew, out of the stock of things given her by some New England sewing circle with which the little old lady had spent her last days ashore, apparently.

Now the green lights died out of the sea and the decks were no longer yellow at noon. The seas were steel colored, touched here and there with white. The wind, even on a fair day, made a different sound: it had a snarling, whimpering, snapping way, like a she-fox kept from her pups.

II.

I HAVE been showing this to Anderson. Anderson is shocked. He does not approve of business men writing and particularly men who have been unfortunately often in the public eye. He says people will misunderstand if they ever find out who is the real author of these lines. I said: "Let them." Anderson also says: "What has this business of going to sea got to do with the confessions of a business man?" I think he is a little afraid for the dignity of the firm. I begin to see that even he, even my own private secretary would rather not have it known that the chief executive of Lazenby's Limited, was once a sailor before the mast and had to wear grey wool socks given to him by the wife of a plain sea captain. Anderson means no harm. He has the usual clerkish snobbery. Sitting here on the afterdeck of this ship on our way to London and thence to Scotland for the only holiday I can take, I have told him so. He doesn't understand yet. It is another case of mistaken values. I never had warmer socks in all my life than those the captain's wife sent up to the fo'csle of the *Golden Queen.* Anderson wears silk. I don't. I buy the heaviest type of loose-knit wool socks, rough and shaggy, for summer and winter. They aren't made to order.

What has the sea and the fo'castle of the Golden Queen and the voyage round the Horn by way of Callao to Seattle, to do with Lazenby's Limited and the confessions of a man who boasts of the trusts he has formed and the competition he has eliminated from certain lines of business? Much. First: the mate of the Golden Queen and the second-hand clothing which I inherited when I was shanghaied from the Jersey shore, taught me the difference between being a gentleman and a man. A month after the Golden Queen put down the lights of Sandy Hook I had a quarrel with the mate in which I gave him—George Hoover was his name—as good as he got and a little more and added to his love for me. In the second place the sea knocks out a great many false ideas from a young man's head, and the rough work on the Golden Queen perfected in me the constitution which is just as necessary to success in business as, in a sense, in prize fighting. In the third place I caught my first glimpse of the evils of unrestrained competition as it was, and I think still is to be observed in the crew's quarter's of most ships. On board this modern liner, the crew is better housed than would have been the case in olden days. I admit that that is thanks to the seamens' unions which have done, in the field of labor, what I have done in the field of manufacture, service and distribution, *i.e.*, cut out competition, or reduced it to etter dimensions. The fourth thing for which I am indebted to the Golden Queen is—Callao. Had I not seen that port on the hip of South America, on the Pacific, I doubt whether the forces of commerce and all that that word may be made to mean, would have impressed me as they did. I would not have understood half so well those gigantic tides and counter-tides, strokes and counter-strokes, pressures and counter-pressures, which constitute the war of business and of which mere men and women are the mere toys, like chips in a mill-race or beer bubbles on a fat man's beverage.



The fight was going evenly enough when I placed a left on the mate's jaw. He came down with the roll of the schooner on deck.

Of the evils of competition as I saw it aboard ship I want to say this: I saw the conditions in the Golden Queen's fo'csle, conditions not as bad as in most ships of her sort. I saw men treated like cattle, beaten and man-handled by a brutal mate and, later, second mate. I ate food that was often next to abominable and I slept and worked in conditions that could not help but brutalize men long forced to accept such conditions. And lying in the fore-peak I began to ask questions of myself. Why these conditions? Why should not ship's captains be able to give their men better treatment? Sailoring was a man's work, a brave sort of work, having in itself nothing degrading or dishonorable except these unnecessary conditions of life. After much blundering thought, groping here and there in my mind for answers to but half-formed questions, I discovered, to myself, the untidiness of the world! I said something like this: "Suppose the captain of this ship gave better food and better hours and better quarters?"

Answer: The food bill would mount higher on a voyage. Fewer hours of work would mean more men in a crew—more wages. Better quarters would mean more space and less carrying space in the ship.

Much less?

No, but enough to reduce the amount of lumber or sugar or molasses or guano the ship could carry.

Well—even so: suppose these sarcifices were made: the ship's owners would have to lose a part of their profit, already, so far as I could gather, none too great on the average (taking fat years and lean years altogether)? They would have then to raise their rates. Rates!

Then I said: "Why shouldn't rates be raised to a point where they allow the ship-owners of the world to do all things properly," Answer? Because of competition. And who is the most ardent supporter of the old axiom: "Competition is the Life of Trade?" Who is most afraid that free competition will be lost? The workingman, the people of the same class as the sailor—victim of that popular motto.

That was a first, clumsy line of reasoning.

Then came Callao. Nobody ever goes to Callao except sailors and railway men and copper miners and Peruvians who would choose somewhere else if they could. There is nothing ideal about it. Climate decent enough. Scenery—if you want scenery—not bad. But as against these things, as I remember, there were filthy streets and filthy people on the wharves; petty people at the head of affairs and petty gossip to keep tongues wagging. Who could want to live in Callao in those days when The Golden Queen with her lumber and a crew of land-thirsty, ship-cramped men, crawled in past La Punta and the old Spanish Fort with its low walls glowering above the shoddy ramshackle buildings of the place? Yet it thrived. The harbor was filled with shipping. Cargoes were pouring in and pouring out. Lumber, railway materials, mining supplies for the workings up in the Andes, and coal, kerosene and wheat, went in: guano, hides, cotton, sugar, wool and precious metals, besides copper went out in the same ships. Over one hundred years before—Anderson tells me it was in 1743—a tidal wave swept away the whole town. The dirty, crooked and narrow streets, with their ill-designed, badly built and badly-kept buildings, lay close to the sea-level, with scarcely enough difference to provide decent drainage from the gutters. It was an inhopsitable-looking place. I went ashore once, with a message from the captain to a Spanish ship-chandler. Before I found the chandlery I was hailed by a half dozen touts from one drinking place or gambling place or other resort for sailors. Meeting a supposed prospector in the ship-supply house I fell into a conversation—the first I had had with a man of similar experience to my own—which resulted in an invitation to join him in a prospecting expedition. It seemed attractive but I was discreet in time. He was, I found, a sort of super-beach-comber looking for a victim for his particular kind of swindle. I was glad to be back on the ship and in my own stale quarters, rather than abroad in a foul-smelling city.

Yet here was an example of the miracle of Trade. No amount of inconvenience of life, no amount of lack of friends or agreeable surroundings, or easy circumstances, or even healthy working conditions—not even the possibility of another tidal wave—could keep trade from sending thousands of its human devotees

Continued on Page 81.

Who, How and Why:

By H. F. GADSBY

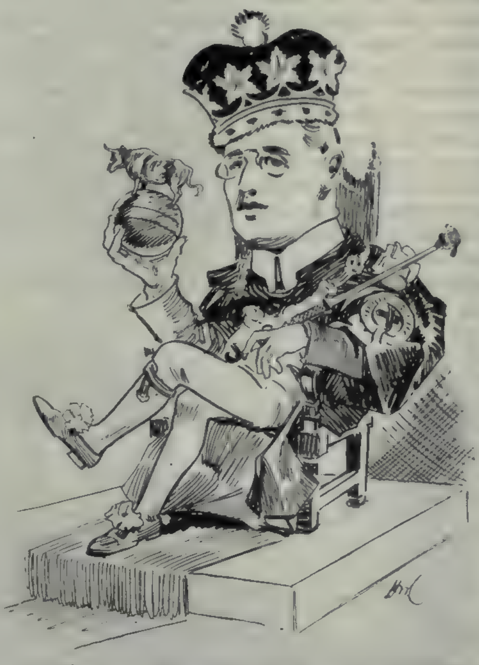
Illustrated by H. W. COOPER

Hit or Miss Sketches of Canada's Favored Sons

A Liberal White Hope

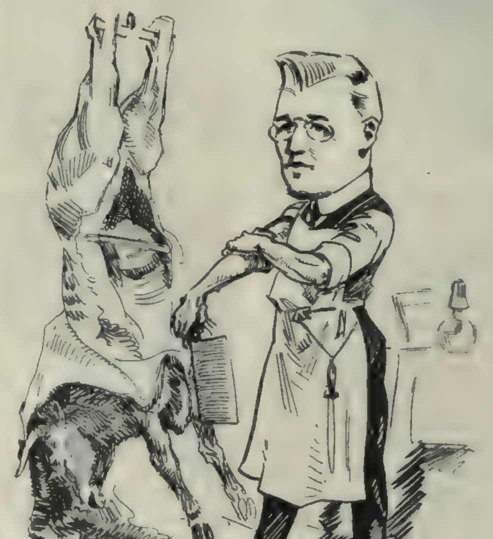
HUGH GUTHRIE is the hard luck hero of the Liberal party. What would you say if you were a king and never achieved power and dominion, a constitutional king, plenty of frills but no say—so? What would you say if you were a white hope and no chance to get in a punch? Hugh Guthrie is all that and then some.

The Guthries are kings of South Wellington. The constituency has a clear Grit history of forty-eight years—Christopher Kloepfer was a Conservative but he was only an incident lasting four years. For the last thirty-nine years South Wellington has been swayed by the Guthries and the Inneses. These have been the two reigning dynasties of the constituency. When a Guthrie didn't have it an Innes had and *vice versa.* The Guthrie dynasty is now on the throne and Hugh Guthrie rules in that land as his father did before him, and as his son will after him if Hugh can hand it on. If there is ever a regency in South Wellington it will be because the Guthrie crown prince is not old enough to take over the reins. In South Wellington the people wait for Guthries to grow up—then they pick 'em like ripe plums. Hugh has been on the job now for fifteen years and he isn't a Cabinet Minister yet, which is what I mean when I talk of kings who land nowhere.



The Guthrie dynasty is now on the throne, and Hugh Guthrie rules in the land as his father did before him.

Hugh Guthrie entered Parliament in 1900 and at once moved the address in reply as his father had done thirty-seven years ago. Moving addresses, whether in Parliament or out, is a specialty of the Guthrie family—some addresses are more moving than others. Parliament at once observed that this young man had a presence, the girth and port of a budding statesman, a pair of eyeglasses which indicate efficiency, enough confidence in himself to get along and enough brains to justify his confidence. He was a real find.



He cut up a steer every night on the platform.

Not the least asset was his voice. Many statesmen tell it all to their shirt bosoms—a practice most vexing to the press gallery—but Hugh spoke right at the stained glass windows and made them rattle. Apparently he brought his voice up from his boots, passed it through the mesenteric region, thence to the bronchial tract and the nasal arch, gaining volume all along the road. It was the tragic style of the late Messrs. Forrest and Macready which gives every syllable due attention. Homer has a verse which imitates the sound of great waves beating on a rocky shore—I don't quote it because this magazine is short of Greek type—and Hugh's voice was like that also. It had the hoarse boom of the Chaudière faded to a whisper and was much more melodious. Not since the Hon. William Patterson drifted into silence had such a voice been raised in the House of Commons. Voice and speech both made it plain that here was an orator who could keep his head cool, his feet warm and his vowels well regulated. Those who had the pleasure of listening to his maiden remarks said: "Here's a young man who will be heard from again."

He was. For seven years Hugh Guthrie was the handy speaker of the Laurier administration. He was quick at the uptake. Did something break loose in the Green Chamber, something the leaders wanted time to make up their minds about; they tossed the brief to Hugh Guthrie, knowing that he would get a half Nelson on it in five minutes and have it down on the mat in ten, after which help might be expected to arrive. Hugh kept on doing that for seven years, living as it were on hope and kind words and then his friends passed him a bale of hay in the shape of the chairmanship of the Railway Committee. This is a barren honor—a good lawyer like Hugh Guthrie can make more arguing railway bills than presiding over them—but it is an earnest of good things to come. It indicates that you are on the way up, that you will get what you want if your party doesn't go out, as it did with poor Hugh, or if it comes in, as it did with poor Lancaster. I mean to say neither got it but both had great expectations.

What Hugh Guthrie wanted was to be Minister of Justice. He had seen Oliver Mowatt and David Mills depart to that bourne whence no traveler ever returns, he had seen Sir Charles Fitzpatrick translated to the highest judicial sphere, he had seen Sir Alan Aylesworth retire from public life and the scolding Puritans, and along about 1911 he began to get real fretful and ask when it was coming his way. He told them they could have their old Railway Committee almost any time they wanted it. Seeing that Hugh was peeved, they said: "If we win you get it" or words to that effect.

Nourished and sustained by this fruitful prospect Hugh Guthrie plunged into the most interesting campaign ever waged by the Liberals since the national policy was invented. Commercial reciprocity with the United States, partial though it was, and ingeniously contrived not to give the Canadian manufacturer the worst of it, was welcomed by a large number of Liberals as an essay in free trade that would look well in print and stand as a guarantee of good faith in their bed-rock principles when history came to be written.

It was not welcomed by enough Liberals to carry it but Hugh could not have foreseen that or it might have dashed his enthusiasm. As it was he went into the fight with a fine glow. He felt almost like an altruist. "Why," we can imagine him asking, "does a party have principles if it can't use them once in a while?" Make that two whys.

The answer is that principles, especially any principles that traverse the sacred doctrine of protection, are dangerous things to handle, being liable to backfire and hit you in the eye. For the moment, however, Hugh had forgotten that expediency is the first duty of a politician.

Either he forgot it or he spurned it, or, what is more probable still, he got it into his head that this was a case where right and expediency had joined hands to make the Liberal party a five times winner. As Minister of Justice *in posse* he should have been more impartial, he should have weighed the chances better, he should have indulged in certain saving *obiter dicta*, but Hugh was in no mood to hedge. He had the portfolio in his pocket. He had a good brief and a good talking cause. He had South Wellington eating out of his hand—so he went to it like a pup to a root.

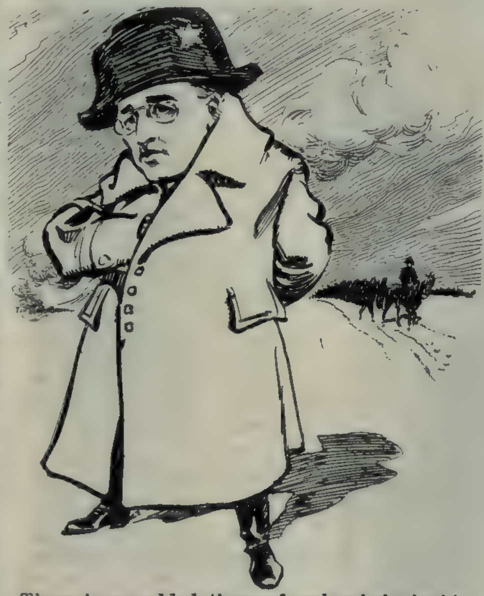
That he guessed wrong was a misfortune he shared with six hundred and twenty-five thousand other Canadians—the popular majority against reciprocity was about thirty thousand—but he put up a good fight and has nothing to regret except a Cabinet job. If he guessed wrong he did it in a great deal of distinguished company. Sir Wilfred Laurier himself guessed wrong up to within two weeks of his voting when he smelt something in the air which warned him to take it like a philosopher. This he did in a speech at Three Rivers but Hugh Guthrie couldn't have read it or the tip fell on deaf ears or the heat of debate had gone to his brain or—but what's the use of making excuses? Hugh was in up to his neck, like all the other Liberal candidates, and couldn't draw out if he had wanted.

The Parliamentary *Guide* discloses the fact that eighty-six Liberal members continued to bark up the wrong tree to the last minute, thus giving Premier Borden a clear majority of forty-seven in the House of Commons. One hundred and thirty-three Liberal candidates who had guessed wrong, went down to defeat and all the party got out of it was a moral victory; a moral victory being one in which all the good arguments are present on the one side but the voters are not. This moral victory left Ontario with thirteen Liberal members—*absit omen*—in Parliament of whom Hugh Guthrie was one.

South Wellington had remained true to her favorite son, rolling up a majority of six hundred and odd which she handed him as a reward for guessing wrong, in a righteous cause. The deluge swept the Liberal Party out of office and left it with mud in its hair but Hugh's head rode proudly above it all—he did not even lose his eyeglasses. The moral victory had no personal grudge against Hugh Guthrie. It knew where to draw the line. It snatched away his Cabinet portfolio but left him his seat in Parliament, filched the ripe ear but did not rob him of the husk. Lincoln once said—they blame all these remarks on Lincoln—that he would rather be right than President—which is an easy thing, once he has landed, for a President to say. But I have always doubted whether Hugh Guthrie would rather be wrong than Minister of Justice.

It seems to me that there is an added tinge of melancholy in his manner ever since the catastrophe of 1911. He had been a rising young Liberal up to that time, rising effectively and often to charm the dull, cold ear of Parliament with his robust periods, but he hasn't done much rising since he went into Opposition. The moral victory of four years ago not only took considerable of the rise out of him but it threw the hooks into him as a young Liberal and punctured his resiliency. A couple more moral victories like that and Hugh Guthrie will be a young Liberal no longer—he will be an old Liberal and eligible for the Senate. It takes a lot to kill the youngness in a young Liberal but a long series of moral victories will do it if anything can.

Justice is calm and slow—so slow sometimes that a man dies before he gets it. But the man who has to win an election in order to be Minister of Justice can afford to be neither calm nor slow. He must be fiery and lightning quick, and Hugh Guthrie filled the bill. This is the place to tell you that he is one of the handiest stumpers between the two oceans. His style in the House of Commons is forensic, all frock coat and patent leather shoes, but his style with the populace is colloquial, shirt sleeves and sweat, so to speak, straight from the shoulder, no notes, no long quotations from Hansard, no toilsome statistics. If a fact is in the way he jumps it. In short, Hugh Guthrie in the Green Chamber and Hugh Guthrie on the hustings are two entirely different men, with the exception of his eager mind and his almighty voice which remain the same in both cases. All of which is to say that Hugh talks turkey when he reaches for the Great Heart of the *Common Peepul*.



There is an added tinge of melancholy in his manner ever since the catastrophe of 1911.

As became a man of Cabinet rank and talent Hugh had a little stunt of his own which displayed original genius. He cut up a steer every night on the platform. An imaginary steer, of course, but a thumper, a real Christmas steer in size, weight, juiciness and general conformation. Hugh comes from Guelph, the home of the Winter Fair and he claims to know something about fat stock. He carved that steer all over Wellington county and Western Ontario—the animal's effective range was from Windsor to Peterboro. It was some steer. Hugh might cut it up for a matinee, but it was always there for the evening performance, mooing at the door to be led to the slaughter.

It was a tame steer, Hugh killed it six nights a week and sometimes gave afternoon exhibitions but the steer never kicked at anything Hugh did. It was all in the day's work. I have since thought that it may not always have been the same steer but if it wasn't it was one just like it. Hugh always made a good job of it, turning back his sleeves and wading into it up to the elbows. It was the liveliest kind of a performance, almost sanguinary in its intensity. People in the front row have been heard to remark that they felt spattered after Hugh got through. Sometimes he would call one of the reporters up to hold the animal's leg while he skinned it. So vivid was his artistry.

Of course Hugh's argument was that the packer got it all and the farmer got what was left. He carved the helpless animal into that point in view, giving the price per pound or square inch for the by-products. Few people in the audience, until Hugh opened their eyes, had known that a steer could go so far. They thought that a steer was simply meat and that ended it, but Hugh showed how the hide became leather; the hoofs, glue; the hair, shaving brushes; the tail, soup; the intestines, sausage casings; the bones, fertilizer; and so on. He did all sorts of tricks with the mangled remains, placing the various parts in such argumentation conjuncture, that people's blood curdled at it. A leg and a wing and a piece of the breast here, an ear there, an eyelash, a rib roast, a sirloin steak somewhere else. The stage was littered with the gory fragments. The scene of carnage resembled Casabianca after the ship blew up. Yes indeed Hugh carved that steer for fair. He carved it in a thousand ways, the infinite permutations and combinations mentioned by a first-class accident policy. A railway collision between two cattle trains could not have made a better job of it.

But when all was over the steer did not win and Hugh Guthrie did not become Minister of Justice, which goes to show that a steer is not the right animal to hitch your chariot to. Since 1911 Hugh has spoken less and brooded more, a habit which he shares with the majority of the Opposition. He has been mentioned as the inheritor of Laurier's mantle, but Dr. William Pugsley calculates to have first claim on that. His name was thought of but not broached at the Ontario Liberal Convention, as successor to A. G. McKay.

Hugh Guthrie is still in Federal politics. Some say that he is in a trance, others that he is merely in a state of arrested development like the Chinese language.

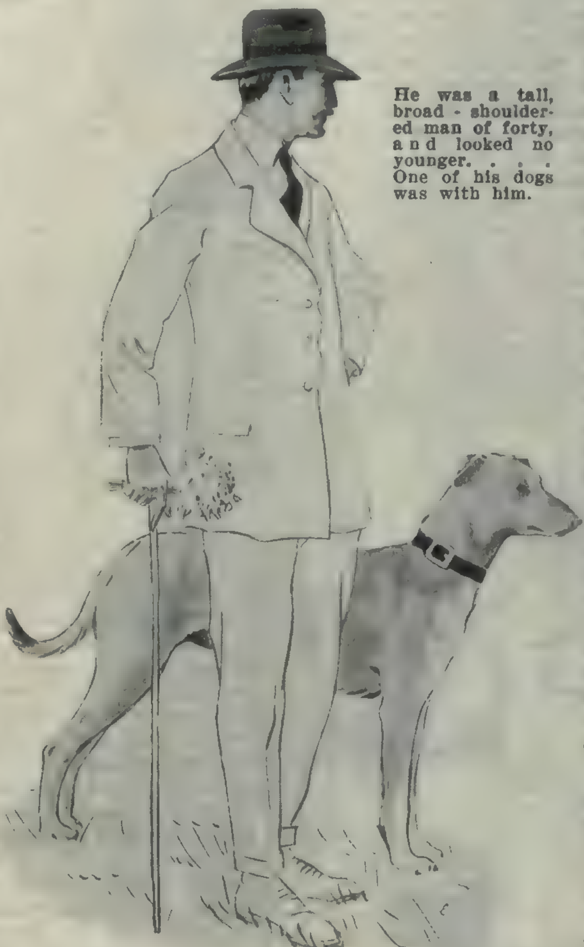
Permanent Garrison for the Panama Canal

According to the plans of the War Department the Panama Canal is to be fully garrisoned at the earliest possible date, as the rapidity with which events have followed each other in the European war has demonstrated that it would be practically impossible to send troops to the Isthmus after a war had been declared or even threatened. This garrison is to consist of three regiments of infantry, one squadron of cavalry, one battalion of field artillery, and 12 companies of coast artillery.

The Hill and the Valley

By L. M. MONTGOMERY

Illustrated by MARY V. HUNTER



He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of forty, and looked no younger. . . . One of his dogs was with him.

IT was one of the moist, pleasantly odorous nights of early spring. There was a chill in the evening air but the grass was growing green in sheltered spots and Jeffrey Miller had found purple-petalled violets and pink arbutus on the hill that day. Across a valley, filled with beech and fir, there was a sunset afterglow, creamy yellow and pale red, with a new moon swung above it. It was a night for a man to walk alone and dream of his love, which was perhaps why Jeffrey Miller came so loiteringly across the springy hill pasture, with his hands full of the mayflowers.

He was a tall, broad-shouldered man of forty, and looking no younger, with dark gray eyes and a tanned, clear-cut face, clean-shaven save for a drooping moustache, Jeffrey Miller was considered a handsome man, and Bayside people had periodical fits of wondering why he had never married. They pitied him for the lonely life he must lead alone there at the Valley Farm, with only a deaf old housekeeper as a companion; for it did not occur to the Bayside people in general that a couple of shaggy dogs could be called companions, and they did not know that books make very excellent comrades for people who know how to treat them.

One of Jeffrey's dogs was with him now—the oldest one, with white breast and paws and a tawny coat. He was so old that he was half blind and rather deaf; but, with one exception, he was the dearest of living creatures to Jeffrey Miller, for Sara Stuart had given him the sprawly, chubby, little pup years ago.

They came down the hill together. A group of men were standing on the bridge in the hollow, discussing Col. Stuart's funeral of the day before. Jeffrey caught Sara's name and paused on the outskirts of the group to listen. Sometimes he thought that if he were lying dead under six feet of turf and Sara Stuart's name were pronounced above him, his heart would give a bound of life.

"Yes, the old kunnel's gone at last," Christopher Jackson was saying. "He took his time dyin', that's sartain. Must be a kind of relief for Sara—she's had to wait on him, hand and foot, for years. But, no doubt, she'll feel pretty lonesome. Wonder what she'll do?"

"Is there any particular reason for her to do anything?" asked Alec Churchill.

"Well, she'll have to leave Pinehurst. The estate's entailed and goes to her cousin, Charles Stuart."

There were exclamations of surprise from the other men on hearing this. Jeffrey drew nearer, absently patting his dog's head. He had not known it, either.

"Oh, yes," said Christopher, enjoying all the importance of exclusive information. "I thought everybody knew that. Pinehurst goes to the oldest male heir. The old kunnel felt it keen that he hadn't a son. Of course, there's plenty of money and Sara'll get that. But I guess she'll feel pretty bad at leaving her old home. Sara ain't as young as she used to be, neither. Let me see—she must be thirty-eight. Well, she's left pretty lonesome."

"Maybe she'll stay on at Pinehurst," said Job Crowe. "It'd only be right for her cousin to give her a home there."

Christopher shook his head.

"No, I understand they're not on very good terms. Sara don't like Charles Stuart or his wife—and I don't blame her. She won't stay there, not likely. Probably she'll go and live in town. Strange she never married. She was reckoned handsome, and had plenty of beaus at one time."

Jeffrey swung out of the group and started homeward with his dog. To stand by and hear Sara Stuart discussed after this fashion was more than he could endure. The men idly watched his tall, erect figure as he went along the valley.

"Queer chap, Jeff," said Alec Churchill, reflectively.

"Jeff's all right," said Christopher in a patronizing way. "There ain't a better man or neighbor alive. I've lived next farm to him for thirty years, so I ought to know. But he's queer sartainly—not like other people—kind of unsociable. He don't care for a thing 'cept dogs and reading and mooning round woods and fields. That ain't natural, you know. But I must say he's a good farmer. He's got the best farm in Bayside, and that's a real nice house he put up on it. Ain't it an odd thing he never married? Never seemed to have no notion of it. I can't recollect of Jeff Miller's ever courting anybody. That's another unnatural thing about him."

"I've always thought that Jeff thought himself a cut or two above the rest of us," said Tom Scovel with a sneer. "Maybe he thinks the Bayside girls ain't good enough for him."

"There ain't no such dirty pride about Jeff," pronounced Christopher conclusively. "And the Millers *are* the best family hereabouts, leaving the kunnel's out. And Jeff's well off—nobody knows how well, I reckon, but I can guess, being his land neighbor. Jeff ain't no fool nor loafer, if he is a bit queer."

Meanwhile, the object of these remarks was striding homeward and thinking, not of the men behind him, but of Sara Stuart. He must go to her at once. He had not intruded on her since her father's death, thinking her sorrow too great for him to meddle with. But this was different. Perhaps she needed the advice or assistance only he could give. To whom else in Bayside could she turn for it but to him, her old friend? Was it possible that she must leave Pinehurst? The thought struck cold dismay to his soul. How could he bear his life if she went away?

He had loved Sara Stuart from childhood. He remembered vividly the day he had first seen her; a spring day, much like this one had been; he, a boy of eight, had gone with his father to the big, sunshiny hill field and he had searched for birds' nests in the little fir copses along the crest while his father plowed. He had so come upon her, sitting on the fence under the pines at the back of Pinehurst—a child of six in a dress of purple cloth. Her long, light-brown curls fell over her shoulders and rippled sleekly back from her calm little brow; her eyes were large and grayish-blue, straight-gazing and steadfast. To the end of his life the boy was to carry in his heart the picture she made there under the pines.

"Little boy," she had said, with a

friendly smile, "Will you show me where the mayflowers grow?"

Shyly enough he had assented, and they set out together for the barrens beyond the field where the arbutus trailed its stars of sweetness under the dusty dead grasses and withered leaves of the old year. The boy was thrilled with delight. She was a fairy queen who thus graciously smiled on him and chattered blithely as they searched for mayflowers in the fresh spring sunshine. He thought it a wonderful thing that it had so chanced. It overjoyed him to give the choicest clusters he found into her slim, waxen little fingers, and watch her eyes grow round with pleasure in them. When the sun began to lower over the beeches she had gone home with her arms full of arbutus; but she had turned at the edge of the pineland and waved her hand at him.

That night, when he told his mother of the little girl he had met on the hill, she had hoped anxiously that he had been "very polite," for the little girl was a daughter of Colonel Stuart, newly-come to Pinehurst. Jeffrey, reflecting, had not been certain that he had been polite; "But I am sure she liked me," he said gravely.

A few days later a message came from Mrs. Stuart on the hill to Mrs. Miller in the valley. Would she let her little boy go up now and then to play with Sara? Sara was very lonely because she had no playmates. So Jeff, overjoyed, had gone to his divinity's very home, where the two children played together many a day. All through their childhood they had been fast friends. Sara's parents placed no bar to their intimacy. They had soon concluded that little Jeff Miller was a very good playmate for Sara. He was gentle, well-behaved, and manly.

Sara never went to the district school which Jeff attended; she had her governess at home. With no other boy or girl in Bayside did she form any friendship; but her loyalty to Jeff never wavered. As for Jeff, he worshipped her and would have done anything she commanded. He belonged to her from the day they had hunted arbutus on the hill.

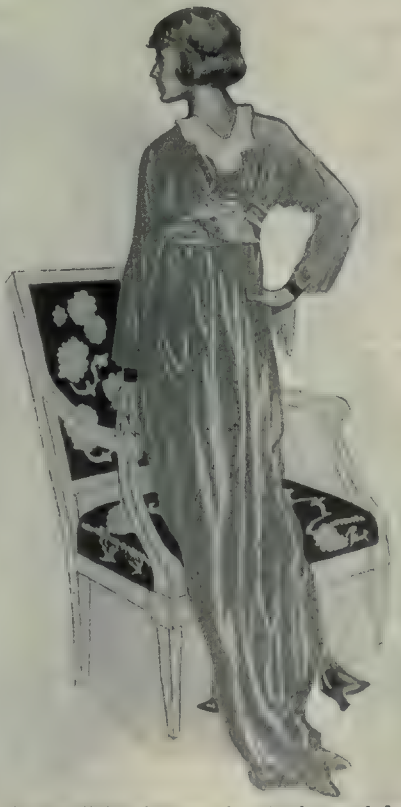
When Sara was fifteen she had gone away to school. Jeff had missed her sorely. For four years he saw her only in the summers, and each year she had seemed taller, statelier, further from him. When she graduated her father took her abroad for two years; then she came home, a lovely, high-bred girl, dimpling on the threshold of womanhood; and Jeffrey Miller was face to face with two bitter facts. One was that he loved her—not with the boy-and-girl love of long ago, but with the love of a man for the one woman in the world; and the other was that she was as far beyond his reach as one of those sunset stars of which she had always reminded him in her pure, clear-shining loveliness.

He looked these facts unflinchingly in the face until he had grown used to them, and then he laid down his course for himself. He loved Sara—and he did not wish to conquer his love, even if it had been possible. It were better to love her, whom he could never win, than to love and be loved by any other woman. His great office in life was to be her friend, humble and unexpectant; to be at hand if she should need him for ever so trifling a service; never to presume, always to be faithful.

Sara had not forgotten her old friend. But their former comradeship was now impossible; they could be friends, but never again companions; Sara's life was full and gay; she had interests in which he had no share; her social world was utterly apart from his; she was of the hill and its traditions, he was of the valley and its people. The democracy of childhood past, there was no common ground on which they might meet. Only one thing Jeffrey had found it impossible to contemplate calmly. Some day Sara would marry—a man who was her equal, who sat at her father's table as a guest. In spite of himself, Jeffrey's heart filled with hot rebellion at the thought; it was like a desecration and a robbery.

But, as the years went by, this thing he dreaded did not happen. Sara did not marry, although gossip assigned her many suitors not unworthy of her. She and Jeffrey were always friends, although they met but seldom. Sometimes she sent him a book; it was his custom to search for the earliest mayflowers and take them to her; once in a long while they met and talked of many things. Jeffrey's calendar from year to year was red-lettered by these small happenings, of which nobody knew, or, knowing, would have cared.

So he and Sara drifted out of youth, together yet apart. Her mother had died, and Sara was the gracious, stately mistress of Pinehurst, which grew quieter as the time went on; the lovers ceased to come, and holiday friends grew few; with the old colonel's failing health the gaieties and lavish entertaining ceased. Jeffrey thought that Sara must often be lonely, but she never said so; she remained sweet, serene, calm-eyed, as the child he had met on the hill. Only, now and then, Jeffrey fancied he saw a shadow on her face—a shadow so faint and fleeting that only the eye of an unselfish, abiding love, made clear-sighted by patient years, could have seen it. It hurt him, that shadow; he would have given anything in his power to have banished it.


As the light shot up she stood revealed in it—a tall, slender woman in a trailing gown of gray.

And now this long friendship was to be broken. Sara was going away. At first he had thought only of her pain; but now his own filled his heart. How could he live without her? How could he dwell in the valley knowing that she had gone from the hill? Never to see her light shine down on him through the northern gap in the pines at night! Never to feel that perhaps her eyes rested on him now and then as he went about his work in the valley fields! Never to stoop with a glad thrill over the first spring flowers because it was his privilege to take them to her! Jeffrey groaned aloud. No, he could not go up to see her that night; he must wait—he must strengthen himself.

Then his heart rebuked him. This was selfishness; this was putting his own feelings before hers—a thing he had sworn never to do. Perhaps she needed him—perhaps she had wondered why he had not come to offer her such poor service as might be in his power. He turned and went down through the orchard lane, taking the old field-path across the valley and up the hill, which he had traversed so often and so joyfully in boyhood. It was dark now, and a few stars were shining in the silvery sky. The wind sighed among the pines as he walked under them. Sometimes he felt that he must turn back—that his pain was going to master him; then he forced himself to go on.

The old gray house where Sara lived seemed bleak and stricken in the dull light, with its leafless vines clinging to it. There were no lights in it. It looked like a home left soulless.

Jeffrey went around to the garden door and knocked. He had expected the maid to open it, but Sara herself came.

"Why, Jeff," she said, with pleasure in her tones, "I am so glad to see you. I have been wondering why you had not come before."

"I did not think you would want to see me yet," he said hurriedly. "I have thought about you every hour—but I feared to intrude.'

"*You* couldn't intrude," she said gently. "Yes, I have wanted to see you, Jeff. Come into the library."

He followed her into the room where they had always sat in his rare calls. Sara lighted the lamp on the table. As the light shot up she stood clearly revealed in it—a tall, slender woman in a trailing gown of gray. Even a stranger, not knowing her age, would have guessed it to be what it was, yet it would have been hard to say what gave the impression of maturity. Her face was quite unlined; a little pale, perhaps, with more finely-cut outlines than those of youth. Her eyes were clear and bright; her abundant brown hair waved back from her face in the same curves that Jeffrey had noted in the purple-gowned child of six, under the pines. Perhaps it was the fine patience and serenity in her face that told her tale of years. Youth can never acquire it.

Her eyes brightened when she saw the mayflowers he carried. She came and took them from him and her hands touched his, sending a little thrill of joy through him.

"How lovely they are! And the first I have seen this spring. You always bring me the first, don't you, Jeff? Do you remember the first day we spent picking mayflowers together?"

Jeff smiled. Could he forget? But something held him back from speech.

Sara put the flowers in a vase on the table, but slipped one starry pink clutser into the lace on her breast. She came and sat down beside Jeffrey; he saw that her beautiful eyes had been weeping, and that there were lines of pain around her lips. Some impulse that would not be denied made him lean over and take her hand. She left it unresistingly in his clasp.

"I am very lonely now, Jeff," she said sadly. "Father has gone. I have no friends left."

"You have me," said Jeffrey quietly.

"Yes. I shouldn't have said that. You are my friend, I know, Jeff. But, but—I must leave Pinehurst, you know."

"I learned that to-night for the first time," he answered.

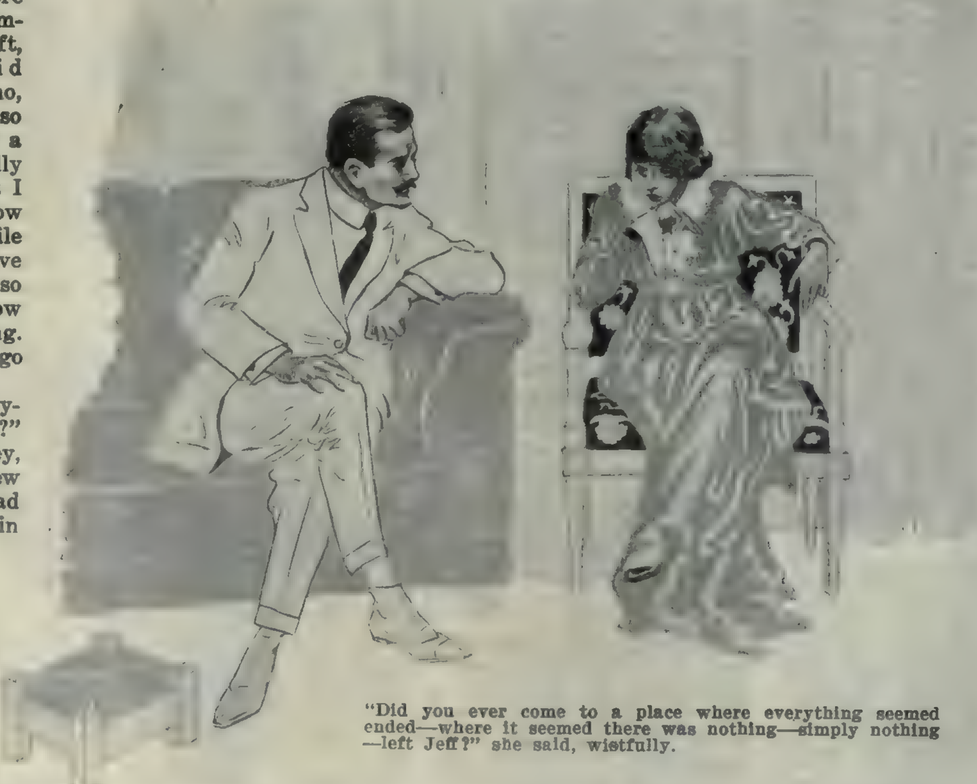
"Did you ever come to a place where *everything* seemed ended — where it seemed that there was nothing—simply nothing — left, Jeff?" she said wistfully. "But, no, it couldn't seem so a man. Only a woman could fully understand what I mean. That is how I feel now. While I had father to live for it wasn't so hard. But now there is nothing. And I must go away."

"Is there anything I can do?" muttered Jeffrey, miserably. He knew now that he had made a mistake in coming to-night; he could not help her. His own pain had unmanned him. Presently he would say something foolish or selfish in spite of himself.

Sara turned her eyes on him.

"There is nothing anybody can do, Jeff," she said piteously. Her eyes, those clear, child-eyes, filled with tears. "I shall be braver—stronger—after a while. But just now I have no strength left. I feel like a lost, helpless child. Oh, Jeff!"

She put her slender hands over her face and sobbed. Every sob cut Jeffrey to the heart.



"Did you ever come to a place where everything seemed ended—where it seemed there was nothing—simply nothing—left Jeff?" she said, wistfully.

"Don't—don't, Sara," he said huskily. "I can't bear to see you suffer so. I'd die for you if it would do you any good. I love you—I love you! I never meant to tell you so, but it is the truth. I oughtn't to tell you now. Don't think that I'm trying to take any advantage of your loneliness and sorrow. I know—I have always known—that you are far above me. But that couldn't prevent my loving you—just humbly loving you, asking nothing else. You may be angry with my presumption, but I can't help telling you that I love you. That's all. I just want you to know it."

Sara had turned away her head. Jeffrey was overcome with contrition. Ah, he had no business to speak so—he had spoiled the devotion of years. Who was he that he should have dared to love her? Silence alone had justified his love, and now he had lost that justification. She would despise him. He had forfeited her friendship, for ever.

"Are you angry, Sara?" he questioned sadly, after a silence.

"I think I am," said Sara. She kept her stately head averted. "If—if you have loved me, Jeff, why did you never tell me so before?"

"How could I dare?" he said gravely. "I knew I could never win you—that I had no right to dream of you so. Oh, Sara, don't be angry! My love has been reverent and humble. I have asked nothing. I ask nothing now, but your friendship. Don't take that from me, Sara. Don't be angry with me."

"I *am* angry," repeated Sara, "and I think I have a right to be."

"Perhaps so," he said simply, "but not because I have loved you. Such love as mine ought to anger no woman, Sara. But you have a right to be angry with me for presuming to put it into words. I should not have done so—but I could not help it. It rushed to my lips in spite of me. Forgive me."

"I don't know whether I can forgive you for not telling me before," said Sara steadily. "*That* is what I have to forgive —not your speaking at last, even if it was dragged from you against your will. Did you think I would make you such a very poor wife, Jeff, that you would not ask me to marry you?"

"Sara!" he said, aghast. "I—I—you were as far above me as a star in the sky —I never dreamed—I never hoped—"

"That I could care for you?" said Sara, looking round at last. "Then you were more modest than a man ought to be, Jeff. I did not know that you loved me, or I should have found some way to make you speak out long ago. I should not have let you waste all these years. I've loved you—ever since we picked mayflowers on the hill, I think—ever since I came home from school I know. I never cared for anyone else—although I tried to, when I thought you didn't care for me. It mattered nothing to me that the world may have thought there was some social difference between us. There, Jeff, you cannot accuse me of not making my meaning plain."

"Sara," he whispered, wondering, bewildered, half-afraid to believe this unbelievable joy. "I'm not half worthy of you—but —but—" he bent forward and put his arm around her, looking straight into her clear, unshrinking eyes, "Sara, will you be my wife?"

"Yes." She said the word clearly and truly. "And I will think myself a proud and happy and honored woman to be so, Jeff. Oh, I don't shrink from telling you the truth, you see. You mean too much to me for me to dissemble it. I've hidden it for eighteen years because I didn't think you wanted to hear it, but I'll give myself the delight of saying it frankly now."

She lifted her delicate, high-bred face, fearless love shining in every lineament, to his, and they exchanged their first kiss.

Human beings are not only sluggish and inert, but at times are actively wicked. This is one of the dire privileges of Free Will.—*Sir Oliver Lodge.*

Joe Howe's Last Opponent

By L. H. MARTELL, B.A.

THERE is a man in Nova Scotia, now in the evening of his days, who is called down there the "Nestor of the Liberal Party." His name is Monson H. Goudge—familiarly known to the older people of the Province as "Monty." He is now president of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia.

It is a far cry back from 1915 to 1869, the stirring days of the stern fight that many Nova Scotians made to have the British North America Act repealed. There was much bitterness over Nova Scotia's joining in the federation. The Liberals opposed it tooth and nail, and foremost among them was Joe Howe. His chief lieutenant in the county of Hants in Nova Scotia was Hon. "Monty" Goudge, who, with such men as Hon. R. M. McHeffey, Captains Tom and Fred Curry, Edward O'Brien, Bennett Smith, William Laurence, David Scott and Arthur McNutt Cochrane, waged the battle of the Anti-confederates.

A view of the Legislative Council Chambers, the scene of Mr. Goudge's present activity.

But Joe Howe, most outspoken of leaders, most valiant of rebels against the idea of Confederation, suddenly forsook the cause of the Anti-confederates, accepting a promise from Sir John A. Macdonald of better terms for Nova Scotia.

Mr. Edward O'Brien followed Howe, but Messrs. McHeffey, Goudge, Smith, Lawrence, Scott, Cochrane, and Captains Tom and Fred Curry refused to support him in a step which they considered to be gross treachery to the cause of the Anti-confederates and inimical to the best interests of the province of Nova Scotia. These men had received food for their Anti-confederate thoughts and arguments from Howe's speeches, and though previously they had idolized Howe, they could not follow him. By so doing they would be setting the seal of approval on the destruction of Nova Scotia without the consent of the electors and also approving what they considered to be deception and treachery.

Hon. Monson H. Goudge.

It has been urged by many that these men, as well as the other Anti-confederates, were wrong, both as regards the matter of Confederation and their treatment of Howe. But they have only heard one side of the question, and their opinions are as a consequence formed from *ex parte* evidence. From what I can gather from conversations with Anti-confederates in the county of Hants, and from a perusal of the records, I fail to find anything to justify a verdict of guilty against the Anti-confederates for their treatment of Howe.

However, let us hear the story from a man who speaks "that he knows." This is what Hon. Monson Goudge, Joe Howe's one-time lieutenant and his last opponent, says: "We were with Howe heart and soul in his every fight up till 1869, for we idolized him and had implicit faith in his sincerity. Many of his actions between 1867-1869 would have caused some to doubt his sincerity of purpose, but we did not, for we were his idolators. For instance, I was in London on personal business in 1868, when Howe, Annand, Troop and Smith were there as a delegation from the Assembly of Nova Scotia to demand a repeal of the British North America Act so far as it related to Nova Scotia. Dr. Tupper was also there as a representative of the Government of Canada to oppose the action of the Nova Scotia Repealers. Many of my evenings were spent with the Nova Scotia delegates, and on one occasion while we were assembled together, a messenger came to say that a gentleman wished to see Mr. Howe. On returning to the room one of the delegates asked Howe who his caller was. Howe replied, 'Tupper has been to see me!'

"I said, 'Howe, what have you to do with Tupper?'

"He replied, 'I wanted to see his hand. Do not mistrust me, gentlemen, I am acting for our best interests as I see things.'

"Subsequently Howe and Tupper went to visit the Duke of Buckingham and, when Howe returned, I was present at the hotel where the Nova Scotia. These men had received food liam Garvie, a young Nova Scotian, at that time studying law in London, who afterwards became Provincial Secretary of his native province, was also present. Howe was very reticent. Garvie noticed this, and said to the delegates, 'Gentlemen, Howe is a changed man; look out for him.'

"When Howe came back to Nova Scotia he was still received and regarded as the hope of the Repeal party. In spite of what we had seen and heard in London, the delegates could not bring themselves to mistrust him and as a result public meetings and receptions were held, in which Howe was lauded for his championship of the cause of the Repealers, and an uncompromising determination to carry on the struggle for repeal was everywhere expressed. But events were developing. Howe would not appear in the House of Assembly with the other delegates to receive the thanks of the Assembly for his work as a member of the delegation to London to secure repeal. He seemed to be in touch with Tupper. He did not consult with his colleagues and friends, but treated them, including the members of the delegation who had been in London with him, as nonentities, and assumed the attitude of master of the situation. He continued having conferences with representatives of the Government at Ottawa but during all this time he requested the Anti-confederates of Nova Scotia to have faith in him. Even when he was about taking a position in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet as president of the council he telegraphed me, and other friends in the county of Hants saying: 'Do not be alarmed; I shall do nothing that will bring discredit upon my friends.'

"We had hardly received this telegram when we got another saying, 'I have accepted the office of President of the Privy Council and will see you later.' At the time of receiving this last telegram I was in my office at Windsor, and with me were the Hon. R. M. McHeffey, Edward O'Brien, and Captains Tom and Fred Curry. The telegram almost left us speechless but after a time Captain Tom Curry exclaimed: 'My God! Would Howe do such a thing as that, and be guilty of such treachery toward us?' Shortly after this he came down to the county of Hants and called his friends together to give his reasons for his change of faith. After he had made his explanation the Rev. John Murdock, at that time Presbyterian minister at Windsor, said to him: 'Howe what business had you as a good general to lead your army up to a stone wall and leave them there unless you were prepared to scale the wall or to lead them in an honorable retreat from it?'

"Howe could make no reply.

A view of the Legislative Buildings at Halifax, the scene of much of the Hon. Monson Goudge's public work.

THE STIRRING ELECTION OF 1869.

"Howe was sworn in as President of the Privy Council on January 30th, 1869, and decided to contest the county of Hants, for which county he was then sitting as member. A writ for the election was issued and I was selected by the Liberals to oppose him. The campaign was one of the most hard-fought and bitter in the history of single elections in Nova Scotia, for it was recognized that the struggle was one of life or death to the cause of repeal for Nova Scotia. I was supported at the hustings by the Hon. A. G. Jones, Mr. Otto Weeks, and other leading Anti-confederates. Howe's friends were not inactive. During the campaign he became sick and the writ was cancelled. While Howe was ill the Anti-confederates ceased from campaigning, but as soon as he was feeling himself again, a new writ was issued naming a later date for the election, and the fight once more began. On nomination day Howe's prospects for election were not very bright, and such was freely admitted by his supporters. Word was then received from Ottawa to the effect that Howe must be elected at all costs. Confederates poured into the county from all directions. Money was sent from Ottawa to bribe the electors, and in many cases sums ranging from one hundred to four hundred dollars were paid for a single vote. I have been told that it cost the Government at Ottawa sixty thousand dollars to elect Howe. The campaign was the beginning of electoral corruption in the province of Nova Scotia."

OTHER POLITICAL CONTESTS.

In 1873, in the by-election rendered necessary by Howe having accepted the position of Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Mr. Goudge was elected to represent his native county of Hants in the Parliament of Canada, defeating Captain George Armstrong, a wealthy shipowner of Kempt in Hants county, by a good majority.

In 1874 he was again elected, this time defeating Henry Allison, of Newport. It was in the election of 1874 that Sir Wilfrid Laurier first entered Parliament. During this Parliament the Canada Temperance Act, better known as "The Scott Act," was enacted, and Mr. Goudge, who took part in its drafting, says that "It was forced upon the MacKenzie Government by some of its supporters, like myself, led by George Ross, who told the Government that if they did not do something for temperance he would introduce a private bill looking towards the enactment of stringent temperance legislation." The result was the enactment of "The Scott Act." Mr. Goudge, while a member of Parliament also took part in the debate concerning riparian rights, and was one of those who secured for the provinces of Canada, and particularly for Nova Scotia, its just due in the premises. The fourth and last election of Mr. Goudge was run in 1878, when after four years of power, the MacKenzie administration appealed to the people, and on this occasion, like a great many others of MacKenzie's supporters, he was defeated by a small majority, his opponent being the same Henry Allison whom he had defeated in 1874.

In 1884 Mr. Goudge was appointed to the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia to succeed the Hon. Arthur Cochrane. Immediately on taking his seat he was appointed Chairman of Public Accounts, and a short time after, Chairman of Bills. In 1903 he was appointed President of the Council in succession to the late Sir Robert Boak, the duties of which position he discharges with much merit, to the great admiration of his many friends. The utility of the Legislative Council finds in Mr. Goudge one of its greatest defenders.

In his younger days Mr. Goudge, with many other Nova Scotians, found in the shipping business the sort of life he wanted. He stayed in it and made a success of it until about twelve years ago when he retired from commercial life.

Hon. Mr. Goudge is a sincere Christian gentleman. He is a member and elder of the Presbyterian congregation in the town of Windsor. He is a frequent attendant of the prayer meetings of his church, and in religion as in public matters, he wishes to have thorough understanding of everything that is transpiring. It is related of him that on one occasion at prayer meeting a friend of his who possesses a rather low voice, was not praying in a very audible manner, and Mr. Goudge was heard to exclaim in meeting: "What's that James? Speak louder James, speak louder, for you must pray with understanding as well as with the spirit if you wish me to concur."

Mr. Goudge is now in the evening of his days, but his interest in philanthropic work and political matters is not diminished. He is prominent in the counsels of his church, and by the Liberals of Nova Scotia is referred to as "The daddy of us all."

The Jade God:

By DONALD DONOVAN

Illustrated by T. W. MITCHELL

Anson Hogarth, Armchair Detective, Solves Another Mystery

ANSON HOGARTH was finishing breakfast when Bracey walked in. He wore a loose bath robe that outshone the garment of Benjamin in point of variety of colors, and a smoking cap, rusty with age and minus its tassel. On a rickety-legged table beside him stood a breakfast tray which had been sent in from the little Dutch restaurant on the next street. On the other side of his chair was a pile of morning papers. Hogarth seldom left his rooms and thus was compelled to keep in touch with the outside world by close reading of newspapers and periodicals; a method not entirely satisfactory as he was often forced to confess when engaged on a case of more than usual difficulty.

Brandon Bracey was a young club man of good family and ample income who kept himself amused and at the same time gave scope to a natural talent for the work by acting as an investigating associate with Hogarth; in which capacity he was extremely useful, as Hogarth, although he had solved scores of cases that had baffled the police, never stirred from his armchair when professionally engaged. Bracey seated himself on a brown leather couch facing Hogarth.

"The Portland Street Case?" queried Hogarth. "I know it must be something important or you wouldn't get around as early as this."

"What case is that?" asked the other. "I haven't seen the morning papers yet."

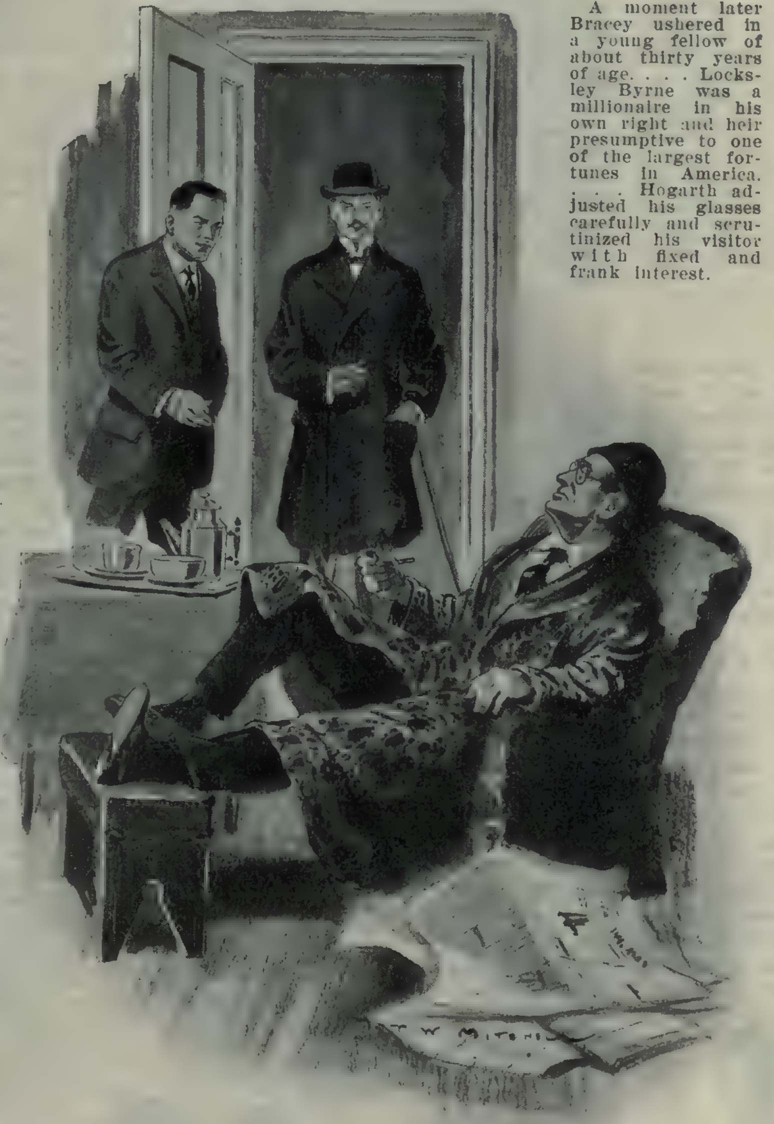
Hogarth selected a paper from the pile on the floor and pointed to the leading news story, featured under a three column heading.

"The body of a man was found about one o'clock this morning on a deserted corner of Portland street," he said. "Murders in that section are, of course, quite an ordinary occurrence and usually of too brutal and obvious a type to present any points of interest whatever. This case diverges from the usual run of homicide in rather a marked degree, however. When the police found the body, they imagined it was a case of death from want or exposure for, on a cursory examination, absolutely no marks were found to indicate violence. They were puzzled by the appearance of the skin, which had turned a peculiar mottled brown. When the coroner arrived he discovered a small perforation behind the ear at a point where it was possible to reach the brain, and it is his opinion that death had been brought about in that way. The papers give absolutely no other details, but the case has the earmarks of a really interesting problem."

"First I had heard of it," said Bracey.

"Then it's the Hallam robbery you have come to see me about," said Hogarth, pushing away the breakfast tray and luxuriously stretching himself. "The papers have a bare announcement of the theft."

"Yes, it's the Hallam case," said Bracey. "Locksley Byrne is downstairs now. I wouldn't bring him up until I'd found if you were willing to hear his story of the theft. The case has its good points."



A moment later Bracey ushered in a young fellow of about thirty years of age. . . . Locksley Byrne was a millionaire in his own right and heir presumptive to one of the largest fortunes in America. . . . Hogarth adjusted his glasses carefully and scrutinized his visitor with fixed and frank interest.

"On your recommendation, I'll hear it," said Hogarth. "Bring him up."

A moment later Bracey ushered in a young fellow of about thirty years of age, tall, well set up and with the indolent bearing of the man of leisure. Locksley Byrne was a millionaire in his own right and heir presumptive to one of the largest fortunes in America. He was the possessor, among other assets and liabilities, of a racing stable, a steam yacht, a debonair air that made him irresistible with women and an ungovernable temper that had several times brought him into contact with the law. Hogarth, who was short-sighted, adjusted his glasses carefully and scrutinized his visitor with fixed and frank interest.

"Mr. Byrne was present at the dinner given by Douglas Hallam in his apartments last night when Hallam's priceless jade charm was stolen," said Bracey, without any formalities. "He wants the matter sifted thoroughly and came to me for advice. I took the liberty of bringing him to you."

"It's this way," broke in Byrne impetuously. "There were six of us in all at this dinner party of Dug Hallam's and not one in the crowd that couldn't buy pretty much anything he wanted. Why, the idea of a robbery taking place in such a party is ridiculous—incredible. Just the same, when Hallam brings out this heathenish charm it vanishes off the table and no one knows where it's gone. We examine the room thoroughly and then each man is searched in turn. Still no trace is found of the charm. And that's how matters stand.

"What I don't like about it is that Dug Hallam is pretty waxy and, of course, he thinks one of us stole his charm. Until it's found, each one of us is going to be under a cloud more or less and I don't intend to stand for that, not for one minute! There's something fishy about the whole business, and I want it investigated thoroughly. I'm ready to stand any expense"—

"Yes, yes," said Hogarth. "Perhaps

you will be good enough to tell us the whole story, Mr. Byrne, starting at the very beginning and omitting no details, no matter how trivial and inconsequential they may seem to you. If his narrative leaves any points obscure, Bracey, I'll depend on you to bring the facts out by cross examination."

With many promptings, therefore, from the amateur detective, Byrne told the story of the Hallam dinner party. Hogarth sat huddled back in his chair throughout the recital, his gaze fixed on some point in space. Byrne regarded the seeming indifference of his auditor with visible impatience, and on several occasions had to be urged to continue the story by Bracey.

It will now be necessary to revert to the events of the preceding evening in order to lay before the reader the story that Byrne in circuitous manner unfolded to the two detectives.

* * *

DOUGLAS HALLAM was the son of a Pittsburg millionaire but it was only on rare occasions that he visited the Smoky City. After completing his course at Harvard—or rather, after his spectacular term and a half had been brought to an abrupt end by the long suffering authorities—he settled down in luxurious apartments in New York City. The father, whose fondness for his son was in direct ratio to his financial resources, allowed him an elastic income that could be stretched to cover any whim or form of extravagance. Young Hallam, doubtless, would have degenerated rapidly into a high-class drunkard if he had not providentially been seized early by a craze for collecting curios. There is no habit more deadly than the collection craze especially if one has the money to pursue the hobby on a wide scale. Hallam could not spare money for chorus girls and champagne suppers because he spent every available cent in the antique shops and in dingy second-hand stores. His rooms were soon filled to overflowing with odd pieces of furniture, relics of bygone days, jewels, jades, miniatures, armor and the countless other articles that appeal to the curio hunter. His hobby gained him the reputation of being both eccentric and parsimonious. However, he was well liked enough and he traveled in the most exclusive younger set of New York.

When Hallam entertained—which was not often, for obvious reasons—he made it a point to do things on a most thorough scale. Furthermore, he had the happy and rare faculty of selecting his guests with a view to their mutual compatibility. A guest at any of Douglas Hallam's exclusive little dinners was sure of pleasant and stimulating company. Hallam's acquaintance among interesting people was wide.

On the previous evening he had entertained a select party of five in the apartments. There was Frank Farthing, club man, blasé idler but unexcelled raconteur and table wit; Hamilton Carstairs, the actor, at present starring in the latest sensational problem play; Locksley Byrne, youthful millionaire who held the highest rating in the matrimonial Bradstreet of any "eligible" in New York; Burnside Jackson, son of Jacob Jackson of mineral water fame and fortune—the very same "Bud" Jackson who captained America's polo cup team and was ringleader in every society frolic; and Gordon Saunderson, the rising author. It proved a well balanced combination and, as Hallam's choice of viands had been unusually happy, the party promised at the start to be a great success.

The one deterring feature was the absence of Charles. No dinner at Douglas Hallam's was complete without Charles. A remarkable combination of loyalty, efficiency and resourcefulness, Charles was Planchet, Bazin and Grimaud rolled into one, the very beau ideal of valets. His presence at the sideboard meant that the dinner would be done to a turn, the wines cooled to just the right degree and the service rapid and perfect. Charles was generally an active helper in Hallam's curio hunts.

"I say, Hallam, where's old Charles?" protested Burnside Jackson, when they had obeyed the summons of the dinner gong, to find a stranger in charge of the dining-room.

"Took sick to-day so I ordered him off for a rest," explained Hallam.

"That's a funny thing," put in Farthing. "I saw Charles downstairs when I came in. He was at the other end of the hall."

"Must be mistaken," said Hallam, who had inherited in a partial degree the habit of laconic speech that had earned for his father the sobriquet of "Sphinx" Hallam. "Old Charles went out to his brother's at Passaic. In bed with all sorts of plasters and things, sure."

"No," declared Farthing, positively, "I saw Charles downstairs. There's no mistaking those sideburns of his."

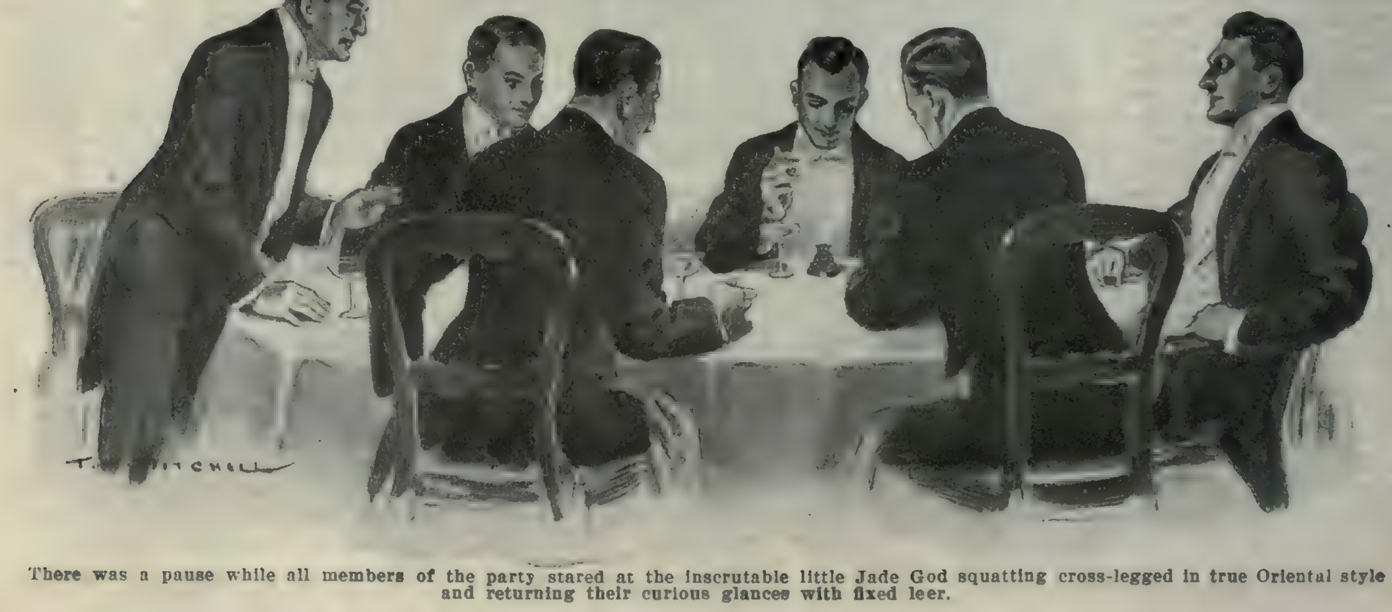
The oysters were served at this juncture and the party fell to without further discussion of the whereabouts of the inimitable Charles. His substitute acquitted himself with distinction, for the dinner was well prepared and neatly served. The only mistake he made all evening was in handing a note that had been delivered for Locksley Byrne to Burnside Jackson by mistake; a miscue which might have been serious as the two men were bitter rivals in business, sport and, just at this time, in love.

At Hallam's stag affairs, dinner was generally followed by a stiff game of poker but on this occasion the party showed a tendency to loll back in their chairs in lazy contentment and to talk.

"What have you picked up lately, Dug?" asked Farthing, patronizingly; for Hallam's hobby was somewhat of a joke among the other men of his set.

Hallam told them briefly of several finds he had made—a Watteau miniature, a jade pendant, a mediæval dagger, that had belonged to a notorious robber baron who had made atonement for his early misdeeds by going on a Crusading jaunt. Finally he looked at his watch. "Don't want to take up too much time with my hobbies," he said, "but I have something with a story attached to it that you ought to see—"

He plunged his hand into an upper vest pocket and brought out a small, sparkling article. He deposited it on the table in front of him. It was a jade god, squat and



There was a pause while all members of the party stared at the inscrutable little Jade God squatting cross-legged in true Oriental style and returning their curious glances with fixed leer.

hideous with a leer in its carven features that reflected all the mysticism and malignacy of the Orient. The figure was thickly incrusted with jewels and quite obviously was valuable beyond ordinary computation. The company stared at it as though held by a spell. No comments were uttered.

"It's a charm," began Hallam, "and worth an enormous sum, though I got it dirt cheap. How I got it is a story that will have to wait. It was something of an adventure and—well, it would hardly be safe to tell yet."

"That charm," he went on, "belonged originally in a temple of a mystic religion, the name of which has never been heard by a white man. Somewhere around the border line of Thibet and India there's a little country that is known only to the few explorers who have penetrated into that strange part of the world. It's a heavily-wooded, hilly country and the temple is situated in the wildest and most inaccessible part. Just what significance attached to the jade god I am not in a position to say. This I do know, that it was regarded as most sacred by the ministering priests; and, when it was stolen by a band of raiding hillsmen, its recovery became the lifework of the priesthood.

"Since that time, the charm has wandered all over the face of the earth and been in the possession of several people. It is said that no one has ever had it for more than six months and that at the expiration of that period it has always mysteriously disappeared. It's all bosh, of course, but by a coincidence that I can vouch for, the last two owners of the jade god have certainly held it for exactly that length of time only.

"It's also said that the emissaries of the priesthood are still ceaselessly tracing the sacred jade. The story has it that they are men with strange powers, conjurors on a colossal scale, capable of performing weird feats and masters of subtle and deadly poisons. Don't believe all this myself, of course, but I'm giving you the story for what it's worth."

There was a pause while all members of the party stared at the inscrutable little jade god squatting cross-legged in true Oriental style and returning their curious glances with fixed leer.

"By the way, how long have you had it?" asked Saunderson, finally.

"Just six months to-day," replied Hallam.

There was a stir at that. No one in the party attached any weight to the story; even Hallam seemed disposed to make light of it. But there was something about the jade ornament itself that forbade levity and aroused a creepy, uneasy interest.

"A darned queer trinket, that," said Burnside Jackson, reaching out as though to pick it up—and then drawing back his hand. "Mighty close you've been about it, Hallam. Here you've had this sacred thingumbob for six months and never made a peep to anyone about it."

"Silence was one of the conditions on which I obtained it," said Hallam quietly. "Now that six months are up I'm free to talk about it as I like."

A knock came at the door leading from the dining-room to the outer hall. It was a quick, decisive, double rap but Charles' substitute, who was in the next room and must have heard it, made no move to answer the door. Accordingly Hallam himself got up and, in so doing, upset a fancy brass table with ash tray that stood at his right hand. Farthing picked it up while Hallam went to the door. The latter returned almost immediately with a telegram in his hand. He opened the envelope and hastily glanced over the enclosed blank, then crumpled up envelope and paper together and threw them into the waste paper basket.

Seating himself at the table again, Hallam's gaze wandered over the surface of the table and then, with a startled rapidity, at the men seated around the board. Each member of the company was doing the same thing, he found.

For the jade god had disappeared!

"Please, fellows, no practical jokes," said Hallam. "Don't want to seem touchy but the way things are it makes me nervous to lose sight of it."

There was another pause. The five guests looked at one another impatiently, even a little anxiously.

"I haven't it," said Hamilton Carstairs, finally.

"Nor I," declared Saunderson.

"Nor I," echoed the others.

"Don't carry the joke any farther," pleaded Hallam, beginning to show worry. "I'll be thinking all sorts of things about priests and poisons and spells, if that jade god is out of my sight another minute! Come on, hand it out."

At that each man protested vehemently that he had not touched the god; that one minute it had been on the table and the next time he looked it had disappeared. They searched under the cloth, then under the table and the rug. They ransacked the room with thoroughness; but no sign of the jade god was found.

When the six men gathered about the table again, there were signs of trouble. The guests seemed fully as excited as their host over the strange disappearance; and each man wore a perplexed and angry frown.

"I have an idea," said Saunderson. "There was a story in a magazine that I was reading not so long ago, about just such an occurrence as this. A ring disappeared off a table—a very valuable article. If I remember the story right, they decided to see if it couldn't be secured without the identity of the taker being revealed. So they turned the lights off in the room and all stood close around the table for one minute. On the fifty-fifth second there was a clatter on the table and, when the lights went on, there was the ring. Suppose—we try it on?"

"But see here," protested Hallam, "that would make it look as though I suspected one of you."

"Well," said Saunderson, grimly, "it's gone, isn't it?"

Accordingly, the serving man was summoned and instructed to turn the lights out and to leave the room, returning in a minute to switch the lights on again. The six men stood around the table, silently, as darkness fell. There was a tense pause.

And then was demonstrated the difference between what may be made to happen in fiction and what occurs in actual life. The minute slowly ticked away and there was no sound but the breathing of the six men around the board. No rattle on the table was heard to indicate an aroused conscience or an awakened fear in the mind of the purloiner of the jade god. Charles' substitute returned noisily and switched on the lights.

There was another moment of silence.

"There's nothing to it," said Carstairs, finally; and proceeded to take off his coat.

Each man in turn, including Hallam and the serving man who was called in, submitted to a thorough search. No trace of the charm was found.

"Never mind, you chaps," said Hallam, who had returned to his chair and was sitting with his head in his hands. "Just let's not worry about it any more. It'll turn up all right around here. A damned queer thing but—let's get to the cards."

A feeling of relief was at once manifested among the guests, with the exception of Locksley Byrne who continued to frown darkly. This sportsmanlike acceptance of his loss by their host broke the tension. Clearly there was nothing more that could be done.

"We're all awfully sorry, Dug," said Jackson. "But no one seems to have it so it must be around the room. It'll turn up when your man sweeps out to-morrow. Don't worry, old chap."

They even made a pretence of settling down to a game of poker, Hallam himself producing the cards. Locksley Byrne picked up the cards dealt to him, spread them fanwise with an impatient gesture, then threw them down and squared himself determinedly in his chair.

"But see here," he protested. "Supposing the thing doesn't turn up?"

"If it doesn't that's all there will be to it," said Hallam with a well-assumed smile of unconcern. "If it's lost it's through my own carelessness."

"No," said Byrne, stubbornly. "That wouldn't be the end of it. It would always be thought it had been stolen. No one would think anything else. And each one of the five of us would be suspected more or less. Now I, for one, don't intend to let any share of such a suspicion rest on me. There's something funny about this business and it's going to be cleared up now! I insist."

"By Jove! You're right, Lock," said Jackson. "I don't want people to think me a sneak-thief any more than you do."

"But what can be done?" asked Hallam, with a gesture of finality. "We've done everything we can, haven't we,"

There was a moment of silence.

"This seems to me to be the best thing to do," said Hamilton Carstairs. "Let us go in a body to the nearest police station, locking the place up. We can be searched again there. If the charm doesn't turn up, leave the keys with the police and have them take possession of these roms, letting none of us in until the mystery is

Continued on Page 77.

For Hearth and Home:

By W. A. CRAICK

University students drilling. Below is shown a squad in skirmish order during a recent sham fight.

The Rapid Growth of the Home Guard Movement

ON the little main street of a small town in Western Ontario a scene was enacted not long ago that will surely remain impressed on the minds of those who witnessed it for a long time. Darkness had fallen thick and sombre over the land, snow lay deep on the ground and a chill wind was blowing in gusts from the eastward. The lights in the shop windows seemed to make but small impression on the gloom, and as for the street lamps they were few and far between. In the middle of the roadway the town band was drawn up in a circle, silent for the moment, while stretching along the thoroughfare, erect, motionless, almost like statues, was a company of men in uniform. Groups of townspeople lined the sides of the road, but so subdued was the sound of voices, so deadened the footfalls of the pedestrians, that it seemed almost as if the people were in a trance.

The strange sensation of deadness, accentuated by the darkness, the dim lights and the almost absolute absence of motion on the part of both soldiers and onlookers, was of brief duration, but no playwright could have staged a more impressive scene than was produced by this unintentional pause in the proceedings. Perhaps some quite commonplace reason might have been found for the phenomenon, but, lacking that, its effect was extraordinary.

The momentary spell was broken when the band struck up the familiar strains of "Tipperary," and at once a vivid connection was established between the little main street of the remote Ontario town and the crowded battlefields of Europe. The reality of the dreadful conflict in which the Empire is engaged was brought home with startling effect and the part that Canada is playing in the struggle was suddenly visualized, for in every hamlet, village and town throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion, scenes not unlike this one have been enacted ever since the war began.

The significant feature of the little display of military activity was not, however to be found in its direct bearing on hostilities. The men in uniform who stood motionless in the snow while the band played the air of the thrilling war song, were not volunteers for active service. They comprised the local home guard, which had been raised and prepared to protect the town should danger threaten from any quarter. On this occasion they were drawn up as a mark of respect to five fellow-townsmen who were about to leave for the front. By and by they would march behind the band to the railway station, and cheer the soldier boys as the train pulled out. And then they would tramp back to the drill shed and go through their regular evolutions.

Of necessity, a movement developed during the hours of leisure that follow the day's work, home guard activities are almost entirely carried on by night. They have surrounding them all that added picturesqueness which darkness imparts. The scene described owed much of its impressiveness to the dim light that filtered around the participants, turning them from creatures of flesh and blood into phantoms, and even giving a touch of the mystical to their proceedings. And so it is with those other home guards which have sprung into existence here and there throughout Canada, as the force of example has spread. They are working by night, drilling under the glare of arc lights, marching through the darkness, concealing their efforts at military perfection beneath nocturnal shades.

THE IMPELLING MOTIVES.

Various motives have induced the men of Canadian cities to form themselves into associations, clubs or companies for the purpose of home defence. With some there has undoubtedly been an apprehension that actual danger might develop. The fear of raids from across the border has been very real to many people. They have considered it a duty to put themselves in a position to repel attack and to preserve inviolate their hearth and home. These men are true patriots, giving effect by their actions to the great guiding principles of love of country.

Perhaps a more common motive, however, is to be found in the belief held by many others that by turning out to drill, a good example is shown which will assist in the work of recruiting. There are plenty of thoughtful men, who have no fear that raids are possible, who yet join the home guard and attend all its practices with the utmost zeal, simply because they are confident that their action is going to be beneficial in stimulating recruiting. This is what may be termed indirect patriotism or a patriotism that seeks a given end by indirect means.

And then there are those who espouse the home defence movement because of the physical benefit to be derived from a course of military training. This is in a sense a selfish motive, but it must not be condemned even on that score for it is a kind of selfishness that works no harm and is indeed praiseworthy. There is no question but that many a member of a home guard company has had physical benefit at the back of his head, when he enrolled. Force of example, a desire to do as others do, has been the impelling force with this man; a love of companionship and anxiety to be in the swim, has inspired that man. Among them all, motives of many kinds, the ranks of the home guards have been filled to effective proportions.

The movement has become general and, if in the larger centres, it has reached spectacular dimensions, it is none the less deserving of attention even in small places. One is reminded of a town of some five thousand population in which over one hundred citizens are in training. They are not the type of citizen usually associated with the militia but many of them are men of position, wealth and influence. The mayor turns out regularly. So also does the local county court judge, the collector of customs and the postmaster. Several well-to-do merchants, more than one professional man and a couple of clergymen are in the ranks of the guard.

In short, all the best men in the community are enrolled and what is an even more pleasing feature they stand shoulder to shoulder with the less prosperous whose desire to prepare themselves for the defence of their homes is quite as laudable as is that of their wealthier neighbors.

A WIDESPREAD MOVEMENT.

After the war is over and some historically-inclined person takes the trouble to go back over the newspaper files for records of the home defence movement, people will be amazed to find how widespread it was. Within a week—the last seven days of November—and in the columns of a single newspaper, reference was made to the formation of no fewer than ten home guards in Ontario centres outside of Toronto. At St. Thomas five hundred citizens including nearly all the professional men in the place and two county court judges, assembled at the Armories to form a guard. Barrie started a company with four hundred members, one of whom held an officer's certificate dated fifty years ago. Dunnville witnessed the organization of a guard of 125 men, drafted from among the employees of its largest industry. Peterboro mustered 600 men in its civilian's rifle association and St. Catharines reported a gross enrollment of over 800 men. Port Hope sent word of an enthusiastic organization meeting and at Hamilton representative business men assembled to take steps to put the local rifle association on an effective footing for defence.

These are but a few stray examples of activities in different towns and cities, of which reports reached the metropolitan newspapers. The number may reasonably be multiplied many times. Both before and since these organizations were formed, others have been launched, some of which have been announced through the city press while others have been overlooked in the mass of local news. To many a child in after years, the memory of the Great War will come back, not so much through the recollection of the vivid stories of battle and carnage that are being told from day to day, as through a father's or a brother's active participation in the work of the home guard. That is a little bit of real soldiering that will not soon be forgotten.

Above: Students drilling on the University campus, Toronto.

A feature of the home guard movement is that men of all ages and occupations are joining.

It is, however, to large cities like Toronto or Montreal that one must turn for the greatest development of the home guard movement. These big centres of population with their hundreds of thousands of population, their masses of warehouses and their numerous fine buildings, would, in the event of hostilities, stand in greater danger of attack than the smaller cities or towns. It would be towards them that the enemy would direct his march, for through their possession great advantage would be gained.

In Toronto, for instance, the question of home defence began to agitate the minds of citizens soon after the war broke out in August. The active militia was contributing a large proportion of its enrollment to the ranks of the first contingent and, though steps were at once taken to recruit the various regiments to their former strength, it was apparent that the new militia men would soon be called on to join the second contingent. Something had accordingly to be done for permanent home defence work and that something had to be undertaken by the plain, everyday citizen.

It was the lawyers of the city who were the first to begin training. The bench, the bar and the law school were all represented in the Osgoode Hall Rifle Association that was formed early in September. The members of the legal profession rallied to the colors nobly; they attended drill two nights a week; they sallied out to the rifle ranges on Saturday afternoons; they strove hard to master the intricacies of military movements and the handling of rifles. When, not long ago, the corps came in for inspection by the representative of the Militia Department, they were pronounced sound and efficient.

RIFLE ASSOCIATIONS FORMED.

The lawyers' action gave the cue to other professions and to other bodies of men. A long list of rifle associations is now in existence, each of which is ready if the call came, to provide from 50 to 1,000 men for service in defence of the city. The Board of Trade has its corps in which many prominent business men are enrolled. Clubs like the St. Andrew's, the Argonauts and the Royal Canadian Yacht Club, have their organizations. The large departmental stores, certain big industries and all the public utility companies are represented by their own rifle associations. At least one of the chartered banks; the men in the civil service; members of numerous church clubs, and employees of the Harbor Commission, are enrolled in rifle corps. And besides these there are civilian associations in almost every section of the city.

The rifle associations, numerous as they are, form, however, but one phase of the home-defence movement. In addition to its two score of such organizations, Toronto boasts a Home Guard proper. This is the body, over three thousand strong, out of which a new regiment for the active militia has recently been formed. The Home Guard was raised through the exertions of a single patriotic citizen, Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel, Stewart. With the support of influential men like General Otter, Sir Henry Pellatt and Sir Donald Mann, he succeeded in building up and developing to a high state of efficiency a fine regiment of guards, in which citizens of all ages and ranks, were to be found. Drilling at Bayside Park and marching by night through the down-town streets, the Guards were a great attraction to thousands of citizens during the fall.

AT THE UNIVERSITY.

No less interesting has been the work among the students attending the University of Toronto. Here great enthusiasm prevailed and, though participation in military training was not compulsory, a very large percentage of the men registered at the University enrolled in the University Regiment. While this corps was intended Primarily to form a training school for officers, who could eventually take charge of the militia in their various home towns, its presence in the city has been of decided advantage to the home defence movement. The students have been accustomed to drill either early in the morning or late in the afternoon and in place of the usual scenes of athletic activity on the campus, there has been the constant evolution of armed forces.

The fourth phase of the home guard movement in Toronto was of later development than any of those mentioned. Its evolution was due to the feeling experienced in various quarters that many willing citizens were not being reached. There were thousands of men who for various reasons could not or did not want to join a rifle association or the home guard. Perhaps they were deterred on account of the distance to the training ground. Possibly they were averse to joining in with strangers. Some even might have objected to the oath required from those enrolling, an oath which placed their services under the ultimate jurisdiction of the military authorities.

Above: Men of the home guard lined up for inspection.

Below: A view of an inspection carried out at Exhibition Park, Toronto.

TRAINING IN THE SCHOOLS.

To meet the needs of such men the Toronto Military Training Association was organized with the sanction of the ratepayers' associations and the Board of Education. Its aim was to work with the public schools as centres. The school yards would form the training grounds in the fall; the school basements would afford facilities for drill in winter. Those participating would enjoy the advantage of having military instruction almost at their doors. Further, the rifles belonging to the School Board would be available and there would be facilities for erecting miniature rifle ranges on the ground floor.

Military training in the schools was a happy thought and it has proved to be a splendid means of interesting the citizens at large in the defence movement. At scores of the public schools of Toronto, corps are now drilling twice a week and preparing themselves for eventualities. In some sections, of course, the prior existence of civilian rifle associations has hindered the work, so that it is yet largely sectional, but the scheme has undoubtedly brought out hundreds of men who would not otherwise have participated.

A birdseye view of the Dominion of Canada from coast to coast would alone afford an adequate idea of what the defence movement has come to mean. The nightly scenes that are being enacted in many a city, town and village, are an inspiration.

The Garden of Verse

The Road to Nowhere

Do you know the Road to Nowhere as it wanders through the wood,
Where the sunbeams weave a net-work, gold and gray;
Where the squirrels incessant chatter with a happy hardihood,
And the needles from the pine strew all the way?
O, the charming Road to Nowhere, blithe and gay!

Do you know the Road to Nowhere as it winds among the trees,
Festooned with hanging lichens, green and gray;
Forming tall, fantastic figures, sighing low with every breeze,
Like sad, imprisoned souls, too dumb to pray?
O, the phantom Road to Nowhere, grave and gay!

Do you know the Road to Nowhere as it lingers in the glen?
Where the wild rose smiles a welcome as we stray;
Till we long to wander—wander—from the crowded haunts of men,
Through the glory of an age-spanned golden day,
On that charming Road to Nowhere, blithe and gay.

—F. Haldane

Homeward

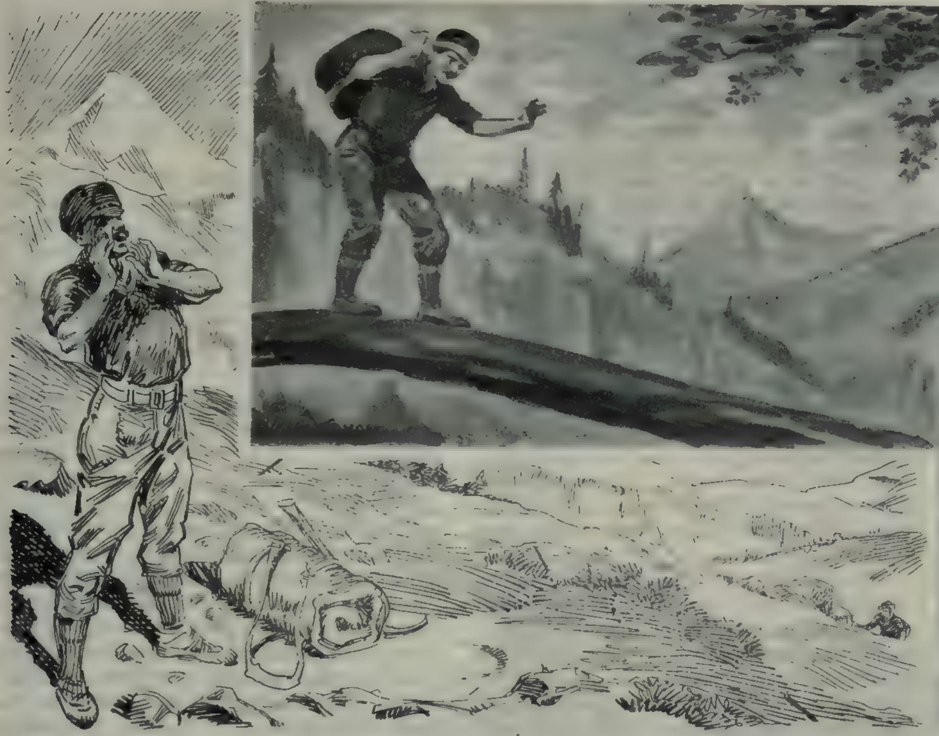
Floating soft, floating slow,
Feather clouds of ivory white,
Through the dreamy hazes show
Mezzo-tints of golden light.
Drifting onward to the west,
O'er a sea of blue,
To the happy isles of rest
Bathed in summer dew:
So the soul in robes of white,
Floating soft, floating slow,
In its upward gleaming flight,
Leaves all earthborn cares below.
Gently borne on wings unseen,
Where no mists can veil its sheen.

—Lilian B. Whiting

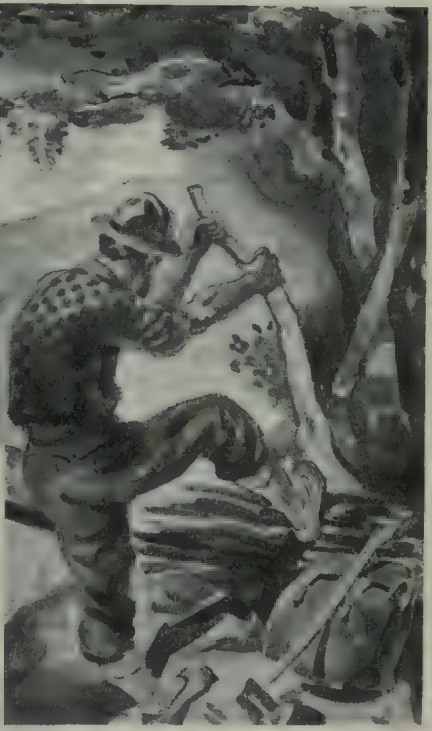
At Flying Creek:

By H. Mortimer Batten

Illustrated by H. W. Cooper



He called Cerrita to cross the creek. Cerrita came slowly and with a ponderousness born of long expectancy.



Cerrita's hand was on the single branch. He pulled the branch down as a man pulls a railway bar.

A Story of Adventure in the Alaskan Gold Fields

THEY had lived for nine months in three-man loneliness, prospecting the headwaters of the Aspen and its tributaries. There was no question that gold was there—not a mere surface smattering of it, but gold in great quantities. There was scarcely a creek that did not bear traces of it, here a few yellow grains mixed with the sand, there a delicate gilding of the pebbles, only visible to the expert eye. The whole country bore evidence of it, yet for nine long months they had searched the desolation without striking so much as a pay streak.

Terry was optimistic. He stood steadfast in the faith that some day a second Dawson City would spring up within a mile of their central cabin, that clanging street cars would occupy the river banks, and imposing hotels overlook its waters. He believed that he and his two partners would be the founders of that city—that the day could not be far hence when a show sufficient to stagger the world would be revealed to their expectant gaze.

Featherstone did not share Terry's optimism. He was sick of the loneliness, sick of the silence, and sick of the whole ding-dong abandonment of the place. So far the trip hadn't paid dog meat, and Featherstone was lame anyway. If it hadn't been for Terry's enthusiasm and untiring spirit he would have hiked out for Holy Cross and home long ago.

Exactly what Cerrita thought about it all neither of his partners knew. They had brought him along as packman and dog musher, and wished a thousand times since that they had left him at home. Not that Cerrita was inefficient—far from it. He was a good dog driver, and a hard traveler, but his habitual taciturnity had got on their nerves.

It was the usual story of three-man loneliness. The months of confinement had bound two of the three together with a bond stronger than the bonds of brotherhood. The very sincerity of their friendship led to the isolation of the third, nor did they trouble to conceal their feelings when the confinement became too much for them, when their overstrained nerves were compelled to give utterance to the oppression that was at their souls. Cerrita was the hired man, and anyway he was paid to be cursed. He bore it sullenly and without retort. Grumbling was not his way when the loneliness gripped him and weighed him down. He could have endured it and survived it had he been alone, but with these "two whimpering fools" united against him it awoke the fierce obstinacy of his nature.

A dozen times a day he purposely annoyed them and endured their curses in silence. Vicious words broke no bones and Cerrita was a man of action. Sooner or later his chance would come of quenching the sullen hatred and jealousy he bore towards his partners and their friendship for one another; sooner or later he would deal with them, and in the meantime their curses only went to feed the fire which the silence and gloom and solitude had kindled within him.

Cerrita, too, would have thrown up the sponge ere things reached this pass had it not been for a bad attack of gold fever. Each sign and trace of the precious yellow metal that came before his eyes set the blood tingling in his veins, sent strange little shudders down his spine, and brought a numbness to his finger tips. He could endure all in silence so long as he knew the gold was there, but if he and his partners located it, then—

It was on account of Featherstone's lameness that Terry and Cerrita were working the creeks together. They had left Featherstone at home to mind the dogs and keep the wolverines out of the cabin while they perfected the chart of Flying Creek. It was a ten-days' job. In ten days they would return, having staked their claim or — more probably — have crossed the creek from their blueprint map as they had crossed the many already prospected.

Strange that they should at last strike the lode within three thousand yards of the shanty they had occupied since the search began! Here a tiny "pup," unmarked on the surveyor's map, joined the Flying Creek with a tinkle of laughing waters that seemed a mockery to the silence. A square of pale sunshine fell through the overhanging timber where the two streams met. Above that, to left and right, the cedar trees, their roots undermined, overhung the waterways, with here and there a gaunt-limbed spruce tree towering gloomily through the chaos.

Terry came to a halt upon the white rock dome that rose between the two creeks, his eyes upon something that lay at his feet and rose upwards over the crest. Just what that something was he could not make out. A numbness had come over his mind, a sense that something stupendous had happened. He was aware of the soft sunshine—a draught of life amidst the eternal gloom of the bush. He was aware of the laughter of the brook, and vaguely it brought to his mind the laughter of children—the laughter of crowded streets and gleaming pavements in the lamplight. He was aware of a dull yellow mass at his feet, of yellow, tortuous arms reaching upwards across the dome, seeming to embrace it in their crooked hold, like the tentacles of an octopus. It resembled, indeed, the fossil of some hideous monster, embedded for countless ages in the great dome of dull grey quartz.

For fully two minutes Terry stood, one ragged moccasin on the seam, his eyes taking in the various leads and weighing up their proportions. Then, without enthusiasm, without haste, he motioned Cerrita to cross the creek.

Cerrita came slowly and with a ponderousness born of long expectancy. He joined Terry on the dome, and in silence each nodded to the other.

"Gold?" suggested Cerrita, presently.

"Gold," Terry agreed. He took from his vest pocket a stump of a briar pipe, jammed down the ashes in the bowl, and lit it. Then glancing down the creek in the direction of their central cabin and his partner he added: "You'd best get some good stakes cut while I get ready with the tape. It will be dark in less than an hour, and I want to get home."

They went to work with the mechanical regularity of men accustomed to working together. Terry stepped out a base, checked himself with the tape, and told Cerrita where to fix the first corner post. "It couldn't have been better situated," he observed, regarding the find which would have brought all Dawson City, two hundred miles distant, on a mad stampede. "There's no mistaking the place where the pup joins the creek. Even the survey map couldn't mislead one there."

Darkness had long since fallen when the last post was fixed. They would come again to-morrow and mark out a second claim. They lit their fire on the crest of the dome, boiled some coffee, and when they kicked the fire away little teats of gold lay glowing among the ashes. Cerrita picked them up and tied them in his bandanna, then they set out for home.

A single bear track which they had previously used led across the heights, and it was on this track that the thing happened. At one point the track led to the edge of a narrow canyon and, across this canyon, stained with muddy paw marks and worn by the passage of heavy claws, lay the trunk of a dead cottonwood. A hundred feet below moved the black waters of the creek, the surface rendered visible by the phosphorescent specks of foam that wound their course across it.

Cerrita led the way, balancing himself cautiously as he crossed the black void where a false step meant destruction. It was no easy matter balancing one's self when one carried a fifty-pound pack shoulder high, for the tree was shorn of branches save for one branch that stood vertically from the trunk on the other side. When he had landed he pronounced it O.K., and Terry began to follow.

Cerrita's hand was on the single branch that grew vertically from the trunk at the extremity by which he had landed and, as Terry began to cross, he pulled the branch downwards as a man pulls a timber jack or a railway bar. The trunk turned under the leverage, turned beneath Terry's moccasined feet, and precipitated him into space. He clutched wildly at the trunk as his foothold failed, cursing Cerrita as he did so. Somehow his pack came off and fell downwards into the blackness with him. Cerrita stood and listened for a moment or so. He heard the ghostly echoes fill the gulch below—a sodden thud and the lap-lap of water—then he went on alone.

An hour later Cerrita opened the door of the shanty and let himself in. Featherstone looked up at him expectantly, then leapt to his feet.

"Where's Terry?" he cried, anxiously.

Cerrita strolled to his bunk and began to drag off his sodden moccasins. Featherstone watched him with the eyes of a panther.

"Curse you, man, can't you speak?" cried the latter. "Where's my partner?"

Featherstone had cleared the floor at a leap in spite of his lameness, and his right hand now clutched Cerrita's collar. Cerrita shook himself free and strode to the stove. Then his black eyes met those of his companion with the straightest look they had ever given him.

"Terry's dead," Cerrita answered; and waited to see the effect of his words. He stroked his glossy black beard reflectively, then, after a pause, pursued: "Yes, Terry's dead, so you'll have to make out with me now. I know that will get on your nerves, but you got on mine long ago for that matter. I fancy we'd best get out."

Featherstone's eyes were wide open, his hands clutched at the lapels of his tunic. "I don't follow you, partner," he said simply.

It was not a pleasant laugh that broke the stillness of the cabin. It came from between two rows of square strong teeth, shining pearl-white from the coarse hair of the man's face.

"No, but you will when I tell you," Cerrita answered unemotionally. "Terry was always a fool when it came to crossing creeks. He'd take risks that no sane man would take. I warned him once about it but he laughed at me. After that I let him go his own way. He did it once too often—this morning. Tried to wade the central race and got swilled off his pins. I went in after him, but couldn't reach him without risking my life. Considering all that he and you have been to me this last six months, I don't see that I was called upon to do that."

Featherstone's gaze was fixed upon the face of his opponent but Cerrita never flinched. After some moments Featherstone said, "Cerrita you're lying. I don't believe your explanation."

Cerrita shrugged his shoulders with his usual indifference and resignation. The comfortable warmth of the stove seemed to absorb his complete attention.

For one thing," Featherstone pursued, "your matches aren't wet. You just struck one to look under the bunk for your sock and you took it from your vest pocket. If you'd been in the water during the last forty hours you'd carry your matches in your hair."

Cerrita made no immediate answer, but a frost-bite scar across his forehead turned an ashen grey. For an instant his eyes met those of his companion and in that glance was all the mad venom which had spurred him to accomplish, callously and calmly, an act which a year ago he would have shrunk from with a child's timidity.

"Whether you believe it is not of much consequence," he returned. "The fact remains that Terry is dead. I may choose to keep the details to myself till later on."

"Why?"

"Because I'm the better man, because I'm riding the high horse!" Again that fiery gleam came into Cerrita's eyes. "Yes, for six months I've been kicked and cursed by you and your partner," he pursued, "and while there were two of you I had to shut up. At first I made allowances. You were young and unused to the bush. I forgave you. But as time went on it got beyond forgiveness. Didn't I, too, feel the loneliness, the silence! It tore at my very heart strings, till my mind was aflame with misery. You and Terry had each other—I had no one. Even that I could have endured had you left me alone. But in addition to the loneliness I had you—poor whimpering fool—and your partner!"

Cerrita strode forward, clutched Featherstone by the chest and shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. "Now I have only you," he pursued savagely. "Now I can bully you as you have bullied me. Your partner—"

But the sentence was cut short by an apparition of gleaming fangs and bristling mane that rose from beneath Featherstone's bunk. It was Cracker, the leading sled dog. It flung itself at Cerrita's throat but, falling short, gripped the man by the wrists as his hands held Featherstone's tunic. Cerrita flung the brute aside with an oath, kicking it viciously.

"Even the sled dogs," he said, "even the dogs have picked up your peevish hatred of me, and God knows I've been good enough to *them!* How many nights have I stopped behind to feed them when you and Terry were so done you could only creep into your blankets? If it weren't for me they would have starved."

Cerrita threw open the door and drove the dog out. When he returned Featherstone was seated by the stove, his head between his hands. Cerrita got himself a caribou steak, fried it, and retired to his bunk. After a while Featherstone extinguished the light, and he too retired.

But neither of them were to sleep, had sleep been within their power. No sooner had the sounds of movement within the cabin ceased than Cracker, the sled dog, began to howl. He howled at first in a low, dismal strain, as though singing a serenade to the moon; but slowly the brute worked himself up, howling as though all the sorrows of a lifetime had occurred to him. He poured forth a veritable cascade of misery, filling the whole empty forest with multitudinous ghost voices. It is only when a dog's master lies dead or dying that he howls thus.

The two men heard and understood but the effects it had upon each of them were vastly different. Featherstone hid his head beneath the blankets and groaned. Cerrita sat up and cursed savagely. After a while he finally rose from his bunk and lit the candle. There was a mad gleam in his eyes and his partner saw that his hands were trembling. He went across to the packs and drew from one of them a heavy black revolver.

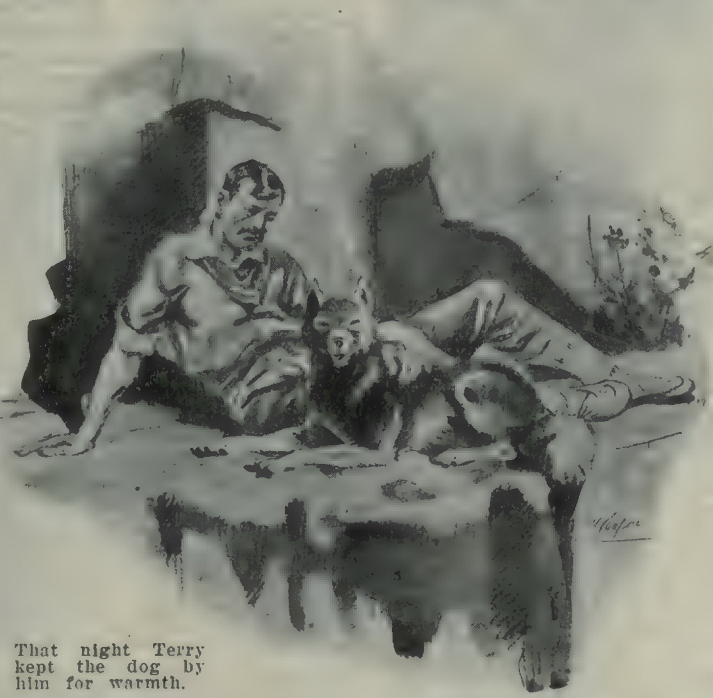
"What you going to do with that?" enquired Featherstone.

"Going to shoot that cursed dog!" Cerrita answered promptly. He moved towards the door but Featherstone rose and barred his way.

"Don't be a fool, man," the latter advised. "Cracker is the best dog we possess and we'll want him to get out of this infernal forest."

But Cerrita thrust him aside with a force that sent him crashing under the bunk. He threw open the door and went out into the moonlight. The revolver in his hand flashed brightly as he sought the shadows and he was just in time to catch a fleeting glimpse of a pale grey form at the edge of the clearing.

"No fool-dog, that Cracker," he muttered hoarsely. "Guess he knows what he's up against better than I do."



That night Terry kept the dog by him for warmth.

II.

As Terry felt the log turn beneath his feet he knew that Cerrita had found the opportunity for which he had waited in silence. And, even as he fell, Terry saw just what had happened; he saw the dark outline of Cerrita amidst the shadows, saw that the man's two hands still clutched the solitary branch growing vertically from the trunk. Then he went down into the blackness of the gulch.

Terry fell a matter of thirty feet ere a slanting shelf caught him and precipitated him twenty feet further into the accumulated slush that lay between the shelf and the naked wall of the cliff. His pack rebounded and shot downwards into space and darkness, settling finally at the bottom of the pool sixty feet below.

Had Cerrita looked down into the gulch he would have seen and heard nothing, for Terry lay motionless under the ledge, his face aspiring heavenwards. He was not unconscious, though he knew himself to be helplessly maimed. For fully an hour he never moved, then with an effort he crept to the edge of the shelf to reconnoitre his position.

He saw that the shelf wound its course downwards, with many breaks, to the face of the creek, but there was scarcely enough foothold for a goat. Above him he could not see, though it seemed to him that the shelf became wider as it wound upwards. He examined the strata of the cliff opposite, and saw by its formation that in all probability this was the case. Anyway, it was not of much consequence as his maimed limbs refused to carry him further than the flat ledge on which he lay.

Terry realized in a dazed fashion that his fate was sealed. He lay still and pondered the situation, listening to the faint drip-drip of water that filled the whole gulch with a vast volume of sound. Once he sat up with a cry of fear, startled himself into consciousness, then lapsed once more into the stupor which took no count of time.

When next he roused himself it was a faint sound that had called him back from oblivion—not the sound of his own voice this time, but a sharp "yap-yap" that left him for a moment bewildered. He looked upwards and beheld a moving shadow silhouetted against the sky on the crown of the cliff opposite. As he moved the shadow became motionless. It peered down into the gulch—two pointed ears cocked enquiringly, two points of light that seemed to ponder the situation with lingering thoughtfulness.

"Wolf!" thought Terry. "The brutes ain't taken long in finding me, but I guess they won't get me here."

Again the sharp yap-yap, followed by an expectant whine. The dark shadow above moved aside, trotted across the fallen tree that spanned the gulch, then losing sight of the man trotted back again—uttering that low, expectant whine all the time.

Terry realized now that the brute above him was no wolf but a sled dog. It was Cracker! The sight of the brute put new life into his veins—raised him from the stupor from which he might otherwise never have wakened. Again he crept to the edge of the shelf, calling the dog by name. At the sound of his voice Cracker became frantic, and even pondered suicide by leaping from the opposite cliff into the blackness of the gulch.

At length the dog found a shelf and began to descend, but in his keenness to keep the man in sight he descended by the opposite cliff. Not till he was level with Terry did he realize his mistake, and then with a whine he began to scramble back, intent on making a fresh start.

The right way down must have been a long and tedious one, for ere the dog reached him Terry had lapsed again into oblivion. He was roused by a whimper of joy, by a wet muzzle thrust into his face, by a great, sprawling mass of doghood floundering over his bruised and stiffened limbs. For a time he held the dog to him, hugging it gratefully, then his thoughts turned to the more serious issue of the moment. He took from his tunic the rough map he had drawn showing the whereabouts of their claim, and in the darkness he wrote beneath it: "Enough gold here to start another Klondyke rush. If you get this bring a rope and come and look for me. Beware of Cerrita. He meant doing away with me, and he'll do away with you if you don't look out." After that he described his exact whereabouts so that Featherstone could make no mistake.

That night Terry kept the dog by him for warmth, but when the first pale sunshine of the short northland day — autumn was near — filtered into the gulch he took off his bandanna, secured the map inside it, and tied the cloth round Cracker's neck. Then he told the dog to go home.

Three times Cracker started out along the shelf, wistful-eyed and dejected, and three times he came back penitently to his master. Terry hardened his heart and cursed, finally stoning the dog away from him and following up the fusilade with savage imprecations. This time Cracker went, and silence settled again upon the gulch.

Ere dawn broke that morning Cerrita got up and prepared his pack. He told Featherstone that he was about to complete the prospect of the creek, after which they would hit out for home. In reality he was intent on completing the survey of the claim which in due course he intended to register in his own name.

"You best get that lameness better," Cerrita told Featherstone as he went out. "I ain't going to hang about here much longer, and if you ain't fit for the trail

Continued on Page 65.

The Latest Science—Housecraft

By LAURA BRADSHAW DURAND

ACTION and being are forever acting and reacting upon one another, and it is not easy to trace the causes of any one effect. Nor is it safe to attribute to any one cause any one effect. And especially is this so if the effect be a world-movement.

Mrs. Lillian Massey Treble,
The Evangel of the new Gospel of Housecraft in Canada.

The claims of women to higher education have been acknowledged and met. But their special training has remained "in the air" for a generation. We have had scientific training and technical training for every species of workers on earth, but mothers—mothers who produce all other workers — but housewives, who care for all other workers.

None of the older economists recognized housework as *productive*, and the more modern ones have perpetuated the negligence. Every other sort of institution has been described by them with minuteness: the rise and fall of guilds and companies and measures and methods. But the vital spot whence all industrial effort is derived and where all wages are translated into expenditure has, by a curious irony, been overlooked.

But light has broken on the error.

At the present no economic truth has been more clearly enunciated, none more convincingly accepted, than the truth that the sanity and safety of state institutions rests upon and is inseparably connected with the sanity and safety of the people's homes.

The movement for the application of the physical sciences to housekeeping probably had its roots in that earlier movement to arrest the decay of and revive the handicraft industries of women. This movement was contemporaneous in Great Britain, the United States and Canada, and was begun by a class of women of wealth and leisure who desired to put their ideals into practice.

The need of scientific training and technical education for women became apparent. Universities and laboratories either opened their doors, or paralleled their courses to women. Education became recognized as a *preparation for life.* The resources of every individual must be developed and organized *to fit him to live in the world* for the good of others, as well as his own. So the new gospel was disseminated!

Animated by the new thought and freedom, an American school teacher named Ellen H. Swallow, began to apply herself to the study of chemistry. She graduated from Vassar and entered the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1871 as a special student in that science. The legend is current that the suggestion of applying chemistry to the problems of housework originated with a taunt of the professor in chemistry that she could not make use of that science in the kitchen—the "kitchen," of course, being in his contempt! **The very taunt clarified her mind.** She at once entered upon that career of research and application and teaching that has made her the patron saint of household science in America. In 1875 she married Robert H. Richards, professor of mining and engineering in the same institute. She became instructor in sanitary science and an authority in that science, specializing in water analysis. She was the author of many text-books on household science which bear the stamp of her exact and sagacious thought. These find a place on the shelves of every woman who pretends to take an intelligent interest in living.

The evangel of the new gospel of housecraft in Canada was Mrs. Lillian Massey Treble, a woman of great wealth, serious views of her responsibility as a social factor, and indomitable enthusiasm in endeavor to elevate homemaking to the realm of science and art. Her experiment was begun in the basement of the Frederic Victor Mission in King street, Toronto, erected as a memorial to her brother. Elementary classes were opened in 1896 and continued for a period of several years under competent instructors. In 1900 the school was moved upstairs into better quarters. Sympathetically and loyally supported in her philanthropic endeavor by Dr. Burwash, chancellor of Victoria College, Mrs. Treble succeeded in securing the endorsement of the Provincial Education Department in the movement.

Through her continued liberality normal classes were opened in 1902 under the direction of Miss Annie L. Laird. This course was of two years' duration, and from it graduated a group of women since become distinguished in the professions and vocations which derive from household science.

It is with the personality and career of several individuals of this group that the present writing is principally concerned. As the significance of the work carried on by the Lillian Massey School of Household Science became accepted, a glorious scheme was shaped by Mrs. Treble and her adviser. This was the erection and endowment of a suitable building which might in time shelter a faculty of household science as a department of Toronto University. For several years Dr. Burwash battled without ceasing, or avail, for the academic recognition of household science. Behind him were the inspiration, wealth, liberality and enthusiasm of the gracious founder. And at length they succeeded. The magnificent building at the end of North Drive of University Park attests the fact. On the frieze over the pillared entrance is inscribed its name: Department of Household Science.

Miss A. L. Laird,
Associate Professor of Household Sciences, University of Toronto.

Mrs. Treble's purpose has been expressed on the memorial tablet placed in the beautiful hallway which reads that she presented the building to the University of Toronto in order to promote the work of household science and thereby further the education of women. The building is claimed by her colleagues and students to be a memorial also to another woman, unnamed on its walls, but to whose ardor and practical knowledge its perfection for its purpose is largely due—that is the associate professor of household science, Annie Lewisa Laird.

No one can persuade Miss Laird to talk of herself. Of her work, yes, but even of that in moderation. She is the living embodiment of the precept: Let another praise thee and not thine own lips.

A graduate dietitian assures me that "nothing escapes the attention of Professor Laird which will advance or enrich her work. She keeps in close touch with experimental science everywhere. Travel and observation in Europe and the United States during vacations prepare her anew every year to be the inspiration and executive head of the department. She was in Wurzburg, Bavaria, with her sister, Elizabeth Laird, who is professor of physics in Mount Holyoake College, when the war was precipitated last summer."

"My sister *is* a very clever and distinguished scientist," the professor of household science admitted to me loyally.

"*Both* are true scientists," my prompter, the dietitian, declared.

"*Our* Miss Laird has the enthusiasm of a girl, along with the mental acumen of a trained expert. She is wonderful in class. She finds out the individual need of every girl and tries to fill it. That is her great quality—as an individual instructor and counsellor. She has the knack of making her students realize their responsibilities in life. The letters she receives from her graduates are full of appreciation of this."

Clara Cynthia Benson, B.A., Ph.D.,
Associate Professor of Psychological Chemistry.

The Lairds are Canadians, natives of Paris, Ont. Prof. Elizabeth Laird is a graduate of Toronto University in arts and a Ph.D. Miss Annie L. Laird, however, received her training in, and is a graduate of, the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia. She returned to Canada in 1902 at the invitation of Mrs. Treble to take charge of the Lillian Massey School and has continued with the department under the rule of the University.

The present writer found her one evening last winter in her pleasant apartment in the buildings. Miss Laird is still a young woman, and of a very lovely presence, over medium height, with the gentle voice and manner associated with some strong and tenacious natures.

The curious visitor is tempted to adopt experimental science as a hobby on viewing the completely equipped laboratories. I found the associate professor of physiological chemistry at work in her fascinating department and disposed for an hour's chat, which was extended into a discussion of Greek sculpture and architecture over the collection of prints Dr. Benson collected in Athens.

Clara Cynthia Benson, B.A., Ph.D., is one of Port Hope's distinguished daughters, tall, handsome, capable, versatile, agreeable. She spoke feelingly of the gift of Mrs. Treble to woman's education.

From the *Woman's Who's Who in America* it is learned that Dr. Benson graduated from Toronto University in 1899 and pursued post graduate work in chemistry there until 1903, when the degree of Ph.D. was conferred upon her, she and Miss Baker being the first to take the degree in Toronto. She followed the lamented Miss Edith Curzon as instructor in science in the Lillian Massey School, 1903-5, was lecturer in physiological chemistry in the same school, 1905-6, and appointed associate professor in the faculty when it became a department of the University in 1906. All students in the regular course pursue their studies in bio-chemistry under her direction. Replying to the present writer's question as to the vocations open to women who specialize in chemistry, other than teaching it, she mentioned commercial chemistry. One of her students, Miss Ida Maclachlan, has specialized in food analysis, and after some experimental work in Ottawa, obtained a position with a manufacturing firm in Philadelphia where she is achieving success. Positions for trained women as food analysts will in time be available in Canada. Dr. Benson is sanguine of the future.

THE ECONOMIC SIDE.

Miss E. M. Eadie, the lecturer in household science in the department, was a most informing and helpful guide to the writer, her quick and sympathetic mind at once perceiving the sort of information desired. In her tasteful quarters in Howland avenue Miss Eadie is so entertaining a hostess that hours slip away unheeded. One is amazed at the time! The best and latest text books are on her shelves and presumably their matter contributes to the vitality of her lectures. Miss Eadie spent a year at King's College for Women, University of London, Eng., and became interested in the economic side of household science. On graduation in the Normal class under the Department of Education she was assigned to the organization of the School of Household Science equipped by Mrs. Treble in connection with Mount Allison Ladies' College, in Sackville, N.B., normal classes, formed under the domain of the Education Department of New Brunswick.

Miss E. M. Eadie,
Instructor in Household Science.

Having fulfilled her mission there Miss Eadie after a stay of two years at Mount Allison returned to the staff of the Lillian Massey School, Miss Crewes taking her position. After her engagement she found that the Lillian Massey School had been adopted by the University and she took her place as a lecturer in the new faculty.

"We call it 'household *science*,' but I think it equally an *art*," she said. "In England they have a better word—'housecraft.' In the States they call it 'home economics.' In London University the study is known as 'household and social science.' "

It was Miss Eadie who called my attention to the remarkable career of Mrs. Richards, and to a singular experiment made in social economics in Boston in 1903-5, at her instance, by a group of interested women who formed themselves into the Household Aid Company and made an attempt at the solution of the servant problem. The report of the experiment and the conclusions reached form the first contribution to its subject

Miss Leila Hanna,
Department of Hygiene, University of Toronto.

Miss Marjorie Gregg,
Of St. Christopher House Settlement.

in the literature of social economics.

"In my Round Table discussions my students take up such questions as productive labor and productive consumption. Biology as applied to housework teaches us to expect *results* from household consumption. Proper housing, food, clothing, conditions, produce efficient citizens. I heard a woman say recently that she 'had been cooking and cleaning all day and *had nothing to show* for it.' Yet with her were her three healthy and well-groomed children! Household expenditure is decidedly *not final.*"

Miss Eadie does not favor the Edward Bellamy communal dining hall. She stands by the moral and aesthetic value of the family table.

"It's a woman's duty to see that her family is properly fed!" she declared.

THE EXPERIMENTAL WORK.

"About the first of last May Professor Fitzgerald opened the department of hygiene in Toronto University under the direction of the Provincial Board of Health. About the same time a young girl, a resident of Vancouver, who had been pursuing the course in household science and had evinced a singular capacity for experimental work, purchased a ticket for home. She was on the eve of departure when she heard a rumor that one of the professors in chemistry required an assistant and would like a household science student. She missed her train while seeking to identify that professor, but was rewarded by an appointment from Prof. Fitzgerald on their first interview.

"She wanted a career," declared her '*fidus Achates,*' Miss Florence Withrow, as she related the story.

"I wanted a job!" corrected Miss Leila Hanna with smiling decision.

Her small fair face and dainty figure give no hint of the weighty responsibility that rests upon her and demands the extremest accuracy in preparing the deadliest virus on earth.

Miss Hanna, I am told, was singled out for exceptional achievement while yet at Vancouver College. She won a scholarship on matriculation in McGill University. Her scientific curiosity directed her to the study of chemistry, biology and physics. She even thought of medicine as a profession. But food analysis fascinated her most and, luckily, she was able to follow her inclinations. She took an elective course in household science.

"I knew *how* to do things in housework," she said ardently, "but I wished to know *why* they should be done. I have had all these little things answered. Now I am deep in the study of antitoxins and the Pasteur treatment.

"Do you know that an American girl discovered the diphtheritic bacteria which is used all over the world? Yes, that's true.

"A specialty of our department is making diphtheria antitoxin. I specialize in the Pasteur treatment. I took it myself. I was obliged to, and I am immune from rabies for a time. The virus is deadly."

This young girl, with her childish fingers, to be familiar with such things!

As a particular personal favor Miss Hanna permitted me to call and see her in her laboratory. I found her clothed in white linen, corking vials for the varying units of antitoxins. She laughed when I denominated her a "sorceress." I glanced apprehensively at the outfit.

Miss Lillian Peace,
Dietitian in the Y.W.C.A. Cafeteria.

"There is nothing to be afraid of," she said.

"We sacrifice one rabbit a week to keep the Pasteur treatment going," and opening a cupboard she showed me a glass jar in which a pink filament hung suspended.

"That's a rabbit's spinal cord," she said, "and it is full of virus. I cut off pieces and put them in sterile glycerine. On the eighth day the virus has lost most of its potency. When the treatment is wanted I take these pieces and pound them in a little mortar and send the potency desired over to Dr. Amyot's department."

Every vial is dated. It seemed so simple. Yet it represented the infinite labors, of the most eminent scientists, for many years, and the countless lives of animals sacrificed in experiment. She lifted a huge jar of dark liquid, covered with froth.

"This is tetanous antitoxin."

Still another.

This is diphtheria antitoxin.

She handled the awesome things with the air of one who looks death in the face every day fearlessly.

She showed me the neat boxes in which her assistants pack the vials securely after she has filled them with the various units.

"We sell this treatment throughout Canada and Newfoundland," she said, "and have been able to reduce the price from $10 to $2 a treatment, and so greatly benefit the public. Some people imagine that in the reduction of cost we have sacrificed potency. But that is impossible. For the unit of diphtheria antitoxin is standardized and is the same the world over."

SETTLEMENT WORK.

I have at my hand the provisional prospectus of the department just begun in the University of Toronto, which offers courses in training in a field until recently left as completely to chance and instinct as that of the home has been. Instruction is offered through lectures, discussion and supervised field work, by specialists in all departments of social science—charities, recreation, child welfare and medical social service as well. A number of vocations for women will be derived from the training outlined. The course is one year. The course in household science is an ideal preparation for those who contemplate settlement work, but is in no sense obligatory. Miss Marjorie Gregg, who has just taken up residence in St. Christopher House Settlement, nevertheless regards that course as a necessary part of a woman's training for neighborhood work. She is a Toronto girl and matriculated from Westminster College. She took the four-years' course in household science, enjoying the full University life and has just graduated with an arts degree. Her class had the distinction of being the first to use the new building and she recalled

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Miss Violet M. Ryley,
Dietitian of University Dining Hall.

TWELVE PILLARS OF SUCCESS

Self-Reliance

By Dr. Orison Swett Marden

EMERSON never uttered a more universal truth than when he said: "It is only as a man puts off from himself all external support and stands alone that I see him to be strong and to prevail."

No youth is started right in life until he feels that it is up to himself alone to make good. Until he has gotten over the idea that he must wait for somebody to give him a lift, to boost or push him forward before he can begin his work; until he has decided that he, and he alone, shall be the builder of his career, the structure will never be built.

It does not matter how much ability you may have, how many diplomas, from college and university, you may hold, you will sink in the great business or professional sea if you do not develop self-reliance, if you do not believe in yourself, first, last, and all the time.

Everyone who has ever amounted to anything has courted responsibility, has been self-reliant, independent, courageous, even to daring. There is no place, especially in modern life, for the man who has no stamina, no courage in his nature, who is simply material for stronger minds to manipulate and use for their own advantage. The very idea is opposed to all the principles of democracy. No one in the world is capable of making your life programme for you, because no one was ever born who is just like you or knows so well as you ought to know what you can do best.

"Every heart vibrates to that iron string."

Even a baby must trust itself, must dare, or it will never learn to walk. A dog which should be afraid to experiment would never learn to swim. Animals and young children often show more intelligence in this respect than grown men and women.

Swimming, for instance, is purely a matter of belief in one's own power. Thousands of people have drowned merely because they did not believe they could swim. The moment timidity is overcome and one gets complete possession of himself, and becomes thoroughly conscious of his power, he can swim without any difficulty.

There are hundreds of boys and girls in our great universities to-day who would never have been there but for their faith in themselves and their stern resolve, come what might, to get an education. Many of them were on farms, in backwoods districts, or in workshops and factories. They were not only poor, but had others depending on them. Yet despite all their handicaps, they resolved that they must and would somehow, sometime, in some way, go to college. And they did. It didn't matter that others laughed at them as dreamers, and told them them it was impossible. That always happens when one resolves to rise from a lowly condition. They resolved and carried out their resolution. And not only they, but society would be poorer to-day if any "kind" friend had stepped forward and paid their way.

You will be amazed to find how the moment you cut off all outside assistance you will be reinforced by a new power from within which you never before dreamed you possessed. But it will never come to your aid until you stop leaning and depending, until you throw away all crutches and stand erect on your feet.

The late Cornelius Vanderbilt, whom many believe to have been the best of the Vanderbilt family, showed at an early age that manly spirit of self-reliance which distinguished him through life. Telling his mother that he was going to New York to look for a place, with no other assistance than a letter of recommendation from his teacher, he presented himself one day at the office of the president of the Shoe and Leather Bank.

The president read the letter, and asked the boy if he was related to Commodore Vanderbilt.

"Yes, he is my grandfather," was the reply.

"Then, why didn't you get him to introduce you?" inquired the astonished broker.

"Because I didn't want to ask him for anything; I didn't want anyone to help me," said the sturdy applicant for a job.

Perhaps it was his independence, perhaps his neat, comely, and withal, earnest appearance, or both combined that weighed in his favor, but the boy was employed at once and started at the lowest rung of the ladder, as a messenger. Here young Vanderbilt began to show the other qualities that made him the man he afterward became. He was punctual, prompt, clean-cut, discreet, and as hard a worker as any they had in the bank.

One day the youth's employer happened to be in the office of Commodore Vanderbilt and mentioned the fact that he had a grandson of his in the Shoe and Leather Bank. The old man was astonished and immediately sending for the youth asked him why, when he wanted a job, he had not applied to his grandfather. "Because," replied young Vanderbilt, looking straight into his eyes, "I made up my mind that I would never ask you for anything."

The answer so pleased the commodore that it influenced him, so it is said, to add a codicil to his will, which provided that an extra million dollars should go to the grandson of whose independent, self-reliant spirit he had so complete proof.

One of the worst misfortunes that can befall a youth is to be relieved in any way from developing his self-help qualities. With few exceptions a pampered youth becomes a pigmy; he seldom develops into a strong and vigorous type of manhood.

Training in self-help and self-reliance are just as essential for any career that is worth while as is the training of a medical or a law school for the preparation of those who would enter the medical or legal professions. A young man could never become a skilful physician or a clever lawyer by lying around in a luxurious home, being waited upon by servants, indulged in all sorts of ways by a rich father.

Say what we will, as surely as the purpose of a watch is to keep time, the supreme meaning of man is the development of power. And nothing but determined effort and self-reliance will develop our greatest strength and bring out the best that is in us. Children who are coddled, waited upon by inches, circumscribed in their acquaintance and contact with the great throbbing mass of humanity, are always weaklings, inefficient and often offensive. There is no more odious little animal alive than the boy who has become a snob through the neglect of a money-making father and the foolish fondness of a money-spending mother who thinks nothing is too good for her darling. The observer is inclined to wish for all such boys the experience of Kipling's young hero in "Captains Courageous," who had some of his foolishness washed out of him by falling overboard from an ocean steamer, and the rest hammered out by the sensible fishermen who rescued him from the waves.

In contrast with such weaklings as these, what an inspiration there is in the life of the newsboy, Wendell Scoy, who worked twelve years selling newspapers that he might obtain a college education.

During those twelve long years through summer heat and winter snows, this boy stood at the Thirty-third street and Ridge avenue entrance to Fairmount Park in Philadelphia, and by judicious saving accumulated twenty-six hundred dollars, which he put into a four years' course at the University of Pennsylvania.

It would be well for those especially who must make their own way in the world to take to themselves the little fable of the farmer and the mother lark who had built her nest in a field of corn. "We must move our nest at once!" exclaimed four little larks in terror, one day, when their mother came home. "We overheard the farmer say that he would get his neighbors to come to-morrow to help him cut down his corn."

"Oh, there is no danger yet," said the mother; "we can rest easy. But listen carefully to what the farmer may say to-morrow." When she returned the next night the young ones were again much excited. "The farmer was very angry," they said, "because his neighbors didn't come as they had promised, and declared he would get his relatives to help him to-morrow."

"There is no danger yet," replied the mother quietly, "but listen to-morrow as before." The next evening the birds were very cheerful, and when the mother asked "what news?" they replied, "Oh, nothing important. The relatives didn't come and the farmer in a rage said he would cut the grain himself without waiting for any one to help him."

"Then we must leave our nest to-night," declared the wise mother bird, "for when a man decides to do a thing himself, and to do it *at once*, you may be pretty sure it will be done."

Don't lose time by waiting for others to help you; do what you can do yourself.

The self-reliant man is not dependent on time or circumstances or the service of others. He does things himself, as did a young missionary in a certain scantily settled western district, who had set his heart on building a church there. He had no friends, but he went to a lumber camp and asked that enough lumber be donated to enable him to carry out his purpose. The lumberman, with a rough laugh, said: "You can have as much lumber as you can carry away in your own hands, and not another foot."

Not a bit discouraged, the zealous clergyman took the lumberman at his word, removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and went to work. All that day, all the next day, and for many days afterward, he dragged piece after piece of lumber a half-mile away to his church site, until he had actually carried enough to build his church. Now the little ivy-covered, moss-hung building, erected over thirty years ago, still stands in that remote western country, the symbol of the beginning of a better civilization.

"If I wasn't so burdened with a family to support," said a man who was constantly blaming conditions for his lack of success, "I could conquer the earth; but as it is I can do nothing." The day came when he lost his family, when he was free to do as he pleased. Then he moaned: "If I had someone to work for, there would be an incentive to try; but now there is no one to care, so why should I concern myself?"

The very thing that you think is holding you back may be made an instrument of help in accomplishing your desired end, if only you have the self-reliance to forge ahead and compel its service.

Nicholas Longworth died leaving a fortune of $15,000,000, every cent of which he made by using to the best advantage the conditions that confronted him. When a penniless young lawyer, his first case brought him, instead of much needed money, thirty-three acres of barren Ohio land, on which nothing had ever been made to grow. But he couldn't sell it, and he couldn't pay taxes on it unless it could be made self-supporting. In his dilemma he set to work and experimented until he found that a certain variety of grapes—the catawba—would grow just in that sort of soil. He planted all of the land in catawbas and started the great industry of grape culture in Ohio and the beginning of his own colossal fortune.

We must use the means that we have to accomplish our ends. And we will win the battle in spite of defects in our armor; we will succeed with the tools already at hand, if we are built of the sturdy, self-reliant stuff that does not balk at obstacles, nor cry out for assistance at every little difficulty that rises on the horizon.

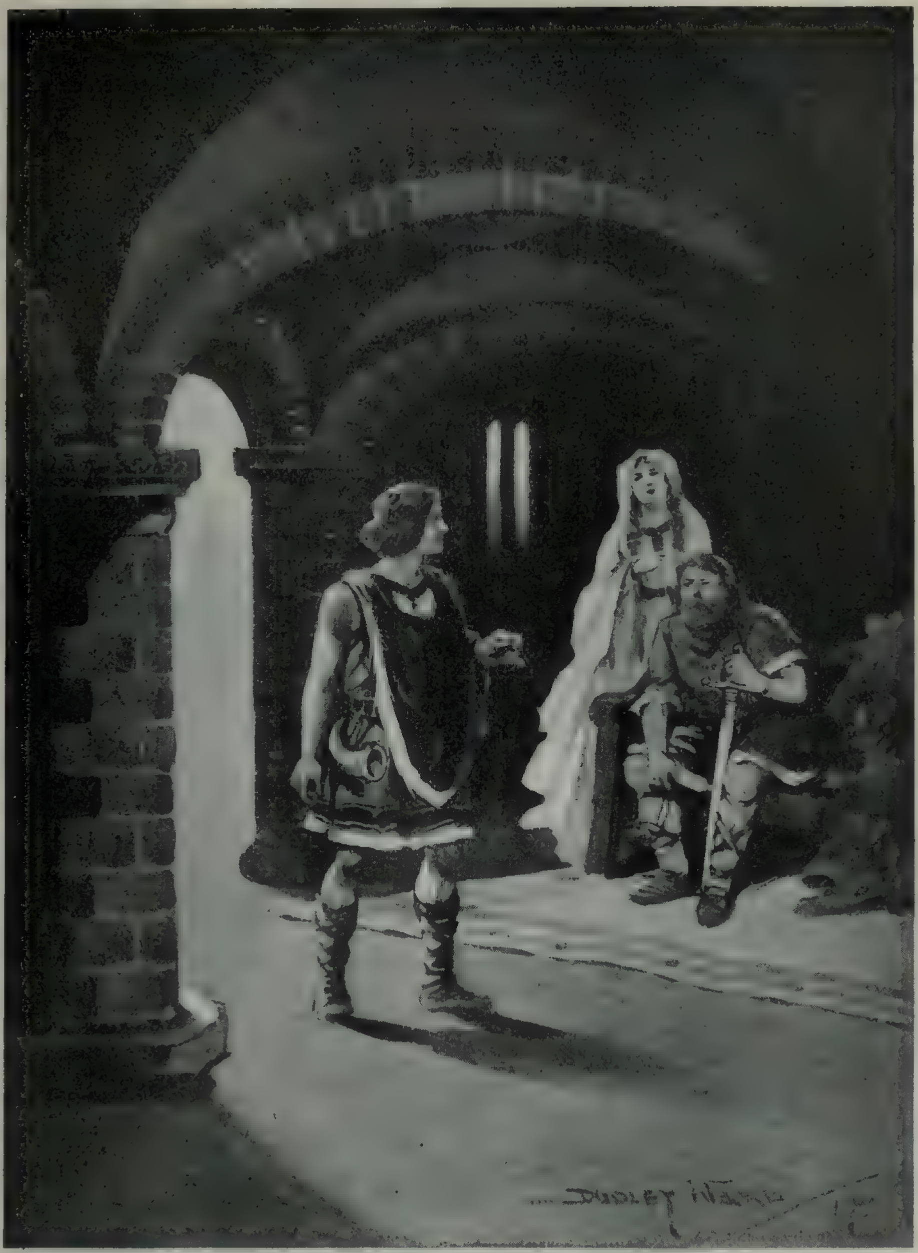
Time and again when in London I have been taken to the Parliament Houses, or Westminster Abbey by a friend, but whenever I undertook to go alone I was sure to lose my way. When depending on my friend's guidance I never tried to fix in my mind the points which one naturally observes to guide the eye in finding the way for himself.

It is just the same with the young man or woman who follows somebody else in life, who always leans upon others. Experience is of no practical use to such a one, for he never acquires power which is developed only through self-help.

There is one very important point in this connection which must not be overlooked. The ability to stand by one's purposes through thick and thin, through hard times and all sorts of discouragement, requires a great deal of that sort of staying power which depends no little on one's health. Physical vigor is in a certain sense the basis of all achievement that is worth while. The dyspeptic, anaemic man is rarely self-reliant. For the sake of the moral force you exert by means of it, keep yourself in a good physical condition. You cannot afford to be a physical weakling any more than a mental weakling. You cannot afford to go through life borrowing other people's opinions, asking other people's advice, using their judgment, and never developing your own independence, your own good sense and practicality, any more than you can afford to let your pocket be picked by every passer-by. You literally cannot afford to miss a single opportunity for developing your confidence in and reliance on yourself.

LANCELOTTE: By ALDIS DUNBAR

Illustrated by DUDLEY WARD



Huelin, the old knight, looked at him sternly. "A stout-limbed youngling, in truth," he said.

AT his back was the mighty woodland of Marchevalle—terror-sown, for that far-off crashing of mailed feet through windrows of brush and fallen dry boughs, was to him no vacant menace, like the mutters of coming rebellion which he had held so light. Death, inglorious, was hunting him hard, under those grim-set oaks. Panting, beating desperately with his arms at branches and entangling vines, he struggled on amid the stubborn thickets of pine, undergrown with gorse and bramble, that girt the landward edge of the great forest.

His only weapon was the head of a broken javelin, splintered in the headlong scaling of an unguarded bastion; yet had breath-space of time been allowed him, the chance is that he would have lashed up courage, though of an untrained sort, to make a stand. But he had ever slept soft; his life had been so lapped round with silken ease until those dark hours when, roused by the rude bursting in of door-panels and the reek of burning wood, he had been forced from his couch by fear-driven house-carles, down low, secret passages and ways perilous with broken stones, then out into the black storm which had covered the assault, in haphazard flight, knowing not from whom his life was safe, that no such impulse to withstand the wave of dread which swept him on could reach him.

Light and the day were waning. Down the chill wind came yells of pursuit—nearer—nearer, nearer! In one last rush of unreasoning panic, he stumbled through a sucking, clinging quagmire, up the bank beyond it, over that and fell blindly in a hollow of dead leaves—too near spent for crying out when a hand gripped his cowering shoulder and shook it fiercely.

"Is it for you the wolf-pack scour the forest yonder?"

"Wolf-pack?" Hope seemed lurking in the sneer. "Ay!" he whispered, dry-throated. "To kill!" He was up on his knees, now, staring into the stormy, half-contemptuous eyes of a girl.

"You have given them a rare chase—" Even as she spoke, she fell suddenly back a pace. The grey eyes widened. The look in them grew akin to vindictive triumph—so held his for a full breath—then, as swiftly, relented. "You!" she repeated, in a curious undertone.

Bewildered, he raised his arm to free his face from the mire that streaked it, blinding him; but she struck away the groping hand.

"Let be!" she cried. "Are you *fey*, that you tarry thus to be cut piecemeal like Amaric? Up! Have you no ears to hear?"

And as they rang indeed with wild clangor of trumpets that seemed on every side, closing in around him, she caught his wrist and dragged him through a final barrier of thorn and bracken, out on the bleak waste of a wind-swept moor, to a knoll where lay a great, loose-bound fagot of gathered branches.

"Crouch down!" she commanded. "You are Grif, my serving lad. You hear?"

"Serving lad! I?" For a moment he straightened haughtily, glaring with blank resentment at the slender, ill-clad figure, fronting him so masterfully.

"Do you then liefer choose to risk the Raider's mercies?" she asked coolly. "Of surety, unless you obey me—*obey*, do you hear?—you are like to feel them swiftly. Down! For your life!" she broke off; and as the chill again rushed over his heart, and he bent hurriedly, he felt his long, rain-dank hair grasped, and the cleaving through it of a keen blade; then, bearing down shoulders and aching back, came on him the crackling weight of the unwieldy fagot. Two uncertain steps forward he took—then felt himself thrust heavily aside; and staggering, he knew the overhanging ends of his burden his only shelter from the fierce encounter of blood-hungry eyes.

From out a clamor of strange, uncouth challenging, his blurred senses caught at the unwavering steadiness of a girl's clear words in reply.

"King? Nay, no king have we seen, Grif nor I. Would that we had!"

"Ay, scant cause would *she* have to stay pursuit from the King-master's weakling tool! None doubt you here, Dame Lancelotte!" came a new voice, grating and iron-cold as a dungeon-bar. "*Heya!* Scatter, hounds, along the forest verge, and let no ditch or covert, north or south, go unscanned, lest Amaric's puppet be cowering deep-hid therein. And hark ye, *bruit* your coming less loudly! Time enough to give tongue when the quarry is in open sight."

So close was the speaker that the teeth of his great horse were tearing and champing at the withered leaves of the fagot. "And what do you here, Dame?" he pursued, harshly. "Nightfall is no time for one noble-born to be out along Glasmoor, with naught but a craven thrall as warde."

She gave a low laugh. "No thrall, Count Itho, but one free-born, as befits my estate! Craven, alas, I fear he is, my poor Grif—none having as yet taught him to stand firm and face men. Moreover, he hears but ill. Those who long had him in hand rendered him dull of wit, lest he should one day claim his own of them; and in the end, he was thrust away from the door that should have been his, to wander, spiritless and empty-handed, untill of his need and mine I took him to serve me as house-carle. Though all but useless his old masters had made him, for aught save bearing fagots and the like."

The Raider's growl was that of a restless wolf. "Better give me your estray, to make into a man. What say you, Grif?"

"Nay!" cried the girl. "He is mine—of my sore need, I tell you, Itho Edricsson! Whom have you left me, within my broken walls? Ainward the cripple, and the crone, his mother. Truly, a lordlike following for service or defence! Free carle and slave-born have you drawn away by hopes of rich plunder, or by threats, until with mine own hands must I labor, that Huelin, my father, lack not some measure of comfort—must aid in gleaning dry sticks and fallen wood, like any field-thrall, that he lie not a-cold! Yet am I still Chatelaine of Arz, and mine to give is the shielding-right, that one of your house had no shame in craving, at its gates, in his hour of death-peril from Goderic of Irrenham, forest-thane of the Great King! I give it now! Home, Grif!"

She caught and slightly shook the stiffened arm that upheld the fagot, then pointed off across the moor, as directing one of slow understanding. "That way, Grif! . . Dread of the wolf-pack's hunger hath dulled his ears!" She spoke louder, urging into motion onward, by insistent pressure, the dog-weary limbs. "Home, Grif! Home! . . . He is mine!" she called back, defiantly.

"By the War God, that I leave him! But if he labor not lustily at thy lightest word, he shall swing in the night wind from as tall an oak as that we gave the King-master's Hammer!"

Count Itho's shout of mirthless laughter echoed behind them, then died away as they turned downward into a sunken track that ran like a deep furrow across the barren.

Like one bound in a dream to some weird toil, the boy—scarcely was he more—went plodding vaguely forward, with heavily dragging steps, his shoulders numb and cramped under their load. Presently words came to his ear, spoken in a low, even tone.

"To pause and let you rest—here—would be wolves' mercy. The Raider's eyes were watchful of us, and his horde runs keen on the blood-scent."

"Yet—you dared brave him—so?" His own voice reached him as a thing unreal—hoarse and far away.

"Am I churl-born? Had I known fear, your life had paid for it," she returned, quietly.

"And yours." He shivered.

"You thought of that?" The blank amaze in her question rang strangely in his mind through long after-silence, as a twist of the path brought them once more among the trees, now somber with night-shadows. To reply had not occurred to him, when she went on:

"It is true. Sword-fellows were Edric Einarsson and the wild hawks of Arz—Aymon, Gautare, and the rest—for which memory the Raider shows me some rude favor; yet this hour would find us both dead on Glasmoor, did he guess wherefore I hindered his hunting by word on word concerning a mere witless herdboy or house-carle. No safe matter is it to beguile a fierce land-waster of his prey—and that with true speech!"

"True!" Anger in a great surge overmastered all else in him; but even as he flung down the hateful burden, the darkling world went from him in black waves.

When light returned, it was a wide gleam of yellow sunshine, falling on him from a battered loophole, far up in the rude stone wall. It caught the edge of a thick, dust-laden cobweb that hung from a rotting beam above him, and he lay, passive, watching it with lazy curiosity. A name was in his mind, dimly troubling him. "Arz," "The Lady of Arz," it seemed. Slowly a memory grew clear. There had been a banquet in the long western hall. Amaric the archbishop, as had grown to be custom, shared with him the high seat. Harpers were playing merrily, and as he laughed at their jesting, into the hall had come a woman, veiled in black, who cried out for aid from the King—for justice by the Land Law on one who had slain his rival, her bridegroom, even as he left the marriage altar at her side. The slayer was at the feast, a henchman of Gisulf the Hammer, brother to Amaric. The archbishop had whispered something, with a little sneering smile, and he had turned impatiently from the suppliant with a few empty words, forgotten as soon as uttered. Was that the girl who—

Sudden, full consciousness beat in on him! This, where he lay, was no king's chamber, tapestry-hung! With hasty, groaning effort, he got to his feet from the pile of mouldering straw, and stared around the narrow place as one caged; then recoiled, and stood rigid and suspicious. From the low archway she was regarding him silently, this grave-eyed girl who had stood up unflinching between pursuing death and that for which it thirsted. Was she planning a revenge more bitter, now that night had passed? He waited.

"Here is bread. You have not eaten," she began, looking at him oddly as without a word he set his teeth in the coarse, dark loaf. "And I have brought you this." Beside him she flung a tunic of rough homespun. "Safer that you wear it, now, than one of silk, however torn and stained. It was in vain, savage defence of his master that Ainward was sore crippled, and should he learn the truth, it might go ill with you, even now."

"Now?"

"You would know that which is unwelcome?"

"Tell me!" He ground his heel on the stones.

"Now that others, anger-driven, have taken the vengeance denied *him*. Amaric, whom all named the King-master, lies dead in Irrenham—none venturing to give him burial. Gisulf—"

"The King's Hammer? What of him?"

"The King-master's, you would say. Where was King in the land, save Amaric, whose word gave the law? Heard you not the Raider's threat? Gisulf and his men will waste the valleys no more. The north is aflame, and the sea-fighters would make Valger king. In the south—"

"Ay?"

"In the south men speak of the Silver-Beard as one who might bring peace to a land long harassed," she finished.

"And I—" Rage stifled him.

Her eyes held scorn. "What of you? Rule was never yours. With kingship reft away, it would be well if you took thought—how to become a *man*, Beausire!"

"You—you dare mock at me?" He took one threatening step, then threw himself down in the straw, and lay with shaking shoulders amid the ruin of his royalty.

After a time—how long he knew not—he rose again, heavily, and wincing at the ache of unused muscles, he took up the worn garment and drew it on, over the tatters of broidered purple silk that still covered him. Then he went out into the warm sunlight of the courtyard. Lancelotte, standing by a broken gap in the outer wall, through which the forest peered inward, seemed not to notice his coming until he spoke, dully:

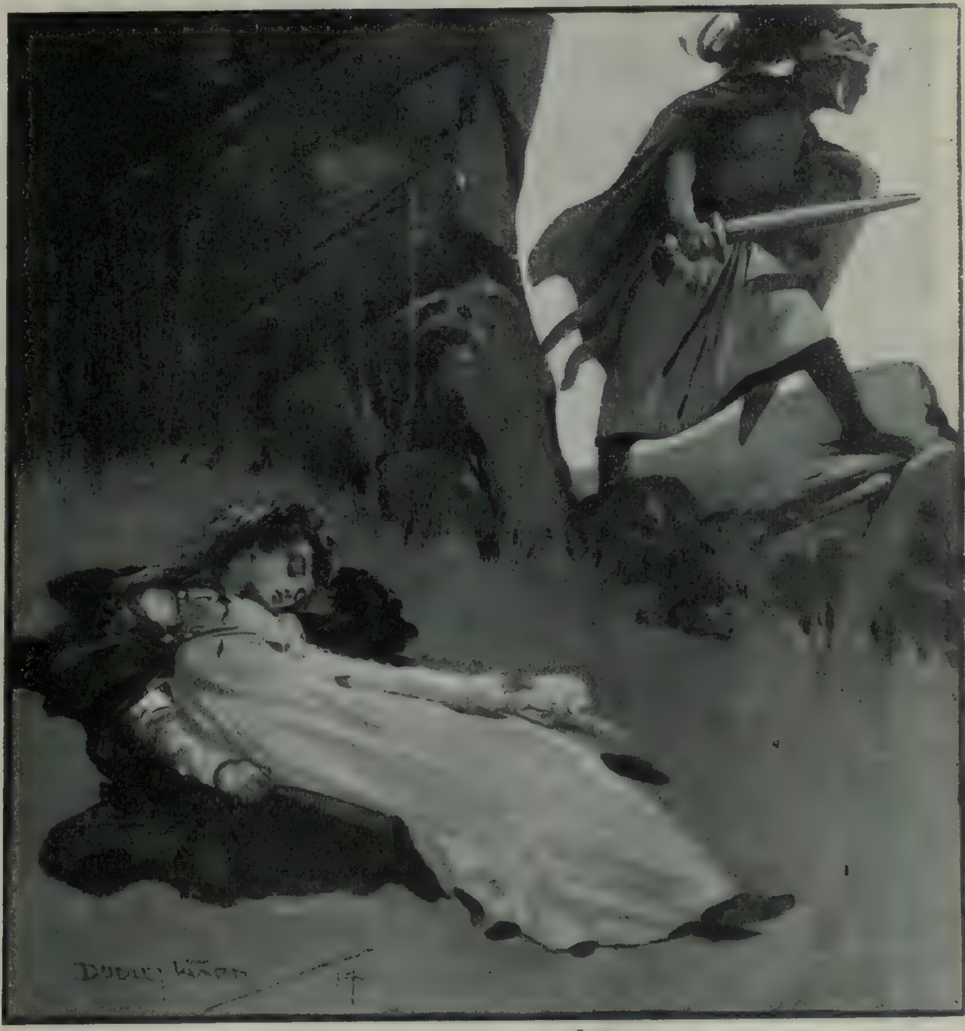
"What would you have me to do?"

She turned, without surprise. "If you can keep in mind the words I said of you to Itho Edricsson, it will serve you. As to their truth, you may yet come to grant it. Know you not that by the Land Law a master may name his lands-folk as he will? So are you Grif, my serving-lad, whose life, by mine own free choice, I took into my hands, thereby putting Arz in peril of the brand. Forget it not. Now I shall take you to my father, Huelin, once a strong knight of Davenesse. Ainward and his mother alone remain of our household. All these have been told of your coming, though none have as yet set eyes on you."

"But—I awoke—*there!*" he pointed to the square gate-tower.

"It was I who drew you within, from the forest path," she said simply. "It was not far."

The boy straightened himself, looked down at the slightness of her, then at his own stalwart body; and over him came the first heat of shame that he had ever known. Without a word he followed where she led, through a deep-carven doorarch, and into a vaulted hall, dim-lighted by narrow windows. By the wood-embers that smouldered in a corner of the wide hearth, on an oaken chest covered with



He bent once more, then straightened up and strode forward to face those who should come.

ragged furs, drowsed an old man who stirred at their approach.

"I bring the house-carle who is to serve us," said the Lady of Arz. "The fire burns low, Grif. Put on wood."

The boy started. She meant *him?* Then he caught the steady intent of her face, and complied, sulkily.

Huelin, the old knight, looked at him sternly. "A stout limbed youngling, in truth," he said, "but strength availeth no man, even were he a king, failing knowledge to direct it aright. See to it that Ainward delay not in testing what skill he hath in use of bow and war-spear; or, lacking it, whether he have wit to learn. Can he obey?"

"That will he do," returned the girl, unsmiling, "seeing that Itho Edricsson hath taken the enforcing of it upon him."

"And who is Itho Edricsson, outlaw and wolf's-head, that he should thrust aid on us in the matter of a herd-lad?" kindled the old warrior. "By the Golden Dragon, had we one ruling the land as in the days of the Great King, who beat back the Northmen at Alderdun and on Roncevert—" He fell back weakly on the couch, closing his eyes.

Beckoning the boy to follow softly, Lancelotte passed out of the hall by a far door, and through a postern to the court again.

"Your task will be to aid old Berga," she said, pointing to the bent figure of an ancient crone, toiling in at the open gate with slow steps. "She must have water drawn and carried, and meal ground for her baking. You understand?" As if to still the hot rebellion tingling in his blood, she laid her hand on his arm. He shook it off desperately.

"Is there no escape for me?" he cried out.

"Nay," she answered him coldly, "nor safety without these walls."

He turned from her and flung himself against the wall, hiding his face with his hands. Yet after a little time he was again standing before her with bent head.

"Yet—high lordship was mine!" he stammered. "Is that naught—" He broke off, bethinking him of that hour in the banquet hall, and considering how frail a thing might prove the whim that held him still scathe-free.

"Hearken," she began, having thought silently. "The Great King Autharis, of whose line you come, rode once by Irrenham forge. In the highway before it lay a ragged thrall, his hands and feet chained to a log, the iron collar galling his neck. There he had been, the hot sun beating on him, for many long hours, without respite from hunger and parching thirst, having angered the smith. But the King, seeing him, leaped from his horse and pitifully put fresh water to his lips, bringing back life. He bade the smith loose him, and thereafter to treat no man like a hound. Was he less kingly for his *gentilesse* and compassion?"

The boy shook his head, hanging it still lower.

"Hearken again. On the field of Roncevert, when battle raged hotly, the King's horse fell with him. But for the swift-given aid of one man, death had been his, and the land a prey of plundering Northmen. That man was Thord Ulfsson, to whom he had given cool water in his utter need. This same Thord, after the battle, desiring knighthood as guerdon, and having taken its vow to fight nobly—to hold all women in honor, gentle or simple, old or young—to show mercy to the weak and to aid all poor and helpless—rode away in quest of his mortal foe, hoping to slay him in fair combat. Yet so he held in reverence the King's nobleness that before the sun set he had given his life for that foe and another who had wrought him evil—defending them from torture at the hands of beast-like moormen. Himself he might have saved, by leaving them, who were wounded nigh to death; but he cried out: 'The King would not!'—and fought greatly to the end!"

"Never was I told of this!" panted the boy, eagerly. "Is there more?"

"More!" she flashed out at him. "Is it a saga-tale for your diverting? If it be nobly done, how can any deed, however lowly, shame the honor of one high-hearted? But should a king prove less wise and brave, less knightly, more self-loving and helpless than his meanest thrall and kingship then be wholly wrested from him, what remains?"

"I—I thought you my—friend!"

"Nay," she said, "your enemy!"

Wordless, hot and cold by turn, he went from her. Through his mind, as he toiled at the cumbersome hand-mill, beat anger that any should so dare plain speech to him — together with a growing smart at the recollection of his hasty flight. Then came a formless feeling that — during long-grown hours of the night, as he lay restless on the straw which was his bed — rose ever plainer. She should see.

Day brought labor, again, at the bidding of the crone, with scarce a glance from the Lady of Arz, as she passed him. Yet he felt that no throb of his repulsion toward the unkinglike drudgery went unguessed by her and he drove himself ever more doggedly to it.

Ainward he saw not until a third night had passed, when a lean, tall man, misshapen and haggard, came into the court, leading two rough-coated moor-ponies.

From that hour the boy was as iron smith-beaten. The rigorous hardening he

Continued on Page 67.

The Queen of the Movies: By Margaret Bell

Something About Mary Pickford, the Best Known of Canadian Girls.

ABOUT seventeen years ago, a certain Toronto audience witnessed a certain play, which still holds its audiences spellbound. That is saying a great deal. It is not many plays which can charm and thrill for seventeen years.

There was shooting and smacking of whips, there was weeping and laughing, the two neighbors of emotion, who dwell perennially side by side. And there were beautiful ladies and handsome men, two necessities in a truly popular play. More than that, there were good-natured "col'ured folk," who drawled out witticisms such as appeal to the general public. And some did not confine their stage speeches to witticisms. There were groanings and railings against the Fate which had set them down in such an unpleasant tangle of circumstances.

Mary Pickford in "Cinderella," one of her most recent successes.

In the midst of all these conflicting characters, tripped a beautiful child, with flaxen hair and all the rest of it. A sweet, angelic thing she was, such as every mother fondly imagines her own particular bit of posterity is. Unfortunately, she floated away, right before the tearful eyes of the audience, leaving only the remembrance of her sweetness and goodness to cheer their aching hearts.

A beautiful role to play. A grateful part for an ambitious player. The sob-sister portrayal in a popular play is always sure of a good round hand clap, after the curtain is lowered on a lamentable exit.

Little Eva was the name of the pathetic heroine.

She who played it was called Gladys Smith.

To the audience, the name meant nothing. That is, it meant nothing, when they glanced at it, after reading the advertisements in the programs. But that did not matter. The general public cares nought for a name, as long as they are assured of plenty of thrills. They were everyone familiar with the part that this unknown Gladys Smith was going to play. That was enough. She would have to be good, to be able to play their favorite part. There was no doubt about it. How could the management take their quarters from them, and not give them full value? And anyhow, Little Eva was such a beautiful part to play! Oh, she was sure to be good. And the general public munched away at their peanuts and hugged themselves with mere anticipation.

There was someone who knew who the Little Eva was. Someone who had personally seen to it that her tiny skirts were starched and her flaxen curls even more curly. There was someone whose heart thumped with greater velocity as the hour drew near for the curtain to go up.

That was the mother of the newcomer, Gladys Smith, later to be known to the world as Mary Pickford.

It was in a little house at 211 University avenue, Toronto, where her father, John C. Smith lived with his young wife, who had been an actress, that Gladys Marie was born a little over twenty years ago, on April 8, 1893.

Is it necessary to relate the tale of Little Eva's success? To give a detailed account of the laundry bills of the next week? Laundry bills of the dear general public, who counted the salt-stained, tear-dripped handkerchiefs as nought, when they thought of the great pleasure the tears had given them. Little Eva, always a model of sweetness, became a sacred thing in the minds of the "Uncle Tom" audiences. Children who were naughty, little girls who tore their pinafores or were discovered in their surreptitious efforts to supply their brothers with jam, were locked in their rooms, and told that they would never, never become the prodigy of goodness that little Eva was. The most precocions of them perhaps answered that the reward of death which crowned little Eva's unnatural goodness was not satisfactory anyway, and they would prefer to do as they pleased.

And all this, because of the portrayal of the coming of little Gladys Smith to the theatrical profession.

How could the general public know that, on the very day of her first appearance, she had received a substantial chastisement for having, in a temper, run out in the mud in her stocking feet?

The ways and wiles of players are not for the public to know; that is, unless they have been censored and revised by a clever and imaginative publicity agent.

The age of the Smith prodigy was five.

The success of Little Eva decided her career. Her lessons were not neglected, neither did her infantile precociousness vanish, because she had entered the service of the great wage-earning army. She had made her debut as a sweet child, therefore, a sweet child she must remain. Thus reasoned her fond adviser. She had not reached the reasoning age herself, as yet.

Then came a time of excessive train riding. The company decided that they could not well exist without the Smith portrayal of the angelic child Eva. It was great fun travelling around in a special train, with big dogs for playthings, and real colored people to tell funny tales. Lessons went on, as usual, but the bore of study was relieved by the fun of travel. Before she had reached the age of ten, Gladys Smith had covered more miles than many people, during their whole lives.

It was just about that time that a change was decided upon. A wonderful invention was meeting with a great deal of success. The moving picture business was beginning to be looked upon as a legitimate scheme for attracting the public. Someone had discovered the fact that pictures, to be amusing, did not depend on the once-thought-essential sensation. There were vacancies for clever children. The public always loves a domestic tragedy. The poor mother deserted by the drunken father, and left to find her solitary way through the brambly path of life; in many pictures, the child was the solution of the mother's problem. In pictures, there is always a good opening for a bit of heroic child play. There is always some kind-hearted old lady, who conveniently drops her purse, while on a curiosity call in the slums. Ah! There is the opportunity for the honest child—pardon, I mean poor but honest—to assert her honesty, and give up the purse, always receiving half the amount which the jewelled receptacle of leather contains.

Now, if the picture father were wise, this is the moment when he would make his second entrance. But he does not. The mother, still poor and honest, clasps her child about her knees, modestly remarks that she has always tried to do her best by the "little 'un," and bring her up "straightforrard," and gleefully accepts the purse of gold, which by rights, belongs to the "cheild."

For some unknown reason, little Miss Smith decided to appear in the films under the name of Dorothy Nicholson, and did use that name during her association with the American Biograph Company.

Then suddenly, something happened. The something which every ambitious professional fondly hopes will happen, some day. Her film acting was seen and commended by a certain manager. And a manager whose name means a great deal in theatricals too. He had accepted a play, and was on the lookout for a player. Every theatre was visited, and the work of every player noted. And without success. There did not happen to be anyone whose work had the required tang for the new play.

So what was Belasco to do? (For he was the great manager.) Seek out the film actresses. If a player could succeed in the films, there was no reason why she should not do equally well in the legitimate. As a matter of fact, it requires a very good player to make a success in the pictures. There is where she learns that in a play, the words are not thing, not nearly the thing either. It is not difficult to imagine the words a film actress may be saying when she is shown in pitiful lamentation, in some East Side abode, imploring the landlord to give her another week. Indeed, the words may be very unlike the picture. They do not matter. It is facial expression and the elusive power of convincing an audience that count.

Belasco found some one tripping daintily on the screen before him, one night, who had this elusive power. It is a great thing for a player to be able to make her personality felt even from the screen. personality felt even from the screen. Such a thing was Gladys Smith able to do.

One day, she received a note from a manager. It was very short, curt in fact, and very much to the point. It simply stated that the manager would be pleased if she would call at his office on a certain day. The letter was signed by David Belasco!

It is quite a rational supposition to make, that the young player did not finish her breakfast, that morning. Sudden news has a way of robbing one of one's appetite. And especially has good news this habit. It is equally natural to surmise that the moment mentioned in the letter found her waiting in the outer office of David Belasco's sanctum. And a moment after the moment mentioned in the letter found her in the sanctum itself, talking business to New York's greatest theatrical magnate!

Little Eva was getting on! Then indeed did she hover near the goal she had always imagined would be hers, some day. For what professional is content to end her days without having once experienced the sensation of being with the Belasco management?

When the little Eva of more humble days left the Belasco office, she carried with her a contract. A strange contract for such a sweet child as Little Eva to carry too. For it stated in plain American, that she was to appear in a play which had to deal with the activities of a certain person alluded to as "The Good Little Devil."

Typical pictures of dainty, winsome Mary Pickford. Above she is shown in a scene from "Cinderella."

What a change from the sweet angelicisms of little Eva, of the flaxen hair! What a moral coming-off was this! But what an advance, nevertheless. For, I venture to say that there can be found more interest in one good little devil, than in a whole universe of good little Evas.

It was then Belasco persuaded our infantile heroine to adopt the name by which she has since become famous and which was an old family name. And New York had the opportunity of seeing the favorite movie star in a real play. No other city had that opportunity however, for New York was wisely selfish, and insisted on keeping the good little devil all to itself.

When it was time for the Belasco contract to be framed and set aside as a thing which endured well and proved an artistic success, Miss Pickford thought that she would try the films again. It is something to be the favorite flickering star, in this day of competiton. She did not have to make much of an effort to find herself indeed the favorite, not only in New York and all the States, but in Canada and England.

Everywhere she may be seen tripping daintily on a screen, now as a regal personage in fine robes and ermine, now as a sobbing Cinderella, whose sobs are quickly melted in smiles, now as a petted favorite in a luxurious home.

It would be impossible to name all of Mary Pickford's cinema successes, but this much remains to be said; if ever she decided to follow the legitimate form of acting, there will be a great many sad hearts sitting before the thousand screens of three countries.

Mary Pickford has become the acknowledged "star of stars" in the movie firmament.

Dry "Movie" Films by Electricity

Not long ago a veteran in the motion-picture game, who is in charge of a large studio on the outskirts of New York, he found he had several films which had to be rushed out by a certain date. The weather happened to be particularly humid just at that time, and the films, which were draped over the drums in the drying-room, were taking from ten to twelve hours to dry. The drying-room has always stood in the way of fast work in the film manufacturing business, because when fans were used the dust dried into the emulsion and produced spotty films.

But the veteran developer decided that if he had to leave the releases ten hours before they were dry he would never get his work out in time. While pondering what to do, he hit upon the idea of employing electric heat in the drying work. For an experiment he secured four three-thousand-watt beer-vat driers, similar to those used in large breweries, and had them installed in the drying-room of his studio. Much to his gratification, the steady, even temperature of the electric driers dried the films in half an hour. In this way he had cut from three to five hours off the time required to manufacture photo plays.

A REVIEW OF REVIEWS

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The Naval History of the War

By Henry Reuterdahl in Everybody's Magazine.

UNDER the light of incandescents, great maps glare white, lining the walls like sheets hung up to dry, with black blobs and flags pinned on to represent the positions of ships. The shades are drawn, and not a ray of light pierces through to the murk of the darkened streets of London—a London hiding itself from Zeppelins. Here in the innermost room of the "Chambers of Strategy," in the new wing of the Admiralty Building at Whitehall, is the council chamber of the British War Staff. It is the real nerve centre of the British navy.

Wireless has turned the Nelsons of to-day into mere subordinates. Their orders come not from the dock of the flag-ship, but from one of the heaviest, solidest flat-top desks in the heart of London, behind which sits the First Sea Lord of the Admiralty. His orders are zipping night and day across the seven seas, in the secret code, relayed from fighting ship to fighting ship until they reach their man, though he be the captain of a lone cruiser on the far side of the world. The command of the British navy and the command of the British army are to-day both "desk jobs" in London. The navy fights as it is ordered to fight by the War Staff. There is no roar of big guns there, no smoke of battle; and yet it is not lacking in tense dramatic interest.

Cradock's ships had been wiped out off the Chilean coast. And England was demanding naval revenge.

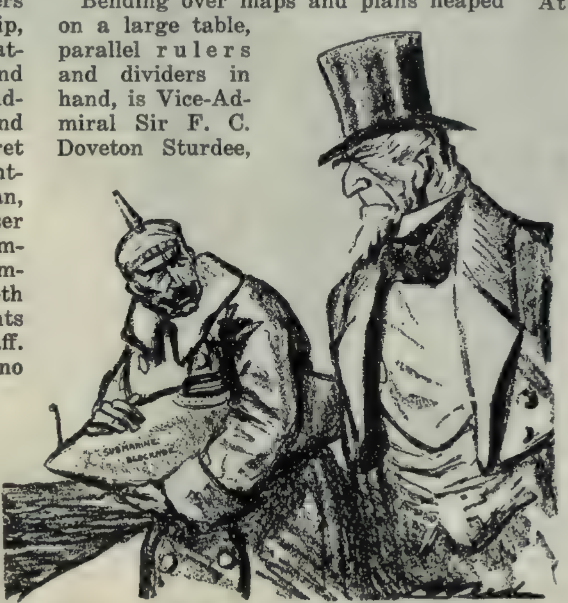
A door of the inner chamber jerks open, typewriters are heard clicking, clerks seen running about carrying baskets of letters. In bolts a man with gold braid up to his elbows, heavy-set, bull-dogged of jaw, gray and wrinkled by experience: Lord Fisher of Kilverstone, Admiral of the Fleet, again on the firing-line, and the master mind of the British fighting ships. Years ago I saw him first on board the *New York* in Bermuda, a typical roast-beef John Bull minus the side-burns and alongside him Admiral Sampson, the victor of Santiago, was esthetic in his scholarly frailness.

Like Lord St. Vincent, Admiral Fisher is a fighting man whether in office, drawing-room, or on the quarter-deck. His cry, "War is violence and moderation is imbecility," stamps the character of this man who, from the ease of a retired officer's life, answered his country's call to put the plexus-punch in the war policy of the British navy.

As Lord Fisher enters the Chamber there is a growl from the jaws, a snap of the teeth, and in his general appearance the suggestion of a bull pricked by the picador's darts. The First Sea Lord has cleared for action and is eager to avenge the defeat in the Pacific. And through a friend close to things I unfold for the first time the process by which the Chief of the War Staff was jerked to sea from the Admiralty on a moment's notice.

STAGING THE BATTLE.

Bending over maps and plans heaped on a large table, parallel rulers and dividers in hand, is Vice-Admiral Sir F. C. Doveton Sturdee, K.C.B., C.V.O., C.M.G., Chief of the War Staff, tall, spare—in consultation with his fellow juniors—all grave, grayish.



Remember the Maine.
—From New York Tribune.

"Sturdee, you made all these nice plans," snarls Fisher with a trip-hammer salvo of sarcasm, "why don't you carry them out yourself?"

Sturdee, the discredited strategist, smarting under the defeat of Cradock's ships, for whose destruction he was partly responsible, exclaims:

"Will you let me?"

"Yes, go!"

Sturdee's plans or their bungling had doomed Admiral's Cradock's ships. Now his chance has come. Von Spee's ships must be sunk. And he is the man selected to do it.

Sturdee writes out his own orders to the squadron which is to do the trick. The battle cruisers are on a far-flung station—on the wing, so to speak; so are their supports, the armored and lighter ones. The wireless detaches the biggest and fastest flotilla leader of a destroyer from its home station, with instructions to oil up and prepare for a long voyage—a southerly dash for the assigned rendezvous, at thirty knots. Already the two battle cruisers have their new orders. Sturdee with his staff embarks in the snorting destroyer, and, like the lord high executioner of the Middle Ages, proceeds majestically by himself to the bath of blood. The destroyer dashes across and brings the admiral to the rendezvous, and he steps over the side of his new flagship. At the break of a signal the course is laid down the South American coast.

At the Falklands the enemy is ment—the rest you know. All over within a few hours. There was no hitch in Sturdee's plans this time, when he himself met the German fleet in the South Atlantic. By assembling for this engagement a British fleet that in gun-power could blanket the Germans, he made a mathematical certainty of victory. And the mathematics were the mathematics of the War Staff in London. Admiral Von Spee went down with his flag-ship, the *Scharnhorst,* and the little flags that had marked the probable location of his fleet on the great maps in the Chamber of the War Office were thrown into the discard.

I did not see the dust-up in the Heligoland Bight, the first naval engagement of the war. No one not in uniform saw it, except the crew of the Norwegian steamer *Kong Guttorm,* which, after being hit in the line of fire hustled away in a fright. But a destroyer friend of mine who was in the thick of it, told me how the Admiralty trap was set.

"Yes, we baited the snare," he said. "And they bit. It cost the blighters four ships, and we smashed a few. It was a bit of all-right, and we had a good smack at them. And this is how it worked:

"Suddenly 'blows' a submarine. As it pops out above the water, the conning-tower hatch is opened and men come out on the narrow deck and look around sort of helplessly and fiddle about the rudders, peering over the side. The craft appears sadly disabled, and that right before the enemy. Up bobs another 'sub' close by;

its people get on deck and begin shouting to the first—making signs of general distress; a tow-line is broken out, an attempt is made to save the disabled one. Finally the tow-line is passed, and, backing and filling, the pair slowly start—one towing the other. From the background the *Fearless* is standing in to be of help and principally to draw the fire from the poor submarines.

"At last the German ships spot them. Their destroyers begin to move, the cruisers are getting under way. Capture is imminent—one helpless submarine, at least—what a cinch! Can't you see the gleam in the eye of the Germans? As the enemy's destroyer flotillas steam out and approach to get in range, a gum-booted, whistling British matlow steps out on the deck of the 'sub' and slowly casts loose the tow-line, which is hauled in from the other fellow. An officer looks about from the conning-tower hatch, descends, and closes it. With filled tanks both 'subs' drop out of sight and, unseen almost—just slender, upright sticks, surmounted by little oblong disks—creep along in the shadow of the breaking swell, turn finally seaward, and, sinking, swim away like fishes. And the *Fearless* is retreating to the northwest.

"Tearing through the mist speed the British destroyer flotillas, the cruiser *Arethusa* leading, spread out in fan formation like a sun-burst—but in black—throbbing, panting devils tearing leanly through the sea, the green of their wakes cut by trailing smoke. They are the additional lure in the ruse piled on to draw the enemy under the guns of the British cruisers outside."

And now let me tell you the strangest incident of that whole fight.

"One of our boats was left behind, the one from the *Defender*. There she was, filled with rescued Germans, sea kicking up, no water aboard, Heligoland fort but twenty-five miles distant, the enemy's ships steaming up and shells falling right and left. But a submarine had taken in the whole affair through her periscope, and up pops our *E* 4 to the surface, blows her tanks, opens her conning-tower, takes our boat crew aboard, puts grub and medicines in the boat, tells the Germans to shove off and be good, and then dives and ducks for home and England. . . . No—it's God's truth. You could fancy it as a story-book by Jules Verne; but it happened—it's in the official dispatches."

"And why have the German submarines been so much more sucessful than the British?" you ask. For one reason, and it is a simple one. The German fleet stays in port, and save for raids the Germans have evacuated the North Sea; while the British ships have been on the seas, fair targets for the keen officers of the Kaiser's "subs." But considering the seventeen-hour nights on the North Sea, and the great number of British transports crossing the Channel, the Germans should have done still better. England's losses through submarines have brought out very clearly this fact—that the only defense against these devils of the deep is speed plus zigzag courses. No ship steaming above ten knots has so far been reached by a submarine, save the German destroyer which was torpedoed by *E* 9. In the scrap off Heligoland, Admiral Beatty's battle cruisers sailed right through the German submarine area at high speed untouched by torpedoes.

The German campaign of attrition during the early part of the war succeeded because the British had not yet learned this lesson. The three cruisers of the *Cressy* class went to the bottom just because they were patroling at a speed of seven knots in waters infested by the enemy's submarines and unattended by destroyers. So the *Hogue* and the *Cressy* got bagged because they stopped to save the lives of the crew of the sinking *Aboukir*. Von Weddingen in his submarine had ample time to reload his three topedo tubes after sinking the *Aboukir*, and finish up the slaughter of the other two ships almost at his leisure.

When the survivors of the submarined cruisers were brought to Harwich, I talked to many of them. These fellows had been in the water for hours. They had lost their ships and their mates, twelve hundred in all. I expected curses on the Germans—hard words. Instead, Jack's first say was: "The Dutchers did a fine job. They got us all."

And the *Hermes* and the *Hawke* also went to the bottom because they were cruising at a speed slower than that of their invisible enemy, the submarine. The *Niger* lay peacefully—and carelessly—at anchor in the open roadstead of Deal, dead in the water.

The English submarines, if they get the chance, will give as good an account of themselves as have the Germans. They are in the hands of the "young ones," who are full of gimp and enthusiasm, a brotherhood of daredevils, cousins of those in the destroyers. The British submarine *B* 11, passing under five rows of mines in the Dardanelles and sinking the old bucket *Messoudiyeh*, did only a part of a day's work. There was an American touch in this feat—the Sperry gyroscopic compass, which gives the "subs" their true bearing under water, and without which their course would be mere guesswork. Looking for game, the British "subs" have pushed their snouts 'way up in the Baltic, even to the Russian coast. And one from the Harwich flotillas came plumb up to the chain-slung gates of the Kiel Canal. I have this from a man who was there.

The man in the street shouts "Why doesn't Jellicoe eat up the German fleet?" He wants a Trafalgar served hot with his breakfast, preferably near the coast, with parquet seats on Dover Cliffs. Churchill might be mobbed as was Kamimura's house while he was sinking the Russians, and just as they burned Hawke in effigy while he was licking the French in Quiberon Bay, a hundred and fifty years ago. The killing of a hundred women and children on the east coast with no British ships to stop the attack is another pill for the Admiralty. Why were the Germans allowed to stay about right under the cliffs of Hayburn Wyke, only awaiting dawn to open fire?

No navy can be strong enough to prevent occasional raids upon its coast by an enemy. The Germans can make as many raids as they wish—and kill another hundred women, but it will cut no ice from a military point of view. They cannot land and supply a force until Jellicoe's fleet is defeated. The very fundamental principle of naval strategy demands that the English fighting fleet stay outside the Channel and the North Sea, and that only scouts and ships of secondary value be kept inside for blockading and patrol. That the British navy has splendidly accomplished its great purpose—the command of the sea—is beyond the unthinking public's grasp.

The Dardanelles and their Future

From Chambers's Journal.

ONE—and by no means the least interesting—of the results of the present "War of the Nations" seems likely to be the disappearance from practical politics of the vexed question of the passage of the Dardanelles, perhaps the most historically important of the "narrow waters" of ancient and modern times. From the fifth and fourth centuries before the Christian era, when Xerves and Alexander both bridged the Hellespont (as the ancients called the Straits), up till the present year of grace—some twenty-four centuries afterwards—the Dardanelles may be said to have contributed some very stirring chapters to the history of Europe.

The effectual shutting of the Dardanelles 'gate' against a fleet in the Mediterranean belonging to the Western Powers is now an accomplished fact, because—as they are less than sixty miles in length and from one to four miles only in width, with a deep channel that approaches now close to the European and now the Asiatic shore—they are easily defended by land fortifications and batteries, reinforced by mine fields, submarines, and torpedo craft. The fire of the fortifications and batteriesprevents the removal or destruction of the mine-fields. Then there is the danger from explosives dropped by aircraft. Needless to say, none of these perils existed on the occasions on which the British fleet succeeded in passing the forts and batteries, though even then well-placed artillery of sufficient heavy calibre would, with gunners more efficient than the Turks, have made these attempts a failure. The fortifications proper consist of, first, the old castles of Sestos and Abydos, now known as Seddul Bahr and Kum Kaleh, standing one on either side of the entrance. These ancient edifices, however, may be almost disregarded by the super-Dreadnought, the real defences lying higher up the channel at Kilid Bahr and Chanak Kalessi, where the shores are but a mile apart.

From the entrance the European bank is the higher, rising abruptly but not precipitously from the water's edge to a height of between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet. At Kilid Bahr there is a point, and here there is some low ground between the water and the hill behind, and on this low point are some batteries almost flush with the water. On these are about forty Krupp guns, some of them mounted on earthworks, others *en barbette*. The latter could not be worked when a fleet approached in fighting its way up the channel, as the fire from the small arms and machine-guns of the ships would sweep them. The guns in the earthworks are better protected, though even these would probably be silenced by those of the fleet; but above, on the crest of the hill, some hundreds of feet above the water, are some very powerful batteries. These constitute the greatest danger to an advancing fleet, as from their elevation the projectiles from the ship's guns would pass over them, while they would be able to play upon the enemy's decks, the most vital part in the modern battleship. Immediately behind this point the shore falls away almost at right angles, and this greatly increases the difficulty of an ascending squadron, for the force of the stream runs across the channel, and tends to take the bows of vessels across towards Chanak. This is the course that merchant steamers going up the Dardanelles usually follow, though from the entrance they have to pass along within fifty yards of the European shore, under the very muzzles of the guns of Kilid Bahr. Thence they cross the stream in a direct line for Chanak, and then sweep abruptly round again and make for the European shore at a point called Dagumen Burum, a mile and a half above Kilid Bahr, where there is another, but less formidable, fort. A fleet following this line would be met as it advanced by the fire of Kilid Bahr and Chanak. It would, too, have to pass the guns of the former within pistol-shot as it crossed Chanak, whilst it would be raked fore and aft by the guns of both forts, and would also receive the fire of Kilid Bahr on its broadside.

Chanak is not so strong naturally as Kilid Bahr; but the fortifications are much stronger, the Krupp guns being for the most part in casements. When it is remembered that, in addition to these very powerful forts, there would be all the obstacles that the scientific skill of the greatest military power that the world has ever known could design for destroying an attacking fleet, the forcing of a passage at the present time would seem an impossible undertaking.

It may be interesting to recall the conditions under which the British navy has succeeded, despite the great difficulty even then of the task, in *forcing* these celebrated straits, if only to show that no such chances are likely to occur in the future; and that, therefore, when, at the end of the present great war, 'the map of Europe is rearranged,' this country must see to it that a satisfactory settlement regarding them is arranged. The first occasion was as far back as 1807, when Admiral Sir John Duckworth, in the *Royal George*, led a British squadron through the straits, catching the Turkish garrison apparently unprepared; but on his return—Turkey being then as much under the influence of the Emperor Napoleon as she is now under that of the Emperor William—he found that he had been detained by the Emperor's representative and the Porte long enough in fruitless negotiations to ensure him a very warm reception in sailing back, his "wooden walls" being badly holed by the enormous marble round-shot fired from brass guns. Some of these guns still remain, or did so a few years ago.

The next successful attempt was in the month of January, 1878, when the British fleet of eight ironclads, formed in "two columns of divisions," four ships in each, steamed up the straits. When the vessels were approaching Fort Midjidieh, on the low projecting point of the Asiatic shore, the batteries of which fort are nearly level with the water and heavily armed with Krupp guns, Admiral Hornby's tender was sent ahead to warn the Turkish authorities of the arrival of the fleet, for it was reported that permission to pass had been first granted by the Turkish Government and then withdrawn. But the tender (the *Salamis*) soon signaled that the passage would not be disputed. So H.M.S. *Sultan* (his late Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh's ship) then saluted the Turkish flag; and, to the disappointment of all on board the fleet, the vessels were ordered to return to Besika Bay.

What may be called the third attempt, however, seemed at one time likely to be a far more serious affair. On the 16th of February, 1878 sudden and secret orders to leave Besika Bay created intense excitement in the fleet, and on the following Tuesday orders were given that the passage was to be forced at all costs if resistance were encountered. The six British ironclads at this time composing the squadron then prepared for action, boats being hoisted aboard, davits topped, guns loaded and run out, and crews at quarters, the ships steaming up the channel in two lines at the rate of six knots an hour, the *Alexandra*, *Sultan*, and *Achilles* as the starboard, the *Agincourt*, *Téméraire*, and *Swiftsure* as the port division, with the *Salamis* as tender between them. Precautions were taken to prevent firing without the admiral's orders; but as a heavy snowstorm was falling and it was blowing smartly, navigation was very difficult. At one o'clock land was seen by the starboard division, and the flagship *Alexandra* put her helm to starboard; but the Agincourt, not seeing the shore or the flagship's manœuvre, failed to do so immediately, which necessitated the *Alexandra's* stopping, and to avoid collision she ran ashore. The other ships, noticing this, sheered off, and made for the rendezvous at Gallipoli, with the exception of the *Sultan*, which remained to assist the *Agincourt*, which was got off about 5 p.m., little worse for the accident. The *Raleigh* had also run ashore the day previously at a point where she had gone to succor some Turkish fugitives, and had in consequence to be sent to Malta for repairs.

From these experiences of a British fleet, when battleships were only half or less than half their present size, some idea can be formed of the difficulties in the way of navigation which modern battleships would have to contend against now, even were the Dardanelles placed in the same position internationally as the Suez Canal.

Where the Post Offices of Seven Nations Competed

By Douglas B. Armstrong in Chambers's Journal.

BY the repeal of the Turkish capitulations on 1st October, 1914, the Ottoman capital is robbed of one of its most remarkable and picturesque features—the foreign post-offices. Constantinople has hitherto been unique amongst the cities of Europe in the number and variety of postal facilities that it afforded. Indeed, the sojourner in the Golden Horn suffered from an *embarras des richesses* when requiring to make use of the post-office, in the many nationalities that competed for his custom.

Not only were the services of the Imperial Ottoman post-office, with its special foreign department, at his disposal, but those also of France, Germany, Russia, Austria, Italy, and Great Britain; and since no one ever thought of entrusting his communications to the Turkish post-office, his ultimate choice would probably be determined by his nationality. In the Rue Verwoda and in the Grand Rue de Galata the imposing establishments of the foreign post-offices were encountered at almost every turn, and through them and their branches and agencies in the principal ports and commercial centres throughout the Turkish Empire the bulk of the foreign postal business was transacted, with a resulting loss to the Ottoman revenue of over half-a-million sterling each year.

The stamps of the Levant post-offices form an interesting and attractive group of issues much favored by philatelists by reason of their political and historical associations.

There were in active operation in the Turkish Empire about one hundred and three foreign postal agencies controled from the head post-offices in Constantinople, comprised as follows: Austrian, thirty-seven; French, twenty-four; Russian, twenty; German, eight; Italian, nine; and British, five. They owed their existence to the survival of an ancient custom, dating back to the Middle Ages, whereby each nation was privileged to maintain its own service of postal couriers to establish communication with its ambassadors, merchants, and citizens abroad, the couriers being permitted to come and go without let or hindrance through all neutral states. Those were the days when organized posts were few in number, and letters were liable to be delayed and not infrequently tampered with in transmission, particularly if they chanced to be of an official or political character; hence the necessity for the courier posts. In this way post-offices were established by the

French Government in Venice in the year 1560, and subsequently in Rome (1580), Genoa (1595), Turin (1650), Geneva (1669), and in Liège (early in the eighteenth century); whilst under treaty arrangement the French postal service operated in Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Tuscany, the Papal States, Genoa, etc.

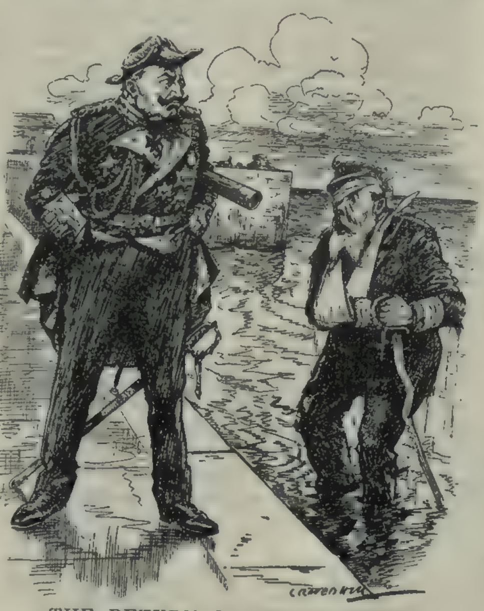
As early as 1721 courier posts were in operation between the Russian and Austrian missions in Constantinople and their respective capitals, the couriers traveling to and from the borders of the state under an escort of janissaries furnished by the Ottoman Government. A few years later these services commenced to accept private correspondence for transmission, and in time developed into regular public posts, and as such were freely used by the English and Dutch merchants of Constantinople. The right of the missions to maintain these courier posts was recognized by the Treaty of Kutschuk Kainardje; and under the most favored nation clause of this and subsequent treaties, the privilege was extended to France (1812), Great Britain (1832), Greece (1834), Egypt and Germany (1870), and Italy (1873). An abortive attempt to secure a similar concession for Roumania was made in 1896. It is said that Venetian and Neapolitan sea-posts also existed early in the eighteenth century, but they have long since passed into obsolescence.

Despite the fact that reforms in the Turkish postal service had removed all actual necessity for the maintenance of these foreign offices in the interests of the mercantile community, they remained as an outward and visible sign of authority and in pursuance of treaty rights. Numerous efforts have been made by the Porte in the past to secure their abolition, and on more than one occasion the vexed question of the foreign post-offices has brought Turkey to the brink of war; but until now these efforts were without avail. When the formation of the Postal Union was first mooted, the Ottoman Government notified the powers concerned of its intention to "broach, develop, and sustain before the Congress the question of the suppression of the foreign postal agencies in the Empire, as constituting an anomaly derogatory to its sovereign rights and an anachronism without any actual cause." But the Berne Convention of 1875 declared itself incompetent to deal with the question; although, by means of direct diplomatic representations, the suppression of the Greek and Egyptian offices was secured in 1881; whilst two years later the Indian service was also suspended. Meanwhile, in order to compete with the foreign post-offices, a special international branch of the Turkish post-office was organized in the business quarter of Constantinople, with an express mail service to Europe *via* Varna, but without achieving any startling result.

When the Oriental Railway linking up the Turkish capital with Europe was finally completed in 1888, instructions were issued that the mail-bags of the foreign post-offices were not to be accepted for transmission over the system, the Porte hoping in this way to destroy competition. Formal protests were, however, entered by the ministers of the powers, with the result that provisional permission was granted, which has since been prorogued indefinitely.

The Armenian troubles of 1895 provided excuse for a further protest against the existence of the international postal agencies, on the ground of the introduction of seditious matter into the Empire through their medium, British, French, and German postal officials were actually placed under arrest; but the representations of the ambassadors secured their release.

Again in May, 1901, when British and Austrian postal agencies were opened in Salonica in connection with the extension of the railway to that port, the foreign mail-bags were seized at the station by Turkish gendarmerie and conveyed under escort to the Ottoman post-office there. Simultaneously a note demanding the suppression of the foreign post-offices was presented to the powers, but was returned by the Embassies; and on 16th May, Tewfik Pasha expressed regret for the incident on behalf of the Sultan, and stated that no further obstacles would be raised. During the embargo on the postal agencies, the mails were conveyed to and from the frontier in charge of special couriers.



THE RETURN OF THE RAIDERS.
Kaiser: "Well, I am surprised."
Tirpitz: "So were we."
—From Punch.

Notwithstanding the Porte's assurances, a flat refusal was returned early in 1908 to the request for permission to reopen the Italian post-offices in Turkey, and it was only the threat of a naval demonstration in force that induced the Ottoman Government to reconsider its decision and declare that "so long as the Italian Government only desired to open post-offices in the five towns where there already existed the post-offices of other powers, there was no reason to adopt toward Italy different treatment from that accorded to other powers." In the following year, as a step toward the complete abolition of the foreign post-offices, the Austrian Government was induced to close nine of its post-offices established in towns where no other foreign postal agency existed.

The reorganization of the Turkish postal service by Belgian officials in 1909 led to the reopening of the question of the postal agencies of the powers, and as an alternative to their supression the suggestion was put forward for their amalgamation in a single international exchange post-office; but, as usual, the negotiations proved abortive.

An interesting feature of the situation was the issue by the Ottoman post-office of special stamps for foreign postage, distinguished by the imprint of a small five-rayed star, which were sold to business houses at a discount of 20 per cent. off their face-value as an inducement to use the Turkish postal service in preference to those of the powers. These "rebate stamps" also entitled the sender to a formal receipt for foreign letters handed in at the native post-offices.

As usual, formal protests were entered by the ambassadors of the six nations against the repeal of the "capitulations" announced by the Porte; but in face of the disturbed condition of European politics the suppression of the foreign post-offices has this time become *un fait accompli*. This achievement of postal independence has been commemorated by the Turkish Government imposing an Arabic overprint on the contemporary postage-stamps, signifying "Capitulations abrogated 1330."

Talking from America to Europe

By Charles W. Person in Technical World Magazine.

"I'M going to invent a better and cheaper light than daylight," said Peter Cooper Hewitt, of New York, several years ago. "Better, because it will allow the eye to work at its highest efficiency, and cheaper, because buildings can be put up perfectly solid without windows, light shafts or sacrifice of space."

Another visionary with a pretty impossibility, thought the world.

The Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor electric lamp, which is to be seen in photography establishments everywhere, and which is the one dependable factor of motion picture manufacturing was the inventor's answer.

"I'm about ready to talk to Europe," said Mr. Hewitt several weeks ago. "I've spent eighteen years studying nothing, if a vacuum can be considered as such, and I've got a little vacuum tube here which can catch, and amplify sufficiently for the human ear to receive its message, the hundredth of a millionth of one horsepower of electrical current. That little vacuum tube is going to do the trick."

This tube is only a foot long and a few inches in diameter, yet Mr. Hewitt promises a few wonders with it, such as wireless conversations at low cost between Europe and America, power to converse daily in your own home with a friend crossing the Atlantic, the transmission from one city to another of every sound uttered during an opera performance, and ability to keep up steady conversation between a dirigible and persons on land, or between heads of allied armies, with none but the two persons talking able to catch a syllable of the conversation.

"Telephoning to Europe is not the difficult problem one would imagine," explained Mr. Hewitt, "but is, in fact, simpler than communication by wireless telegraph. With the simple little tube the personnel of a wireless telephone station would be far smaller than that of the average wireless telegraph station. The current needed is about the same, but that is one of the smaller items of expense. I should think it would soon be as cheap to talk to a person in San Francisco as to telegraph."

At the top of this vacuum tube, in which lies the inventor's secret of wireless telephony, a wire is fused into the glass and connected with the "receiving electrode," which consists of a circular piece of metal through which messages from the air pass into the small receptacle. The top wire is connected with the wireless antennæ, or sound collecting wires. On the side of the tube, near the bottom, a little glass bulb protrudes, and through this the "positive electrode" enters. Externally this electrode is connected with two wires, one of which goes through a "potentiometer," which adjusts the current, and thence to the telephone headpiece, and the other of which leads to the batteries by which the receiver is operated.

Mr. Hewitt had previously discovered that if you exhaust air from a tube in the bottom of which there is a small quantity of mercury, and then pass an electric currant through the tube, a vapor is formed by the mercury which not only conducts electric current but produces a number of the most extraordinary phenomena. He discovered, furthermore, that if the tube were connected with the wires of an ordinary telephone it would produce a loud roaring sound which made it utterly impossible for persons to hear each other speaking over the wire. To overcome this great roaring sound was his big problem.

"I finally made the tube keep still," he said in a matter-of-fact way. "I did it by exceedingly careful adjustment of an inductance and a resistance coil through which the wire from the positive electrode passed to the battery, and by altering the shape of the tube until I had gotten the positive electrode a certain distance from the negative electrode, just about a quarter of an inch, and by making the negative electrode of a fine platinum point protruding the fraction of an inch above the mercury and capped with a tiny bit of mercury. Even then it would not work right until I made the positive electrode in the shape of a small disk with a hole in its centre and placed the platinum needle directly under the hole. I then found that the current spread from all parts of the pierced positive disk simultaneously and entered the tiny platinum point smoothly and noiselessly, and that the problem had thus finally been solved and in a satisfactory way."

A careful examination of the tube revealed the little platinum point that formed the negative electrode. A little blue light sputtered and flashed on the tiny point when the instrument was receiving wireless messages that weren't meant for it.

"The importance of that little tube is just this," Mr. Hewitt continued. "An alternating current—and wireless messages can't be sent through the air with any but alternating current—is transformed into a smooth, direct current on passing through the vapor. A fierce, jerky current enters the little tube. A smoothly flowing current comes out. There's the secret of it."

The sending apparatus is based on the same principle as the receiving, both depending on the mercury vapor tube, but the receiving changes direct to alternating current. Our telephones are operated with direct current, and for that reason no sounds interfere with the conversation. If alternating current were used it would have to vibrate so rapidly that it could not be heard by the human ear. High C, which the human voice rarely reaches, has a sound frequency of 1,500, or has 1,500 vibrations or waves, to the second. Sound goes higher and higher with increased frequency until it vanishes.

"Wireless telegraphy was possible before wireless telephony," said Mr. Hewitt, "because the first instruments invented to create a high frequency gave off their waves in 'trains,' or series of four or five waves each, and therefore could not carry a continuous sound but could carry dots and dashes. The vapor tube, unlike the carbon arcs in use, lasts practically indefinitely, with no part of it burning out, and the frequency of the current can be readily adjusted without interrupting the conversation. This is what has retarded wireless telephony. The tube can alter the frequency from zero to one hundred thousand waves per second. The wave frequency of the largest wireless telegraph stations at present is thirty thousand, making each sound wave six miles long—thirty thousand of them passing a given point in a second. The wireless telephone in combination with the mercury tube probably will use about the same frequency."

Distance will make practically no difference whatsoever, because of the power of the instrument to pick up the faintest message and amplify it, and music will in no way interfere with its workings—in fact, it registers the human voice in the same accent and tone in which it is uttered. For sea and air use, for ocean liners or for Zeppelins, it will accomplish its end with an equipment lighter and smaller than the telegraphic instruments now in use.

"The intercepting of a message in war would be fatal," said he, "and effort to use a code over a telephone wire would be cumbersome. But by virtue of the fact that the apparatus can be adjusted to send and receive extremely high wave lengths, and that both sender and receiver can be attuned to harmonize with one another and not with outside instruments by adjusting the wave lengths, it will be possible to send messages from one point to another so that they can be heard only through the instrument they are intended for."

The History of the Submarine

By Burton J. Hendrick in McClure's Magazine.

THE history of the submarine reveals an amazing instance of wasted opportunities Since 1777 England's successive enemies have had this engine ready at their hands; but each has neglected to use it. From the days of William Pitt, England has recognized one fundamental fact; that a successful submarine solved the problem of an attack upon the British battle- line.

INVENTED BY A YALE FRESHMAN.

Most Americans probably think that the submarine boat, and its inevitable accompaniment the submarine torpedo, are modern inventions. We have apparently forgotten that a Confederate submarine boat sank a Federal war-ship in Charleston harbor in the American Civil War. This amiable vessel made its first appearance—in principle essentially the same as it is to-day—in the American Revolution. Several times since then it has made its presence known.

In the American Revolution the English fleet naturally controlled the situation. It gave England her only access to her rebellious colonies. Its destruction, therefore, would have immediately ended the war. The frigates stationed outside New York and other American harbors furnished the inspiration that led to the invention of the submarine. The colonies had no ships powerful enough to attempt the unequal combat. Could Yankee ingenuity provide no way of removing the menace? It was a Yale freshman, David Bushnell, who discovered the principle of submarine warfare which the Germans are now using so effectively.

Bushnell invented not only the submarine boat, but the submarine mine. All through his college days from 1771 to 1775, he worked steadily at his favorite hobby—a vessel that would sail under water.

As recently as 1905 Sir William White, the great constructor of the British Navy, said: "It can not be claimed that any new principle of design has been discovered or applied since Bushnell. . . . . Bushnell showed the way to all his successors in the particulars of buoyancy, stability, and control of the depth reached by submarines. . . . Although alternative methods have been introduced and practically tested, in the end Bushnell's plans have in substance been found the best."

Bushnell's craft resembled very little the modern submarine; it was shaped something like a "round clam," its longest distance being placed vertically, so as to accommodate a single operator in sitting posture. This operator submerged his vessel by letting water into a tank, and raised it by emptying this same reservoir. A wooden propeller in front, which the navigator turned by a crank, furnished the motive power. Bushnell's *Turtle*, of course, antedated the invention of the steamboat by several years; this primitive arrangement, however, gave it a maximum speed of two miles an hour. Illumination was furnished by foxfire wood, which emitted a phosphorescent light and did not exhaust any of the precious oxygen. The vessel was steered by an ordinary rudder; it had an air-chamber in which the navigator could exist for half an hour, and ingenious devices for gauging the depth and preserving stability. Bushnell was graduated from Yale in 1775. Before this his boat had made several successful voyages. Soon afterward war broke out with England. The British fleet, under Admiral Lord Howe, sailed down from Halifax and blockaded New York harbor. Thus the young Revolution early found itself face to face with the perennial fact in modern warfare—England's control of the sea.

Israel Putnam, himself a Connecticut man, sent for David Bushnell and his submarine boat. The inventor selected the flag-ship, the *Eagle*, then lying off Staten Island, as his first victim. Unfortunately, Bushnell could not navigate the *Turtle* himself, as he had not sufficient physical strength; and Ezra Lee, the man chosen to destroy the *Eagle*, had only five days in which to rehearse the performance. This fact undoubtedly explains, in part, the initial failure. According to submarine experts, there was technically no reason why the experiment should not have succeeded. Lee managed to reach the *Eagle*, submerge his vessel, and attain a vantage-point under the stern. The submarine carried a single torpedo, held in place by a cable with a screw. It was possible for the navigator from within his boat to detach this screw and fix it in the hull of the enemy's ship. He was then expected to back away to safety; a time-clock in the torpedo ran thirty minutes, after which the explosion was to take place. Unfortunately, the *Eagle's* hull, at the point where Lee stopped to operate, was sheathed with copper; he was therefore unable to screw on his torpedo. Becoming somewhat nervous as daylight approached, Lee backed away, leaving his torpedo afloat. Within the appointed time this exploded, sending up a huge geyser not far from the British flagship. This failure discouraged Bushnell's friends; his *Turtle* became an object of ridicule; and eventually disappeared from public view. Bushnell himself, in his disappointment, vanished. Even his family had for years lost track of him when, many years after the Revolution, he died in Georgia.

A quarter of a century afterward, Napoleon Bonaparte was engaged in almost identically the same enterprise as that which Emperor William is attempting to-day. Napoleon, like the present Kaiser, had one consuming ambition—an invasion of England. Practically all the great powers had joined the league against him, just as they have now combined against Germany. At the head of this combination, as at the head of that which prevails to-day, stood England. England's strength then, as it is now, was her navy. This navy had destroyed the French fleet at the Nile, and was now blockading the coast of France. Napo-

"Our Length of Life Would Be Greatly Prolonged."

—*Prof. Metchnikoff*

One of the world's greatest scientists has specifically stated that if, in infancy, our colons could be removed, we would be freed from the most prolific cause of human ailments, and live perhaps twice as long as now.

This is a strong statement, but not so surprising when we know that physicians are agreed that 95% of all illness is caused by accumulated waste in the colon (large intestine), that the first step a physician takes in all cases of illness is to give a medicine to remove that waste—and that probably more drugs are used for that purpose in this country to-day than for all other purposes combined.

The foods we eat and the manual labor or exercise that we fail to perform, make it impossible for Nature to act as thoroughly as she did in the past, in removing this waste, and so we are all, every one of us, affected by it.

This, and this alone, is responsible for the conditions known as "costiveness," "constipation," "auto-intoxication," "auto-infection," etc., which are all the result of accumulated waste.

You see, if the presence of this accumulation would make itself evident to us in its early stages, we would be better off, but it does not, and there lies the pernicious danger of it.

For this waste is the worst of poisons, as we all know; an atom of it in the stomach would inevitably produce Typhoid; and the blood constantly circulating through the colon, absorbs and is polluted by these poisons, making us physically weak and mentally dull, without ambition and the power to think and work up to our real capacity.

You know how completely a bilious attack will incapacitate you, and it is safe to say that such a complaint would be absolutely unknown if the colon were kept constantly free of accumulated waste.

Now, the reason that physicians agree that 95% of illness is due to this cause is that it weakens our powers of resistance so much, as to make us receptive to any disease which may be prevalent, and permits any organic weakness we may have to gain the upper hand.

The effect of drugs is only temporary; they force Nature instead of assisting her, and the doses have to be constantly increased to be effective at all. Here is what the journal of The American Medical Association says:—

"Every drug exerts a variety of actions, but only a few of the actions of any drug are of benefit in any given condition; the others are negligible or detrimental."

It may be surprising to you to know, however, that over a million Americans and Canadians have learned and are now practising the surest and most scientific method of keeping the colon consistently clean and free from accumulated waste.

Who have proven that by an occasional Internal Bath, taking about fifteen minutes of their time, their blood is kept pure, their intellects bright, their minds clear, their bodies strong and vitally powerful, their nerves relaxed, and every part of their physical being in perfect tune, therefore, it naturally follows, in perfect health.

Perhaps you will be interested to know just what an Internal Bath really is—and while it cannot be described in detail here, it is no more like the commonly-known enema than a vacuum cleaner is like a whisk-broom—but it uses the same medium—Nature's own cleanser and purifier—warm water.

Some years ago Dr. Charles A. Tyrrell of New York City was in a most serious condition, at the point of death, according to physicians who were summoned to attend him, and by the principle of Internal Bathing referred to here, and nothing else, he effected a complete recovery.

Since that time Dr. Tyrrell has specialized on Internal Bathing alone, and has devoted his entire time, study and practice to this mode of treatment.

The result of his researches, study, practical, as well as scientific, experience on the subject, is summed up in a little book called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," which can be obtained without a penny of cost by simply writing to Chas. A. Tyrrell, M.D., Room 243, 280 College Street, Toronto, with a mention of having read this in MacLean's Magazine.

There are many practical facts about the working of the digestive organs which everyone should know, but very few do, and inasmuch as the margin between good and ill health is inconceivably narrow, and it is apparent that so very little trouble is necessary to keep well and strong in advanced years as well as in youth, it seems as though everyone should read this treatise, which is free for the asking.—(Advertisement.)

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leon's brilliant campaigns had made France supreme on the Continent, and he had collected a large army at Boulogne to launch against England. But the English Channel intervened in 1802, just as it does in 1915.

THE FAMOUS LETTER THAT ROBERT FULTON WROTE TO NAPOLEON.

One morning, in the midst of his perplexities, Napoleon received a remarkable letter. "The sea which separates you from your enemy,' it read, "gives him an immense advantage over you. . . . I have it in my power to cause this obstacle which protects him to disappear." The name signed to this proposal had made no great stir in the world then, but acquired a considerable reputation afterward. It was that of Robert Fulton. Even then, however, it was not entirely new to Napoleon. For six or eight years Fulton had lived in Paris, earning a comfortable livelihood with his Panorama, and experimenting with steamboats and other new ideas. For several years, Napoleon now recalled, Fulton had pestered his predecessor in political authority in France, the Directory, with new and dreadful engines of warfare, submarine boats and submarine mines.

NAPOLEON'S GREATEST MISTAKE.

Napoleon's immediate ambition was to move his army across the Channel into England, and, as as essential preliminary, to dispose of the English blockading fleet. He therefore appointed a commission to investigate the American's plans. Fulton gave several demonstrations in the harbor of Brest. His boat represented a considerable improvement over Bushnell's. On the surface it looked much like an ordinary sloop, a sail and jib furnishing its motive power. Just before the boat descended, this mast and sail were removed and laid lengthwise on the deck. Like Bushnell's craft, Fulton's submarine was moved under water by a propeller turned by hand. Fulton, with three companions, succeeded easily in sailing his vessel five hundred yards twenty-five feet beneath the surface; on one occasion they remained under water four hours. They blew into a thousand pieces a shallop which the French admiralty had placed at their disposal. The experiment impressed the French observers as a brilliant success; and Napoleon instructed Fulton to proceed against the British fleet, which was hovering off Brest.

The English, however, knew what was going on. They quickly grasped a fact as true now as it was then: that the one certain defence against a submarine is to run away. Their ships left the coast of France—at least, they carefully kept out of the sailing range of Fulton's boat. For several months Fulton kept up a weary vigil, but the British admiral gave him no opportunity. This failure disgusted the impatient Napoleon. He denounced Fulton as a charlatan and a visionary, and dismissed him from his service. French naval historians have always asserted that this precipitate action was the greatest mistake of Napoleon's career—that he thus threw away his one chance of defeating England and of saving his own empire.

Another nation, however, appreciated the meaning of Fulton's work. This was England itself. The British government, even while the French experiments were going on, was constantly soliciting the American to come to London. Fulton's friend the Earl of Stanhope, himself something of a scientist and mechanician, was especially insistent; and the English even sent secret emissaries to Paris to entice Fulton away. When Napoleon finally rejected his plans, therefore, Fulton went to England. William Pitt, who had become Prime Minister, received him cordially; the fact that Fulton had been energetically attempting to blow up the whole British navy apparently caused no hard feelings at all. "If your boat is introduced into practice," said Pitt, after examining Fulton's drawings, "it will annihilate all military marines." Soon afterward Fulton entered Deal Harbor in his submarine and blew up a Danish brig of two hundred tons. Deal Harbor, it may be noted, is precisely the place where a German submarine a few weeks ago destroyed a British torpedo-boat.

The man chiefly responsible for the modern development of this unpopular craft was another American, John P. Holland, who died a few days after the breaking out of the present war. Mr. Holland, born in Ireland in 1841, was an ardent Irish patriot. As a young man he was a conspicuous leader in the celebrated Fenian order—a secret society which aimed at overthrowing British rule in Ireland. This ambitious scheme, as well as all others aimed at the integrity of England, ran afoul of the same obstruction—the British fleet. In meditating this problem, Holland arrived at precisely the same solution as had Bushnell and Fulton: a submarine!

JOHN HOLLAND'S "FENIAN RAM."

The chief object of these Fenian conspiracies was a war between the United States and England; one of the conditions of peace, it was assumed, would be an independent Irish republic. The Irishmen eagerly fell in with Holland's scheme for submarines. They raised $50,000, all contributions in pennies, dimes, and dollars. With this Holland set to work. The "Fenian ram"—it was really not a "ram" at all—was the result. According to those who participated in the experimental voyages, the vessel worked satisfactorily. She was about twenty feet long, and carried three men, one to run the engine, one to steer, and one to shoot the torpedo. Inasmuch as the threatened Anglo-American war never materialized, this dangerous machine found itself without an occupation. Once started making submarines, however, Holland went on. Like all other submarine inventors, he acknowledges his fundamental obligations to David Bushnell. There had been many attempts to improve Bushnell's plans, he said, "but it was not until 1881 that anything had been built that could compare with the *Turtle*." Still, the modern submarine, as it exists now in all the navies of the world, is Holland's work. In 1903, when England first began to build this type of ship, the government had to purhcase from Holland the right to use his patents. In view of the history of Holland's boat, this transaction is not entirely lacking in humor.

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Japan, when it began to equip its navy with submarines, purchased thirteen directly from Holland's company.

Holland, like Fulton, believed that the submarine would eventually end naval warfare. It would place all navies on an equality, so far as sea control is concerned. The perplexing problem, he said, could have but one solution: "Nations with seaports will have to refrain from making war." The next few months should show what basis there is for this prophecy.

The Wonderful Kiel Canal

By H. J. Shepstone in the London Magazine.

WHEN, in June last, the Kaiser formally opened the new locks of the Kiel, or Kaiser Wilhelm, Canal, built in connection with the deepening, widening, and general improvement of this wonderful artificial waterway, little was said about the enterprise at the time. This was all the more remarkable when we remember that the scheme had demanded an expenditure of no less than £12,000,000, or four million pounds sterling more than the waterway originally cost, and that the new work carried out could claim to rank among the engineering wonders of the world. Indeed, the new locks are larger than those at Panama, and the new channel is wider and deeper than any of the great ship canals.

Yet the Germans said virtually nothing about their improved channel being deeper and wider than the famous Suez or the more-recently completed Panama waterways, nor did they dwell upon the wonders of their new locks, which are longer, wider, and deeper than those colossal concrete structures in the American isthmus.

Why this silence? It certainly cannot be put down to modesty on the part either of the German Government or of the nation, nor to their inability to let the world know what they had accomplished. No one is more fully alive to the value of advertising than the Germans. In the matter of publicity, our engineering and other commercial firms—and the Government, too, for that matter—could learn much from the Teuton. No; the reason why the wonderful and daring work of the German engineer at Kiel was not made known to all and sundry was because this vast scheme was carried out mainly for strategical considerations.

The undertaking was put in hand and feverishly hastened to completion in order that the latest German Dreadnoughts might safely and expeditiously be transferred from the North Sea to the Baltic, or vice versa, thereby making the whole of the German fleet operative at a few hours' notice in either waters. In a word, the new locks at Kiel and the widened and deepened waterway there were a bold bid on the part of Germany to make herself mistress of the seas of Northern Europe.

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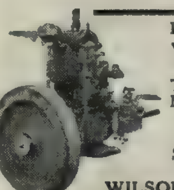

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To appreciate the engineering difficulties and wonders of the waterway, however, it is necessary to describe first the building of the original canal, and then to note the improvement recently completed. The canal was begun in 1887, and completed in 1895. It is a little over sixty-one miles in length, so can claim to be the second longest canal in the world. It is only exceeded in length by the Suez, and is some twenty miles longer than the new canal across the isthmus of Panama.

As an aid to commerce, it saves two and a half days' journey around the coast of Denmark. It reduces the distance from London to Petrograd by some 238 miles, while Hamburg is brought nearer to the Russian capital by some 424 miles.

The canal is not lockless, although it is nearly so. Whereas the object of the locks at Panama is to transfer ships to a higher or lower channel, those at Kiel have been constructed to meet the rise and fall of the tides. Now, there are virtually no tides in the Baltic, but locks have been found necessary at the Baltic end of the waterway, to prevent north-easterly gales piling up the water in the bay, which would cause the banks of the canal to be flooded. Thus, when winter storms arise, the locks at Kiel are closed to keep out the stormy waters, but ordinarily they are left open throughout the twenty-four hours of every day.

At the Elbe, or western, end the situation is different. Here the tide has a maximum range of 27½ feet, and, consequently, at every ebb, in order to maintain the desired depth of water, the gates must be closed, though ships, of course, can pass through, subject to the delays attendant upon the passage of all locked waterways. There are two locks at each entrance, side by side, to allow the passage at the same time, of both outgoing and incoming vessels.

It was on June 20th, 1895, that the canal was opened to traffic by the present Kaiser. The ceremony was certainly an imposing one. The Emperor and his sons, in the imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, followed by some twenty-three other vessels, entered the locks at Brunsbüttel at 4 a.m., and arrived at the Baltic end of the waterway at 12.45 p.m., where they were received with many salutes and other demonstrations from the foreign warships assembled in Kiel Harbour.

In 1913 some 39,000 vessels made use of the waterway. During times of peace the canal is open to the shipping of all nations, warships as well as other vessels. In time of war, however, its use is entirely restricted to vessels of the German Navy. To pass through the channel takes a small vessel on an average ten hours, and a large ship fifteen hours.

As already stated, this wonderful waterway was designed mainly for strategical reasons, to enable the German Fleet to operate effectively and quickly in either the North Sea or the Baltic. When, therefore, the locks at the entrance became too small for the newer types of battleships and cruisers the canal lost much of its importance. Hence it was decided to widen it, and in the Naval Budget of 1908, the German Government voted a sum of no less than £11,150,000 for this purpose.

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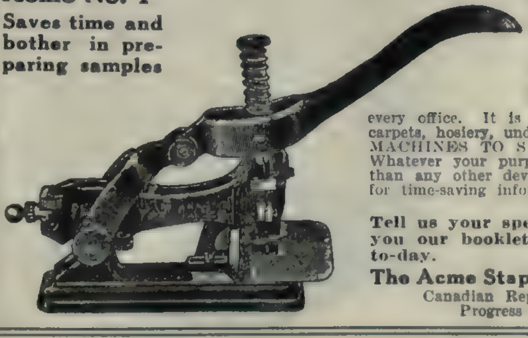

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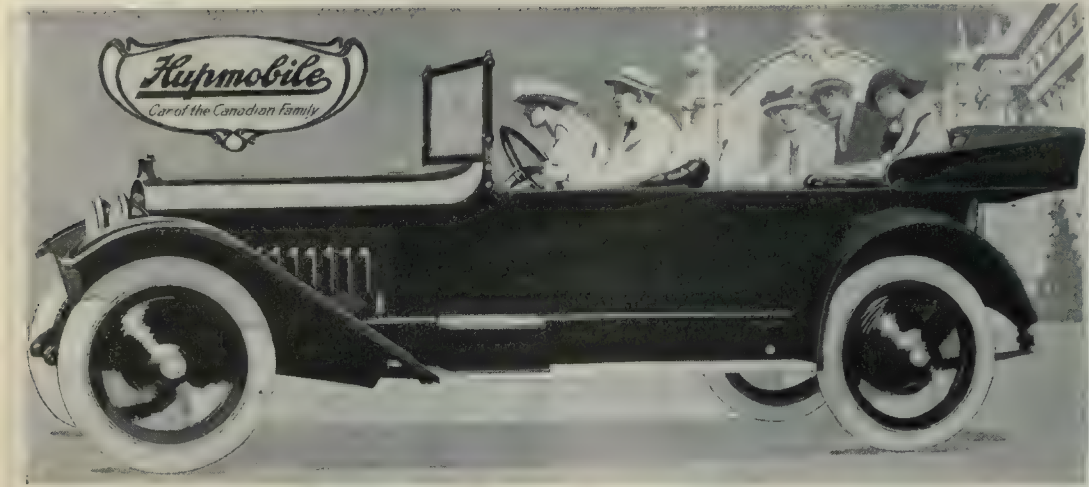

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Curiously enough, this work was hastened as a result of an accident that befell the Belgian steamer Paloramès, of 1,300 tons, while making the passage of the canal. While rounding one of the sharp curves the vessel collided with the masonry of the banks and sank in such a position that not the smallest vessel could pass by. Owing to the fact of the block not being known to captains at sea, a large number of steamers and sailing vessels accumulated at the ends of the canal. It was ten days before the waterway was cleared again.

The disaster caused the authorities considerable anxiety, and the proposed improvements were accordingly put in hand without delay. According to plans these were to have been completed by January, 1915, but, as a matter of fact, the whole of the scheme was finished last June, just before war broke out.

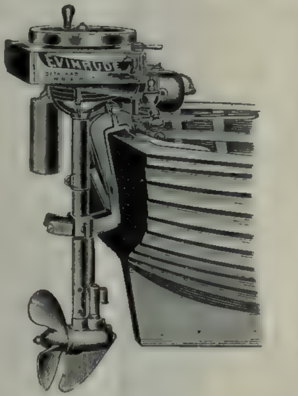
As the reconstruction was commenced in the summer of 1909, it has meant five years of labor, and the total expenditure amounted to just over £12,000,000. The increased cost was entirely due to the feverish rate at which the work was pressed forward during its later stages. By October, 1910, an army of four thousand men had taken up their abode along the canal banks, working at no less than twenty-two distinct points. Later, this number was considerably augmented; indeed at one time as many as fourteen thousand men were engaged, the whole sixty miles of the waterway being virtually one continuous workshop.

Naturally, the most difficult and costly part of the whole scheme was the rebuilding of the locks. They are the largest structures of their kind in existence. There are four—two at each entrance. Each measures 1,150 feet in length, 148 feet in width, and 46 feet in depth. The dimensions of the famous Panama locks are 1,000 feet, 110 feet, and 39 feet respectively.

By pumping the water out of them, the Kiel Canal locks can be used, if need be, as gigantic dry docks. Thus, with a closed canal, or even a partially closed channel, the German Fleet has at its disposal four massive dry docks, two at each end of the waterway.

Another advantage following on the improvement of the canal is that, as the surface level is now 334 feet wide, ships are enabled to pass each other in any direction at full speed. Special attention was paid to the curves, the water-levels here being considerably widened. Moreover, at suitable intervals new sidings were built, some of them stretching a distance of 4,000 feet. In these sidings alone, there being eleven all told, a fleet could lie at anchor without interfering with the passage of other vessels.

Then the existing bridges needed rebuilding, and the new high-level railway bridges, built of steel lattice-girders, are among the finest examples of this class of bridge engineering. The canal is crossed by two road bridges, five railway bridges, and sixteen wire-roped ferries. The railway bridges have each a clear elevation of 150 feet. The Rendsburg structure, situated about half-way along the canal, took three years to build, and is a marvellous piece of engineering work. With its



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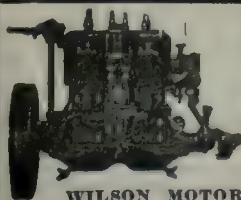

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approaches, the bridge has a total length of over a mile.

Accidents during night passages are made unlikely by the placing, at every 800 feet along the banks, of powerful arc lights, by which the waterway is brightly illuminated. Indeed, from entrance to entrance every foot of the channel is well lit, and can be navigated on the darkest night by any vessel at a fair speed.

A writer describing the opening ceremony relates how the Kaiser took up his position "in solitary grandeur on a special platform built for him above the bridge of his Imperial yacht. While he stood at the salute, the gleaming golden bow of the yacht broke through the strand of black, white, and red ribbon stretched across the locks. With this act the first passage of the enlarged canal was symbolized, and was followed by a salute of thirty-three guns from the combined German and British fleets assembled in the harbor at Kiel."

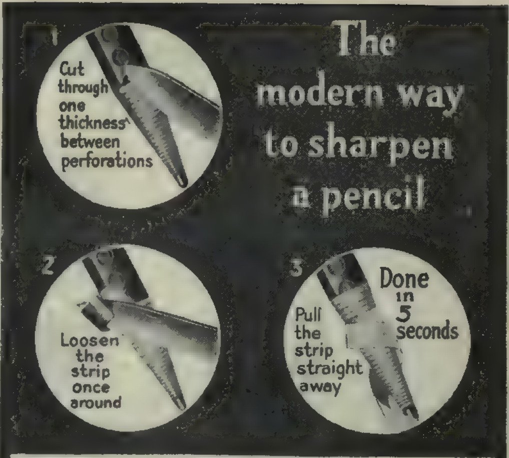
At dinner that evening the Kaiser made a speech, in which he said: "We must be in the position to carry out in reality one of the ablest sayings of the Iron Chancellor; we must so live that we can at all times say that we Germans fear God—otherwise absolutely nothing and no one in this world."

The canal is excellently protected at both ends against a possible attack by hostile fleets. The entrance from the Baltic is two miles south of Friedrichsort, where the strongly fortified coasts of the bay are only 2,600 feet from each other. At the North sea end it is amply protected against attack from the open sea by the forts of Heligoland, the batteries on the island of Neuwerk, and the guns of Wilhelmshaven. It may be argued, from a glance at the map, that Heligoland and Wilhelmshaven lie some distance from the mouth of the canal. Wilhelmshaven, for instance, is not in the mouth of the Elbe, but some miles to the south-west, in the estuary of the Jahde. Nevertheless, no hostile fleet, in time of war, when beacons and lightships are, of course, removed, could hope to prevent the Germans in the Elbe from reaching the Jahde at their leisure.

The two estuaries blend together into a larger estuary, which is, over a greater part of its extent, a network of difficult channels among many sandbanks, a few miles outside of which lies Heligoland. We all know to what extent that island has been fortified since its cession, and so long as it remains German the intervening water space must, at least while there is a German fleet in being, be regarded for all practical purposes as a German roadstead.

Thus we see the strategical reasons that led the German Government to spend £12,000,000 in improving the Kiel Canal and how, with Wilhelmshaven and Heligoland, this corner of the North Sea has become a formidable and strong German naval base difficult to attack from the open sea.

It was this combination of strength, perhaps, that led the great War Lord, as he surveyed the completion of his latest preparation for "The Day," to exclaim how the Germans feared nothing and no one in this world, only God.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At Flying Creek

Continued from Page 41.

when the time comes I guess you'll have to stop on alone."

Featherstone did not underestimate the significance of this threat for he knew what the result would be if his partner deserted him. Without Cerrita as pilot he could not hope to cross the great white barrier where eternal winter reigned between them and the southern world. Thus he was at the mercy of his partner.

Scarcely had Cerrita left the hut behind him when on the plateau below he saw something moving in the direction of the hut. That something was a wolf or a dog and, as it loped steadily on, Cerrita caught sight of a crimson cloth tied about its neck. He glanced behind him towards the hut—saw to his satisfaction that it was hidden from view by a row of wind-scragged larches. He saw too that he was in the direct path the dog would take, so he backed into the shadows to await the brute's approach.

With lolling tongue and half-closed eyes Cracker trotted up the trail in the morning sunshine but, within fifty yards of the spot where Cerrita stood, the dog suddenly stopped and sniffed the breeze suspiciously. Whether it was some strange instinct or whether it was really intelligence that warned him to avoid Cerrita one cannot say but, be that as it may, the brute vanished into the bush and made a détour of the spot where the man stood waiting. Five minutes later Cerrita caught a glimpse of it fleeing like the wind on the pathway above towards the cabin.

A wolfish gleam came into Cerrita's eyes as cautiously he retraced his steps. He realized that some sort of a crisis had come and that, to save his plans, he must stop at nothing. From a clump of thick underbrush near he saw Featherstone open the door of the shanty in response to the impatient whine that came from without. He saw the man untie the bandanna—it was Terry's bandanna!—from the dog's neck, and draw the sheet of paper from within it. Then Featherstone came cautiously down the trail, peering to left and right, and actually passed within a few feet of him. Evidently convincing himself that Cerrita was gone he turned back and went into the hut.

A minute or two later Featherstone came out with two coils of rope upon his shoulder. He had on his climbing shoes, and he trod carefully so as to leave no tracks. He headed out in the direction of the runway along which Cerrita himself had come last night.

Cerrita guessed now what was in the wind and silently he followed.

At the crest of the canyon, where the fallen tree lay across it, Featherstone peered down into the gloom and called to his partner. Dim and indistinct among the echoes the answer came. Cerrita could not hear what passed between them. He

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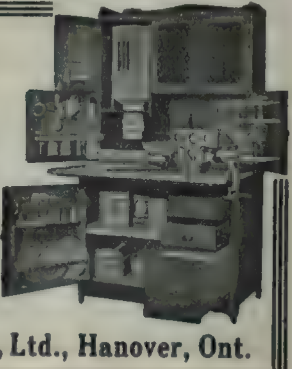

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kept at a safe distance, for he had not failed to notice the uneasiness of Cracker still following at Featherstone's heels. It was quite possible that the dog might give the show away.

But from his hiding place Cerrita saw Featherstone make his two ropes secure to the trunk of a larch at the edge of the gulch—one of the ropes for his own use, and the second to haul up Terry on his return. He waited till Featherstone had boldly stepped over the edge, and was cautiously groping his way down into the black void where Terry lay, then rose to his feet and hurried towards the place where the ropes were secured.

Next moment Featherstone, hanging giddily over space, caught sight of Cerrita as he prepared to cross the gulch by the fallen tree and, as their eyes met, Featherstone saw that his fate was sealed—that the man with whom he had to deal was mad, temporarily mad! There was no time to draw back to safety. In five seconds Cerrita would be upon him, desperately intent on sending him to his doom.

Next moment the madman was upon the tree—striding across it at reckless speed. Featherstone could see him silhouetted against the sky, when suddenly between the man and the opposite edge of the cliff appeared a sinister vision of shining fangs and bristling mane.

Cerrita paused, glared at the dog that barred his way with wide open eyes, and seemed for a moment to ponder the situation. Then wildly, recklessly, he hacked at the white fangs with his moccasined foot, and made a desperate leap for safety.

But the dog barred the way and exactly what took place Featherstone could not tell. He saw the man and the sled dog close together at the extreme edge of the cliff, the man on his knees, clutching wildly at the coarse hair around the dog's neck. For one awful moment they seemed to hang there, then a dark shape swung outwards and downwards, slipped silently through the flood of moonlight that fell into the gorge, and disappeared into the blackness beyond.

For some seconds there was silence, then again the whole ravine was filled with ghostly echoes, like the voices of a thousand souls in torment. On the brink above, peering savagely down into the blackness, stood a panting sled-dog—alone!

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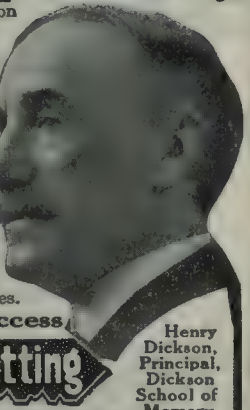

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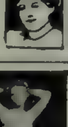

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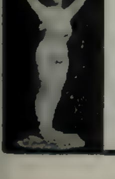

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Lancelotte

Continued from Page 49.

underwent from the grim carle, the open sneers at untrained eye and sinew, even blows, borne with set lips—being from a war-man—galled him less than the quiet scrutiny of a girl's grey eyes. Under that, while affecting unconcern, he nerved his arm to steadier control of spear and heavy war-axe, and laid arrow to long-bow with surer aim. Moreover, the muscles of his sword-wrist grew stronger and more pliant. Withal his heart still beat heavily on entering even the first shadow of the forest marge.

Twice, as time wore on, came secret messengers to the half ruined manor. When the second had ridden on his way, Lancelotte went pacing the hall for long hours, as one musing very earnestly.

The boy grew restless. "She still goes in sorrow for the Lord of Arz?" he suggested to Ainward.

"But thrice had she ever seen him," replied the other. "Far more dear to her is this war-wasted land of ours, whose need lies heavy on her soul, than love of any man; though high in her thoughts, as one strong in its defence, was my lord—a valiant sea-fighter against the Northland pirate hordes—Huelin dwelling here to hold Arz for him, the while, having no child other than this one. Ay, a maid that should have been war-thane to a King! No marvel Gisulf's hound had eyes for her!"

"How then came Arz Manor in such plight?" pressed the boy.

"How other should it be, when the puppet-king withheld from his widow weregild or any justice—thereby leaving all comers free to ravage unhindered; while Itho Edricsson hath stripped us of our men."

The boy averted his face. "Yet Conradin was king's march-ward in the west."

"The Raider was the juster man," returned Ainward. "What would you now?"

Odd lightness of heart had come to the boy. "Mend Arz wall!" he cried lifting a block of moss-covered stone from the earth to the gap whence it had fallen, reckless of straining thews. Ainward chuckled, and the boy turning, saw the Chatelaine regarding him with a quaint attention, hearkening, the while, to words that old Berga was muttering. Some of them came to his ears, and straightway his cheeks burned miserably. "It—it was naught!" he blurted.

"Naught, as you say, for a stout lad to lift a helpless crone from the marsh-pool where she lay bemired, and bear her safely home; nor is it any great matter that he should go back in the darkness to seek for the few herbs that she had been gathering, to ease her. So a task of other sort I set you, Grif. Make ready the moor-ponies, with all speed, for Ainward and myself. Until we return, I leave Arz in your hands to guard."

The boy started, incredulous; but there was no mockery in her meaning. Within the hour the forest branches had hidden

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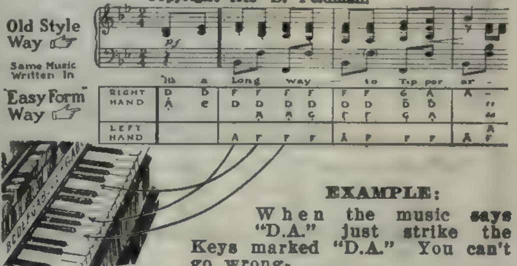
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the riders, and he was lord over a strange garrison indeed.

The weight of a broad kingdom had been feather-light beside the responsibility now burdening his shoulders. The knight was broken and querulous with pain. The feeble crone had care of tending him, grumbling at the need. Also, in odd hours she kept watch, of a sort, that the boy might snatch a little rest. At night he tramped the courtyard steadily, back and forth; and what sleep he took was caught lying across the gateway, that none might pass within. Often he sprang up from it, tense and cold, thinking he heard the wolf-pack's cry; but only the great lonely forest was there. He could not rid his memory of an unconscious appeal that had been in the grey eyes as the girl had looked back from the narrow path. He still hated her, of course, yet—she should see!

Days and nights passed. He had been given no clue as to the length of his wardenship, and he would not stoop to question Berga, even supposing she knew more than he. In the end, the two rode into sight when he looked least for them, one early dawn—mounted now, not on the shaggy ponies, but on powerful war-chargers.

Ainward dismounted, awkwardly, and would have lifted down his companion, heavily cloaked as she was, with his great gaunt arms, but she shook her head.

"No time for that!" she cried out, "if he who overheard us was of the wolf-pack! Rest have I had—what I need thereof. Arm him, and that with swiftness!"

The boy was waiting—for a look; but Ainward gave him no time for questioning. Roughly, avoiding the meeting of his eyes, he pulled him to one side and flung to him, from the saddle-bow, a burden that clanked in the misty stillness as it fell. A shield—ring-mail—a light winged helmet.

"For me?" he whispered. The words made no sound, but Lancelotte signed assent. This, be sure, was a dream—such as came to him when over-wearied. So was it also when, at her gesture, he mounted the second horse and rode by her side into the ghostly forest, spear in rest, swinging sword at his belt. The boughs were low-hanging, dew-heavy—and they must needs bend to pass beneath. After a space of time they were out on the open moor, but not on any beaten track. Following her lead still, he struck spur into the iron-grey charger, and at full speed they took the slope of a hill before them. Beyond it was more wild moorland, bounded on its farther edge by another line of forest, toward which they were heading. Hills might lie between them and the north, but fog rolled up and hid all, its fresh moisture bringing some clearness to his brain.

It was close on an hour gone when the Lady of Arz reined in to a walk and turned to him.

"Curt speech will serve," she said. "You may be king again."

"I?" he checked his horse.

"If we can win onward and reach a strong sword-band sent down for our safety, from Passe Hilari, by the western

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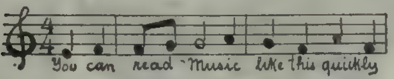

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thanes, before Itho Edricsson hath wind of our purpose from his spy. Pay heed, for now shall all be lost or won! The land must have a king! Valger, last of your house, hath his death-wound. The Silver Beard lieth in wait, ready to overrun the kingdom with an array of outlanders, eager to enslave and devour us. Better death than peace at his hands!"

Here eyes flashed a challenge to him, and quick flushes reddened her pale cheeks, half hidden by a close drawn hood. "Have you heart for the venture, like him of old, now that your hair hath again the length befitting a noble-born warrior?" she laughed, her look searching him intently. "Have you a man's courage?"

Courage—to stand firm, to kill, if need were, to win through? How could he be certain that it had grown up within him?

"I—I know not—" he stammered.

"But you *shall*, I say!" With a swift motion, she threw off the enshrouding cloak and was revealed in a coat of ring-mail, and steel-capped even as he. In her hand was poised a light lance.

"Unfitting were it that the King should ride into danger from Arz, and none of the house be at his side," she said. "Hearken!"

Through the silence on the moor came a far-off, muffled thudding.

"Onward!" she ordered, forcing the great steeds into a gallop with spur and blow. "Above is a point of rocks, reached but by a narrow cleft. There will we await what comes, whether it be the wolf-pack or the thanes' men. Two can hold off all comers—if we be not cut off from reaching it!" she added, for in the instant of speaking two dark figures loomed ahead of them. "Itho's wolves!" she gasped; and the next breath found swords ringing and clashing in the fog-wreaths. Then they were again out of the melee, pushing forward.

The boy was cold to the lips. Twice, as he thrust furiously, unreasoningly, sword-blows had fallen hard on him; and the breath shook within him. He dared not look at Lancelotte, who was somewhat before him, leaning against her horse's neck, as though discerning what was before them. How she would scorn his craven relief! "Craven!" the scoff rang in his ears. "Spiritless! Useless, but for bearing fagots and the like!" echoed in his brain.

The rocks were almost above them, now. A dark chasm opened ahead. The girl raised herself and pointed. She was swaying in the saddle. With a cry of rage, the boy drove his barbed heel into his horse and was at her side, catching her and swinging her in front of him as she fell.

"On!" she breathed. "Forward—up—the cleft!" He set lips grimly and obeyed. When they had reached a mighty heap of boulders that blocked their way, he dismounted, lifting her gently to the ground at his feet. Through the enlaced metal on her shoulder was a great gash—red and wet. He put down his head and listened—but not for any mailed feet on the stones below. All that was in his heart, now, was fierce desire to slay—coldly—steadily. He bent once more, then straightened up and strode forward to face those who should come.

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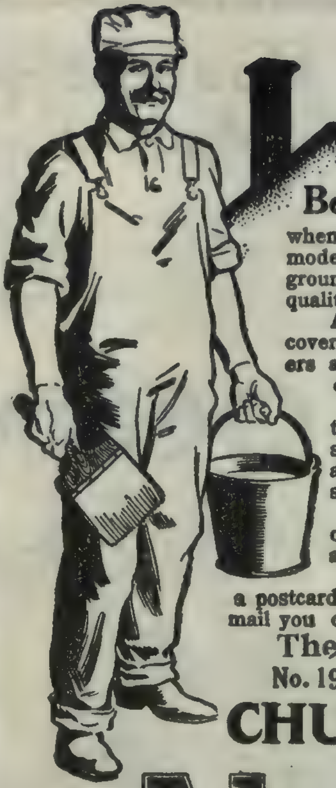

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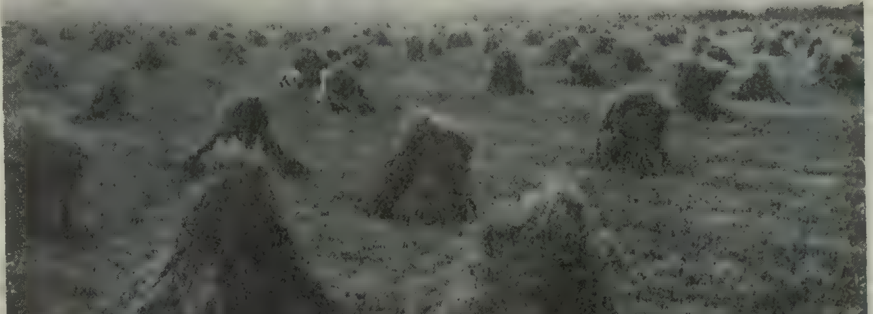

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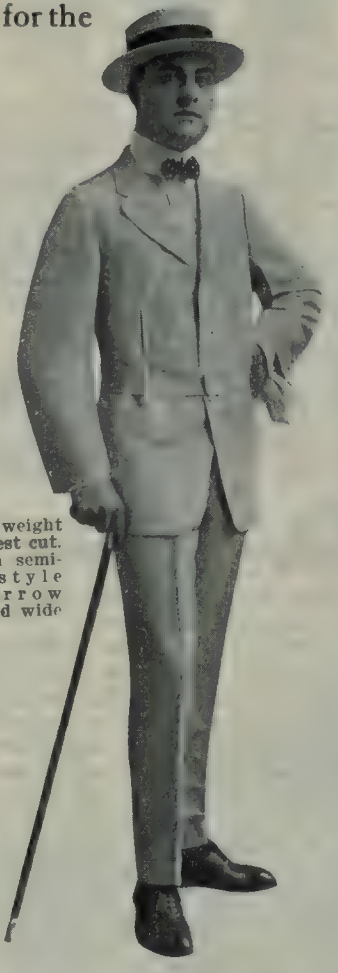
Enter the Tropical Tailored Man

A Dissertation on Masculine Styles for the Coming Summer



A tropical weight suit of latest cut. This is in semi-Norfolk style with narrow trouser and wide sleeve.

PERMIT me to introduce the tropical tailored man. He represents the very latest in sartorial departures; and those who are capable of reading the style signs of the times say he is going to be much in evidence the coming summer.

Men who can afford it will be seen wearing suits made of—silk! Silk coats, silk trousers, cut very loose and soft-draped with patch pockets and deep lapels unusually broad—such will be the vogue; and as the finishing touch—perhaps it might better be termed the last straw—leghorn hats!

It sounds extreme, freakish and effeminate but in reality the tropical tailored style originated in a common-sense desire to be comfortable rather than in the eccentricities of the Bond street "nut." Man has always sacrificed himself to convention in the matter of summer dress. Since convention mercilessly decreed cloth suits and stiff collars for business wear, business men endured the untold discomforts thus entailed. Periodic efforts have been made to get away from it, as witness the shirt-waist craze some years back. But alas, what the shirt-waist gave in comfort it took back in point of appearance. The thin man in a shirt-waist resembled a tent pole draped with pink bunting; and the fat man—no simile is available to show just what a fat man looked like in a shirt waist. Man cherished his dignity even ahead of his comfort and so the shirt-waist got short shrift.

And then several years ago an idea began to circulate around in circles where men's styles originate. Over in India, British officers and civilians managed to exist through the warmest seasons and to get through with as much comfort as possible under the circumstances. They wore loose suits of linen or silk, carrying ounces where the men in more civilized climes carried pounds. And what is more, they looked spruce and natty even in the most gruelling of weather. Here was the solution that mankind long had sought. Accordingly a few years ago the more wealthy of American men began to appear in silk, linen, duck and mohair suits, at first only at such places as Palm Beach and Newport, or for golf or horseback wear.

This year the vogue will go a step further. Silk and linen lounge suits will be worn; and what is more, worn to business. They will be worn on the Stock Exchange, in business offices and in stores. At first tan colors were seen for the most part with shades of grey and even dark blue. Now the style has developed and white silks will be much in evidence. Some hint that the tendency will be further developed in years to come and that in time we will drift into delicate pastel shades, pinks, yellows, mauves, nay even heliotropes and amethysts! What visions does this idea unfold before the terrified gaze of untutored man—matching of shades for socks, beg pardon hose, the combining of shoes, ties and hats into one harmonious whole—and all the problems relating thereto!

For evening wear men will sport tuxedo suits of mohair with sashes of surah silk to take the place of waistcoats; that is, some men will; in time, in all probability, most men will; and ultimately all men will. For, once emancipation from the summer wear of the barbarous stiff shirt and compressing, hip-hugging waistcoat has been gained, man will refuse to go back to the shackles of conventionality.

THE COLORED COLLAR.

The coming summer will not see many radical changes in the clothing worn by the everyday man. The lines of last year will be adhered to for the most part. There will be certain departures, of course, to mark the advent of the new season. Cloth-topped boots will be much in evidence, particularly of sand-colored variety. New ties will be worn—patriotic ties with the Union Jack worked into the pattern, sporty ties with loud colors and of doubtful design. Colored collars with colored stripes will also be seen, particularly a light blue shade with a dark blue stripe. These will stand out as the comparatively few eccentricities of a season of marked staidness and stability.

Suits will have the narrow English shoulder that has been the vogue for some

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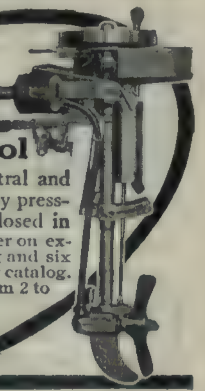

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time. The real note of the season will be the popularity of Norfolk styles, or perhaps semi-Norfolk would be a closer description. Shoulder pleats to give a loose effect will be a feature. The only marked change in the cut of the coat will be in the lapels. A narrower lapel will be worn this year, running out to a wider point and thus giving a triangular shape. Further, the lapels will not be rolled to such an extent as in recent seasons but will have a flatter appearance.

As stated above some eccentricities in ties will be seen but the general cravat rule will be toward simple designs and colors—as always. Wash ties are going to be a big feature this season. Collars will be quite markedly cutaway in shape and thus neckties will be fuller, done with a bigger knot. Soft collars and cuffs will, of course, be very much worn; another evidence of man's emancipation from the old set rules of sartorial torture.

And now a word as to hats. Shapes are going to be more conservative. The narrow-brim-and-high-crown horror will still be seen, of course, but in the general run of masculine headgear, the relation of width of brim to height of crown will be normal. Panamas in fedora shape will be the high novelty of the season.

The Style Trend

Something on what Women will Wear this Year

ASK any style expert what the one outstanding feature of the coming season is going to be and, after some deep thinking, the answer invariably will be: "Wider skirts."

Much wider skirts, in fact, though the widening will not be carried to the extreme that at one time was deemed probable. From hobble to hoop—there was much talk of hoop skirts last season—proved too radical a step for even the most daring of stylists; and accordingly the prevailing width will be somewhere around three yards. When it is considered that in the palmy days of the hobble, women navigated in skirts that did not measure more than a yard and a quarter around, it will be seen that the new skirt is after all quite a radical change. On the other hand when the fact is recalled that there have been times when women have had as much as seven yards of skirt circumference, it will be realized that the designers did not go nearly as far as they might have in getting away from the execrated hobble. Perhaps they have succeeded in hitting the happy medium.

The way of the style prophet is hard. A year and a half ago it was boldly proclaimed that full skirts would never come back. Life for women was depicted as just one hobble after another. Even that surest of prophets, that successful exploiter of heterodoxy, M. Paul Poiret, lent the distinguished sanction of his name to the statement. At a style show that he was presiding over, several models were hoisted on to the stage—they couldn't have climbed up unassisted, not without arousing the ire of the board of censors—in skirts that were almost as snug at the hem as they were at the belt. There was a general titter. "You laugh at them now," predicted M. Poiret. "You shall wear them soon."

Nevertheless the hobble has passed into the temporary bourne of oblivion from which all styles ultimately return; and today women can take a full stride and negotiate a street car step with impunity.

STYLES IN GENERAL.

The supposition that the situation in Europe would create a veritable saturnalia of military styles has not been borne out. Military influences have been felt and still are felt, but the tendency, if anything, is away from the military idea. Extreme models are seen, of course, and as a matter of fact the military idea is now confined rather much to extremes—head and feet. Boots and shoes are still distinctly martial. Buttoned and laced alike have braids, tassels, martial colors to mark the war influence. Bright red, Belgium blue, sand color are very much in favor for boots and shoes although it is a safe prediction that the percentage of colored shoes worn this year will not be very much larger than in past seasons.

THE NAVAL HAT.

In millinery matters the war influence was quite pronounced. Small round hats of a decidedly soldierly shape and appearance have been worn, and still are worn. There were "mitraille" hats, torpedo hats, zeppelin models, aeroplane styles, grenadier hats and so on. For summer wear, however, the trend will be rather away from these shapes and the war influence will be found chiefly in the manner of wearing headgear. Hats will continue to be worn at a saucy military angle; that is, well down over the right eye. The change may be accounted for by the fact that military hats are for the most part too snug fitting for warm weather.

Accordingly the influence of the soldier on millinery is being rapidly replaced in favor of that other active contender for the limelight, the sailor. Naval styles promise to be very strong for summer wear. This means, of course, sailor hats, worn at a properly nautical angle. And the interesting part of it is that these sailor hats are not so likely to be of straw as of crepe, Malines and similar materials.

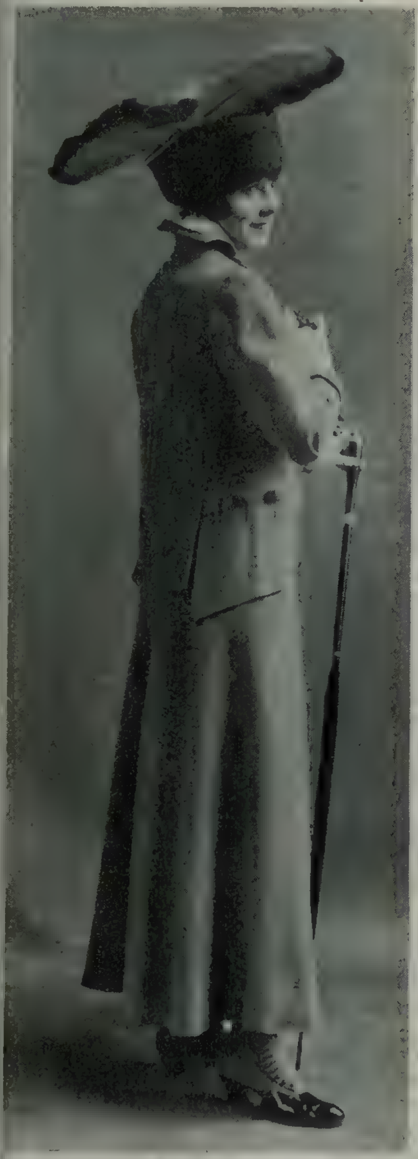
A BLUE SEASON.

The war has not affected the color question in the manner that might possibly have been expected. Colors are not going to be garish and gaudy. Flashy scarlets and glaring blues will not hold the boards.

The most direct evidence of military influence on the color question was the rather marked popularity of sand color; and it now seems certain that sand color is in danger of its run being prematurely checked.

It is to be a blue season with Belgium blue the decided leader. Next in favor will be black and white combinations, with Russian green, which is close to myrtle in shade, also a big favorite.

There will, of course, be the usual number of new novelty features. Gloves are eing worn with bandalette, binding and lasps in black. Frilly neckwear promises ell with side frills, jabots and fichus in avor. The Japanese influence will be arked in parasols and accordingly mushoom shapes will be popular, with striped nd checkerboard patterns.



A new Easter suit.

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The Latest Science—Housecraft

Continued from Page 44.

that the girls were obliged to climb the fire-escape to reach their lecture rooms.

I asked her frankly what the financial outlook was in settlement work since the training for it had became so long and costly. She thought it fair.

Miss Gregg was confident of the great opening for girls in social service. It is a busy life and one of self-abnegation, but with youth, health, and a saving sense of humor the years to come are full of rich promise for her.

Perhaps the vocation most logically derived from the study of household science is that of the dietitian. The demand for her up to the present far exceeds the supply and she prospers accordingly. Miss Eadie spent two years after her graduation as dietitian in the University Dining Hall. Her organizing and executive ability effected radical improvements in the service which her successor, Miss Violet M. Ryley, still speaks of with admiration.

"It simplified things for me," she said.

Those who claim to know, however, tell me that some of the credit for the oiled wheels on which the menage of the Dining Hall turn is due to Miss Ryley's own consummate management.

Miss Katherine Baird,
At Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto.

System, from what I could gather in a morning's visit, is the key to her success. Everything is systematized: from the buying of potatoes to the time-cards of the cleaners on the staff. She told me a delicious story which illustrates the spirit in which the untrained mind meets the scientific mind in the course of household management. She wrote a card of definite instructions for one of the cleaners, a probationer, assigning the time of his duties, which was posted in his department. Shortly afterwards her attention was attracted to the matter by the amusement of other members of the kitchen staff. On her first opportunity, therefore, and when alone, and dignity not in jeopardy, she examined the card in question, and read below her own directions a line in pencil reading: "During spare hours whitewash the coal!"

When we had stopped laughing I asked

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her: "Did you abate the rigor of your régime in consequence?"

"Not a jot," she said, "they must rise to my standard, or—depart."

Midway between the main body of the University and the Legislative pile in the park, there has been rearing for several years the grey stone walls of a new building which promises to be of great solidity and beauty. Hart House, it is called, being a memorial to the late Hart Massey, and its cost will be over two million dollars. Its main part is a noble Gothic hall destined to be the refectory of the University. Under its roof provision will be made for the Y.M.C.A. and the Students' Union, for a gymnasium, a billiard room, a shooting gallery, and most interesting of all, a perfectly appointed theatre where a national drama may yet be born.

At the present the authorities are contending with the difficulties of very cramped quarters in feeding the students, and Miss Ryley is serving on an average between 1,200 and 1,300 meals every school day in a space which provides for only 150 at one sitting. The students must be fed in relays which involves a serious loss of time to them, though it does not impair the service.

"The Dining Hall is not a money-making affair," said Miss Ryley, "but it pays expenses."

Her total expenditure last year was $33,000, nearly $23,000 of this being for food alone. The University gives the building—the old residence—and electric power and light. Miss Ryley and her staff of pupil dietitians live in the picturesque old quarters of the Dean. Twenty-one meals are served for $3.25, divided into strips of breakfasts, lunches and dinners. at an average cost of 15.4 cents per meal. What a skilled dietitian can accomplish in the way of satisfactory catering is proven by the increase in her patronage. Six years ago the average attendance was 200 students. After four years as head Miss Ryley has served 1,400 meals in one day.

This is not surprising. For, if all her menus are as appetizing as that of the luncheon I sampled, Hart House promises to be in a state of siege at meal time.

And the spotless cleanliness of it all! The order and calm amidst the haste!

"How do I plan meals? In two ways," she said, "Keeping in mind satisfactory bulk—*how* hungry those boys are after drilling for hours!—and nutritive value. We have an occasional test to find caloric value and nutritive ratio of the meals and in every case have found that the students are receiving more than the accepted standard per day in both respects."

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"I am just out of orange marmalade. Preparing this fruit gives employment to some of my staff at full wages throughout the summer. My cook I keep all year round."

Is there any work so important as the dietitian's! Nothing can take the place of food in the human economy! Not all the other influences combined can equal in profound effect upon the welfare of a household the influence exercised by food nd the way of regarding food. On this ietitians are agreed.

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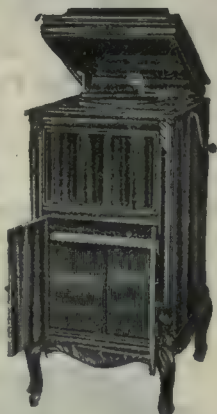

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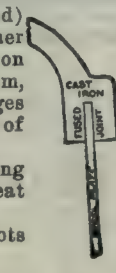

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Miss Ryley is a graduate of the distinguished "normal class" already quoted, and after graduation entered New York City Hospital as a pupil dietitian. The opportunity to practise the principles and theories taught in the class room and laboratories is always sought in some active field of work, if only for six months, under an experienced dietitian.

The experience of Miss Katherine Baird, dietitian on the staff of the Sick Children's Hospital, Toronto, has been varied and interesting. She, too, owes her training to Miss Laird, in the normal course. She afterwards joined the staff of Victoria Hospital, London, Ont., as dietitian and held the post for three years. She contributed six months' service to Kingston General Hospital and a course of lectures on dietetics to St. Vincent de Paul Hospital, Brockville.

"This is a vocation coming rapidly into demand," she stated. "For many small hospitals are unable to maintain a resident dietitian yet must have their nurses taught to prepare food. Qualified dietitians find positions readily, both in residential schools, public institutions, high-class restaurants, and, in fact, wherever large numbers of people must be fed. In hospitals the dietitian is absolutely necessary. Diet has become so important in the treatment of disease. Even in the last year or two this has increased. Diet is held to be part of the cure. Salaries are very good for dietitians. Better than for nurses. The social life is interesting, and the work varied and pleasurable.

"One gets quick results. We do not often enough consider the number of people who are actually starving simply for lack of knowing *what* to eat. Every day people are brought to hospitals about whom the doctor's most important orders are to feed them back to health. They are afraid of nutritious food. They are so accustomed to a starvation diet that appetite has ceased to be a guide. They say that a cup of coffee and a slice of toast is quite enough for their breakfast! We all know that the body is a machine that burns its food for fuel to produce its heat and energy. How much heat and energy can be derived from such a meal? If taken in time such wrecks sometimes recover."

Rational feeding is the ideal that actuates the work of Miss S. Lillian Peace, as dietitian in the cafeteria of the Y.W.C.A., still carrying on its admirable work in the circumscribed quarters at 209 Yonge street.

Winsome Lillian Peace. Her young benignity makes a haven of an eating room. She has had a rest room fitted up on the third floor with quiet and harmonious furnishings, couches with pillows and rugs, screens for privacy, easy chairs writing materials, papers, magazines, and cut flowers.

"A home-like room," she explained, "for the convenience of the girl in business. I am sorry we have so little space for the purpose."

Miss Peace is a Toronto girl, educated in city schools and a graduate of the normal class of the Lillian Massey School of Household Science.

Her post graduate work was carried on as pupil dietitian in the University Dining Hall. Then she undertook the man agement of the cafeteria which she has directed for four years.

The animating principle is to give the best possible food at a low cost to business women, this being made possible by eliminating service, the customer selecting her food from the steam tables and counters and carrying it to the tables on a tray.

Miss Peace's quarters are so small that she has to manoeuvre to manage at all. Yet her tiny kitchen provides for an average of over 650 patrons a day. Midday dinner and supper only are served. She specializes in appetizing menus for every meal, constantly changing the combinations. The cafeteria is not run for profit, but is self supporting.

This solicitude for others' welfare is the keynote of social service. It is further developed in that branch associated with the hospitals and probation courts, a course of training in which has recently been organized in Toronto General Hospital. Already, a group of earnest young people has been attracted to it.

But that is another story.

In concluding this writing it may be said that its design has been to serve as a guide to those who are pausing ere they take the first step on a career, uncertain, perhaps, in which, of so many directions, to proceed.

In the light of present-day experience one certainty must occur in any decision. And that is, that whatever the choice, the new standard for women's work demands for her a scientific training.

The Jade God

Continued from Page 35.

solved. That should free us from any suspicion of theft."

Despite Hallam's earnest protests that it was quite unnecessary, the party locked up the apartments and traveled in a body to the nearest police station, where they told their story and submitted in turn to a second search. Detectives were sent back to the rooms with instructions to search them thoroughly. And the net result was again the same.

Each man then went home, Hallam going along with Burnside Jackson on the latter's invitation.

"It's all right, fellows," he said cheerfully, to the downcast party before they separated. "It's now quite certain that none of you have it, so you don't need to worry any more. Guess the mysterious priests got it. Case of black magic. Good-night, all of you."

But Locksley Byrne was still not satisfied. He had heard that Brandon Bracey, a club acquaintance had something of a reputation as an amateur detective and, on leaving the police station, he proceeded at once to Bracey's rooms. The latter luckily had just come in from the theatre and listened to the story of the strange theft with interest. It did not take much urging to get him to work on the case. They visited the police station again and Bracey, whose connection with Anson Hogarth had won him official recognition, readily obtained permission to visit Hallam's rooms. He spent a full hour there. In the morning he took Byrne along to lay the case before the armchair wizard.

* * *

"I SEARCHED the apartments thoroughly," reported Bracey after Byrne had finished his story. "There was, of course, no trace of the missing article. I did find one thing, however, which should throw some light on the case."

He glanced at Anson Hogarth, who still sat huddled up in his chair in an attitude that did not betoken a very keen interest in the matter. The latter straightened up and nodded slightly.

"I found the telegram and the envelope in which it came where Hallam had thrown them into the waste basket. The strange part about it is that *there was not a word written either on the telegram or the envelope.* Apparently he had opened the envelope, made a pretence of reading the message and then crumpled them up and thrown them away."

"That clears the whole thing up," said Hogarth, with a laugh. "A very transparent case, Bracey. I got a little light as the story unfolded but the telegram episode cleared up the last doubt."

"But wait," admonished Bracey. "I haven't told you all. On the back of the envelope is a message scrawled in lead pencil. Better read it before drawing any conclusions."

Hogarth took the crumpled envelope that Bracey handed him, smoothed it out and studied the message that had been pencilled on the back. It read as follows:

> Sir,—I am being followed. There are two of them, both short and yellow, much like Chinese. Can it have any connection with the warning?
>
> C.—

It was several moments before Hogarth spoke. He carefully examined the handwriting which gave evidence of having been done in a hurry.

"This lends confirmation to the other salient facts on which the solution rests," he said slowly, "but it also introduces an entirely new phase of the case, one of strange possibilities. As to what happened in Hallam's apartments, there can be no doubt on that score. Find Hallam's man Charles before he gets in touch with Hallam and you will find the jade god. Charles has it."

"But," demurred Byrne, far from convinced, "how could he get it? Who took it off the table?"

"Hallam himself," said Hogarth in quite a matter of fact tone. "If the reasons for arriving at this conclusion are not entirely clear to you, I will run over the main points for you."

"I'll be much interested in finding out what grounds you have for suspecting

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Hallam," said Byrne, with a dry laugh. "I assure you the reasons are not entirely clear to me."

"There is nothing of suspicion about it," replied Hogarth. "It is really quite self-evident."

"There is one logical point from which our investigation must start," he went on. "The missing article was not carried out of the apartments by any one of the six men who were present in the room when the theft occurred. You were all searched before leaving. Walking in a body, it would be impossible for any one of you to dispose of it *en route*. Arriving at the police station you were all searched again; and ability to make a thorough search is one of the few qualifications that can safely be ascribed to the police. We are quite justified in assuming, therefore, that the jade god was not carried out of the apartments by any of you.

"On the other hand it is equally clear that the article was not left in the apartments. Immediately after the matter was put in their hands, the police searched the rooms thoroughly. Mr. Bracey has himself gone over them since. I feel absolutely certain, therefore, that the article is no longer on the premises.

"Only one explanation of its disappearance is left to be considered therefore. The article was taken away between the time that it was missed from the table and the time when you all left and locked the rooms up. Only one man in the party had any opportunity to accomplish this—Hallam himself. You will remember he went to the door to receive the telegram. What easier than to palm the charm to the man outside when the envelope changed hands?

"But now let us see how this explanation fits the facts of the case. *Everything points to Hallam's having arranged for a messenger to call at that very time.* Supposing it was necessary to have the interruption occur immediately after the telling of the story. It would, of course be necessary to start the story at a certain length of time before the time set for the arrival of the messenger. Hallam looked at his watch before starting to tell about his jade god.

"When the knock came, *the serving man did not make any move to answer it, despite the fact that he had answered the door before when the message arrived for Byrne.* Why did he not answer in this case, unless he had received instructions not to answer a call which would come at a certain time? You will remember also that the knock was in the nature of a 'quick, decisive, double rap'—in other words one that could be distinguished from the knock of any person who might come on any other business. It is logical to suppose that the precaution of arranging a distinctive rap would have been taken.

"Again, when Hallam got up to answer the door, he knocked over a brass table at his right hand. A man living in rooms crowded with valuable curios mostly all of a decidedly breakable description, would soon acquire a rare degree of care in all his movements. It was an exhibition of unusual clumsiness, the upsetting of the table; but see the valuable purpose it may have served. A certain amount of confusion was created; all eyes were for the moment withdrawn from the table. The opportunity was thus created to cleverly palm the jade from the table without its disappearance being immediately noted. And remember, Hallam immediately walked to the door to receive a fake telegram!

"That last point, of course, is the strongest proof we have against him. The fact that he accepted a telegram without any address on it without making any comment, that he opened it, pretended to peruse a blank sheet of paper and then carefully crumpled up both envelope and telegram blank and threw them away is convincing proof that the summons had been carefully planned in advance. Taken in conjunction with the other facts of the case, as I have outlined them, it becomes absolutely certain that Hallam himself had taken the charm and had smuggled it out by the messenger.

"If any further proof is necessary consider his subsequent conduct. After the room and each member of the party had been searched—measures not proposed by himself—he was prepared to let the matter drop. When Carstairs proposed the trip to the police station and the locking of the apartments he opposed the idea very energetically. Apparently he was satisfied with a more or less perfunctory effort to solve the mystery.

"The identity of the messenger who delivered the bogus telegram is the next point to be considered. It is significant that Hallam's old serving man was absent on this particular evening. Charles is described as loyal, efficient and resourceful. We know that he often assisted Hallam in his curiosity hunting trips. He would undoubtedly be the logical person for Hallam to select for this work. Hallam's explanation of his absence was that he had been taken sick, but Farthing was positive he had seen Charles below when he entered the building that evening. As a clinching argument let me point out that the message scribbled on the back of the envelope began 'Sir' and was signed 'C.' It is therefore, an established point to all intents and purposes that the messenger who brought the telegram and carried away the jade god was Charles himself.

"It may be thought that the message written on the back of the envelope was the reason for its delivery; which, of course, would seriously upset my line of reasoning. But the fact that a telegram blank was enclosed in a sealed envelope shows that the note written on the back was an afterthought. Charles wrote the message after he had prepared the bogus telegram; probably he did not know until that late that he was being followed. You will notice that the writing shows signs of hurry and I should say, of some agitation as well. Then the fact that Hallam accepted the unaddressed envelope and opened it is of significance as it shows he was expecting to receive it. Possibly he did not notice the writing on the back at all.

"It is perhaps not as difficult to find the motive as it would at first seem. Conjectures which might be made from the general evidence in the case are strength-

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How about it, boys? Model No. 10 holds all the championships of America from 1901 to 1914 without a break, Championships of Canada from 1907 to 1914. What better evidence can you have than this? "Dean" Canoes have the "stuff" that makes them winners. Get a "Dean" and enjoy the pleasure of paddling with a craft that responds to every mood. Light, graceful, durable—perfect in design—every line built upon a quarter of a century's experience. **Dean Canoes Make You Famous**

Ask for our catalog "M" and make your selection from the various styles. You'll pick a winner.

WALTER DEAN - - Foot of York St. - - TORONTO

FRANCO
PENLITE

"PENLITE"—An Electric Fountain Pen Novelty

"Penlite" is a perfect fountain pen imitation. Has clip attachment, and can be carried in the vest pocket just like an ordinary fountain pen.
It gives a flashlight that is astonishing to the unsuspecting. A "Penlite" will afford you a great deal of amusement. Moreover, it has practical features. Is excellent in times of emergency and convenient for numerous occasions. Doctors and Dentists will find it invaluable for their work.

"Franco" Wireless Flash-Lights

FRANCO TRADE MARK

have many features not found in the ordinary kind. The fibre cases prevent short-circuiting. An ordinary flashlight will short-circuit when thrown against metal—not so the Franco. The Franço is so contrived that new batteries can be replaced easily. They automatically adjust themselves. This feature has its advantages. The life of the "Franco" outlasts others. Look for the **Franco** trade-mark. It is a guarantee of superiority and satisfaction.

ASK YOUR DEALER
To show you FRANCO Wireless Fibre Electric Flashlights. Also ask for booklets. If your dealer cannot supply, write us direct. Remember to get Penlite, the latest electric fountain pen novelty.

Interstate Electric Novelty Company of Canada, Limited
220 King Street West - - - TORONTO, ONT.

ened by the startling information contained in Charles' note. I am convinced that Hallam believed an effort would be made to take the jade god away from him. He probably believed in the story he told last night and may have been living in expectation of the coming of strange priests from a far away country—men with occult powers. It is certainly true that Hallam prized the jade above anything he possessed. It was the bright gem of his collection and, if he were animated with the zeal of the confirmed collector—as I believe he was—he would endeavor to keep possession of it by almost any means. The likeliest explanation of the affair is that he sought to throw these unknown parties off the track by faking a robbery, cleverly playing on the tradition that the article mysteriously changed hands every six months.

"A new element, and one that I confess is strangely disturbing, enters with Charles' note. He refers to the fact that he is being followed *by two men, short and yellow* and adds *can it have anything to do with the warning?* Is there then any truth in this story that the priests of an unknown creed have been tracing a stolen image that was sacred in their eyes? Are we to judge that Hallam had already received warning that the image would be taken from him?

"As there is no satisfactory evidence, we can only indulge in conjecture on these points. The case appeals to me, however, as passing strange. If our guess proves to be the truth then the deception that Hallam has attempted may prove a very serious matter for him. I would advise that he be seen without delay."

During the latter part of Hogarth's exposition he had frequently been interrupted by the loud shouts of newsboys on the streets below calling out extras. He now directed Bracey's attention to this and asked that a copy be secured for him. Bracey returned in a minute or so and silently handed the sheet to the armchair detective. This was what Hogarth read, spread across seven columns in large type:

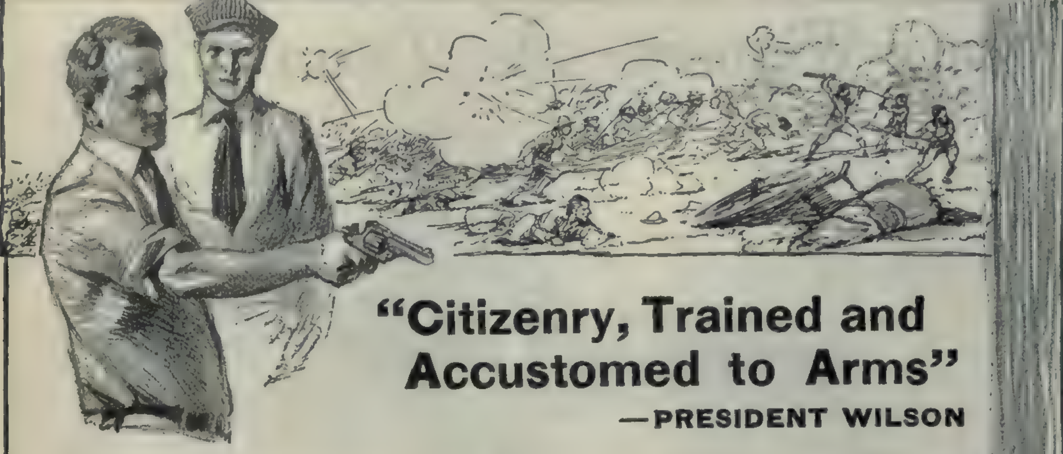
PORTLAND STREET MYSTERY SOLVED.

Body found this morning proves to be that of Albert Charles, valet of Douglas Hallam, who himself figured last night in a sensational robbery case—Charles was the victim of an unknown poison, injected into the brain—Strange features of a most mysterious case.

For a moment there was silence in the room.

"The jade god is on its way back to the temple where it belongs," said Hogarth.

A compact and portable electric fan for sleeping-car berths, now being introduced, is operated by the current used for lighting the car. The blades are inclosed in a light but substantial woven-wire guard, so that it is impossible for the fan to cause injury to the passenger or damage to the car fittings. The fan is designed to be hung up in the berth, and measures but 4½ inches in diameter over all.



"Citizenry, Trained and Accustomed to Arms"
—PRESIDENT WILSON

Get accustomed to gun powder. Learn to shoot straight. That's at least 50% of a soldier's equipment.

Perhaps the training will stand you in stead in some moment of personal danger. The lives of your wife and children may sometime depend on your steadiness and courage. The best weapon to practice with is the

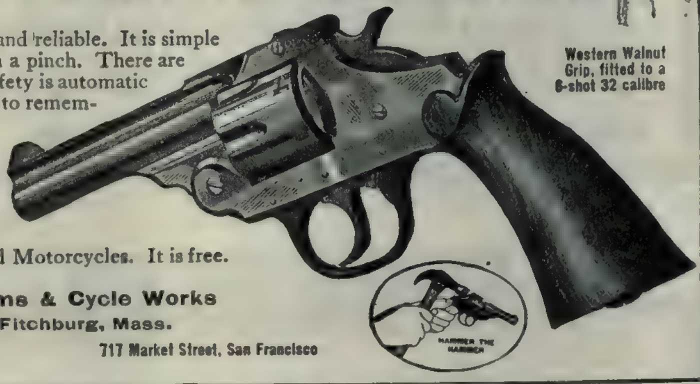
IVER JOHNSON
SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

It is absolutely safe. It is accurate and reliable. It is simple in operation and will not fail you in a pinch. There are no levers to adjust or forget. Its safety is automatic—part of the action. All you have to remember is to pull the trigger.

Costs $6 at Hardware and Sporting Goods Stores

Send for an 84-page book on Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles. It is free.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
296 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers Street, New York 717 Market Street, San Francisco


Western Walnut Grip, fitted to a 6-shot 32 calibre
HAMMER THE HAMMER

TORONTO-OTTAWA
SERVICE
BETWEEN
Toronto Union Station & Ottawa Central Station
In the heart of the Business District — Nearest to Principal Hotels and Places of Business

ONE NIGHT FOR THE ROUND TRIP
WITH A HALF DAY IN OTTAWA

Convenient Service to Port Hope, Cobourg, Colborne, Brighton, Trenton, Belleville, Napanee and Smith's Falls.

NIGHT TRAIN	DAY TRAIN
P.M. A.M. Lv. TORONTO 11.00....Ar. OTTAWA 7.40	A.M. P.M. Lv. TORONTO 10.20.....Ar. OTTAWA 7.05
P.M. A.M. Lv. OTTAWA 11.00....Ar. TORONTO 7.30	NOON P.M. Lv. OTTAWA 12.15.....Ar. TORONTO 9.15
(DAILY)	(DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAY)

Day trains leave at hours particularly attractive to ladies, also to business men who can attend to their morning mail before leaving Toronto

CANADIAN NORTHERN

TICKET OFFICES: 52 KING STREET EAST AND UNION STATION

The Confessions of Sir Horace Lazenby

Continued from Page 25.

swarming over that low-lying spit of dirty land. In scarcely any time after the sea had wiped Callao off the map, merchants were back on the same soil again. The high ground in the rear of the city proper could not hold them. The ships had to come to the nearest point for cargoes. Therefore, risk or no risk, the land trade came down to meet the ships with their sea-trade. Callao, in short was one of the focusing points of the great thing called Commerce. Here was a strategic point for the exchange of goods. Here, as in the Thames, as at Havre, or Hamburg, or Montreal, Halifax, St. John, Vancouver, Victoria and Prince Rupert to-day, was a convenient point for the caravans of sea and land to meet. And here, as in all other great ports, was competition!

Fascinating, of course. Night after night, coming off duty after my turn with the loading gangs—we had unshipped our lumber and were taking sugar for Seattle —I lingered with my fellows of the fo'-csle or alone, puffing a short pipe and starring out over the rail at the city's murk. I loathed the city but it commanded attention. It was like watching a McGill-Varsity football game, or a big Ottawa hockey match, or like—did you ever, as you were going in or coming out of Montreal, to or from Toronto, see the Grand Trunk and the C.P.R. trains race with one another for the short distance over which the tracks are parallel? Did you ever see the driving-rods straining, the fireman on the opposite train sweating in the glow of the open fire-box, the faces of the passengers pressed in white blurs against the pane of glass, to see whether your train or their's was gaining? The feeling of exhilaration, the desire to enter the struggle and be a part of the great warring factions of *trade*, came to life within me as I watched sordid Callao. Were there not young and old men working to the limit of their strength to sell their goods at better advantage than their competitors? Were there not others, putting every ounce of cunning into making keener purchases than their competitors? Were there not men in that dull-looking, sweating city, directing every particle of energy toward making each process in business better than the last—better than the other fellow's? I took a long breath. This was a better business world than I had sensed from the security of old Vandervort's office. There I had seen the side of the man who had won. Now I glimpsed the other side, the side of the man who says "I will win!"

I can remember the plan I formed that night. I would stay with the ship as far as Seattle. There, with what wages were coming to me, I would desert. I would get back to New York by some means or another and get into trade. No office work for me. No application to Vandervort for help. I wanted to handle merchandise: to buy and sell: to reach and—yes, over-reach if I dared: match my wit, my judgment, my skill and wit against

It will pay you to write for the "'YANKEE' Tool Book," as offered in this ad. It shows all the "YANKEE" Tools for boring in wood, drilling in metal, driving and drawing screws, illustrates the tools in use and tells of their time- and labor-saving benefits for you.

"YANKEE" Ratchet Breast Drill
Right- and left-hand Ratchet
Double right-hand Ratchet

No. **1555—3**-jaw chuck
No. **555—2**-jaw chuck

Two Speeds: changed instantly, with drill in work.

Five adjustments, made with Shifter between the small gears: (1) Plain drill; (2) Left-hand ratchet; (3) Right-hand ratchet; (4) **Double ratchet**; (5) Gears locked.

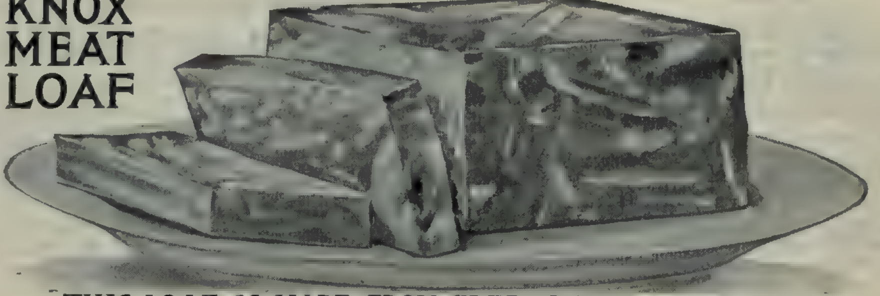
In **Double Ratchet** adjustment, any movement of crank, to or fro, and no matter how slight, causes drill to feed continuously.

Your dealer can supply you

Write for "'Yankee' Tool Book" for mechanics and householders, or for "'Yankee' Tools in the Garage" for motorists.

"YANKEE" TOOLS
Make Better Mechanics

NORTH BROS. MFG. COMPANY, Philadelphia



KNOX MEAT LOAF

THIS LOAF IS MADE FROM "LEFTOVER" MEAT AND

KNOX SPARKLING GELATINE

Soak 1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine in 1 cup cold water 5 minutes. Add 1 onion, grated, and stalk of celery to 1 pint rich stock, well seasoned, and after boiling a few minutes, strain and pour over the softened gelatine. Add juice of a lemon, and when the jelly is beginning to set, mould in 2 cups cooked and chopped veal, chicken or other meats. Slice and serve on platter.

Send for FREE Recipe Book

It contains many economical Dessert, Jelly, Salad, and Pudding Recipes. It is free for your grocer's name. Pint sample for 2-cent stamp and your grocer's name.

CHAS. B. KNOX COMPANY, 502 Knox Ave., Johnstown, N.Y.
Packed in Johnstown, N.Y., and Montreal, P.Q.

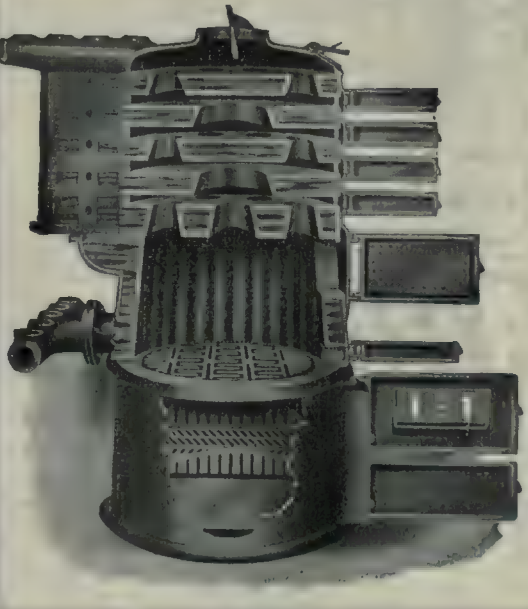
KNOX
SPARKLING
No 1
GELATINE

Yellow Package

KNOX
SPARKLING
ACIDULATED
No 3
GELATINE
CHARLES B. KNOX CO.

Blue Package

Make your specifications read "Sovereign" Hot Water Boiler



When your Architect, or the Builder of your new home, gives you the choice of any of the **best** boilers made, consider well the exclusive merits of the "Sovereign"—the boiler with the **larger first section** and the wide flared flues adapted for burning hard or soft coal or wood.

A little thoughtful inquiry will lead any person interested in the house heating problem directly to the "Sovereign". Ask your friends who are householders.

Write us for the Sovereign Bulletin.

TAYLOR-FORBES
COMPANY, LIMITED

Toronto—1088 King Street West.
Montreal—246 Craig St. West.
Vancouver—1070 Homer Street.
Winnipeg—Vulcan Iron Works.
Calgary—P. D. McLaren, Ltd., 622 Ninth Ave.
St. John, N.B.—W. H. Campbell, 16 Water St.
Quebec, Que.—Mechanics' Supply Co.
Hamilton, Ont.—W. W. Taylor, 17 Stanley Ave.

Head Office and Foundries: Guelph, Canada

To All FORD OWNERS
STOP CRANKING!
EQUIP your CAR with a
PERFECTION
SELF-STARTER
Don't get out in front. Start your Car from the seat.
$25.00 Complete, f.o.b. Hamilton.
Can be installed in 1 to 2 hours by any mechanic.
Live Agents Wanted. Write Us Now.
The Perfection Auto Starter Co.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

No Labor
No Danger
No Inconvenience
Strictly Mechanical
Easily Attached
Always Responds

NOW FOR THE JOYS OF CANOEING!
Have You Everything in Readiness?
In selecting a canoe, look for strength, beauty of line, speed and carrying capacity. The C. C. C. canoes have all these features. The construction is thorough. The smallest detail is given careful attention.
There are many reasons why the C. C. C. should be your choice. Catalog "A" explains. Write for one.

The Canadian Canoe Co.
Peterborough, Ont.

WINCARNIS as a
Blood Tonic
Our blood is composed of red and white corpuscles—the red to nourish the body, the white to fight disease. In Anaemia, the red corpuscles are more or less deficient. Thus the blood cannot properly sustain and nourish the body. The eyes become dull, the face white, and a feeling of intense weariness pervades the whole system. There is nothing so effective in Anaemia as 'Wincarnis.' Because 'Wincarnis' floods the body with *new, rich, red blood,* which gives a sparkle to the eyes, brings the roses into the cheeks, and gives *new* vigour, *new* vitality and *new* life to the whole body. Will you try it?
Price—Pint Bottles 90c, Quart Bottles $1.50
Begin to get well FREE Sign the Coupon Below
WINCARNIS
The Famous English Tonic
FREE A LIBERAL trial bottle will be sent you upon receipt of ten cents in stamps to pay cost of packing and delivery. Send to-day to Frank S. Ball, Canadian Agent.
MR. F. S. BALL: Dept. "1" 114 Jarvis St., Toronto.
I enclose 10c. Please send me a trial size bottle of WINCARNIS—Free.
NAME ....
ADDRESS ....

the other man's. And all other men's! The full strength of the sea seemed to be behind me. I saw no obstacles. I saw only opportunities to match my strength against other men's strength in business. The fo'csle became a mere incident and the round of work and abuse did not touch my inner plan. I had a new dignity, a self-confidence based upon a big plan in life, and the strength and confidence to tackle it. I knew too little of real business to be afraid.

III.

THREE days out of Callao I did for George Hoover, the mate. This is not a confession of murder for I was tried and acquitted by the captain—or say rather the captain's wife. Anderson, to whom I mentioned this fact before starting to write this chapter, was first of all horrified, then vaguely uneasy. Now I think he understands it.

The many outbreaks between the bucko mate and the land-lubber recruit had not resulted in complete victory for the mate. There had been many encounters but, on the advice of a wise old seaman whose bunk was over mine, I never tried to do more than defend myself well. To beat George Hoover in a fight meant, said the old seaman, sure death. Hoover's authority would be gone and the only recourse open to him then would be some trick, some foul manoeuvre, that would put his opponent out of the way.

Three days out, in heavy weather, the mate came forward with a quarrel ready-made in his own mind. He would have no d——d gentlemen aboard the ship, and if the captain wouldn't teach me manners, by ——, he would. The details don't matter. The other members of the crew who saw the fight said that Hoover struck first. The fight was going evenly enough, when I placed a left on the mate's jaw. Seeing the right coming, he endeavored to escape it, lost his footing and came down with the roll of the schooner, on the deck. Under his head was the edge of the iron coaming, intended to keep the ordinary wash of the deck out of the small shelter space beneath the fo'csle head, and leading to the fo'csle proper. Hoover died.

Out of the fo'csle, as the first mate fell, came a younger man, William Hoover the second mate, brother to the first. He had better reach and twenty pounds the better of me in weight. I went down in shamefully short time. It was a brutal affair in which the second mate's boots figured after I was down. I have a scar in my cheek and another on the temple—from William Hoover's boot. It was copper-toed. When I came to Hoover was first mate, and was declaiming to a circle of sailors, the captain and the captain's wife sitting at the head of my bunk, how I had killed his brother. The captain's wife merely nodded her head and made a clucking sound with her tongue. The captain wrote down in the log-book my statement of the case, for fear I should die. They expected me to die then, but when I recovered they tried me. Though the mate and a half-dozen of his partisans stood on the other side, the rest of the watch, led by the little old woman, maintained my defence. The captain wrote a

Makes Things Hum on Washday!

Six Minutes to Wash a Tubful

This is the 1900 Motor Washer that is revolutionizing washday. It runs by **motor power** at a cost of 2 cents a week. Does the washing and wringing so swiftly and well that housewives can scarcely believe their eyes when they see the clean clothes out on the line **hours ahead of the old way!** It washes a tubful of dirtiest clothes in **Six Minutes —or even less!** Wrings the clothes with equal rapidity and **better than by hand!** It's more like **play** than **work** to use this wonderful washer.

1900 Motor WASHER

Sent on Free Trial!

No trouble to keep servants when you have this Motor Washer. They delight to use it. It is the finest washing machine in the world. **The trial will prove its supremacy.** We gladly send the complete outfit, including Wringer—at our expense—to any responsible party for four weeks' severest test in the laundry. Try it on heavy blankets, rugs, dainty laces—everything! Study its design and construction; unlike any other washer. We take it back at our expense if you decide you can do without it. Terms, cash or small monthly payments.

Electric or Water Power—Take Your Choice

If your house is wired for electricity, you can use the Electric Motor Washer, which attaches instantly to an ordinary electric light fixture. If you have running water, of sufficient power, you can use the Water Motor Washer. Each style does perfect work.

Write for Fascinating FREE Books

Read the amazing story of the 1900 Motor Washer. Then send for one on trial and see the wonders it performs.

Address me personally, M. H. Morris, Mgr.
THE NINETEEN HUNDRED WASHER CO.
357 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.
(Factory, 79-81 Portland St., Toronto)

UNDER THE SOFA

NO room is too small for a "Peerless" Folding Table, because it is so compact that it may be slipped under the sofa when not in use. Ready in a jiffy when you want it - for sewing —for lunch—for any one of a hundred uses. A

PEERLESS FOLDING TABLE

is the greatest comfort imaginable. Every housewife knows, without being told, the myriads of ways in which it comes in handy. Thousands of families who are using it daily wouldn't be without one. Your Furniture Dealer has it, or will get it for you. Ask him.

Made in Canada

Write for FREE Booklet B, describing our "Peerless" and "Elite" Tables

HOURD & CO., LIMITED
Sole Licensees and Manufacturers
LONDON, ONTARIO

long account of the evidence of each man in the log, and signed his own verdict, laboriously.

I was released from irons. But a week before we were due at Seattle a belaying pin was dropped from nowhere, close by my feet. A partisan of Hoover's was aloft at the time. Other petty accidents took place now and again. At Seattle, as we lay to, waiting for a pilot the night of our arrival, the Captain's wife sent for me.

"Look'ee, young man," she said, as I faced her and the captain in the little combination chart-house and bed-room for the captain, "Yon Hoover means trouble for ye ashore. The captain here, and m'self have been thinkin' of y'r case. Y'r pay is eighty dollars. When we get alongside the wharfage the captain will send ye with a message ashore—with the customs papers and himself. Ye will go up through the city with him on his message. There will be none leave the ship at the same time. But ye must fend for y'rself after ye deliver the message."

On the flood tide we heaved over a line to the pilot's boat. At two in the morning we were made fast by the snubbing posts of the Eagle Wharf. At dawn, as arranged by the captain, I was to come aft for my message. As I stepped out of the fo'csle door I was met with a glancing blow in the face. I knocked someone over and ran. Others leaped in my path, silently. I reached the captain's door and found the skipper muffling himself for his journey ashore. I took his letter and making a rude excuse, left him, ran up onto the poop and down the long plank that had been laid from the stern to the wharf. Some one, not the captain, darted over the plank in my wake, stumbled and with an oath fell into the waters of the harbor. I paid no heed. A water-front policeman made to stop me but was too sleepy.

In an hour I was out of the vicinity of the Seattle waterfront in a small tavern apparently frequented by real estate dealers. I was reading the address on the letter which the captain's wife had given me.

(To Be Continued.)

What Canada Loses by Waste

Continued from Page 22.

solutely essential. Yet farmers neglect to bother with it. The result is what? A waste of butter because of poor quality. In the last five years, Ontario has lost almost entirely its butter market in the western provinces, because of the deteriorating quality of the product. Witness the comment of Mr. L. A. Zufelt, Director of the Kingston Dairy School: "It is quite evident that much of our butter will not command the highest price and will gradually grow in disfavor unless we maintain a standard, if not better than, at least equal to the best foreign imports."

Hear Mr. J. A. Ruddick, Dairy Commissioner for Canada: "It is significant

AN ATMOSPHERE OF FRESHNESS

pervades the room after the furniture has been dusted and polished with

IOCO LIQUID GLOSS

Moisten a cloth with Ioco Liquid Gloss instead of dry dusting. It keeps the dust from the air, cleanses, polishes, and disinfects. It makes old furniture and floors look like new and the whole house more livable.

Ioco Liquid Gloss will polish any highly finished surface. Try it on your motor. It both cleans and preserves the varnish.

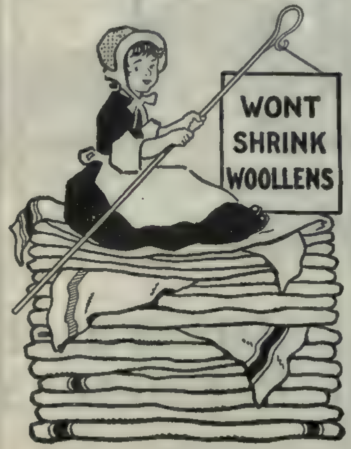
Dealers everywhere.

THE IMPERIAL OIL COMPANY
Limited

BRANCHES IN ALL CITIES

No. 251

Made in Canada



LUX

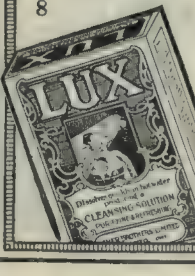
BLANKETS are luxuriously clean, soft and fleecy when washed with LUX. Every housewife knows that blankets are very liable to shrink in the wash and become hard and thick. LUX is the ideal preparation for washing blankets, all woollen things, fine laces, etc., because it cannot shrink them.

LUX is the economical cleanser — it dissolves readily in hot water—makes a foamy, cream-like lather which coaxes rather than forces the dirt out of clothes.

8

Sold at 10 cents

Made in Canada by Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto.



BOOKS

We have a limited number of sets of the Canadian Copyright Edition of

GEORGE ELIOT'S WORKS

The set consists of 12 volumes, bound in full cloth, stamped in gold, and originally sold for fifteen dollars. Our price—**$5.00**, express paid.

THE HUNTER-ROSE CO.

12-14 Sheppard Street - - Toronto

that while the demand for butter from the East has decreased, the direct shipments from New Zealand to Vancouver are expected to be 25 to 30 per cent. larger than last year." This was uttered in January, 1914.

Hear, yet, Mr. I. W. Steinhoff, speaking at Stratford last year: "I have before my mind a lot of 190 boxes handled during the past season of western Ontario butter, upon which the finish was so bad that in any discriminating market it would affect the selling price to the extent of one-half to one cent per pound."

Is not this the most gross waste—to produce an article that should bring a good top price, and spoil its sale by slovenly methods of finishing and marketing?

Ontario makes good cheese—another dairy product—and the world market keenly awaits it. But we spoil its sale and damage its fair name in two ways. First, by shipping when it is still "green." In his report for 1914, the Dairy Commissioner for Canada says:

"The practice of shipping green immature cheese still continues with many factories and the writer believes it is the most serious danger that threatens the export trade. It means that the consumer in Great Britain is being offered an article which does not suit his taste."

The second loss comes through the use of too fragile packages. Not long since the writer heard the following statement made by a prominent cheese expert, Mr. Robert Johnson: "We often find twenty-five broken cheese boxes in a 100-box shipment. Many of the cheese themselves contain large rat-holes or similar defects."

Which, in the reader's opinion, is worse: to waste by failing to produce where one might, or to go to expense of production and then waste the product? Why produce cheese if we are to spoil its chance on the world's markets by shipping it while still green, or enclosing it in boxes which will not withstand the usages *en route?* Surely, the remedy for these defects is apparent and simple.

AND CONSIDER EGGS.

Figures regarding the waste of eggs in Canada are quite unnecessary. At every step in their progress from hen to household, they suffer enormous losses by wastage. On the farm countless thousands of dozen lie for weeks in hidden, so-called "new" nests; once gathered on the farm they are held much longer than is permissible if they are to remain fresh; at the country stores they bask in soap boxes in some sunny nook till past redemption and, finally, at the wholesale house they are candled, sorted and graded and from thirty to fifty per cent. set aside as belonging to those named but unnameable degrees which in reality mean simply "unfit for use." The wholesale house deducts the "rejects" from the total shipment, disposes of them to the best advantage, and remits the merchant who consigned them the value of the accepted eggs. He stands the loss, as the farmer was paid by the dozen, good, bad and indifferent. While all this loss is going on on Canadian farms and in Canadian stores, Canadian consumers are forced to

You need not shake this bottle

H.P. SAUCE

is so perfectly blended—there is no sediment—the last drop is as delicious as the first.

Easy For The Housewife

DUSTBANE has taken the unpleasantness out of sweeping. You sweep in comfort, without flying dust or dirt, with a little sprinkling of **DUSTBANE.**

Brightens carpets, disinfects the room, purifies the air. **Try it.**

From your dealer

Where there is a broom there should be

DUSTBANE

Avoid Substitutes

DUSTBANE
A SANITARY SWEEPING COMPOUND
DUSTBANE
THE DUST KILLER
TRADE MARK REG.
Is a Dust Absorber and Germ Killer
It cleanses floors and brightens carpets
MANUF'D BY
DUSTBANE MFG. CO. LTD.
OTTAWA CANADA.
FACTORIES
WINNIPEG, MAN. ST. JOHN, N.B. OTTAWA, ONT.

Chiclets

REALLY DELIGHTFUL

THE DAINTY MINT - COVERED CANDY - COATED

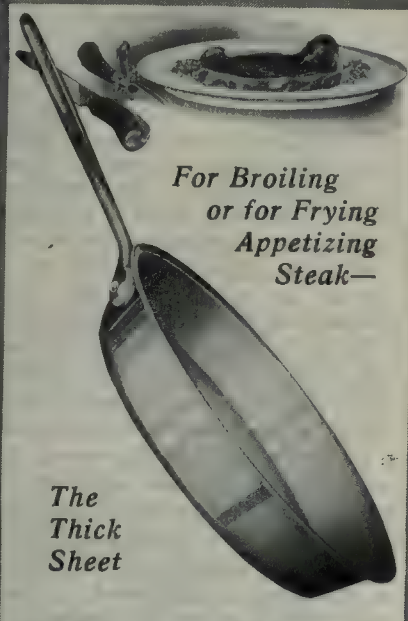
CHEWING GUM

The "BEST" LIGHT

A soft, luminous light, which casts no shadow. Brighter than electricity or acetylene. Makes and burns its own gas. **Costs 2c a week.** No dirt, smoke nor odor. Over 200 styles, ranging from 100 to 2000 candle power. Absolutely guaranteed. Write for illustrated catalog.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
466 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



"Wear-Ever"

Aluminum Fry Pan

is excellent because it stores up such a large amount of heat that it sears the meat immediately, cooks thoroughly and quickly.

The enormous pressure of rolling mills and stamping machines makes the metal in "Wear-Ever" Pans dense, hard and smooth.

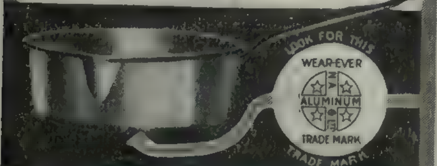
Because the "Wear Ever" Pan stores up more heat than ordinary fry pans, a large amount of heat should be applied to the pan when first placed over the fire in order to "fill" the pan with heat. As soon as the pan is heated throughout, the amount of heat should be reduced.

Replace utensils that wear out with utensils that "Wear-Ever"

"Wear-Ever" utensils are stamped from thick, hard, sheet aluminum, without joints, seam or solder—cannot chip or scale—are pure and safe.

"Wear-Ever" utensils are made by Canadian workmen in the largest and most modern factory of its kind in Canada.

If not obtainable at your dealer's, mail us 10 two-cent stamps and we will send you, prepaid, a 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan. Send for our leaflet, "Appetizing Recipes with the 'Wear-Ever' Fry Pan."



Northern Aluminum Co., Limited, Dept. 44, Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me, prepaid, a sample 1-qt. (wine measure) "Wear-Ever" Stewpan, for which I enclose 20 cents in stamps—money to be refunded if I'm not satisfied.

Name ....Address ....

import eggs each year to the number of over thirty million dozen.

In a recent issue of a current magazine appeared a story throwing a lurid side-light on another form of farm waste. Two men driving over the prairie saw, behind an unused barn and hub-deep in drifting snows, a new-model Ford automobile. It had given good service during the summer and fall and had been stored in what a pioneer not irreverently called "God's implement shed"—under the blue sky. How many snow-covered mounds on prairie farms to-day represent waste of farm machinery? On how many farms of Eastern Canada is the old, thick-grown orchard the only storehouse for farm implements. How long will a one-hundred-and-fifty-dollar binder remain efficient if left during the entire season at the mercy of the elements? Statistics would show that, in Western Canada particularly, the loss per annum from ruination of unprotected farm machinery is appalling.

Waste must not be taken to mean alone the waste of the whole or primal product; the term applies quite as much to the by-product or refuse which may be involved. We in Canada do not waste very much of the wheat and oats we produce, however improvident we may be in their production. But we do waste—and that most flagrantly—certain by-products of our wheat and oats. These grains are cleaned in elevators at Fort William and Port Arthur and a material called "screenings" or "cleanings" remains. Last year there was at these two ports almost two million bushels of this material. What became of it? Shrewd Americans came over and took back with them over 50,000 of the 60,000 tons of screenings piled at our two upper lake ports. We retained a paltry 10,000 tons for ourselves. What became of the 50,000 tons? Listen to these facts, as given by an expert of the Seed Branch:

"A large proportion of elevator screenings is of good feeding value. The American feeders and feed manufacturers imported last year 50,000 tons of our screenings, against an *ad valorem* duty of 10 per cent. and freight charges to Chicago and Buffalo by lake and rail. The finished products, in the shape of dairy and poultry feeds and even mutton and eggs, are returned to Canada against more freight and duty charges. Last year we imported from the United States over 13,000,000 dozen eggs, costing over $2,500,000 and over 4,000,000 pounds of mutton and lamb."

Is that waste? Why not preserve and feed those screenings at home? If no one else ventures, why cannot the Federal Government maintain flocks of sheep at Port Arthur and Fort William to turn into profit our two million bushels of wasted food product?

Ontario is being urged to greater production. Wheat is being sowed on what formerly was pasture land. Farmers have been heard to say, "My cattle will suffer this year for lack of pasture." Why? Stretching across this province, covering the northern half of six or seven counties, from Ontario county eastward, is a belt of land unsuited to tillage. It is rocky in

THE
LONDON GLOVE
COMPANY
ENGLAND'S GREAT GLOVE STORE FOR
ENGLISH-MADE GLOVES

No Intermediate Profits **Warehouse Prices**

Ladies' Washable Doeskin Gloves, in Pure White, will wash splendidly with soap and water and retain their whiteness. (British made). 2 large pearl buttons. **66c** per pair.

No. **307. Extra Quality. A Good Washing Glove** (English made). Stout, White Doeskin, Reindeer finish, Prix-seam Sewn, 2 large Pearl Buttons. **93c** per pair.

Washable Degrain Gloves, our own specialty, a beautifully finished, British-made glove; the skins are delightfully soft, smart in appearance and excellent in wear. Ladies' White or Chamois colour; Men's in Chamois Colour only; No. 1 lightweight, Pique sewn; No. 2 stout make, Prix-seam sewn, **79c** per pair.

No. 308. Ladies' Strong Chamois Leather, Prix-seam sewn. Reindeer Points. 2 large Pearl Buttons. **69c** per pair.

No. 310. Ladies' Best Quality Chamois Leather. Hand-sewn with strong Black Thread. Special Cut Thumbs. 2 Pearl Buttons. **85c** per pair.

No. 326. Men's Best Quality Natural Chamois, Prix-seam Hand-sewn with Black Thread, Special Cut Thumbs, 1 large Pearl Button. **79c** per pair.

The "Blenheim" Ladies' Best Quality Fine Cape (British Made), in White, Tan, Oak, Dark Grey or Black, Spear Points, Prix-seam sewn, 2 Press Buttons. **91c** per pair.

The "Canadian" Buck Finish, in Ladies' or Men's. Excellent wearing (British Made), Prix-seam sewn, in Tan or Grey, with Self-sewn Points. **95c** per pair.

Real Deerskin Gloves, in Dark Tan and Dark Grey, Prix-seam sewn (British Made), 2 Press Buttons. Ladies' or Men's. **$1.34** per pair.

Real Reindeer, the Company's Best Quality (British Made), Prix-seam Hand-sewn, Self-sewn Points. Very Special Value. In Tan or Grey. 2 Buttons. Ladies' or Men's. **$2.17** per pair.

A complete Price List of Gloves and our renowned English-Made Hosiery may be obtained free on application to The Ontario Publishing Company, Adelaide Street West, Toronto. Mail Orders despatched by next steamer.

Remittances by International Money Order, payable to The London Glove Company, General Post Office, London, England.

Address all letters—

THE LONDON GLOVE CO.
CHEAPSIDE, LONDON, ENGLAND

The Spring House-cleaning

makes ever-increasing demands on the strength of the busy housewife—and the necessity of having such a convenient and useful and labor-saving article as the

CONNOR
Ball-Bearing
WASHER

to help out at this busy time is brought home very forcefully.

Why not provide for the doing of the heavy washing in the easiest and most satisfactory way possible by writing us to-day for full particulars?

We can supply a machine anywhere in Canada.

J. H. CONNOR & SON, Limited
Established in 1881. **OTTAWA, ONT.**

Ask yourself this question:—
Why should any piano be called

"Canada's Biggest Piano Value?"

Now think! That claim must be either true or not true. Twelve hundred Canadian families proved its truth to their own satisfaction last year. They wrote to us for the proofs. They made a thorough investigation, and they satisfied themselves, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the

Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano

was **one** of the world's **few great** instruments—by all odds **the world's best** piano at the price. So they endorsed our claim in a **practical** manner by buying 1,200 Sherlock-Manning pianos. If you are thinking about buying a piano, why not investigate our claims for yourself? Just write, asking us to prove two points to you: First, that the Sherlock-Manning is **"Canada's Biggest Piano Value."** Second, that the Sherlock-Manning is one of the world's **best** pianos.

Style 105—Louis XV

INPORTANT: We'll prove these claims true and show how you may own one of these superb instruments and SAVE $100.

WRITE DEPT. 9 TO-DAY FOR HANDSOME ART CATALOGUE F. 42

THE SHERLOCK-MANNING PIANO COMPANY
LONDON (No street address necessary) **CANADA**

HOTEL GRISWOLD

Grand River Ave. and Griswold St. - Detroit, Mich.

DETROIT'S MOST POPULAR HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY.
RATES $1.50 PER DAY AND UP.

POSTAL HOTEL COMPANY

FRED POSTAL, Pres. **CHAS. POSTAL, Sec.**

254

Big Bottle
Ask your doctor
All Druggists.

Keep Young

Some people are always youthful, full of vim and energy, but those who are at the mercy of a weak digestion, with its consequent loss of appetite—oftentimes severe dyspepsia—will become worn out before their time.

Wilson's INVALIDS' PORT
(à la Quina du Pérou)

postpones the encroaching frigidity of advancing years. It is unexcelled as a vitalizing tonic as it is a blend of nourishing, building, bracing, palatable ingredients.

spots with interspaces richly grassed, well wooded with cedars and firs and abounding in fresh-water lakes. It is a great natural pasture ground. Besides, there are thousands of islands in our great lakes—isolated, rich in fodder grass and on the trade routes of Canada. Why not use this great belt of Ontario, now absolutely wasted, for the herding of sheep and cattle?

Impracticable—utterly impossible you say? Perhaps so. Yet one man, a Toronto lawyer, has the run of 16,000 acres of this land—practically for nothing, it being Crown land—on which he keeps a large number of cattle. These graze all summer and during the late fall months are fed on baled hay and grain in the shelter of dense evergreen bush. About Christmas time, the cattle come to Toronto market in good condition and bring good returns, nearly all of which is clear profit, above the capital cost of the animals. If a man can do this, why not a company or a provincial Government? We would rather let the millions of acres of good natural feeding ground go to absolute waste.

"Open an office in Toronto in any year and you can get 5,000 idle men to enroll themselves as desiring employment." This is the declaration of one who this winter has overseen the transfer of hundreds of idle men to temporary or permanent occupation. If his statement is true, even in a lesser degree than his words imply, surely this is waste—waste of labor, waste of men. The great surplus the city has is labor; the country is crying for laborers. Why cannot the waste of labor be overcome, or alleviated, by the inauguration of some such system as the Labor Exchanges of Great Britain? This is far too young a country to be tormented by what seems to be a permanent condition of unemployment affecting thousands. This year, at least, one does not need to dwell upon the "waste of labor." It is too painfully apparent.

The instances of wastefulness of national character are innumerable. And in seeking a general reason for such prodigality, it is possibly because of the lack of thrift and economy in the private practice of the individual. At any rate sufficient evidence has been shown to impress upon the popular mind of Canada the need for a national economy which might be expressed in the words, "Watch and Waste Not."

Fish Driven from North Sea

A curious feature of the European war is the effect that the heavy cannonading by warships has had on the fish of the North Sea. It is reported that great shoals of fish came up into the rivers and canals of Holland, leaping out of the water as they sometimes do on a summer day, and that there were swarms of fish in places where they had never been found before. It is thought that the cannonading disturbed the fish.

Two Women and a Man

Continued from Page 18.

pulled it from its confines every time she did her hair!) the flicker of her fringed eyes and the tiny dimple hiding in the corner of her mouth; he watched until a dull ache tortured him and his breath became uneven.

She nodded an answer to his questions without turning her head. Then when he talked on, she turned and looked him steadily in the eye. "Don't keep chattering to me during the performance," she scolded. "It is awfully bad form."

He understood the unspoken command and turned dutifully back to his hostess, not without asking, however, with high-handed impudence: "Do you always observe the conventions?"

She laughed and shook her head.

"So you like him?" asked Mrs. MacTavish as she prepared to bid her hostess good night.

"I think he is absolutely perfect" gushed the other with childish impulsiveness.

"Tut, tut, my child! Not so fast! Our brave Wood—or rather I should say, Crompton—is no gilded saint; he is as far from perfect as the imagination will carry you. Attractive, I grant, but poor and ambitionless."

"How can you say that?"

"Why, look at him! He is poor because he ordered a frugal dinner—not the sort one would take if one had eaten well a few hours earlier, rather the sort which s nourishing but inexpensive. And his clothes were old. His linen was cheap but immaculate, as they say in books, and yet he does nothing to remedy these little nconsequentialities, as you must have gathered from his own conversation."

"You mean he has no sort of employment?"

"Obviously not."

"Well, I don't care! He is the most dorable man I ever met, and you were imply dear to introduce him to me."

"No trouble at all! Glad you find him musing. And as our cousins say, *nous errons ce que nous verrons!*" She aughed, pushed Kate into her own room nd locked the door.

At six o'clock the following evening hen Kate was beginning to dress for inner with Crompton, Mrs. MacTavish y inert in bed. She coughed several imes.

"I am in for a case of influenza," she heezed. "Couldn't stir from here." The ight of the other's face brought a hoarse ttle laugh.

"Oh, you are to put on that coral crepe nd go, yourself, my dear! It would ardly be fair to disappoint poor Wood t the eleventh hour."

"But I can't go and leave you," protested Kate, almost thinking for the moment that she meant it.

"Oh, horrors! Are you one of those uman blights who sit around with a oultice in one hand and thermometer in e other? Who listen with an ear on the atient's chest for each sneeze and who sist upon keeping a sick person company? If you are, you should be arrested.

$60.00 a Week and Expenses

That's the money you should get every week. I mean it. I want county sales managers who will accept a liberal, square partnership. No experience needed. My folding bath tub is the finest thing ever. Solves the bath problem in every home, without plumbing or water works—full size, movable, and folds up like an umbrella. I tell you it's great! GREAT! Rivals $100 bath room. Everybody wants one AT SIGHT! Listen to the big money in this for you! I want YOU to handle your county. I'll furnish demonstrating tub on liberal plan to any energetic, honest man or woman, Why not YOU? There is big money in this chance. Opportunity only comes once in a lifetime.

YOU! YES. YOU CAN GET IT

Two Sales a Day-$300 a Month

That's what you should get Why? Because so easily bought, so badly wanted. Modern bathing facilities at last for any home! Quick sales and immense profits. Mr. Smith took 18 orders first week. Mr. Meyers made $250 first month. Mrs. Newton made $60 in three days. You should do as well. The work is very easy, pleasant, permanent and fascinating. Look into my offer.

DEMONSTRATING TUB FURNISHED

Little capital required. I grant credit. Run your own busines. —I back you up and help you out Believe—accept—act right-now—you must win big money, like my other agents. Get your own bank account like the others. Act quick. Send NO money—just name on post card for particulars of free tub offer. Hustle!

H. S. Robinson, President
THE ROBINSON CABINET MFG. CO., Ltd.
141 Walker Bldg., Walkerville, Ont.

Whiz!! a gunshot sent daylight through her sides

Luxfer Prisms will shoot daylight into a dark, dingy store, office or basement with scientific accuracy more certain than the shot of a modern machine gun.

LUXFER PRISMS shoot the cheap, bright daylight into the most elusive places, making every corner bright and serviceable.

Why keep on using expensive artificial light when you can get the healthy, cheerful daylight free? Let Luxfer Prisms cut down the heavy expenses of artificial lighting.

Write for Catalogue "L," which shows how you can shoot daylight into the darkest office, store, factory or basement.

Luxfer Prism Company, Limited, 100 King St. West TORONTO, ONT.

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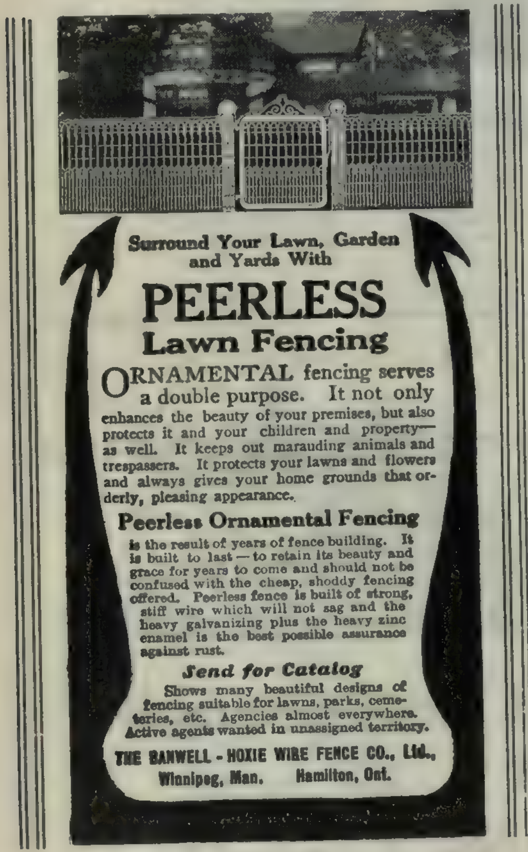
Save Money on Speed Propeller Wheels, Reverse Gears and Marine Hardware.

EVERYTHING NEW AND UP-TO-DATE

We want every man who builds, owns or sells boats to get our 1915 free catalog. Prices right, satisfaction guaranteed, immense stock, prompt shipment, money saved by getting catalog to-day.

MICHIGAN WHEEL COMPANY
1126 Monroe Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.



Surround Your Lawn, Garden and Yards With

PEERLESS
Lawn Fencing

ORNAMENTAL fencing serves a double purpose. It not only enhances the beauty of your premises, but also protects it and your children and property—as well. It keeps out marauding animals and trespassers. It protects your lawns and flowers and always gives your home grounds that orderly, pleasing appearance.

Peerless Ornamental Fencing

is the result of years of fence building. It is built to last—to retain its beauty and grace for years to come and should not be confused with the cheap, shoddy fencing offered. Peerless fence is built of strong, stiff wire which will not sag and the heavy galvanizing plus the heavy zinc enamel is the best possible assurance against rust.

Send for Catalog

Shows many beautiful designs of fencing suitable for lawns, parks, cemeteries, etc. Agencies almost everywhere. Active agents wanted in unassigned territory.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA

THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets, will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in May, 1915, successful candidates joining the College on or about 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to 15th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.

Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1915.

Further details can be obtained on application to the undersigned.

G. J. DESBARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service.

Department of the Naval Service,
Ottawa, January 8th, 1915.

Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—72858.

You should be punished by law! The idea of any one sitting about and watching my heart beat, so to speak, would drive me into hopeless delirium!"

"Do you think I should go alone?" asked Kate, feebly.

Mrs. MacTavish sat up long enough to look about for a missile to hurl.

"Did you not come here for adventure?" she croakingly demanded. "To get away from crushing respectability? Do you not like Wood and see that he is a gentleman? Are you not six and thirty by your own admission?—and that would from an ordinary woman mean about three and forty: And are you not able to call a policeman if you need one?"

The grateful creature threw herself on her knees beside the bed and cried a few hysterical tears.

"Oh, please don't think me a perfect cow," she wailed. "I want to go—so much—I am ashamed to tell you! But, I know he will be bored with just me. What shall I talk about?"

Words of impatience which had risen to Mrs. MacTavish's lips died there as she looked into Kate's intense face. She thought a moment.

"Talk to him about yourself," she advised. "Not about what you long for and haven't, but about what you do. Don't hesitate to let him know about your money and—well, your capabilities. Don't hide your glimmer under a cloud. Tell him all the funny things you told me, such as the case of the husbands clustering in the hall and drawing lots to see who will take you home. Keep your wits about you and be amusing. Watch what he eats and see that he is served twice to the things he likes. Pour his coffee yourself and remember that he takes two lumps and no cream. Whatever you do, DON'T talk about me—I loathe having my ears burn, and I want to go to sleep."

As the door closed upon Kate and a too obvious odor of hyacinth dispersed, Mrs. MacTavish got up and began to dress. She made an excellent dinner in the hotel and spent the evening with a novel and box of chocolates for company.

Kate came into her room the next morning, her ample proportions encased in an expensive pea-green negligée. Mrs. MacTavish still wheezed.

"So the evening was a success?" she asked.

"Absolutely, as far as I was concerned. But I know he missed you, and it was absolutely useless, trying not to talk about you; everything we said was incomplete unless we mentioned you."

"For instance?"

"Well, for instance—we were speaking of Christian names. I told him mine and he said that Katherine had always been a favorite of his; that his sister who died was called Katherine. Did you know her?"

"No. Go on!"

"Of course I told him I was not even Katherine, but just plain Kate to which he answered that there was something infinitely comfortable and reliable about Kate; that it would be an easy name to come back to. Queer idea, isn't it?"

"Very."

"Then I said your name suited you, and he agreed with me."

"He agreed with you?"

Catalog Free

The Outings You Look Forward To

Make them real, all-play-and-no-work outings—with a stout, dependable Wisconsin Row Boat Motor to swing you over lake and stream, swiftly and tirelessly. Be sure it's a WISCONSIN motor—perhaps the new "Wisconsin Junior" shown here. Then you won't have to tinker with your little power plant to keep it on the job. You can always bank on a

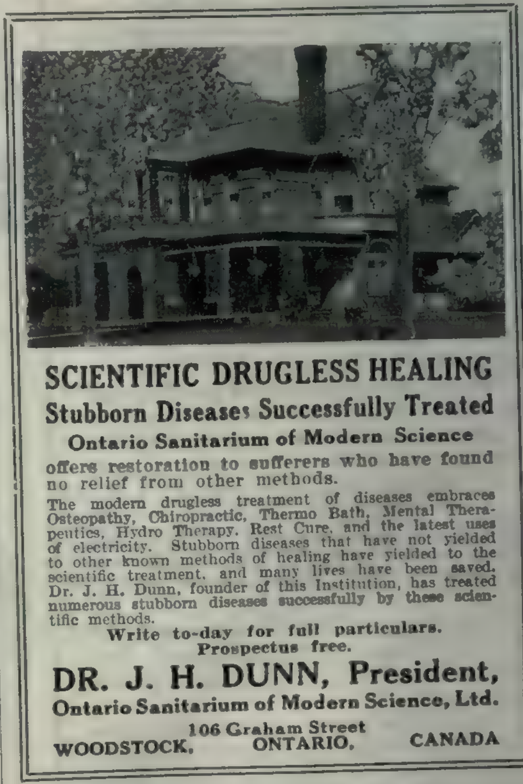
WISCONSIN Detachable Row Boat Motor

The motor shown here, the "Wisconsin Junior," is the latest addition to our line. It meets the demand for a thoroughly reliable row boat motor at a low price.

The distinct features of the higher priced Wisconsin Motors are clearly visible in the "Junior": Same power plant—2 horse-power; same ignition, Battery or Magneto; same wide range of adjustment. Vertical and Horizontal. The Independent Rudder is replaced by a swinging propeller with self locking tiller. A twist of your wrist locks the propeller in the desired position—no more tired arms from holding the tiller against the natural propeller thrust—no more of the constant watch of the tiller to maintain a straight line course. Write to-day for our Free Catalog W, showing full line of seven models.

DEALERS: Here's a Wisconsin you need in your store. There's a big demand for a GOOD motor at a low price. Cash in on it!

Wisconsin Machinery & Mfg. Co., Kelly St., Milwaukee, Wis.



SCIENTIFIC DRUGLESS HEALING

Stubborn Diseases Successfully Treated

Ontario Sanitarium of Modern Science

offers restoration to sufferers who have found no relief from other methods.

The modern drugless treatment of diseases embraces Osteopathy, Chiropractic, Thermo Bath, Mental Therapeutics, Hydro Therapy, Rest Cure, and the latest uses of electricity. Stubborn diseases that have not yielded to other known methods of healing have yielded to the scientific treatment, and many lives have been saved. Dr. J. H. Dunn, founder of this Institution, has treated numerous stubborn diseases successfully by these scientific methods.

Write to-day for full particulars.
Prospectus free.

DR. J. H. DUNN, President,
Ontario Sanitarium of Modern Science, Ltd.
106 Graham Street
WOODSTOCK, ONTARIO, CANADA

GRAY MOTORS $55 AND UPWARDS

50 leading Boat Builders have joined the Gray Motor Company in issuing a catalog showing the specialty of each. It tell where you can buy any kind of a boat from a $125 complete fishin launch to a $2500 mahogany finished express launch equipped wit self-starting 6-cyl., 4-cycle Gray motor. Write for this big catalo today, free. Also **Gray Marine Engine Catalog** showing full lin of 2 and 4 cycle marine motors, $55 upwards, one to six cylinder

GRAY MOTOR CO., 466 Gray Motor Bldg., Detroit, Mic

"Certainly, Why do you ask like that?"

"Because—er, well, as a matter of fact, I was not aware that he knew—or remembered my Christian name."

"Oh, I may have told him," returned the other, lightly. "I forget. Anyway, that is the way you came into that part of the conversation, and he said he couldn't imagine you with any other name but Cherry. 'Cherry,' he said. 'Cherry!' Honestly, he repeated it half a dozen times in the oddest way! I am sure he is in love with you."

Mrs. MacTavish raised her hands to heaven.

"Shades of Olympians," she groaned, "for sentimental drivel and impossible, romantic situations, commend me to an unmarried woman over thirty!"

Kate laughed.

"We had a lovely time, after that. Mr. Crompton suggested that as long as we were adventuring, we go the whole thing and get tremendously friendly. He and I commenced using our Christian names last night and—we called you—by yours, too. I hope you don't mind."

The widow poised a piece of toast in mid-air, speechless.

"A pair of senile idiots, you two," she commented, finally. "Hopelessly daft! I don't care a hang what you call me, but *don't* call every man who looks at me, in love with me!"

She kept to her bed for three days, gargling assiduously while Kate was within earshot from a bottle marked peroxide, but which actually contained perfectly clear water; she wheezed, whispered and croaked her words until assured that her companion was safe in Crompton's hands, then she would dress, take long tramps, poke about the shops or amuse herself in one of the thousand ways of persons who are amply sufficient unto themselves. She listened with apparent levity and carelessness to Kate's minutely detailed conversations with Crompton, but in reality she paid particular attention suggesting topics for her to discuss, advising where to strengthen and where to obliterate impressions which she must have allowed Crompton to form. Beside trying to educate her in the dangerous art of fascination, she almost persuaded Kate to believe that Crompton wanted her, alone.

And during all this she was receiving notes from him every day; pleading notes, impudent notes, theatening notes, accusing notes, the sort a man would write in the full knowledge of his own impotence—and longing.

Two days later Kate returned from tea, unusually quiet. Cherry MacTavish looked at her shrewdly but said nothing. Just before dinner she blurted:

"Do you know Mrs. MacTavish—and by the way, isn't it funny that after all, I find that easier than Cherry?—do you know—I believe—now please don't think me a mawkish fool—I *believe* he likes me."

Cherry sat very still and waited.

"There has been quite a change in his manner these last two days—I don't imagine it, it's there. He is more thoughtful, not of me, exactly, he could not be that, the angel! but he is considering something. You know what I mean!"

"Well so far, so good, then. And do you think that if this considering has to

BRUCE'S SEEDS

SPECIAL COLLECTIONS

(Prices Prepaid)

Bruce's Collection Floral Gems, 1 pkt. each 6 varieties, Fine Annuals, each separate, many colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Peerless Collection Tall Nasturtiums, 1 pkt. each of 6 finest varieties, separate colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Royal Nosegay Collection Sweet Peas, 1 pkt. each 6 superb sorts; separate colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Peerless Collection Dwarf Nasturtiums, 1 pkt. each of 6 finest sorts, separate colors, for 25c.

Bruce's Empire Collection Asters, 1 pkt. each of 4 magnificent varieties, separate, all colors, for 25c.

Bruce's "A" Vegetable Collection, 6 pkts. different varieties, our selection, for 25c.

Bruce's "B" Vegetable Collection, 12 pkts. different varieties, our selection, for 50c.

Bruce's "C" Vegetable Collection, 11 pkts. different varieties and ¼-lb. each, Beans, Corn and Peas, our selection, for 75c.

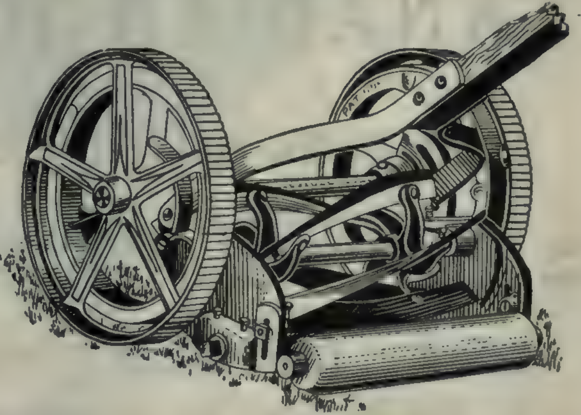
FREE Our handsomely illustrated 112-page catalogue of Vegetable, Farm and Flower Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Poultry Supplies, Garden Implements, etc., for 1915. Send for it.

John A. Bruce & Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario
Established Sixty-five years.

Taylor-Forbes

Guaranteed

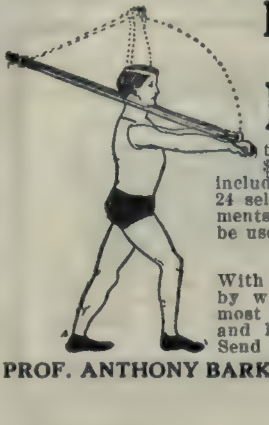
Lawn Mowers



One man will go out and buy a very cheap lawn mower and flatter himself that he has picked up a bargain—another will pay a big price for a lawn mower, believing that what costs the most must necessarily be the best. Wrong reasoning in both cases. The best buy is always a Taylor-Forbes Lawn Mower at just the regular price.

ESTABLISHED 39 YEARS

Made and Guaranteed by the Taylor-Forbes Company, Limited, Guelph, Canada. For sale by nearly all the Hardware Dealers in Canada. The best-known models are "Adanac," "Empress," "Woodyatt" and "Star." If your dealer has not in stock the size Taylor-Forbes machine you want, he may wire or 'phone, at our expense, for immediate delivery.



My $3 Exerciser now $1.36 postpaid

Until further notice I will send one complete

Muscle Builder Outfit

to any reader of MacLean's Magazine, upon receipt of $1.00—just one-third of the regular price. I will also include a complete body-building course of instructions containing 24 selected exercises. The **Muscle Builder** will meet the requirements of any person—weak or strong—man, woman or child. Can be used to exercise any muscles in the body.

A CHEST EXPANDER ALSO

With each outfit I will give an extra handle, **without charge,** by which the **Muscle Builder** can instantly be converted into a most effective Chest Expander to be used for developing the chest and lungs. Take advantage of this opportunity while it lasts. Send your order to-day.

PROF. ANTHONY BARKER, Studio 700, 110 W. 42nd St., New York

Kill two birds with one stone

and travel via THE

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do with you, you have made up your mind?"

For an answer Kate Gordon hid her face in her hands, overcome by emotion—emotion which for very lack of expression had become so atrophied that it lay like a pain throughout her body.

"We were talking about marriage this afternoon," she said presently, "and I asked him why he had never married. You probably know all about that; then he asked me why I had not, and I *told him!* He asked me why you had not—again, you know. Don't be offended, please, if I ask you that same question. Why haven't you?"

A look quite new to the ordinary acquaintance of Mrs. MacTavish crossed her face as she answered cynically.

"Most men, older men, you know, marry because they want ease, nursing, pampering, because they are tired of drifting and want a home. Most women, young women marry to satisfy a very feminine curiosity, to gain position or to snap up some one that some one else wants. Older women marry for convenience, generally. Now I have had my curiosity satisfied, I do not care a rap about nursing, am an abominable housekeeper, and don't want to acquire wealth. Furthermore, I find men a nuisance about a house. Now go and tell your Willis that!"

But Kate was not listening.

"Do you think I would make a mistake in marrying him—provided I have a chance?" she asked, falteringly.

"Gracious saints! Don't put the responsibility of choosing your husband upon my shoulders! It all depends upon how much you are willing to sacrifice, for the world being made for men, demands the greatest sacrifices from women, my dear. I am not going to offer you any advice upon the subject, only this much I must say, if you marry and find you have made a mistake, be a sport—never snivel! Call your mistakes 'experiences' even though an onion by any other name would smell as strong."

"I don't understand you," complained Kate.

"Never mind," laughed the other. "Now run away and dress, and don't wake me when you come in."

For still another two days Cherry made flimsy excuses to avoid the pair. If Kate saw through them she was too happily selfish to care, and if Crompton suffered for them there was no sympathetic ear into which he could moan. He knew well enough that he went each day to meet Kate hoping to find another there; and he knew that he was playing a cad's game with her—for the sake of some one else. He wrote her this note:

> Cherry!
>
> In spite of my earnest pleading you have seen fit to ignore me, and I know that you are not ill. You could at least have sent me a word, a sign. There can be but one reason for your actions and I am neither fool enough nor blind enough to miss it—you rightly estimate your value in my eyes! Deny that you are afraid to meet me and let me tell it to you! Deny that you are withholding the genuine article in the hope of making me take something "just as good!" I glory in that knowledge,

Cherry MacTavish, I glory in it!

You are cleverly forcing this other course upon me, but do you call it a kindness? Be merciful and at least talk to me about it all. I promise to be good; I promise to do any thing possible to help you but I will see you!

W.

Her eyes sought out one sentence in the note—"you rightly estimate your value in my eyes"—and a sudden thrill passed over her. She caught her breath sharply, thrust aside the image of the man and at the sight of her own flushed face, tore the note into a score of bits.

For an answer she sent him, later a sheet of her note paper, by Kate. He stared at the perfectly blank page a moment, puzzled; then looking closely at the motto beneath the crest, he understood. The words were MAN DO IT!

The next evening she announced her convalescence complete and her decision to come down for dinner. In honor of the occasion a man named Dickinson was added to the party. It took him but a moment to grasp the situation as Mrs. MacTavish explained it—entirely by suggestion. He treated Crompton with an easy tolerance which said as plainly as words:

"Well, you are a bally old ass, my man, to prefer any one in the world to Cherry, but it is not my funeral, you know!"

And Crompton being perfectly aware of this, chafed under it. Kate on the contrary was supremely happy at being thrust into his portion. She did not mind at all, being left out of a very personal conversation between her guest and Dickinson, who talked for the most part in an undertone. But when Crompton tried to do the same thing with Mrs. MacTavish, she sat languidly back in her chair, made not the slightest effort to listen and then remarked petulantly:

"Don't mutter, my dear Wood! I can't hear you!"

During the entire evening she never relaxed toward him, and if she saw the agony which from time to time crept into his eyes, no one was the wiser.

Finally, after supper he took a stand.

"I want to have a few words with you—alone, if I may," he said to Mrs. MacTavish, quite distinctly. "Can't we go into the Turkish Room a moment?"

"Of course," she returned lightly. "We will all go, and while you are pouring dark confessions into my ear, Kate can talk to Dickie in a far corner. I will make them promise not to listen."

That was the best he could do.

He drew a chair around facing hers and with his back to the others. She masked her feelings whatever they were, behind a pair of smiling lips. But her eyes were bright and frightened. He saw that and was glad.

"I want to know," he began without preamble, "why you, of all people, chose me, of all people, for this beastly horrid part?"

"I had the interest of both of you at heart. And any way," she hedged lamely, "I did not foresee at the moment that it would go as far as—this."

"Still," he argued his eyes drinking greedily every detail of her, "still, if it had not been I, it would have been some one else, wouldn't it? Now my plea is to

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let that some one else have a go, and thereby free me."

"Oh, how can you?" she cried. "I am not that scheming and vulgar! I never had any such idea when we left home; I hardly knew her until that night when she told me what real hunger was. I have known so many men—have had so many people in my life, I never dreamed how barren and drab hers was—Then I saw—you!"

"You saw me!" His tone was passionate and bitter. "And without a qualm you lured me into a sort of trap, you threw me into the breach, you took away the prize which would have made the game worth while, never stopping to think what my hunger was."

She looked away from him and entrenched herself behind woman's strongest fortification—wit.

"I saw how frugal your dinner was!"

He did not laugh.

"You were not obliged to go on with it," she added ungenerously.

"I am not obliged to go on with it now," he flung at her savagely.

"Oh! You wouldn't throw her over—?" she was off her guard and frightened.

Now he laughed. "What is it to you?"

"It is a great deal to her; I believe it would kill her. And indeed it is more to you than you will confess."

"I am accustomed to being without money," he said, rather coarsely "and by God, Cherry, there is something I want far more than wealth."

He stifled a groan by putting his hands over his face, and then when he could not see, a change passed over hers, a look of tenderness and longing took the place of the mask she had worn.

"Poor boy," she whispered. "Forgive me—I could not have known how it was going to end. Indeed, indeed, I am miserably sorry." And as he raised his head she added:

"Poverty is grim; I have all I want of it. You must feel like that, too. Yet she with all her money is poorer than either of us."

"Cherry," he interrupted, "surely there is happiness even in poverty. I could slave for you."

She smiled a little ironically, and went on with what she was going to say.

"I believe that in the end material comforts make for a certain sort of peace—as we grow older it is increasingly hard to 'do without.' So dear boy, remember that and do not think of me with bitterness."

"That is your last word then?"

She nodded.

He drew his breath sharply between his teeth, leaned over to her and deliberately took her hands in his. Unprepared for this, for the throbbing, passionate clasp which told her so much more than words, the room swam dizzily round and she closed her eyes. Then with a conscious effort she gained something of her calmness and rose.

"I am going now. . . I will send her to you. . . . Good night!"

He did not rise and did not answer.

A little later when Kate came into the room, her flushed face told the story.

"Oh, Cherry, darling," she cried, "I can't thank you in words! You must understand! What have you not done for

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me! He does not love me now—" she choked slightly—" he told me so; he said that there was some one else—but I am going to marry him just the same, and oh! I never, never will be a bit jealous!"

She talked on childishly, incoherently until Mrs. MacTavish interrupted, shaking her gently.

"Listen, girl, listen!" she said, "I want you to put aside this delirious mood for a moment and think what I am saying."

"Well, what is it? Is it about him?"

"Of course! Do you realize that you are promising to marry a man who is a stranger to you—"

"Nonsense! He is not a stranger. I have known him forever! I consider him amply recommended."

Cherry smiled.

"Leaving me and my recommendation entirely out of the question, that is, looking upon Willis Crompton as a total stranger until that night in the cafe, would you still be willing to take him on his face value?"

"Certainly," was the prompt answer. "But why are you asking me all the foolish questions a nervous mother might ask her seventeen-year-old daughter? I thought you were going to tell me something about him—and the woman he loves—And oh, Cherry, darling, don't hate me, but I can't help knowing that it is you!"

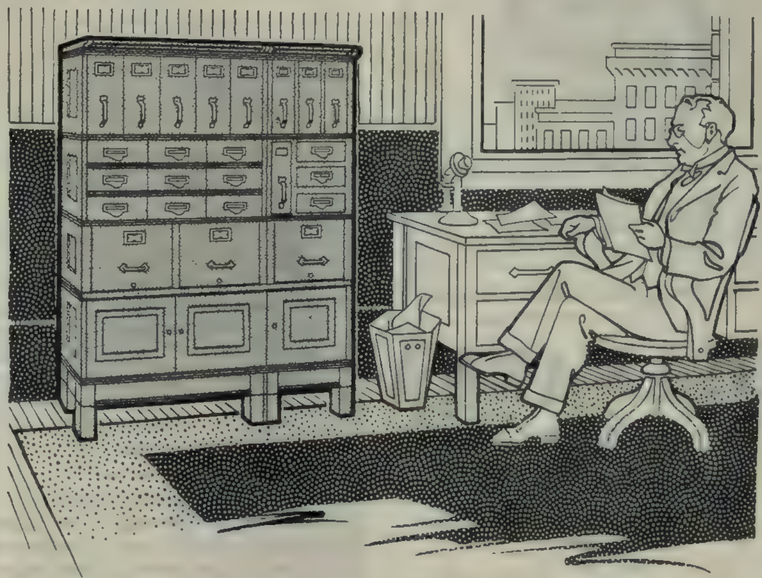
She sank to the floor and clasped Mrs. MacTavish about the knees looking up at her exactly as a great dog might have done.

And exactly as she would have repulsed the pawing of a large and affectionate animal, Cherry MacTavish shook her off.

"Bosh, my dear girl," she said, rising. "I never set eyes on the man until two weeks ago to-night!"

Building Moved Over Water

An unusual piece of house-moving was recently accomplished at Cleveland, Ohio, when a three-and-a-half-storey building, occupied by a yacht club, was blocked up on barges and towed eight miles over Lake Erie to a new site on an island in Rocky River. The structure is 52 by 78 feet in size, and placed an aggregate weight on the three scows which were employed of approximately 310 tons. The largest of the barges, 40 ft. wide and 120 ft. in length, was lashed in the middle and supported 80 per cent. of the load. When the scows had been prepared to receive the building a timber runway was built between them and the structure. A steel cable was then stretched across a cove, some 700 feet wide, in front of the club, to a capstan. With the assistance of block and tackle, this was turned by a single horse, pulling the building up a 10 per cent. grade onto the scows. In six hours the house rested on the blocks and everything was ready for the tugs, while only about two hours' time was consumed in towing it to its new location in the mouth of the river.



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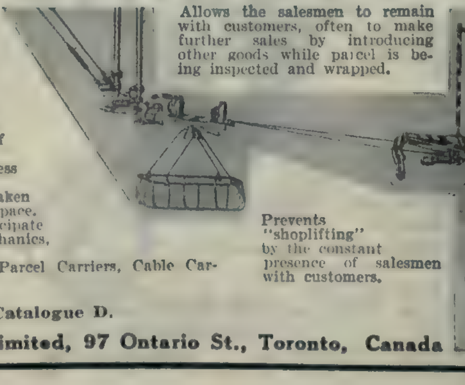

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Best Selling Book of the Month

Something About Marie Corelli's "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact"

By FINDLAY I. WEAVER, Editor of Bookseller and Stationer

RALPH CONNOR'S "Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail" retains its leadership among the novels in greatest demand in Canada in the compilation of reports for the past month and "The Eyes of the World" is again second with "The Pretender," reviewed last month, coming third and "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact," by Marie Corelli, a good fourth.

The latter is the subject of this month's article as the others have all been reviewed in this department.

In considering this latest of Miss Corelli's books, one wonders whether, she would have come anywhere near attaining her present position in the world of letters had "Innocent: Her Fancy and His Fact" been one of her early offerings. Certainly it is not to be compared with "Thelma," or others of the books on which this writer's fame rests. On the other hand there is a book, "The Rosary," to which, in many characteristics, this book may be compared and think of the remarkable success scored by that book in point of widespread popularity. Who knows but that this Corelli book might not have been similarly received. But certainly Marie Corelli's prestige to-day would not be what it is without those earlier novels of outstanding merit bearing it up.

Innocent, the name which forms part of the title of the book under consideration, is a girl of eighteen at the opening of the tale and in a glimpse of her previous history, the reader is told of how eighteen years ago a stranger came riding out of the night to Briar Farm, leaving a baby girl there, riding away again and never returning.

This the old farmer, Hugo Jocelyn, should have told Innocent years ago but instead of doing that he carefully guards the secret and allows her to grow up believing herself to be his daughter. Knowing nothing of the child's parentage, Farmer Jocelyn allows it to be assumed by gossips that the baby was his own illegitimate daughter.

Eventually, as recorded early in the story, Innocent discovers that after all she is not the daughter of the master of Briar Farm and that a great mystery surrounds her birth. Then ends the care-free days of her life up to that tragic disclosure. The old farmer's one desire had been to bring up the girl as his own daughter and that she should become the wife of his nephew, Robin, and be his heir.

Robin is well aware that the gossips are busy about the mystery of Innocent's parentage and that consequently it is advisable to exert more than usual effort to guard her against reproach, but he climbs the old vine-clad wall of his uncle's house and enters Innocent's room at midnight and Ned Landon needs must see him. This Ned is the dangerous talkative sort of rival and there is real danger for Innocent's good name but Robin catches Ned spying on him and half kills him. Old Hugo learning the facts next morning takes energetic steps to remove Landon from the vicinity but the excitement and the anxiety cost him his life.

Innocent does not see eye to eye with either old Hugo or Robin in the matter of matrimony and after Jocelyn's unhappy end, she leaves the old home and loyal Robin behind and, with ambition strong, goes forth to London.

Innocent had loved her life and home most deeply and by delving into a treasure box of old books and letters, had steeped herself in the history of the founder of the Jocelyn family, Sieur Amadis de Jocelyn, who had come over from Normandy with the Conqueror. So saturated with the spirit of that by-gone century had she thus become, that—at twenty—she writes a novel which stirs all England, the book being proclaimed as the work of a man, a scholar and a philosopher.

So the nameless girl within a short period after her arrival in London gains a name indeed, won unaided through her innate genius.

It so happens that upon her advent in London, she chances to select in searching advertisements of lodgings, the address of the old lady who turns out to be the mother of the former betrothed of Innocent's father, whom he had subsequently jilted to elope with the present Lady Blyth. The working out of the story involves the bitter hatred of Lady Blyth for the daughter whose only offence is that she has made herself famous; how Lady Blyth is moved to confess to her husband her early frailty; how Innocent meets a young artist who turns out to be a descendant of the French branch of the Jocelyns, with whom she falls in love but who proves faithless and how Innocent goes back heart-broken to Briar Farm and waiting Robin but only to die the victim of the shock of realization brought about by the clash of the fact and her fancy representing unglossed actuality in life and the roseate hues of her fancied conception of it.

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Juvenile.

Chums.

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Love in a Palace. F. E. Penny.

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The Eyes of the World. Harold Bell Wright.
Pollyanna. Eleanor H. Porter.
Patrol of the Sun Dance Trail. Ralph Connor.
The House of the Dawn. Marah Ellis Ryan.
Kent Knowles "Quahaug," Joseph C. Lincoln.

The Spirit of Haunted Trees

By C. L. Tisdall in Wide World Magazine.

IN the Straits Settlements and Malay Peninsula both the Malays and Chinese believe that many trees have their tutelary spirits. Such trees are easily recognizable, owing to their having "joss" or incense sticks placed either close to their roots or in a fork between the branches—the offerings of the Chinese—or decorations consisting of bits of various-colored cloth, the Malay token of devotion.

One such tree is still to be seen in Stamford Road, the main thoroughfare of Singapore, and in connection with this particular tree a curious accident happened only a few months ago. A rich young Baba, or Straits-born Chinese, named Lee Khia Guan, who had been educated in England at Cambridge University, was taking a stroll in the evening with a friend, and when passing this tree noticed a lot of joss-sticks burning at its roots. With a laugh at the superstitions of the uneducated coolies who had placed the incense there, he kicked the joss-sticks over and trampled on them. He then rejoined his companion and they went for a walk round the esplanade. As they walked along his friend remonstrated with him for his action, pointing out that, after all, though he did not believe in it himself, there "might be something in it," and, for his part, he preferred to leave such things severely alone, as he had heard of cases where accidents had happened to persons who interfered with such trees.

Lee Khia Guan ridiculed the idea of such a thing, and pointed out that no European or educated person believed in "haunted" trees, but only the ignorant coolies. Three days later, while Lee Khia Guan was on his way to town in his motor-car, just as he passed under this tree a huge branch fell right across the car, killing him on the spot and smashing all the front part of the car. When examined, the branch showed no trace of the ravages of white ants, and there seemed to be no reason for its having broken, as there was no wind that morning.

A somewhat parallel case occurred not long ago in Malacca.

It often happens that a gang of Malay or Javanese coolies, while engaged in clearing virgin jungle on a rubber plantation, will leave untouched a tree or group of trees, rather than risk the anger

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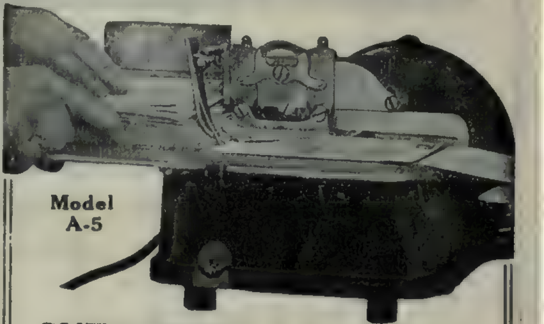

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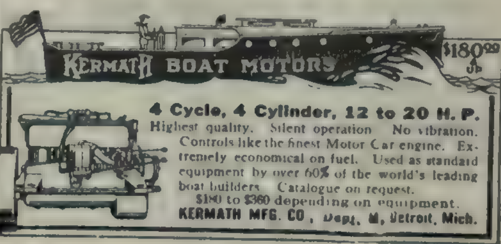

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of the *penungu* or spirit by which they believe them to be inhabited. In this case resort is made to the Tamils, natives of India, usually engaged as "tappers" of the rubber trees, who, though also superstitious, are more easily tempted by a monetary reward.

The following case is absolutely authenticated by an Englishman who is employed as assistant manager of an estate in Malacca. While a certain portion of the estate was being cleared it was noticed that a group of several trees was left standing in one spot. The assistant ordered the Malays to cut them down, but they refused, saying that these trees were the abode of an evil spirit.

A day or two later some Tamils were ordered to pile dry branches round one of the trees, pour kerosene over the pile and set fire to the tree. While this was being done a log fell on one of the Tamils, cutting his shoulder to the bone. When the fire was lighted a snake bit the Tamil who thrust the match in, and, in spite of the kerosene, the tree refused to burn

Next morning the assistant ordered the Tamils to chop the tree down, which they did, but when the tree gave way it fell on one of the men and nearly killed him.

The third morning the Tamils were absent from work, and on inquiry the assistant was informed that they were ill. Supposing them to be merely malingering, the European asked the estate doctor to go round to the coolie lines with him and examine the men. Here the doctor found the whole seven of them really ill, quite unable to rise from their beds, and ordered their removal to the estate hospital. After this no Tamil, Malay, Javanese, or Chinese coolie could be induced to touch these trees.

The chapter of accidents, however, was not yet complete, for, when returning from the coolie lines with the doctor, the assistant, when close to the trees which had caused all the trouble, slipped on a banana peel, and, falling on a sharp stone, cut one leg and arm severely.

Within a few weeks of his attack on the "haunted" trees the assistant, the manager, his wife, the mandoor or head coolie, the assistant's son, his nurse, and his wife were all taken seriously ill the latter being so bad that she had to be taken to the Singapore hospital. Thus everybody directly or indirectly connected with the attack on these ill-omened trees was laid low in a short space, but the trees themselves still stand; and the assistant swears that they may do so for ever as far as he is concerned for nothing will induce him to touch them or order others to do so. The manager does not say much about the coincidence, but so far he has let the trees stand; and if he should ever want them cut he will probably have to do the work himself, for everybody in Malacca has heard the story.

A French authority, who is in touch with the subject, states that, while there are not many private aviators in Russia the military authorities of that country have within the last two years trained a very large number of men, and as a result have many more skilled aviators in its service than any other nation. It is also stated that the number has been greatly increased since the war began.

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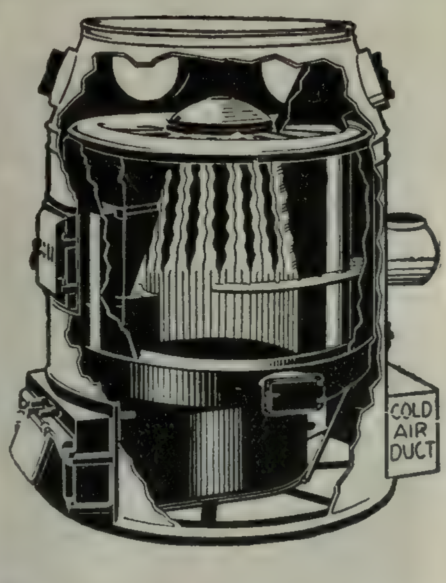

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The Business Outlook

A Normal Crop this Year will be Double the Value of that of Last Year

By JOHN APPLETON
Editor of The Financial Post

Editor's Note.—Mr. Appleton points out that the addition of $50,000,000 of new taxes, the proceeds of which do not go into reproductive undertakings, will reduce the buying power of the people very considerably, and will depress business. In a more hopeful view he says that the high prices will stimulate production and that economic history does not furnish an instance of their not failing to do so. The farmers of Canada never had a better prospect ahead of them. A normal harvest—not a bumper crop, but an average one—will, in Mr. Appleton's opinion—bring Canadian business back to normal, despite war and the incidence of heavier taxes.

One Certain Prospect—For the Farmer.

DURING February and March developments of the utmost importance have taken place which are detrimental to business. That it is dull is the general admission and those who do not admit it are the exceptions proving the rule. Starting upon the assumption that trade has fallen off—both international and domestic—we can derive some consolation from the fact that it might be worse. The dominating factor in business and one that has become, as such, accentuated recently is that of the war. Its maintenance and prosecution has continued to withdraw shipping from its customary trade routes and what remains demands a high rate of remuneration for its services. Higher insurance rates also add to the sum of obstacles in the way of commerce. Prices of commodities, except in special cases, have not risen to a point that offsets increased charges incident to carrying and distribution. We have reference here to our exportable commodities. Flour mills are no doubt busy, and what wheat or other cereal we have for export is in special demand. To these we might add products of the farm which is our greatest industry. But Canada's prosperity, or hopes of it, cannot be said to be healthy when the capital invested in her mineral, metal, railways, textile and timber enterprises is not earning reasonable remuneration. Since the beginning of the year the outlook has not improved nor is it in any way clearer. The impenetrable war cloud obscures the future and hence a thousand conjectures under the head of "After the War—What?"

What the Budget Means—Taxation.

It would be quite erroneous to suppose that the Canadian budget reflects a state of business wholly due to the war. Before the bomb throwing in Bosnia—the pretext on which Germany acted—the signs of declining revenue from Canadian customs duties were very obvious. New taxes would have been imposed in any case and they would not have been lighter

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than those announced. Additional taxes will have to be imposed to meet war expenditure. Up to the present Britain's purse has been wide open to us and for a time will remain so. That seems to be the probability. Meanwhile Canada has to provide for a deficit for the current year, on ordinary revenue and expenditure account of $60,000,000. New taxes have been imposed, estimated to raise $30,000,000. Presumably the balance will be found by borrowing. But there is another important factor, that of the deficits of our provinces. Ontario Government admits one of about $700,000, Nova Scotia one of $200,000 and Manitoba, $126,000. Oppositions in each case, of course, say the deficits are very much greater. Whatever is the truth one thing we can take for granted is that the deficits will be placed at as low a figure as adroit bookkeeping and juggling of accounts will make them. The meaning of these deficits and the deplorably high rate of expenditure being maintained is more taxation—from the provinces as well as the Government. Cities cannot be looked to to materially reduce their taxes because so large a proportion of their outlay is either statutory or in the form of fixed charges the result of the heavy capital expenditure of recent years. Business therefore has to reckon with more taxation when it reorganizes itself after the paralysis of recent months.

Higher Taxes Detrimental To Business.

Business men may well ponder the question of taxation. It is for them to determine how it will affect their income or profits. Every adult in Canada will have to pay his or her share of an increase of $50,000,000 annually, or approximately $8 per head. If the Dominion Government imposes $30,000,000; the provincial Governments, $10,000,000; and the cities and municipalities another $10,000,000—all reasonable estimates and well within the mark—the per capita increase will not be less than the figure named, that is $8 per head. If this money were being used to bring new settlers to the land to share the burden, to build railways that would increase production, or to invest in some public work that would give natural wealth exchangeable value, it would be a national investment that would eventually be remunerative. However, the new taxation equal to $8 per capita is very largely for interest on debt already incurred, and in the course of another year, or thereabouts there will be another substantial increase. Whatever business a man employs his energy or capital in he is faced with the fact that the people he has to deal with have to find, per head, $8 a year more for taxes, and in two years, at least $12 per year more. Of course, in an article of this character we are not dealing with the taxation in an ethical or strictly economic sense. Our purpose is merely to indicate that the individual with whom business men in Canada have to deal has now to find as a first charge on all his resources an additional $8 per year in the form of taxes. For that sum he gets a return in many forms the outstanding one at the present time being national safety.

Public Has $50,000,000 Less to Spend.

We need not dwell upon the fact that any shrewd business man will know that the public will not buy so much when they have as much as $50,000,000 less to spend. Some class will buy less but the question remains, which? In the operation of the higher tariff certain articles will be advanced in price to the extent of the additional duty paid. The fact that from the new tariff additional revenue is expected is proof clear enough that the consumer pays the tax. We can set aside that question. Some articles, however, may be put up to such a figure as to kill the demand for them. A consumer or a buyer may say the price of the article he used, as under the old tariff was as much as was profitable to pay for it. That being the case the consumer will turn his demands into other lines. Instead of being in a position to pay a higher figure he will, under the burden of higher taxes, be compelled to look for something to serve his purpose that will cost less. From whatever angle viewed we cannot regard the new taxes as any but a depressing factor in business. They are, however, necessary. Politicians may fight over the placing of the responsibility for the severe taxes, meanwhile the load will fall upon business.

It is as well in circumstances such as business men at present find themselves governed by to consult the doctors. Professor Mavor, in *Economics of Business*, says:

> The interest of a creditor country, that is to say, a country whose people have a large part of their capital invested abroad, must lie rather in the facilitation of imports than in impeding them, because the interest of its foreign investments and the repayment of capital invested abroad are insured by these imports.
>
> On the other hand, the interest of a debtor country, that is, a country which has borrowed heavily, may lie in discouraging importation, and in encouraging exportation, the latter being the means by which it meets its foreign obligations. When a country is borrowing, however, it must import, although it may not do so from the country from which it borrows.

New Tariff and Business.

It may be wise for Canada, at this stage of her growth to discourage imports. Her great need, however, is more capital properly applied and this can only be procured in the form of imports. But we were getting it in doses too large for proper assimilation. Signs of indigestion and unhealthy conditions were obvious in large fortunes through speculation in land, flotations and extravagance in public administration. Those who pointed to these symptoms were forcefully discouraged and they were dubbed by press and public alike as pessimists. That is but natural. Good doctors, those honest with their patients, are less likely to be popular. The most successful, socially and materially are said to be those who soothe or kill by doing as the patient orders rather than compelling the patient to do as should be done according to the best practice. So it was with business in Canada. We liked and followed the doctors that pleased us rather than made us healthy. Business as a result suffered from an overdose of capital. We used it

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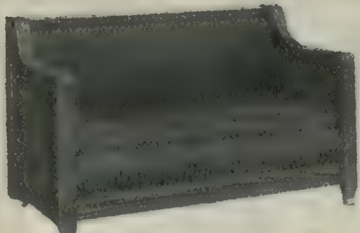

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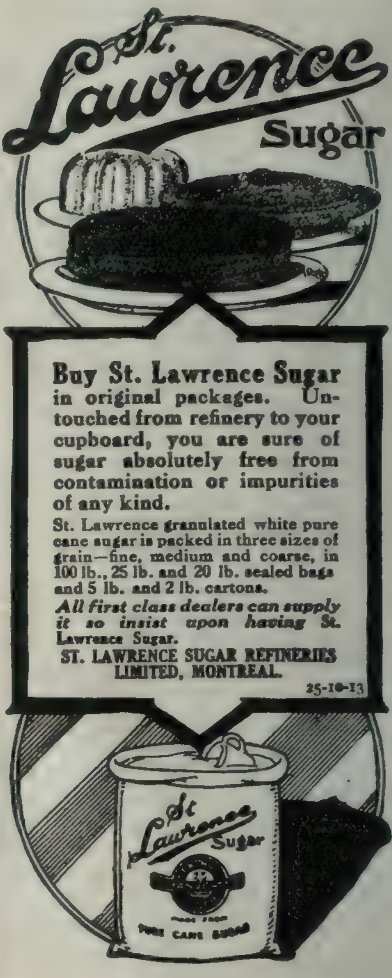
for city building rather than for laying the foundations for producing more exchangeable wealth. A check was needed and Canada has obtained it. But we still need capital for very many purposes, the chief of which is to get people on to the land. If we put up our gates against imports—they are up against capital. Business may have to reckon with this and in reconstructing itself will do well to keep a very close eye upon the way the gates are raised against our chief necessity from abroad—capital.

What Our Factories Can Make.

We have very many factories employed at the present time making shells. It shows that the manufacturer can turn his plant to account in making many things. In this respect he has an advantage over the farmer. The fact that so many could adapt their plant to the making of shells fortunately saved them from a period of stagnation. When the need of war material passes away many plants may find it advisable to look for a demand for commodities other than those they have been accustomed to supply. In the main, however, they can make most money by following the lines for which their plant was designed. Canada, for instance, has many millions of dollars invested in plants for turning out railway rolling stock and other equipment. If it has to be adapted to some other work it will mean loss. But Canada will still need cars and rolling stock—that is if she is to make reasonably good use of the vast amounts of capital now invested in the form of railways. If we can get these lines into full use they will be found to require many things. At present railway earnings are falling. They are even lagging behind the low figures of a year ago. This condition will be absolutely reversed if the present year's crop turns out normal. At no time was there greater justification for the hope of a more than normal crop than at present. History furnishes no instance where high prices failed to stimulate production. The factory employed in car building may look forward therefore to orders in the fall and other factories will find that from making shells they can turn to and locate a demand for some commodity that will satisfy a want arising from increased production.

What Manufacturers Should Not Forget.

Let it always be borne in mind that Canada is not yet made. In the northlands of Quebec and Ontario there are thousands of homes still to be erected and for their coming land has to be cleared and served with rail or other roads. From year to year there must be progressive improvements. In the West along existing lines and new ones the great work of permanent home building has still to be done. Of shacks there are thousands but of homes only scores. The scores have to become thousands and in the change the forges will have to clang and the mills grind to turn out the necessary equipment. At no time has the inducement to go to the land been stronger than at the present moment. For the produce of the field there is for some years an unprecedentedly good prospect of



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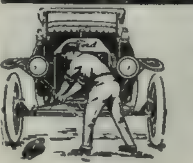

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higher prices. Of cattle there is a world scarcity and this of itself will keep steady the price of cereals. A normal supply of cattle cannot be raised within five years and it will be two or three years before the European wheat-growing areas are back to normal production. Under the stimulus of high prices of the next few years there is every reason to expect that the people of Canada will give more attention to their land and its wealth and this will mean demands on the manufacturer. Meanwhile immigration will soon flow again to the country. That from the United States has not ceased as in the case of Europe. What the unhappy people there will do after the war it is difficult to say; but what attraction there is in a good land over which the rude foot of an invader has not yet trodden!

Although the new taxation and the approximation to a crisis of the situation in Europe are for the moment depressing factors, and for some months will remain so, the harvest of the year has in it factors in the trend of business more potential than in any previous year. A normal grain crop in Canada should set business on its feet in a normal way despite the war and new taxes. This year, with increased attention to the work of production, the normal results should be double the product of last year. What would that mean to the Dominion?

Italy Unredeemed

By Politicus in The Fortnightly.

THE Italians are a proud, ambitious, and exceedingly patriotic nation. Their population of 36,000,000 is insufficiently large compared with that of the other Great Powers. The strength of a nation largely depends upon its population. Hence many Italians desire to join to their country the territories near by, upon which Italy has some claim on the ground of history, and especially on that of nationality. However, whilst scarcely a single Italian will be found to advocate wresting by force Corsica and Nice from France, the Canton Ticino from Switzerland, or Malta from England, the vast majority of the people passionately desire to take by force the districts peopled by Italians which are retained by Austrians. The reason for this discriminating attitude is obvious. The Italians living under the French, Swiss, and British flags are prosperous, happy, and free. Those living under the Austrian flag are, and always have been, persecuted, oppressed, and ill-treated. Italy has a historic and well-founded grievance against Austria, and Austria has, with incredible short-sightedness, done her utmost to keep that grievance alive. Thus she has created that movement which is usually called "Italia Irredenta," the unredeemed Italy—a movement which strives to bring about the reunion of Italy with all the outlying Italian territories, but which in reality is aimed exclusively against Austria-Hungary.

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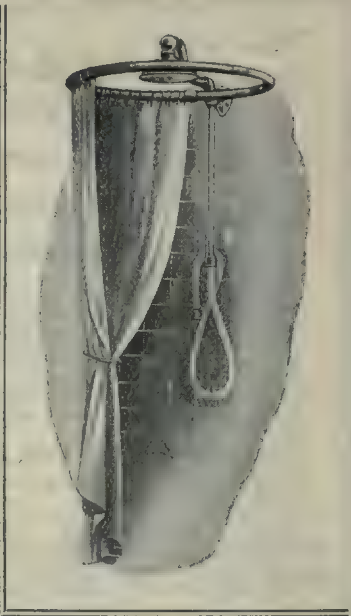

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It will keep your doctor's bills down and make you feel efficient.

Have it sent to-day; you'll be delighted.

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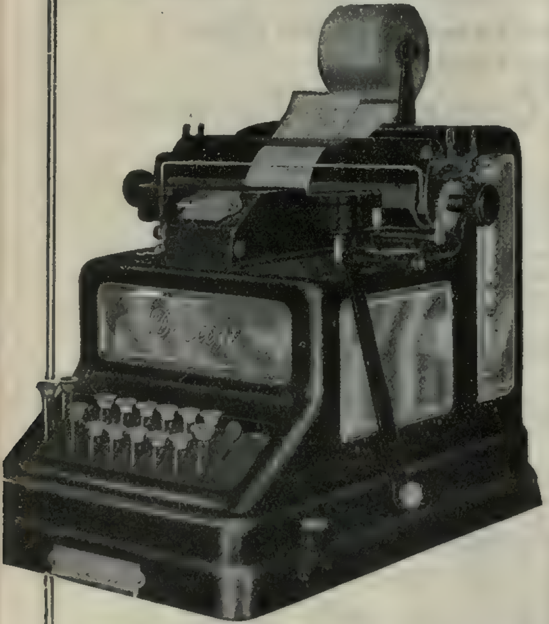

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Italy was divided against itself and had ceased to be a state. The country became split up, and many states occupied the peninsula. Slowly the consciousness of a common language and of a common nationality arose. Many Italians began to recognize that unity gives strength; that Italy could find salvation only if it should once more become an organized single nation. The war of the French Revolution and Napoleon's conquest of the peninsula greatly strengthened the spirit of nationalism and a longing for national unity among the Italians.

At the Congress of Vienna, Austria split up Italy into a number of artificial states, brought the whole country under her domination, and prepared everything for ruling Italy by dividing it against itself, and by over-awing the people. The political reforms which had been introduced into Italy during the revolutionary and the Napoleonic era were abolished. Education was crippled and handed over to the Church. All Italian professors who were suspected of liberal views were dismissed. The press was muzzled. The right of free speech was taken away from the people. All Italians suspected of liberal views or patriotic leanings were spied upon, imprisoned, or hounded out of the country. All Italy began to swarm with police agents, spies, and informers. A most rigorous passport system was introduced, under which suspected Italians were forbidden to travel in their own country, and to leave their homes, even for a few days. The Austrian prisons were filled with Italian patriots. The leading Italians, poets, authors, and scientists were treated as conspirators and common criminals. Popular risings of the outraged people were ferociously suppressed by the Austrian military. After repeated unsuccessful revolts, the Italians recovered their freedom and their unity in the wars of 1859 and 1866. Austria had to withdraw from the peninsula, but she retained some valuable districts in the north and in the north-east of Italy, the Southern Tyrol, the Trentino, as the Italians call it, and Trieste and the surrounding districts.

Both districts are treated like a conquered land, both are overawed by numerous fortresses, and by large bodies of troops drawn from the non-Italian portion of Austria's population. In both districts Austria strives to denationalize the Italians by swamping them with men of another nationality, who enjoy the unswerving support of the Government. Austria endeavors to destroy the Italian elements in the Trentino by setting against them the Germans. They are to be converted into Germans. In the district of Trieste, on the other hand, Austria is exploiting the desire of the neighboring Slavs, and endeavors to convert the Italians living in them into Slavs.

The town of Trieste is essentially an Italian town. Some years ago, when visiting it, I arrived in the *Porto Vecchio*. The boat landed at the Molo San Carlo, and I was driven by the Via del Corso through the Piazza Carlo Goldoni, past the Teatro Goldoni, through the Via del Torrente and the Via Stadion, past the

Giardino Publico and the Piazza d'Armi, through the Via Miramar to the Castle of Miramar. In Trieste all the streets names are Italian, and so are practically all the inscriptions. The people one sees about look like Italians, and speak Italian. The Burgomaster of the town is called Podestá. One forgets that one is on Austrian soil.

Formerly the law courts were purely Italian. According to the fundamental laws of Austria-Hungary, the law court proceedings should be conducted in the language of the majority. That provision, which is rigorously enforced elsewhere in Austria, is disregarded in the Italian portions of the monarchy. The law courts in Trieste are gradually being made Slavonic. The Italian judges are dying out, and Slavonic ones are appointed in their stead. Before long the Italians will have completely disappeared from the law courts of Trieste.

The Government has not only imported a large army of Slavonic workers into Trieste and has endeavored to suppress the Italian schools, but it has also striven to denationalize the Church. Of 290 priests in Trieste 190 are Slavs, and Slavism is undermining the Italian Church in exactly the same way it is undermining all other Italian institutions. Encouraged by the Government, the feud between the Slavs and Italians has become so bitter that an Italian can no longer be certain to obtain the blessings of his Church if the priest is a Slav. At Spalato a Croatian priest refused to give burial to an Italian. In Topolovaz, in Istria, the parish priest refused to bury an Italian child. In Sterna the Slavonic priest refused the last sacrament to a man because he was an Italian. All the world over Latin is the language of the Roman Catholic Church, but in the Slavonic parts of Austria Latin is being replaced by Slavonic.

The Italian Tyrol, the Trentino, occupies a most important strategical position. A glance at the map shows that the protecting wall of the Alps is penetrated by the Austrian Trentino. The Austrian frontier ends in the middle of the Lago di Garda. Hence, an Austrian army can penetrate without difficulty into the Italian plain. The Trentino is an Austrian sally-port, which constantly threatens Italy's integrity and peace. Austria has maintained that important position in order to be able to strike a mortal blow at Italy at any moment.

In view of its strategical importance, it is only natural that the military is supreme in the Trentino, especially as the country is practically purely Italian. In Southern Tyrol dwell 373,000 Italians and nly 12,000 Germans, and the majority of he latter are soldiers or Government fficials. The capital, Trento, or Trient, is urely Italian, and so are the smaller owns. The Trentino is protected against taly by numerous and extremely powerul fortifications, which command all the pproaches from Italy. As the Italian Tyrol slopes towards Italy, Italy is its atural market. However, the Austrian Government impedes traffic between Italy nd the Trentino in every possible way,

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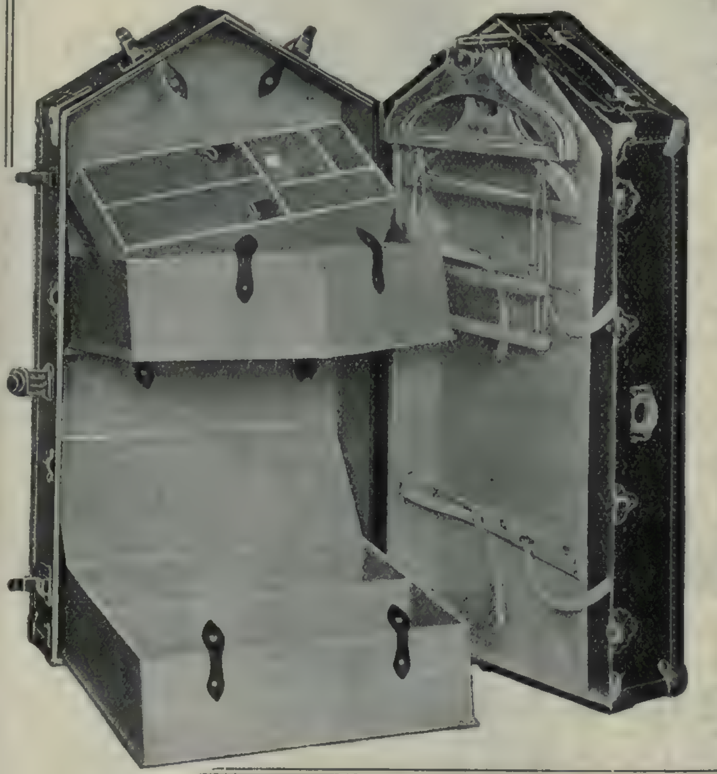

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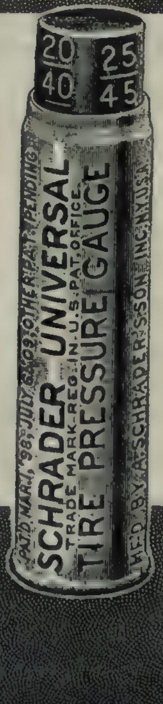
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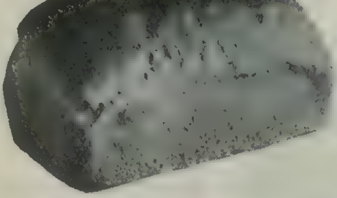

Sometimes wheat is simply baked, and in a moderate oven. That breaks up some part of the food granules. But those granules, of course, are mainly starch in any white flour product. Much of the wheat is omitted.

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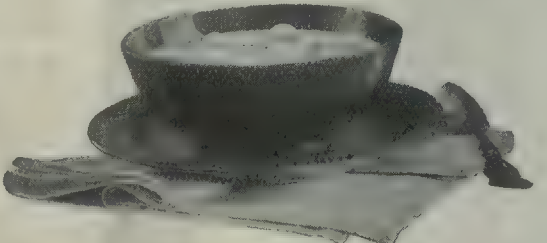

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They are more than breakfast dainties. Use them as confections. Use them like nut meats in candy or ice cream. Let children eat them salted, like peanuts, when at play. And by all means serve them in your evening bowls of milk.

Folks delight in these grains. All folks easily digest them. And every atom feeds.

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and discourages trade and industry. The carriage roads and telephones end at the Italian frontier. The great water powers of the Trentino remain unutilized because the Austrian Government does not allow electric power derived from them to be sold in the Italian plain. Italian financiers are prevented by Austria developing the Trentino, which Austria refuses to develop. The Trentino, like Trieste, lives under a *régime* of petty persecution. In Trieste, the history of Trieste must not be taught. In the school-books employed in Trentino history ends with the year 1815. To the school-child history ends at the time when the awakening of nationalism in Italy began. In the Trentino, as in the other Italian provinces of Austria, Italian associations are prohibited.

There are about 800,000 Italians in Austria, and these occupy two extremely valuable positions. The Trentino is a point of the greatest strategical value, the possession of which is of vital importance to Italy. Its possession would secure that country against sudden invasion from Austria. Trieste is extremely important as a commercial harbor, and Pola is a most excellent war harbor. The Italian shore of the Adriatic is flat and practically harborless. The Austrian shore of that sea is studded with a large number of excellent natural harbors. The eastern shore of the Adriatic dominates the western, and Valona, lying at the narrow opening of that sea, is at the same time its Gibraltar and its Portsmouth. While Italy is obviously entitled to the possession of the Trentino, both for geographical and national reasons, it is not quite clear which nation has the strongest claims to Trieste and Pola if Austria-Hungary should be defeated and partitioned. While, owing to the number of Italians living in the towns, Italy has the strongest claims to Trieste and Pola, the Slavs lay claim to these towns, because they require outlets to the sea. The importance of Trieste lies in its trade. Trieste would become a dead town if it was cut off from its hinterland by a hostile Customs frontier. While the Italians have the stronger claim to Trieste on the ground of nationality, the Slavs have the stronger claim on Trieste as an outlet to the sea.

At a future European Congress the conflicting claims of the Slavs and the Italians for the possession of Trieste will have to be adjudicated upon, and the European powers will probably be guided in their decision very largely by the share which the claimant nations have taken in the war. Considered from that point of view, Trieste seems at present more likely to fall to the Slavs than to the Italians.

Motor Squadrons of England

There has been much activity of late in the open spaces around London where military motor squadrons have been practising manoeuvres. Each squadron is complete in itself, and consists of a large armored car having a Maxim quick-firing gun mounted in a revolving turret.

Providing for the Damaged Workman

Continued from Page 16.

ceased workmen and are not deflected for any other purpose.

When the Ontario rates get down to rock bottom, as accident experience will soon determine, it will probably be found that nowhere in America or Europe are the costs so well and easily distributed or the benefits so advantageously applied.

To the citizen inured to the old-fashioned conception of an employer's responsibility (or lack of it) for his employee's safety and welfare, an Act so sweeping as to wipe out all the old legal defences and place every injured creature on a generous allowance and his widow and children on a pension, must seem the veriest dare-deviltry. Yet the same person must concede that, if a workman is *ever* entitled to recovery for injury, it would be best to avoid the courts and save the amount of damages from dissipation. When Sir William Meredith goes beyond this and establishes the right of practically all workmen to continual support from the employers' fund no matter whose the negligence, he takes the ground that *Industry* and not soup kitchens must look after the helpless humans sacrificed in the service of industry. To the yawning criticism that workers surrounded by such pleasant options will not maintain their usual safeguards, the retort of experience is that no worker in his sane senses deliberately invites a painful, perhaps fatal bodily hurt *for the reward of lowering his weekly wage by* 45 *per cent.*

"It is contended," said Sir William Meredith in discussing this very point, "that it is unfair to require the employer to pay compensation during the lifetime of the workman because in many cases it will mean that the workman will receive compensation for a period during which if he had not been injured he would have been unable to earn wages. No doubt that will be the result in some cases, but on the other hand the workman loses any advantage he would have derived had he not been injured from an increase in his wages owing to an improvement in his position, or to an increase in his earning power."

The three states of the American Union which have state-administered workmen's compensation funds, Washington, Oregon and Ohio—not to mention Germany, to which the Ontario law is closely related—have very little desire to seriously amend their present forms of law. So reasonable and well-considered do these laws appear that organizations like the Ohio Manufacturers' Association and other bodies of similar standing recently gave the state-administered compensation act their hearty endorsation. There are other states in the Union which have ventured into the same field but probably in no instance can there be found a measure so courageous and complete as that which stands on the statute books of Ontario at the moment. It bends unduly neither to employer nor employee and displays a somewhat amazing facility for winnowing truth from half-truth and separating main roads from blind alleys. New York

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As men and methods improved, we improved Goodyear quality. To give you the utmost at the lowest fair margin of profit has always been Goodyear's business-religion.

As our output multiplied, reducing factory cost, our prices came down with it. Last year alone the sales of Goodyear Made-in-Canada Tires were 29 per cent. greater than the year before.

Men bought, in numbers, more than one Goodyear Tire for every car in Canada.

We offer this—not as a boast—but as certain evidence that proves how Goodyear Tires are winning pluralities throughout the Dominion.

It shows why we double our capacity. It shows why we can lower prices this way.

For this is our **third** reduction in less than two years. And these three Goodyear reductions have saved you a total of 37 per cent. on tire prices.

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state, for instance, tried to tailor itself a workmen's compensation law. The result is that New York state's table of rates is only a trifle below that of the liability companies, the consequence of which is that the companies retain the bulk of the business. Where in Ontario the percentage of the pay-roll for pulp and paper mills, for instance, is $1.40, the New York rate is $4. Car shops in Ontario pay $1.20 and in New York state $4.50. Operation of packing houses in Ontario is rated at $1.50 and in New York state at $6.50; these instances are multiplied wherever in the two lists one chooses to make comparison.

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"In these days of social and industrial unrest it is, in my judgment, of the gravest importance to the community that every proved injustice to any section or class resulting from bad or unfair laws should be promptly removed by the enactment of remedial legislation and I do not doubt that the country whose Legislature is quick to discern and prompt to remove injustice will enjoy, and that deservedly, the blessing of industrial peace and freedom from social unrest. Half measures which mitigate but do not remove injustice are, in my judgment, to be avoided. *It would be the gravest mistake if questions were to be determined not by a consideration of what is just to the workingman, but of what is the least he can be put off with.*"

The Last Ally

Continued from Page 13.

diplomatic reasons to a royal nonentity, condemned to a lifetime of endless etiquette and senseless rigmarole. He reflected darkly on the benighted condition of the old world which made such things possible. Was there no way that an ambitious young millionaire from the new world could succeed in upsetting this almost inevitable arrangement, could succeed in scaling the walls of old world custom and tradition?

In keeping with his thoughts his pace had become savagely energetic. He now discovered that he had wandered well away from the palace into a maze of dark paths. He stopped and looked about him. And then suddenly he heard voices.

They proceeded from a thick clump of bushes close to his right. A voice raised itself sufficiently high to carry its message to his ears. The owner of the voice was speaking in German and Fenton knew enough of that language to catch what he said. It interested him so acutely that he stepped through the bushes cautiously in the direction from which the voices came.

In a small clearing, part of which was thrown into relief by a ray of light from

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a near-by building, stood a group of men. One of them turned and the light fell direct on his face. With a start of surprise Fenton recognized the Grand Duke Miridoff.

"Are we all here?" asked Miridoff, his deep throaty voice pitched to a low rumble.

From where he stood behind the bushes, Fenton could watch the party without being seen himself. He noted that they were all in uniform or evening dress, having apparently left the ball-room to attend this stealthy rendezvous. It struck Fenton that these men were not Ironians for the most part. They had gathered about Miridoff, who quite apparently was the leader.

"As members of the Society of Crossed Swords," Miridoff was saying, "we have important work to do. I have learned much this evening and so thought it necessary to have word passed quietly to each of you to meet me here."

"Events are taking an unfavorable turn," he went on. "The King is still loyal to the Teutonic cause, but the strong feeling throughout the country is making an impression on him. Peter is pressing him strongly. I regret to have to state it but I can clearly see the King is wavering."

There was a moment's silence and then Miridoff began to speak again in such low tones that Fenton had much difficulty in catching the words.

"I received important news to-night—from the front. The Russians are massing for an invasion of Mulkovina. It will be hard to hold them. Once they get possession of Mulkovina, without Ironia's assistance, no power on earth will wrest it from them." Miridoff's voice at this point sunk almost to a whisper. "If the people know that Russia is ready for the advance, nothing will prevent them from declaring for the allies while there is still time to gain the two provinces by so doing. Alexander's opposition will be swept away. There is only one course left. Ironia must be ranged on Germany's side before the news of the Russian mobilization leaks out!"

This statement was followed by a babel of discussion in which most of the men took part and the confused tangle of talk proved too difficult for Fenton's inadequate knowledge of the German tongue. He lost the thread of the discussion until the decisive tones of Miridoff again cut through the talk and forced the others into silence.

"There is but one course open. If Prince Peter is not there to prompt the King, to urge his policy arguments, Alexander could be rushed into declaring war against Russia at once. That is what we must bring about. Peter must be removed!"

A murmur followed Miridoff's statement and out of it Fenton's amazed senses picked one word. Assassination!

"Well, who's to do it?" he heard one of the men say.

"It is to decide that point that we are here," answered Miridoff. "It is a regrettable necessity, but our cause demands it. Peter dead, the people will be like a flock of sheep without a shepherd. Destroy their leader and you destroy their

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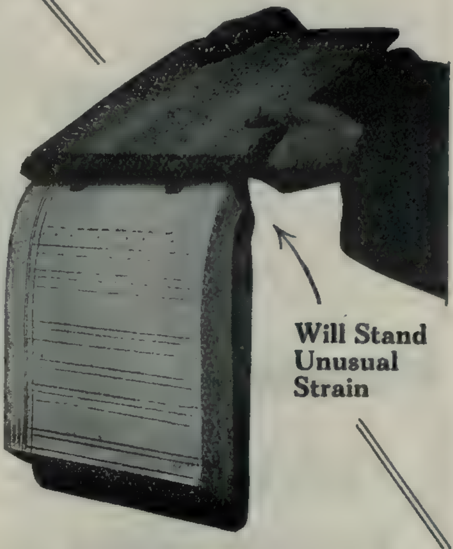

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morale. It is necessary to get your consent to the step?"

There was a murmur of assent that appeared to be general. "Our oaths binds us to secrecy," said the leader. Drawing from his pocket some slips of paper, he deposited them in his hat. "Two are marked," he said. "Those who draw them will be called upon to perform the service. Are you agreed?"

Rooted to the spot with horror, Fenton watched the men draw in turn from the hat. After all had drawn, two of them stepped aside for consultation with Miridoff. "The rest of you had better go," said the latter. "This place is none too safe. Remember, not a word. Perhaps by to-morrow morning we shall have news for you, news that will shake the world and cause a grey fear to creep into the faces of the cursed English!"

CHAPTER III.

Fenton Speaks Out

FOR the first time now, Fenton became aware that the happy accident which had brought him as an eavesdropper to this extraordinary assignation had also placed him in a most dangerous position. On completing their consultation, the three men made straight in his direction. Fenton tried to shrink back further into the rhododendrons but even in the darkness they did not afford sufficient shelter for a man with the conspicuous white shirt front of conventional evening dress. He decided that his best chance of safety lay in flight.

Pulling the collar of his dress coat up around his neck, he started off cautiously. Unfortunately he stumbled and nearly fell headlong into a small shrub, threshing about noisily in an attempt to keep his footing. Sharp exclamations from the rear warned him that he had betrayed his presence to the three conspirators. Throwing all other considerations to the winds, therefore, Fenton ran for dear life.

The men behind took up the pursuit with business-like grimness. Not a word was uttered but in an instant he heard the steady pound of their feet and then the sharp discharge of a revolver. A bullet whizzed close past his ear, showing that the conspirators were not firing entirely at random. Several more shots followed in the next few minutes, and in each instance they were but an inch or two off their mark.

Fenton had been a sprinter in his college days; and the knowledge that three expert and determined marksmen are on one's trail is perhaps the greatest spur to velocity that could be imagined. Without paying any heed to his course, he plunged straight ahead, through shrubbery and garden plots, around fountains and over railings. His pursuers made up in desperation what they lacked in length of leg and it took the young Canadian some time to gain a comfortable lead.

Without pausing to catch his breath or plan any definite course, Fenton showed himself in the ball-room. Glances t drifted his way casually, fixed themsel on him with astonishment until finally the Canadian found that, much as he had desired to avoid notice, he had instead made himself the cynosure of all eyes. The reason was not hard to find. In his flight he had broken recklessly through brambles and thick shrubbery. The front of his once immaculate dress shirt was wilted and soiled, his face was scratched, his hair rumpled. He looked as though he had been through a football scrimmage.

To find Varden was his first endeavor but the latter, unfortunately, was nowhere in sight. So Fenton decided to seek Prince Peter in person and convey to him direct the startling news he had stumbled upon. Threading his way blindly through the gay ranks in search of the leader of the allied cause, he came in contact with the Grand Duke Miridoff. The two men halted and stood for a moment belligerently face to face. Their glances crossed like rapier blades. Miridoff coldly and without haste appraised the disorderliness of the young Canadian's appearance.

"Mr. Fenton has been strolling in the gardens?" he said.

Fenton was not a diplomat. He was unversed in the art of exchanging polished phrases in the face of life and death situations, of veiling threats, innuendoes, warnings, in the guise of polite rejoinders. He replied with the directness and vigor that are supposed to be characteristic of the Canadian character.

"You're damned right I have, Miridoff!" he said. "And it's lucky I happened to be around just when I did!"

Miridoff, accustomed to the devious ways of diplomacy, was thrown off his guard by the sheer unexpectedness of so direct a rejoinder. He regained his poise in an instant, however, and treated Fenton to a cold glare that fairly radiated menace.

"Perhaps, Mr. Fenton will find it unlucky—for himself—that he happened to be around just when he did," he said, passing on.

The remark set Fenton thinking. Undoubtedly the situation presented certain possibilities that had not occurred to him before. His clandestine presence at the meeting of the Society of Crossed Swords, known as it was now to the conspirators, would not serve as a deterrent to the carrying out of their foul purpose. Instead it had given them a double aim; it would be advisable to get him out of the way before the plans laid for the death of Prince Peter could be attempted. That much was quite clear even to one so completely unversed as himself in the ruthless ways of Balkan politics. He was a marked man. It was equally clear to him that he was practically powerless in the matter. He could not go to the police or the military authorities and lay bare the whole thing to them. He would merely be laughed at for his pains. Who was he, an unknown foreigner, to lay such a serious charge against so illustrious a personage as the Grand Duke Miridoff! This course could have no effect other than to destroy his own usefulness to the cause he had espoused and to perhaps bring spicion down on the Prince and Varden.

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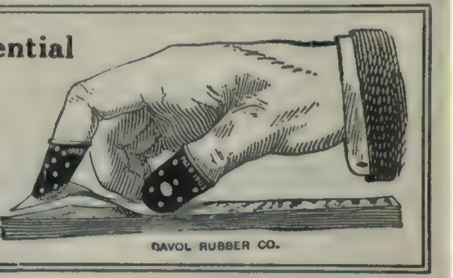
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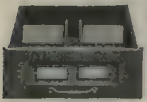

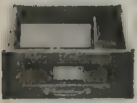

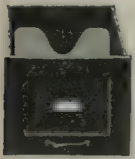

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Fenton saw clearly that the only thing for him to do was to acquaint the Prince of the plot against him; and take the chance of any danger to himself which might arise in the meantime from the animosity of Miridoff's myrmidons. He accepted the latter possibility quite cheerfully.

He continued his search for Prince Peter with an almost feverish eagerness, recognizing that every minute was precious now. Delay on his part might mean the death of the leader of the popular cause with all that such a calamity would entail. Miridoff's reasoning had been right; the Prince out of the way, there would be little difficulty in persuading the King to swing Ironia into line against Great Britain. But, to Fenton, the possibilities did not stop there. Prince Peter was father of—the loveliest woman in the world! Ever since he had spent those golden minutes with the Princess Olga, thoughts of her had never entirely been out of his mind. Even as he had dashed headlong through the murky gardens, a picture of her as she had last appeared to him, in all her regal beauty and dainty girlishness floating off to the strains of "The Blue Danube" on the arm of an utterly unworthy native officer, had remained with him. Could this great sorrow be permitted to come to her?

And it was to the Princess herself that he finally told the story of the plot. He could not locate her father and, in sheer desperation, sought her out where she stood at the end of the long ball-room. His disheveled appearance created comment in the group surrounding her but Fenton, casting finesse to the winds, rode roughshod over all considerations of court etiquette.

"Your Highness," he said, "I must see you for a few minutes—alone. I assure you it is a matter of great urgency."

The Princess, glancing at him intently, divined the earnestness behind his unusual request and, with a murmured word, dismissed the partner to whom she had been engaged for the next dance.

They walked slowly to a palm-shaded alcove close at hand. Fenton placed a seat for his companion but remained standing himself.

"Your Highness," he said, earnestly. "I want to apologize, first for appearing in such a condition and second for what must appear to you as gross ignorance of all that pertains to royal etiquette. I can plead in extenuation only the urgency of the case."

He then told her in a few words of his blind excursion outside and its astonishing sequel. "I may have done wrong by telling you this," he concluded, "but I could find neither your father nor my friend, Varden, and I realized that every moment was precious.

For a moment there was silence. The eloquent dark eyes of the Princess which had been fixed on his face during the recital, were now filled with a troubled appeal.

(To be continued.)

What is Good Music?

By Riccardo Martin in Woman's Home Companion.

IT is the great public that makes the final decision as to what is good and what is not good music. No matter how much experts may rail at an opera, for instance, if the public continues to demand it its worth becomes established. Bizet, the composer of "Carmen," the greatest French opera, died of a broken heart because critics derided his work, and yet to-day "Carmen" reigns, a masterpiece. Wagner fought untold obstacles and even obloquy, still his music dramas witness splendid survival. The public liked them.

All music that reflects the life of those from whose hearts it sprang is good music. Take Stephen C. Foster's "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," which I can fancy a great composer using as the foundation for a fine orchestral composition; take "My Old Kentucky Home," or "Suwanee River," which one can never hear well sung without genuine emotion, and knowledge of the fact that it is wonderful music appealing directly to the heart; take "Home, Sweet Home," immortal first because of Paine's words, but immortal, also, because of the simple, sincere melody to which Bishop put them.

In some quarters the mistaken idea exists that all good music must be difficult to understand, and above ordinary comprehension *just because it is good music.* Schubert's "Serenade" is immortal, yet so absolutely simple and convincing that it requires no musical training to appreciate it. Then, too, there is Mozart's song, "The Violet," one of the simplest melodies ever written, but one of the greatest and best, and—because of its utter simplicity—one of the most difficult to sing well, as any conscientious vocalist will acknowledge. There is a mass of good music of this simple type, not only for the voice but for all instruments and requiring no special effort of understanding to appreciate, because it wins its way instantly to mind and heart.

If anyone asked me how to learn to appreciate good music, I should say by going constantly to hear it, and then telling the truth as to the impression it made upon him. I have no more sympathy with those who say, "I do not understand good music," than I have with those who pretend to admire it, and in reality do not. We either honestly like a thing or we do not. Sound appeals or it does not.

When we get beyond the simple good things, absolute in their appeal the very first time that we hear them, we come to music of another type, particularly in the orchestral, which is more complicated because the many instruments are singing with many different voices. If we have no special musical training, the first time that we hear such a work we gain a vague idea of its contents. A second hearing will bring more intelligibility out of possible chaos, and a third still more, until at last it will dawn upon us in its full splendor and grow to be as a familiar friend.

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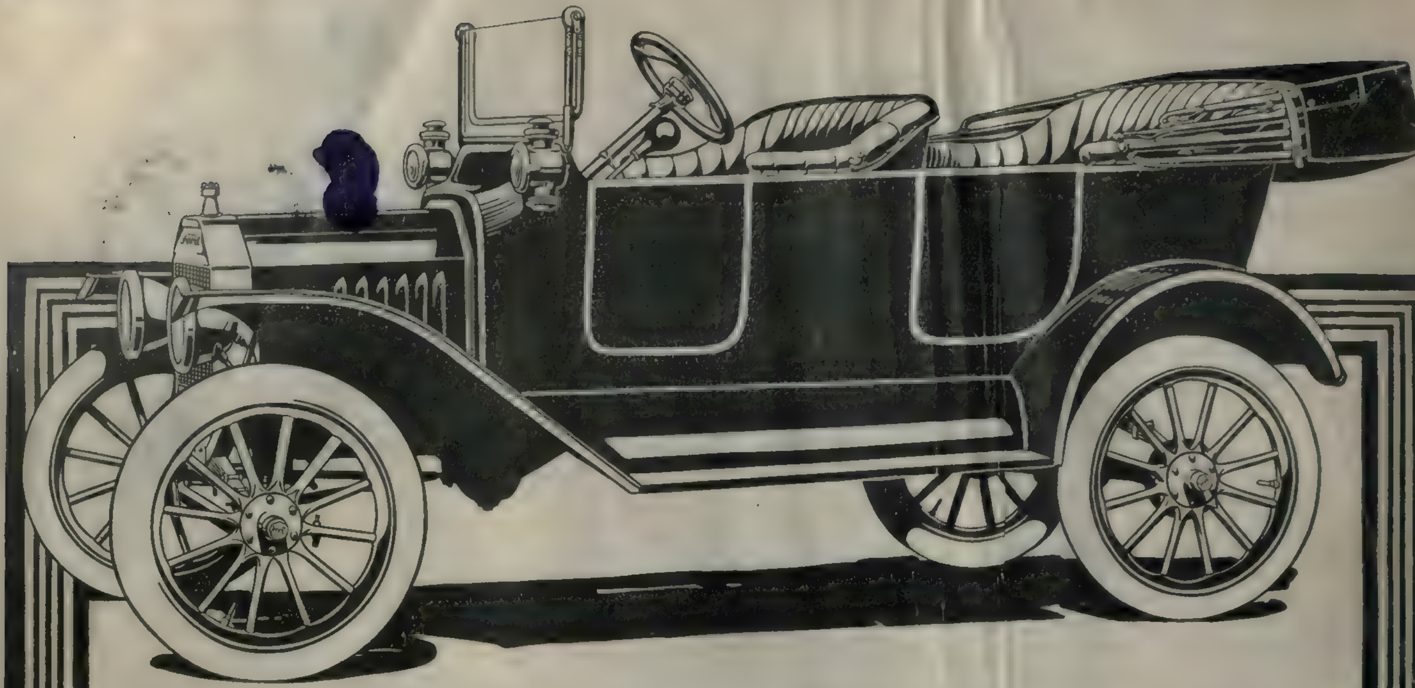

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